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THE OLYMPIAN



OLIVER MILLARD



KREUGAS

Vol. **W**

JANUARY, 1917

No. 49

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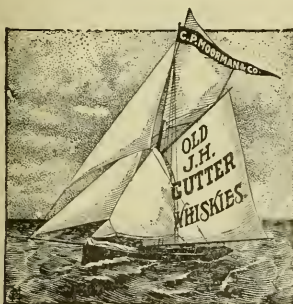
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Photos By FRASER



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Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

Vol. V JANUARY, 1917 No. 49

**PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB
MANAGEMENT**

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

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Oliver Millard, whose picture adorns the cover of this issue, may not be the greatest distance runner in the world today, and then again, he may, but it would be a little unreasonable to doubt that he is the greatest amateur the world has ever seen. As an athlete he takes rank with the best; the Kohlemainens and the Kyronens are the only legitimate partners in his company. But as an amateur, and all that that much abused term stands for, he is the last and most exalted word. He is amateurism personified, and it is largely the difference between Millard's amateurism and the current amateur spirit that is responsible for the numerous unpleasantnesses that occur from time to time, particularly in Eastern centres, to besmirch the fair name of athletics. To speak here of Millard's achievements on the track were too platitudinous a task. Everyone knows Millard, and in knowing him realizes what he has done. Only the other day—to commit the sin we have just deplored—he led a great field to the beach in *The*

Bulletin's annual distance event, in a lapse of time that dispelled any thoughts of his "going back." For THE OLYMPIC CLUB he has established an enviable reputation all over the world, and for him THE OLYMPIC CLUB would do no less.

The festive and ceremonial farewell to the old year in Olympia was a very glad affair, of which fact we feel

A Plea for Sociability THE OLYMPIAN should make mention in the interest of club history; for the New Year's celebration, be it known, was

not an event universally hailed with delight. Perish the thought that there are any misogynists in Olympia! but let us not fatuously blink the truth. There are Olympians with very definite prejudices against admitting women to the holy-of-holies of clubdom. To be sure the majority are not irretrievable bachelors, nor are they sex-shy, but they hold that the club was consecrated wholly to the service of the masculine person, and they are sticklers for fundamental principles. These Olympians are a little selfish. Being athletes, fond of athletics and of no other form of relaxation they would deny others the pleasures of social diversion. They are unmindful of the fact that others have other tastes and delight in other forms of pleasure. They would make the club exclusively a home for athletes and compel their fellow-members who have sisters and sweethearts to entertain to go elsewhere for entertainment. This is hardly magnanimous, and it is a function like the New Year's celebration that should make them sit up and take notice of the utter selfishness of their philosophy. We would urge them to cultivate a more sociable disposition and take kindly to the sentiment that expressed itself at the passing of the old year.

For several years past a determined effort has been made to establish an aquatic park at Black Point Cove. On two occasions a proposition was submitted to the people of San Francisco to authorize the issuance of bonds for the purchase of the property located in the cove so that an aquatic park in keeping with the position San Francisco occupies in nautical affairs might be established. On each occasion a large majority voted in favor of the issuance of the bonds, but the vote was short of the necessary two-thirds required by the city's charter. Nevertheless the agitation for the park continued, and intine citizens interested in the movement succeeded in effecting a deal to facilitate the consummation of their enterprise. They induced the Southern Pacific Company to purchase the desired blocks of land with a view to exchanging them for property owned by the city. This appears to be a feasible way to achieve a very laudable object, for the city has lands near Channel street for which the railroad company has use and which could be used in the public interest. Thus the city may obtain the lands at Black Point Cove while the railroad company may obtain the Channel street property. By the exchange which has been proposed the city will obtain an aquatic park and the railroad will improve its terminal facilities. A splendid deal all around for the city, as adequate terminal facilities are hardly less important to the public than to the transportation company. This is a matter that interests our club, for San Francisco is very much in need of an aquatic park where boating and swimming may be encouraged. Here we are on a peninsula without an adequate haven for yacht, motor boat or fishing boat, without a spot where citizens may swim in safety and comfort. No wonder our boat clubs have disappeared

one after the other. Now it is to be hoped that our city officials will see the wisdom of helping to consummate the proposed deal. Arbitrators appointed by the city have appraised the respective pieces of land, and have pronounced them of equal value. They have also recommended the exchange, but as always happens objectors have appeared, who notwithstanding the big votes on the bond propositions, say that there is no demand for an aquatic park. Doubtless these folks are in ignorance of the history of the property involved. It is quite interesting history, from the study of which it appears that many years ago the courts decided that the public rights in the Black Point Cove lands, title to which was obtained from the State, had been abandoned by the establishment of an imaginary bulkhead line. Fortunately by an act subsequently passed by the Legislature the city was authorized to sell or exchange the Channel street property so that it might be used for terminal or commercial purposes. In the circumstances it would appear that by the proposed exchange the people of San Francisco could be restored to rights of which they were once deprived by court-made laws. Thus we see the exchange is desirable from many angles.

"No learned man," says Milton, in one of his polemical pamphlets, "but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies. Thus his senses are awakened, his judgment sharpened and the truth which he holds more firmly established." It is for these reasons, none other, that the columns of THE OLYMPIAN have been opened for a polite discussion of certain questions touching the subject of football. Last month Mr. Thomas Lloyd Lennon uttered himself herein. This

The Football Controversy

month we are pleased to publish a reply to Mr. Lennon from Professor Angell of Stanford University, a gentleman much esteemed in Olympia, whose interesting letter we commend to all our readers. They will find it illuminating, instructive and interesting. Thus we have endeavored to sharpen the judgment of our readers by giving them the benefit of two viewpoints on a subject of great interest. Like Pilate we do not profess to know too much, and respecting the general merits of the controversy we are neutral. Therefore we take occasion to observe that Professor Angell appears to be under a misunderstanding, expressing surprise, as he does, at having heard a loud call for a Big Game from THE OLYMPIC CLUB. Apparently our explanation last month, that we printed Mr. Lennon's views because they were interesting, not because we had any propaganda to promote, escaped Professor Angell's attention.

As will be seen from the club's bulletin board there has been a pretty ready response to the suggestion from President Humphrey that a memorial fund be raised by the members of the club for the erection of a monument to William Greer Harrison. Though subscriptions are limited to one dollar, and though as yet the matter has not been generally agitated, the fund is rapidly climbing to the five hundred dollar mark. This is gratifying, but perhaps we should notify members who have not yet signed the list that they may subscribe through the business office of the club. In this connection it is illuminating to read letters from distant parts regarding the death of Mr. Harrison. One is from Admiral Beresford of the British navy; another from Sir Edward Russell of Liverpool. These letters are expressive of the warm

esteem in which Mr. Harrison was held by his friends. One interesting letter is from an old and active Olympian—Major General Leonard Wood who writes as follows from Department headquarters on Governors Island, N. Y.:

December 20, 1916.

My Dear Mr. Humphrey:

It is with deep and sincere regret that I received your notice of December 3, 1916, announcing the death of William Greer Harrison. I remember Mr. Harrison as the living embodiment of energy and zeal. THE OLYMPIC CLUB and its interests were as near his heart as his own family. I shall never forget the old days of the Olympic Football Team, his keen ever present interest in the work of the team and in its success. This was but one of his many interests in the club's activities. The club has lost one of its strongest supporters, and clean wholesome sport has lost a good friend and strong supporter. All who remember the old Olympic Club will miss his cheery, helpful presence. All honor to his memory.

Sincerely yours,

LEONARD WOOD,

Maj. Gen., U. S. A.

William F. Humphrey, Esq.,

President, THE OLYMPIC CLUB,
San Francisco, Cal.

We regret having to report a hitch in the arrangements for a boxing tournament between THE OLYMPIC and the Seattle Athletic clubs. It had been our intention to send a team composed of the winners of this month's tournament to Seattle, and the boys had entered upon their training with considerable zest, having in mind the prospect of the additional honors to be won in the inter-club tournament, but owing to a misunderstanding the Seattle club is not at this time in a position to complete arrangements to carry out its tentative engagement. The matter is now the subject of correspondence be-

The Harrison Fund

The Inter- Club Tournament

tween the two clubs, and it is hoped that a competitive meet will be agreed upon, to be held in February or March.

More than seven hundred Olympians voted in favor of enlarging their home and not more than thirty voted against the proposition, but the matter remains a subject of discussion owing to the persistence of some members who have great confidence in their own views. Let us give them further consideration that the matter may be more generally understood. First let it be understood that of the thirty who voted against the proposition of enlargement not more than fifteen were in favor of maintaining present conditions. Of the others some were in favor of purchasing a country home; some in favor of building a home and athletic park at the ocean beach. Of the remaining fifteen some were in favor of purchasing the site of the old Golden Gate Hall on the south side of Sutter street immediately north of our building and erecting there a club annex; the others were in favor of acquiring the 50-vara lot adjoining the club at the corner of Post and Mason streets and erecting an annex on that site. The proponents of the Sutter street purchase submitted plans and specifications for a building to be erected there. An examination of the plans and of the property itself readily discloses serious objections. These objections need not be fully discussed now, as the property is no longer available. It would not, however, require argument to convince members that it would not be good business judgment to acquire that property, as the cost of excavating and improving it would be but little less than the cost

of building on the corner property, and the building when completed would not have the accommodations desired. The proposed dining room would not be any larger than the one in the present building, and the dressing rooms of the juvenile department would be far removed from the main building. The acquisition of the 50-vara lot at the corner of Post and Mason streets is desirable. The club views this proposition as an honest man of humble means views a handsome Simplex motor car: desirable but beyond his means. No member is more anxious to have the club secure the corner property than the officials of the club. The Directors, however, are not willing to allow their emotions to conquer their judgment. All experts appraise this property at between \$153,000 and \$160,000. The owners hold it at \$225,000, but it is believed that they would let it go for \$200,000. To erect a three-story building with the necessary basement to reach the level of the swimming tank, would cost not less than \$300,000, making a total investment of \$500,000. As an offset we may consider that five hundred desirable members will be added to the roll (assuming the club is anxious to secure additional members). But the total fees from these initiations would only off-set the cost of the alterations of the present building and the furnishing of the new one. However, for the sake of argument, we shall credit the sum of \$775,000 against the investment of \$500,000 and estimate the annual fixed interest charges at six per cent on the new indebtedness of \$425,000. The interest would be \$25,500, and assuming that the annual operating charges would be one-fourth more than the present \$48,000 the additional annual fixed charges would total \$73,000. Allowing \$30,000 for increased dues, \$24,000 for increased rev-

enue of living rooms and \$15,000 for increased profits in various departments of the club, or a total of \$69,000, the net annual loss would be \$4,500. This conclusion is reached after a liberal allowance for increased profits, and a close estimate of operating cost. The receipts rarely meet expectations, while costs are never below estimate. Prohibition being possible, with its advent the cost would increase and profits decrease. Now, contemplating this picture of the future, sound business judgment is averse to the erection of a building on the corner property. Especially is this true in view of the fact that we may supply the needs of the club by means of the contemplated improvements at a cost which the present profits of the club would justify. The total indebtedness that these improvements will impose on the club we shall be able to liquidate at the rate of \$2,000 a month, and at the same time enlarge our reserve monthly. Further there is another picture that should give us pause. It is a picture of a colossal architectural monstrosity at the corner. Again, in addition to the objections we have mentioned, there is the paramount objection of necessitating a double control. With a building at the corner we should have to have an entrance at the present entrance to the swimming tank and an eight-foot passageway constructed across the swimming tank for a distance of fifty or a hundred feet. The floorings of the present building would have to be lowered or the first floor of the new building stilted above the sidewalk. The dining room would be larger, but would not command the view that one located on the top of the present building would have. Ample space would be found for the billiard room and card room, but with not as much comfort as would be given in the present club. Unquestionably forty feet east of the tank could be used

with profit and would increase the beauty of the swimming pool; but if these conveniences can be had in the present building at less expense and with more security from a financial standpoint and more comfort from a club standpoint, it seems it would be the better plan to follow. Meanwhile it is proposed to add three stories to the present building and place the dining room at the top. This room will be treated and arranged so that it will be the most beautiful dining room in the United States. The two floors below the dining room will be devoted to living rooms of a smaller size than the present ones, and the average rental will be in the neighborhood of eighteen or twenty dollars per month. The present card room and billiard room will be enlarged and beautified. The present kitchen and part of the dining room will be transformed, and the present juvenile quarters will be changed to the west side of the tank and increased to four times the present size. The advisability of changing the present hard ball handball court into a beautiful bowling alley or rifle range is being considered. The ventilation of the sub-basement, basement, mezzanine first and second floors is to be improved so that the air in the lower part of the club will be as fresh as on the roof. In the bowling alley, rifle range, area way on the mezzanine and basement floors between the department now used for tub baths and the room now occupied for fencing, will be a space of over 5,900 feet for 240 lockers, six foot by four in dimensions. One additional automatic and one additional control elevator will be installed and all improvements will be under one roof and operated with at least forty per cent less of help than if they were scattered through two or more buildings. So all things considered the Directors feel assured that they have the right idea.

CEREGHINO RETAINS HANDBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

By A. L. SHANNON

JOE CEREGHINO still stands undisturbed at the top of the heap. The annual handball tournament among the soft ball players has just ended, and the champion has proved to the satisfaction of all the most critical fans that he is unquestionably entitled to wear the crown which he won eight years ago from the former champion, Paul Fay.

In past tourneys Cereghino was able to fight off contenders with ease. But this time he had to extend himself, and there was no doubt about it. The youngsters, Lewis and Russ, were eager to grasp the coveted laurels and were particularly anxious for a taste of the champion's blood. For the first time in his life Joe was forced to fight his way up from the losers' division after Inyo Russ had put him there by winning from him his first match of the tournament. He came up to the finals facing the discouraging task of being compelled to beat Hyde Lewis twice to win first prize.

And by this time, mind you, Lewis was coming, and coming strong. Even some of the old-timers had picked him as the favorite. Now if you know anything about old-time handball players, you know they're "heap wise." Did you ever talk handball with one of them? If there is any one thing in all this wide world that they know anything about, that one thing is handball. They constitute the most distinct, egregious and amusing type of monomaniac in existence. They, themselves, admit that nobody is so daffy as a handball nut. Be it said, however, that in this particular case there was much justification for the aforesaid dope. Lewis was admittedly playing great ball.

But it was the old story over again. The dopesters had failed to figure the chiefest element in estimating a contestant's qualifications, and that is experience. Cereghino won not by his nerve or his speed or his skill, which, albeit, were at all times effective, but he won by outgeneraling, outgaming and outguessing his more youthful opponent. It is this stuff that turns an opponent's dogged determination into uncertainty, bewilderment, hopelessness and finally helplessness. And so it was in the final match. Early in the first game Lewis seemed to become indifferent, and this grew to be so aggravated that he finally appeared to be satisfied to get the ball up on the return. He was put wholly upon the defensive, and his weapons of offense having failed him he was quickly cut to pieces. It needs but the seasoning experience of tournament contests to make Lewis a formidable contender, for he is not lacking in skill.

To the casual observer Cereghino's speedy ball is his most noticeable asset. But the champion has more than that. He has ability to find quickly his opponent's weakness, his cat-like movements enable him to cover a great deal of court and get into position quickly and easily, he knows all the legitimate tricks of the game, his shots are accurate and he misses but few of them, and most of all, he can not be discouraged. He is cool at all times and particularly when hard pressed. The little Italian has the sweetest handball disposition of all of them, and to those who know, that is a mighty important quality in winning matches, besides being a joy to those who play the game from the gallery. The sum total of this may be called headwork,

but after all a display of headwork is but a recitation of the past lessons taught by and learned from experience.

There are really two kinds of soft ball players: those who represent the old style of the underhand stroke and the open hand, and those who represent the new style of the overhand and the sidearm stroke and the closed fist. It has always been a burning question in the minds of the fans which of the two types of players could conquer the other. For this reason an effort will be made to settle the dispute by arranging a game between Joe Cereghino and Fred Bain, who is even yet considered to be a master of the old style. Bain is a three-time winner of the first class. He had been forced to retire on account of eye trouble before Cereghino appeared on the horizon. Consequently they have never met. It would be a royal contest and would undoubtedly help to revive the spirit, which has lately shown indications of waning.

Homer Rippon, for years a contender in the second class, carried away the honors in this division. Old Tom Watson, seemingly rejuvenated, stepped into the finals after putting Frank Foran out of the tournament, and worried Homer not a little.

The final contest in the third class was somewhat disappointing. After J. Donovan and George Bond had worked their way to the finals Bond suffered a serious sick spell just before the time scheduled for the match. After being confined to the hospital for some weeks he determined to play off the match rather than suffer a default. But he was in a weakened condition and lost after making a game but futile fight.

Charlie Cournale beat J. McLaughlin for the fourth class honors with little difficulty. The former is one of George Green's pets

and he was altogether too handy with his left.

The prizes for the winners in each of the classes consisted of very handsome loving cups. The presentation took place during the dinner given at the club house in honor of the contestants. Judge Fitzpatrick, the toastmaster, presented the prizes on behalf of the club. Homer Rip-

(Continued on Page 25)



JOE CEREGHINO

Invincible hero of the singles handball court

PROFESSOR ANGELL REPLIES TO LENNON

Stanford University, Calif.,
Jan. 11, 1917.

To the Editor of THE OLYMPIAN:

I HAVE been much interested in an article in the December Olympian by Mr. T. L. Lennon, entitled "Will Stanford Yield?" Mr. Lennon finds that the only "equitable" course is for Stanford to yield; i.e., throw Santa Clara overboard and revert to old style football because the public must have the spectacle of a "Big Game" and most colleges on the Coast are playing old-style football anyhow.

The obstacle in the way of this program Mr. Lennon finds in a "hard-headed lot of Professors," "ruling with the absolutism of a tyrant," who having "hopelessly professorial minds (as seems natural) are thereby committed to "dry, dismal, weak-kneed and hunchbacked" theory. At this point Mr. Lennon notes that said professors have got to "be handled with soft gloves." I am not quite sure I understand Mr. Lennon's argument: the necessity for a "Big Game" and the hard-headedness of the professors seem to deadlock like the irresistible and immovable bodies of the mediæval philosophers; but if Mr. Lennon means that the athletic policy of a university is to be dictated by the public clamor for a spectacle then we have not much common ground for discussion. In passing, however, it seems to me as if Mr. Lennon had, so to speak, overlooked a bet. In our last game with Santa Clara Stanford was pretty thoroughly drubbed and I presume Mr. Lennon is too much of a sportsman not to agree with me that for Stanford under the circumstances to cut loose from Santa Clara and forthwith change to another kind of game would be a procedure bearing an uncomfortable likeness to the gentle art of "welshing."

But one part of Mr. Lennon's article I can neither dodge nor sidestep, and that is where he refers to a certain psychologist who has overlooked completely the essential development incident to participation in football. The context seems to admit no doubt but that said psychologist is I or me or, (to be sure of my grammar) that I am it. The psychological vista opened up by Mr. Lennon is almost prophetic and little less than magnificent. The old game I am admonished, acting through the sub-conscious nature, works out products of grit, determination and self-direction that in these troublous times may prove invaluable to the needs of the nation.

Now I am free to confess that I have been a bit shy in evaluating the subconscious processes. It may be that I am prejudiced against the subconscious through seeing an occasional student go to sleep in my lectures and so have come to place too high a value on watchful waking. But it is indubitably true that at Stanford we emphasize the conscious side of our mentality, the trait even extending to the coaches. I remember asking Coach Lanagan once why he did not give a former star of the old game more of a try out in Rugby and his answer was the chap was all right physically and that you could hammer a bunch of signals into his memory which would fit him to take his part in the mechanical movements of the old game but that he was too slow in the head for the quick decisions and ready initiative demanded by Rugby: the which showed that Lanagan sized up the mentality of his players wholly on the basis of conscious processes. Evidently the subconscious nature of Mr. Lennon's psychology is of the good old Bunker Hill type: its reaction to the American game produces self-control, self-direction and so on. But

under the malign influence of the English rules it seems literally to act like the Devil—tending “to work great evils on the players,” to “render them inconstant and dilatory and to shirk responsibility in the face of opposition.” If this is so Stanford University must either give up Rugby or all hope of introducing the “honor system.” I fear that Mr. Lennon’s zeal for his psycho-physical theory has led him to overlook certain data, to wit: that falling on the ball in the teeth of a dribbling rush—a too frequent play in Rugby—cannot exactly be termed “shirking responsibility in the face of opposition.” On the other hand, it is a cinch that in the old game, the virtue of self-direction won’t get much chance to develop after the coach catches the self-director in the act.

There is not much use in rehearsing the pros and cons in the now celebrated case of the old game vs. Rugby: the stock arguments are known to us all. Mr. Lennon’s argument from the subconscious is however novel, and so opens the door for one or two more points for or against the old game which are not yet hackneyed. In the first place, as Lanagan says, it is a bully game for the coach. In the second place, from the Rugby viewpoint, it cultivates the most Christian virtue of patience.

The formal time of play allotted to the game is an hour but the actual time of playing, that is, the total of the intervals that the ball is in motion is, according to time-pieces at Stanford and elsewhere from five to ten minutes—usually in the neighborhood of eight or nine. Adding in time “taken out” the impatient Rugbyite sees from the spectator’s viewpoint at any rate, where the “self-restraint” comes in.

But seriously, Mr. Editor, I am a little surprised to hear so loud a call for a Big Game coming from THE OLYMPIC CLUB. Of course the enthusiasm, the color, the

return of Alumni from distant scenes, the rejoining of old friends, are surely worth while, but in some respects the Big Game is too big.

Some years ago I met the football commissioner of THE OLYMPIC CLUB to confer with him on certain objections that had been raised touching the playing of substitutes. The point at issue (made in perfect good nature) was to the effect that the club players, being for the most part busy and business men, had but little chance either for training or practice and at best could keep only in fair shape, but hardly in the “pink of condition.” Under these circumstances they hardly felt it was “playing the game” for Stanford to send in practically a fresh team in the second half while the clubmen had to play mostly wearied men. In addition it took all the zest of the game and reduced it from a match to a practice stunt.

I sympathized with the clubmen’s point of view: one of the claims made for the game was that it was an enjoyable sport—a claim which experience elsewhere certainly substantiates; but if it was to be played in such a way as to take all the fun out of it and make it as much of a grind as the old game, there was no particular object in changing games. At the same time I assured the commissioner that it was no overweening desire to win that led Stanford to throw in so many substitutes, but it was simply a way under the existing system (which I hoped was only temporary) of trying out candidates for the varsity team.

Right here lies the fly in the ointment. The Big Game was so big that it dwarfed the other matches and reduced them to the level of practice games and try-outs. In addition the Big Game was hoisted higher on its pinnacle by being the only

MILLARD WINS BULLETIN RACE

By F. F. FOSTER

FOR the third time Oliver Millard has had his name inscribed on the trophy emblematic of victory in the annual cross-city race organized by *The Bulletin*.

This time, as on the previous occasions, he won away off by himself, his field trailing behind him, not in a slough of despondency, but in the slough nevertheless.

He failed to break the record set by himself for the trip from the ferry to the beach but he approached it so very nearly that a little pressure from behind would undoubtedly have resulted in its passage to oblivion.

Running in perfect style, he was never headed from the crack of the pistol to the tape, and as an earnest of his reserve he proved an interested spectator of the arrival of some of his competitors in the event.

The great disappointment of the race was Eddie Stout. This temperamental little chap is liable to beat anyone at times, but at other times he very surely beats himself more decisively than anyone else could. This proved to be one of the latter phases. He beat himself by imposing too great a task upon a delicate stomach. At that he ran gamely and finished well up.

Jimmie Fuller and W. O'Callaghan brought in the joy gobs for the clubmen, however, by finishing third and fifth respectively. Just a couple of kids, these two give promise of great things with the development that must be theirs in the next couple of years. Each of them has a splendid running style, heart for ever more, and the get-up that covers the ground with the least expense of energy.

Stout finished in seventh place, charging the tape like a meteor. Howard Miller cinched the team prize by finishing in twenty-first place and Basir Spurr made

sure doubly sure by following in seven places later. The last Olympian to cross the wire was F. McWilliams, a novice, who finished in forty-eighth place.

The race was handled in an excellent manner, and the greatest consideration was shown the boys both before and after the race, which, without doubt, has come to be recognized as one of the leading athletic events of the year.

SANTA CLARA DRAWS FIRST BLOOD

By BART BURKE

THE Winged O baseballers started off their 1917 season by losing to Santa Clara on January 14th by a 7 to 5 score.

Hickey, the giant southpaw of the collegians, showed he was at top form by striking out fourteen of the Olympians and allowing six hits. The two weeks' hard training by the Santa Clarans stood them well in hand.

The club men got an early lead when Tramutola walked in the first, and stole second and third on Pratt's error.

Santa Clara, however, put over five runs in the third on five bunched hits and an error, causing the retirement of Morrissey and Medcraft. Howedge finished in fine shape.

George Maloney, the Junior, had a trial and made good with a vengeance. Benn and Norton also featured with fine stops and throws.

Hickey with his bunch of strikeouts was the whole show for the university boys.

Manager Henry Berry of the Seals has given the Olympians two games, on March 24th and 25th, to be played at Sacramento. Arrangements for an excursion are now

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(Photo by R. J. Waters & Co.)

BOLD OLYMPIANS WHO DARED THE TERRORS OF THE SURF ON NEW YEAR



ING AFTER PARTICIPATING IN THE ANNUAL HIKE TO THE BEACH

NORMAN ROSS OFF FOR THE ISLANDS

By ERNEST MAYNARD SMITH

“O NYMPH OF THE BRINE, can he do it?” Can Norman, the Moose, the Venus; can Norman de Mille Ross deliver when he measures strokes with the crowned heads of Neptune's realm at Honolulu this month?

This question is paramount in the minds of all of the swimmers of Olympia, for we are sending a man-sized representative to the February Hawaiian marine lists. Norman, you see, has been performing with a dash that has induced Sid Cavill's school of water dogs to regard him as an embodiment of the natatorial attributes of Leander, Horatius and Kahanamoku. When it was announced that he had swum a quarter of a mile in less than five minutes the heart of many an aspiring middle distance swimmer missed a beat, and the whole swimming population of the country was willing to concede Norman his place among the naval nobility.

Then, again, Ross demonstrated his twin-six speed at the last open swimming meet in the club pool when in a Stanford University suit he splashed a furlong in 2:21 3-5 seconds. This is a world's record for a pool over 60 feet long.

In February Norman will line up on a starting platform with Ludy Langer, who has won all of the national outdoor distance championships for two years; Duke Kahanamoku, the world's most famous swimmer; George Cunha, Hawaii's star furlonger; Teddy Cann, the American 200 yard champion; and Herbert Vollmer, the Eastern intercollegiate champion. Aquatic history will be made in the five minutes following the discharge of the starter's gun that day. And San Francisco's swimmers are confident that Norman will come home wearing the gold medal.

Every little water dog in Olympia will bubble a prayer for you, Norman, so get a lead and hold it to the tape.

* * *

All the club swimmers feel deeply the loss of Tom Guerin. By his death the club lost one of its most loyal members; a fine, big-hearted man with the best interests of square sport ever at heart. Tom had put in six years of active participation in the aquatic affairs of the club. At first, one of its best swimmers, then the big star of the water polo team, and then one of the jolliest members of the club's famous squad of merry-makers. A host of friends mourn his death, and the swimmers will always miss him.

* * *

Water polo, the test game of aquatics, is with us again. You martially inclined members who would witness a second Jutland fight, come down some Wednesday night and see the weekly water polo game. Captain Otto Schultz and his ferocious crew, Waltenspiel, Weisenhaven and Jaehne, will shock you with their terribleness. Jim Resleure will astound you with his Australian agility; Linc Johnson will treat you to an exhibition of wonderful throwing, and Bill Ranft will cause you to marvel at his defense of the goal. You are invited to the Neronian contest every Wednesday night.

* * *

Olympia's junior swimmers have received a challenge from Alameda High School's swimming team. Our youngsters, Dick Julian, Patterson, Postlewaithe, Carson, et al., will have a chance to show how much they have learned of competitive skill.

BEACH RUN PROVES GREAT SUCCESS

By J. S. CHALMERS

TIME and the circumstance were on terms of perfect amity when, on the first morning of the year, a goodly group of Olympians—some 300 odd—joined hands and solemnly decided to immolate themselves on the altar of tradition by participating in the annual hike through Golden Gate Park to the beach and bathing in the boisterous waters of the great and only Pacific Ocean.

Never was there such a morning. It was like a diamond set in brass, and gentle Spring, in transposing her calendar of days, lost a very bright possession to the enemy. The cold altar of tradition became a temple of devotion, and the hardy immolators found joy in sacrifice.

There were other features to the occasion that will invest it with pleasurable memories for all concerned. The hike was really more of a run than anything else, thanks to the wonderful energy of the leader, President Bill Humphrey, and his indefatigable lieutenants, Frank Foran and Tim Fitzpatrick (this is no place for the dignified cognomens of professional life). The dip in the ocean was a thrilling delight, the incessant beat of the surf on the body engendering a sensation of mystic power that put to confusion the actuality of things. And finally, the New Year breakfast, served at the M and M Cafe, but catered by the club itself and conducted by the club's directors, under the studious



(Photo by Fraser)

SONS OF NEPTUNE

Our President snapped in snappy company and under very snappy conditions, to-wit: on the first day of January, 1917

head of Manager Sinclair, was a repast for the gods.

Of singing and fun-making there was aplenty. Fat L'Heureux, Otto Wallfisch and Harry McKenzie provided the mirth, and Willie Kid Nelson and George Murphy rendered a number of lovely ballads; while the whole company of course did the chorus work with the aid of the inevitable and irresistible song-sheets.

As befitted the occasion, the president made a little speech of congratulation. He referred to the great well-being of the club as reflected in the presence of the company and said they had much to be proud of, but that in their hour of joy it was not unfitting that they should devote a moment to the consideration of what they had lost, most notably in the death of Wm. Greer Harrison. He gave voice to the desire of the Board of Directors that a memorial

be erected at Carmel-by-the-Sea by subscription solely among Olympians, and that in order to give the project a purely and intensely club aspect as against a possible individual relation, the subscription be limited to the sum of one dollar. The effect of his telling words is to be seen daily in the club house where the list of subscribers to the memorial fund is attaining gratifying proportions.

During the breakfast a number of other prominent Olympians joined the party and expressed their regret that they did not participate in what had preceded; the great run through the park, the pace of which is sure to be the standard for similar events in the future, or the equally great dip in the briny. Just who the pace-maker seems to be a mystery. That the President was leader is indisputable, and his

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(Photo by Fraser)

USHERING IN THE NEW YEAR

Olympians disporting in the surf on the first day of the first month of glad new nineteen-seventeen

BASKETBALL SEASON UNDER WAY

By A. KEMP

THE 1916-17 basketball season is now here and it promises to be the best the coast has ever experienced in the new major sport. No fewer than fifty candidates are competing for places on the various teams to represent the club.

The Unlimited Team, four times winner of the Pacific Association championship and once holder of the national title, will be even stronger than in previous years. With the exception of the Gilbert brothers the line-up will be practically the same as last year. Among the old members, Don, Berndt, Hellings, Millar, Schubert and the writer, have already turned out to practice with Russ Green of Lowell, Miller, a former St. Mary's player, and Herb Wilson—likely looking recruits—all of whom will make a strong bid for the team.

The fast 145-pound team started practice with a large squad. Among those who are expected to figure in bringing this weight championship to the club are our old friend Andrews, Griffith, Reichen-

bach, Lucy, Barry, Donovan, Kruger, Hollings, Cohn and Brown.

Manager Ryan's fast 130-pound team, the Cardinals, the already in the field looking for scalps. This wonderful team has only lost one game in four years and is expected to repeat its performances of previous seasons. The team will be represented by McLaughlin, Garrigan, McDONALD, Welch, Kennedy, Sweitzer, Terry, Hyland and Haggerman.

The club will also have in the field 110-pound and 120-pound teams, and judging from the amount and quality of the available material winning "fives" ought to be picked.

With the opening of the season games will be played in the club gymnasium on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and all club members are respectfully invited to submit themselves to the test of resisting the fascinations of the great game of basketball.

BOWLING TOURNAMENT NOW ON

By F. D. BUSH

THE bowlers should be at hard practice and getting into condition for the two-men tournament which will start as soon as the committee can get the teams paired off and lined up. There are 58 entrants altogether, making 29 teams that will toe the foul line and compete in lots of four at a time (best two games out of three).

It will be an elimination contest; winners in each round bowl winners and losers bowl losers and so on, until the champs are declared.

This should prove an exciting and interesting affair, for such well known pin

wreckers as Leo Pockwitz and H. Harwood, Doc Green and Joe Loughery, Pete Gerhart and H. Rittler, Hugo Poheem and Ernest Lidley have doubled up. Further, many others will be seen in action.

Jerry Pezzoto, one of the young recruits, has been knocking the pins dizzy lately, bowling six games of 201—234—260—211—177—199, total of 1282, an average of 213, which is high-class shooting.

Captain Jenne is back to life again after his lengthy siege, and he says now that

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AROUND THE BILLIARD TABLE

By DR. O. B. BURNS

THE latter part of last month we had quite a week of billiards. Willie Hoppe of New York, the world's champion, Charles Peterson of St. Louis, Chick Wright and young Jake Schaefer were in our midst. Of course when Willie Hoppe starts to play there is nothing else to it—he outclasses his opponents so much that they are simply nothing but cue-racks. Hoppe is the most consistent player I have ever watched, his absolute control of the balls is something marvelous. He never seems to leave himself a hard shot, so that his runs are always a succession of easy draws or caroms. The night I was present he did some pretty balk-line nursing; every third shot was a drive to the cushion and back with the balls left in precisely the same position each time. In one of his games played here, he won the bank and ran his 250 points out in the first inning, his opponent never getting a chance to shoot.

In regard to the exhibition given by Chas. Peterson, I will have to admit that he is a prince at his special line of work. It would be impossible for me to describe the number of fancy shots shown by him that evening. A great many of them I have never witnessed before. He plays his almost impossible drives and massé-shots with a wonderful degree of accuracy.

Speaking of tournament: the class is now in the finals. Thomas Settle stands in the lead, with George Jones and Jack Settle running second, both having lost one game.

The handicaps in the first class are: Dr. O. B. Burns, scratch, at 200 points; Dr. T. S. Higgins, 175; C. H. Williams, 160; Dr. H. Dignan, 150; W. J. Martin, 150; F. C. Wegener, 150; C. H. Heyman, 145; A. C. Hampton, 140; O. C. Edwards, 140;

Nat Messer, 135; Leo Pockwitz, 130; Martin Jenne, 110.

The handicaps in the fourth class are: J. Ferguson, 60; C. R. Westbrook, 60; V. C. Derham, 60; J. E. Derham Jr., 60; O. E. Hollingsbury, 55; A. Korbel, 55; J. Shale, 55; H. Brayton, 55; Roy Lee, 50; C. Uaige, 50; J. W. Glenn, 50; Ivy Blake, 50.

SWIMMING FESTIVAL FOR LADY FRIENDS

By L. McLANE

FEBRUARY 16th will be Ladies' Night at the club. The occasion will be a swimming meet for Juniors and Juveniles, divided into three classes, viz: Midgets, Intermediates and Advanced Juveniles and Juniors.

The regular club medal in silver and bronze will be given for first and second prize in most of the events, and silver bars for the novices and blindfold and novelty races.

Those intending to compete will leave their entries with Professor Cavill. The list of events is as follows:

MIDGETS

1. One lap, novice.
2. One lap, boys under 100 lbs.
3. One lap, boys over 100 lbs.
4. One lap, breast stroke.
5. One lap, back stroke.
6. Diving for plates.
7. Springboard diving (3 dives).

INTERMEDIATES

8. 50 yards, novice.
9. 50 yards, boys under 100 lbs.
10. 50 yards, boys over 100 lbs.
11. 50 yards, breast stroke.
12. 50 yards, back stroke.

ADVANCED JUVENILES AND JUNIORS

13. 50 yard dash.
14. 100 yard dash.
15. 440 yards.
16. 66 yards, breast stroke.
17. 66 yards, back stroke.
18. Springboard diving (5 dives), 10 ft. board.
19. Blindfold race.
20. Novelty race.
21. Clowns.
22. Exhibition high dive by Paul Lisle.

WHAT IS SOCCER?

By EDGAR POMEROY

WHAT is this game of "Soccer" that we constantly see headlined in the papers; and where is the "Soccer League" that we read about?

As a matter of fact there isn't any such game as soccer, nor any Soccer League.

There never was.

But we notice that the California Football League is frequently referred to as the "Soccer League," and its games played under the laws of the Football Association, as games of "Soccer."

This leads us to investigate further, and we find that football played under the laws of the Football Association is called Association Football; games under American-college rules are called American Football; and games under Rugby Union laws are called Rugby Football.

Delving further we find that the English school boy, with the strange faculty for nicknames peculiar to him, calls Rugby football by the pet name of "rugger." Not to be outdone in brevity of nickname, the boys who played association football immediately slanged association in "socie" (soft c) and then rapidly migrated into the word "soccer." It's the middle of the name "association."

But universally football under association rules is known as "football," Rugby Union games as Rugby football, and the "American game" as intercollegiate football.

A. G. Spalding & Bros., however, originating in the East, before Rugby and association football became as popular as today, began to publish sporting guides. Knowing only the inter-collegiate game, the intercollegiate games guide was titled "Football Guide." Then came the association football game and Spalding adopted the slang name of "soccer," a name that, used without the word *football*, is irritating to enthusiasts and misleading to the public.

The writer has frequently met old football fans who have read the "Soccer" schedules every week and never suspected that it was football we were playing.

Anyone who has seen all three games must admit that the pure name of *football* should attach to the association game and that the adjectives belong to the other two, for it is only in the former that a football is used; in both Rugby and intercollegiate the article played with is made chiefly for carrying and throwing. Kicking or footing it is incidental and infrequent.

HOCKEY TEAM SHOWS FORM

By C. H. MINTO

SINCE our last issue THE OLYMPIAN CLUB team has gone into the winning column by annexing two games from the Indoor Yacht Club team, and we hope that now that the "boys" have struck their stride they will improve their standing with each game as they still have a fighting chance to land the championship.

The Canadian Club is still out in the

lead with but one loss being chalked up against them.

The Indoor Yacht Club team has been considerable of a disappointment to its supporters as the team started out with a very strong aggregation on paper, but up to date has failed to win a game.

During the past month the writer visited the cities of the Northwest and had

the pleasure of seeing all of the professional teams of the Pacific Coast Hockey League in action, and to say that their playing is wonderful is only a mild description of the speed and dexterity of these teams, which are as good as any in the world.

After seeing all these teams in action the writer would pick the following players as standing out above the others: Goalkeeper Lehman of Vancouver, who has the art of stopping the puck down to an exact science; Defense, "Moose" Johnson of Portland who is a great checker and also hurls his 200 pounds on the attack

line like a veritable tornado; Jack Walker of Seattle who combines attack and defense with the grace of Lajoie and who has mastered the new "hook-check" to such a degree that he is able to keep the entire opposing team back for several minutes at a time; Forwards, Cyclone Taylor of Vancouver and Smoky Harris of Portland, who are speedy and tricky players.

Following is the standing of the teams:

Clubs—	Won	Lost	To Play	Per Cent
Canadian	4	0	5	1000
Pacific	3	1	5	.750
Olympic	2	3	4	.400
Indoor Yacht	0	5	4	.000

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

By DR. R. E. RUMWELL

THE medical Department has been ordered to take a new lease on life.

Therefore members are advised of the following: The Medical Director will be found in his room (on the basement floor next to the Director's room) on Thursdays from twelve noon to one o'clock; on Fridays from eight to nine in the evening; on Saturdays from eleven o'clock to noon.

The M. C. will be glad to examine such members as present themselves, make a record of the examination for reference and reexamine them from time to time to check up progress made in exercise, etc. If desired, he will discuss what form of exercise to follow, how much exercise to take, and try to direct them along the lines that would seem to be of most benefit physically. This is a means offered to members to keep a positive and accurate record of what they are accomplishing in the way of exercise.

It will surprise many to learn how clearly any progress is shown by this record, and it will be a great stimulus to them to renewed effort in improving their

physical condition. Generally speaking, exercise is a good thing; however, nothing is more harmful than exercise over done and along wrong lines. Good physical condition is one of the blessings of life, and like all good things must be gained by an effort. It cannot be attained in a day.

How many men have bought a full equipment, gone into the gymnasium and torn off a lot of the kind of work that might give a seasoned athlete pause. How many have taken a bath, felt grand and—awakened the next morning feeling as though the steam-roller had gone over them! Too many leave the full equipment for the moths to gambol in.

Perhaps a little timely advice might assist. Try it. The Board of Directors have ruled that in the future all applicants for admission to the Juvenile and Athletic classes will have to pass a satisfactory physical examination at the hands of the Medical Director before gaining entrance to the club. This is a step in the right direction and will make for efficiency in both divisions.

BEACH RUN PROVES GREAT SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 20.)

claim seems to comprise the proverbial nine points of the law, but Frank Foran has been overheard to intimate that he himself was not altogether immune from the glory. On the other hand, Tim Fitzpatrick simply smiles an equivocal smile which might imply a reading of Omar's cynical words: "He knows, he knows." But at all events he won't tell. Yet one thing is certain: the man who did more running than anyone else was Bob McArthur, whose duty it was to keep the army in marching, or, rather, running order. His was a roving commission and he executed it to the point of death.

PROFESSOR ANGELL REPLIES TO LENNON

(Continued from Page 14)

match where the competing sides come together but once.

Now the essential spirit of the Rugby Union is or should be democratic: not only constitutionally and on paper, but practically on the field of play. All teams should be on a level: if concessions are allowed at all it should be to the weakest clubs. But to place the universities in a class by themselves is not a union in which there is strength and that the Rugby game should have done so well on the Coast under past conditions speaks volumes for its natural attractiveness.

So far as big games in general are concerned it is not improbable that matches between universities with their large clienteles and their youthful enthusiasts will generally bulk larger in the public eye than the games of the athletic clubs but that is no good and sufficient reason why the season's sport should pyramid up to a big game as the chief object of its existence.

Now when the break came between California and Stanford it seemed to me the golden opportunity for the several

members of the Rugby Union to draw closer to the same level and to make the organization more democratic than in the days "befo' de wah," and this has in a measure been accomplished.

One function of a university should be to send out its men desirous of continuing their out-of-door sports and fitted to take part in them, presumedly in most cases, as members of athletic clubs. When a sport is in itself inherently pleasurable and all clubs competing in it are on a level of club equality, a "big game" may be legitimately developed and be beneficial to the sport. But a big game which reduces all antecedent matches to the status of preliminary canters is of no benefit to the auxiliary clubs nor of much pleasure to the players. This was absolutely the condition under the old *régime* and would probably settle down on us again if that contest were to be resurrected. Of this there is no prospect. There is too much hard-headedness at Stanford.

CEREGHINO REMAINS CHAMPION

(Continued from Page 12)

pon, representing each and all of the recipients, responded graciously.

The official results of the tournament were as follows:

FIRST CLASS:

1. J. Cereghino.
2. C. Hyde Lewis.
3. J. Doyle.

SECOND CLASS:

1. H. Rippon.
2. T. F. Watson.
3. F. J. Foran.

THIRD CLASS:

1. J. Donovan.
2. G. Bond.
3. P. M. Stiger.

FOURTH CLASS:

1. C. Courmale.
2. J. McLaughlin.
3. R. Miller.

SANTA CLARA DRAWS FIRST BLOOD

(Continued from Page 15)

being made for the Sunday game, March 25th.

Games are also promised by the Portland and Oakland teams. During February games are to be played at Stanford and Santa Clara.

Appended is the detailed score of the Santa Clara vs. Olympic Club game:

Santa Clara 'Varsity

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Rooney, 2b	5	2	2	1	3	1
Milburn, cf	5	0	2	1	0	0
Bensburg, 1b	3	2	1	7	0	1
O'Neil, ss	3	1	0	0	3	0
Maier, 3b	3	1	2	1	0	0
Conners, lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Desmond, rf	4	0	2	1	0	0
Pratt, c	4	0	1	14	1	1
Hickey, p	4	1	2	0	1	0
Totals	34	7	12	27	8	3

Olympic Club

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Tramutolo, rf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Hart, cf	5	0	0	2	0	0
Cullen, lf	5	0	1	1	1	0
Norton, 1b	5	1	1	9	1	0
Benn, 3b	3	2	1	2	3	0
Rippon, ss	4	1	0	2	2	0
Maloney, 2b	4	0	1	2	2	1
Harrington, c	1	0	0	1	0	0
*Graham, c	3	0	1	4	0	0
Morrissey, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
**Medcraft, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
***Howedge, p	2	0	0	0	2	1
Swanton	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	37	5	6	24	11	2

*Graham batted for Medcraft in seventh.

**Medcraft replaced Morrissey in the third.

Swanton batted for Harrington in seventh.

SUMMARY

Three-base hit—Hickey. Two-base hits—Hickey, Maier (2), Desmond (2). Base on balls—Off Hickey, 2; off Morrissey, 1; off Howedge, 1. Struck out—By Hickey, 14; by Medcraft, 2; by Howedge, 2. Stolen bases—Tramutolo, 2; Rooney, 1. Hit by pitcher—Benn. Umpire—Rom Emerson.

BOWLING TOURNAMENT NOW ON

(Continued from Page 21)

he can see with both eyes he might get a two hundred score for a change.

Old reliable Bill Kewin has been out of condition lately but promises to be warmed up by the time the tourney opens.

The Olympic team after holding down second place in the S. F. and S. League since its opening had a bad week by losing two out of three to the Oaks, thereby dropping into third place. The boys hit for the nice total of 2745 against the Oaks' 2733, but dropped two games after a good start.

Appended is the first round draw in the club tournament:

Monday, January 22nd

8:00 P. M.—C. J. Keenan and D. Sales vs. G. Noonan and L. Devlin.
9:30 P. M.—W. W. Davis and W. C. Pomin vs. F. W. Clappett and W. S. Tullis.

Wednesday, January 24th

8:00 P. M.—P. Noonan and J. Walsh vs. I. A. Russ and Ed McMillan.
9:30 P. M.—J. F. Lahaney and H. Dignan vs. H. Rittler and P. Gerhardt.

Friday, January 26th

8:00 P. M.—C. Courdale and E. E. Simpson vs. S. Eckstein and V. Pelarogue.
9:30 P. M.—Dick Shannon and J. Miller vs. F. G. Gantner and H. Domeniconi.

Monday, January 29th

8:00 P. M.—C. Hyman and W. C. Kewin vs. Dr. Green and J. Loughry.
9:30 P. M.—F. D. Bush and H. H. Maundrell vs. L. N. Boudoin and M. G. Owens.

Wednesday, January 31st

8:00 P. M.—H. M. Dannmeyer and C. W. Shade vs. M. L. Jenne and W. A. Newhoff.
9:30 P. M.—J. Noonan and R. S. Marx vs. J. E. Hochstadter and H. E. Miller.

Friday, February 2nd

8:00 P. M.—L. Lidley and H. Poheim vs. P. N. Varellas and Dr. Harris.
9:30 P. M.—G. Butler and J. Pezzoto vs. C. E. Hollingberry and H. Wilson.

Monday, February 5th

8:00 P. M.—G. Andrews and J. Cereghino vs. E. Choynski and W. W. Haley.
9:30 P. M.—L. Pockwitz and H. O. Howard vs. W. R. Larzelere and B. G. Dietterle.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP**ACTIVE:**

Anderson, B. P., contract dept. Pacific Gas & Electric Co., 445 Sutter St.

Bell, Amory F., clerk Rainier Brewing Co., 1500 Bryant St.

Bennett, Rev. Peter, priest, 723 Tennessee St.

Beuter, A. J., mechanical engineer, 310 Sansome St.

Clark, W. R. P., physician, 240 Stockton.

Coffee, G. Wayne, retired, 3850 Jackson.

Cribbin, Mr., shipping, 332 Pine St.

Dodge, H. W., salesman Pacific Hardware & Steel Co., San Francisco.

Doran, John P., reporter, 767 Market St.

Dreusike, W., manufacturing, 555 Tenth.

Earnfred, Thos. S., student, 2666 Bush.

Elam, G. C., contractor, 180 Jessie St.

Echeguren, A. de, capitalist, 2238 Vallejo St.

Eyre, Edward, capitalist, 332 Pine St.

Haviside, Harry T., ship chandlery, 32 Steuart St.

Ireland, B. C., merchandise broker, 24 California St.

Kelly, Rev. P. F., priest, Mission St.

Lang Jr., Aug. J. sales mgr., Mills Bldg.

Lindemann, Chas., jeweler, 233 Post St.

Linderman, Fred, shipowner, 110 Market St.

Lovotti, Carl D., druggist, 348 Columbus Ave.

Parry, D. W., banking, 2701 Larkin St.

Reyman, Allison H., student, 2897 Jackson St.

Romey, Gordan, clerk, 1541 Haight St.

Stafford, C. J., attorney, Grant Bldg.

Steines, C. W., merchant, The Emporium.

Thomas, Jr., Geo. H., shoe merchant, 4118 18th St.

Treat, H. P., with Western Electric, 680 Folsom St.

Weidenmuller, L. A., real estate, 219 Montgomery St.

Wilbur, R., mining, Hillsborough, Cal.
Wright, Wm. Q., mining engineer, Sausalito, Cal.

NON-RESIDENT:

Magoon, Eaton H., attorney, Honolulu, T. H.

Mason, M. C., rancher, Watsonville, Cal.

McArthur, Frank, farming, Likely, Cal.

Robbins, Wm. Crim, ranching, Suisun, Cal.

SERVICE:

Hanson, Thos. S., Lieut. Col. Quartermaster Corps, Fort Mason, Cal.

Lorca, Arturo, Chilean Consul, 311 California St.

Schmielglo, E. C., Danish Vice-Consul, Mills Bldg.

Valencia, F., Consul of Colombia, 311 California St.

ATHLETIC:

Anderson, Walter E., medical student, 344 Fourteenth St.

Deutch, Edward, clerk, 951 Market St.

Dwiggins, Jr., Jay, insurance, 889 Monadnock Bldg.

Eastman, K. C., marshall, San Enselmo, Cal.

Hart, Frank J., clerk, 626 Crocker Bldg.

Herzog, Wilbert, iron worker, 645 Natoma St.

O'Connor, Roderic, oculist, Head Bldg.

Overin, C. S., teacher, 998 Devisadero.

Smith, C., salesman, 343 Sansome.

Spirz, Gus, student, 56 Langton St.

Tregido, Eugene, with Gas Co., 3380 Army St.

Worth, S. J., bank clerk, Montgomery and Market St.

Youngblood, J. H., auto dealer, 745 Geary St.

JUVENILE:

Keenan, Jr., Alex. S., 2721 Folsom St.

Girard, McCone, 131 Fourteenth Ave.

Connolly, Edw. H., 707 Twelfth Ave.

DuBroy, Louis F., 2750 Lake St.

STATEMENT OF OPERATIONS FOR MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1916

The following figures of the club's financial operations for the month of December, 1916, shows that the gain after deducting interest charges and providing for retirement of bonded indebtedness was \$2,192.61.

Net Departmental Profit from Restaurant, Bar, Billiards and Pool, Massage Department, Barber Shop, Valet Service, Bowling, Cigar Stand			\$ 1,721.39
Living Room Revenue	\$2,606.75		
Less Labor, etc.	<u>422.61</u>	\$ 2,184.14	
Dressing Room Revenue		1,251.05	
Steel Locker Revenue		323.25	
Taxicab Account (net)		<u>43.88</u>	\$ 3,802.32
Total House Revenue			\$ 5,523.71
Dues: All Classes		\$12,602.35	
Initiations		3,015.00	
Visitors' Cards		214.00	
Purchase Discounts		<u>99.63</u>	\$15,930.98
Total All Revenue			<u>\$21,454.69</u>

DETAIL OF GENERAL EXPENSES

Office and Administrative		970.60	
House: General		1,561.77	
Light and Power		704.75	
Water		504.16	
Laundry		517.80	
Maintenance and Repairs		765.64	
Labor		2,649.60	
Meals		1,016.00	
"Olympian" (net)		279.19	
Library		72.50	
Newspapers and Periodicals		15.76	
Telephone	\$ 601.33		
Less Members' Switches	<u>474.88</u>	126.45	
Stationery and Printing		579.95	
Store Room		377.74	
Engine Room		1,576.19	
Insurance		200.00	
Taxes		443.43	
Interest on Current Notes		225.79	
Athletic: General	\$1,200.37		
Special Events	<u>683.88</u>	1,884.25	
New Year's Eve Celebration		752.79	
New Year's Run		253.05	
Total Expenses for Month			<u>\$15,477.41</u>
Operating Profit, before providing for Interest on Mortgage and Bond Debt			\$ 5,977.28
Reserved for:			
Interest on 1st and 2nd Mortgage	\$1,918.00		
Uncollectible Accounts	<u>200.00</u>		
Retirement of Mortgage Indebtedness in 20 Years			
(Sinking Fund to be hereafter provided)	<u>\$1,666.67</u>		\$ 3,784.67
Net Profit for Month, Exclusive of Current Depreciation			<u>\$ 2,192.61</u>

We certify that the above statement is correct as shown by the books of The Olympic Club.

SULLY & HOOD, Certified Public Accountants.

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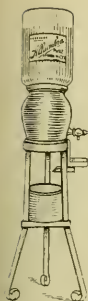
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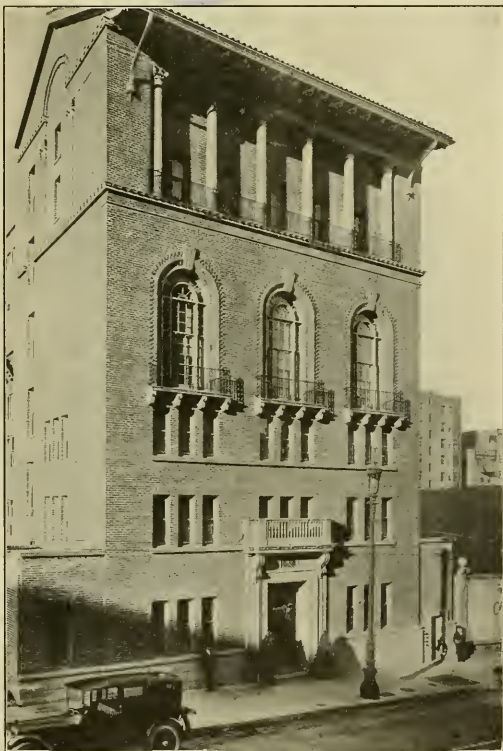
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HYGIEIA

Vol. V

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 50



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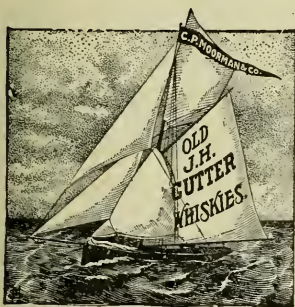
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Vol. V

FEBRUARY, 1917

No. 50

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

As when the springtime comes the sap begins to stir, the trees to put forth their ornaments, so also does the progressive spirit manifest itself throughout the world, sometimes even in so obvious a fashion as that of the members of the Woman's Athletic Club who have builded themselves a home. To them we speed our hearty felicitations, bidding them welcome to the domain of athletic clubdom. They have realized the destiny that was marked out for them as long ago as the infancy of the bicycle in the transportation world, when women first appeared in knickers and gave evidence of their athletic tendencies. Now they play tennis, they golf, they swim long distances, they fence and do other things betokening a relish of athletic sports, and they also prove themselves competent to win prizes in competition and able to master the tech-

nique of the general art of physical exercise. This is all but to say that it was high time for the women of San Francisco to become our neighbors in clubdom. We take great pleasure in applauding them for their first triumph—the edifice by which they have added to the architectural beauty of the city that their home now ornaments. "Houses are built to live in more than to look on," said Lord Bacon who thought that beauty should be sacrificed to the utilitarian motive. Fortunately the architect of the new athletic club, though he made no sacrifice, designed a home that is nowise lacking in the essentials. It is an edifice lacking neither in adornment nor in the means of enabling the members of the club to enjoy the benefits for which it was organized. The facade of the building may well serve as a page in the history of San Francisco's growth, and its interior as an illustration of the architectural art that so disposes and adorns as to "contribute to mental health, power and pleasure." The gymnasium, which is of course the important feature, is nobly proportioned and thoroughly equipped. The plunge is beautiful and enticing. There is a very attractive Strangers' Room, on the roof is a tennis court, there are squash courts, a completely equipped hydrotherapeutic room, and indeed there is not a department of a modern, up-to-date athletic club that is not to be found in the new Sutter street building complete to the last detail. Here assuredly is an athletic club in which the members have reason to take great pride.

Although that big piece of ground at the corner of Post and Mason streets is not within our financial reach the purchase of a piece of it has become a potential blessing that may be realized through the enthusiasm of an Olympian

A
Buyer
Wanted

not averse to the gratitude of the club. And he may bestow the blessing without cost to himself. A change has come o'er the situation with respect to that lot. At first we were asked \$270,000 for the property. "Too much," said the Directors of the club. The figure was higher than the prevailing market price. The Directors possessed their souls in patience until the other day when they were offered the lot for \$200,000. Then they took an option on it for ninety days, not that they believed they would be justified in separating the club from that much money, but that they conceived a transaction by which they might buy all the ground that would be required to enlarge the club at a cost within our means. We could get along very nicely with about thirty-seven more feet on Post street. The extension of our lot thirty-seven feet would enable us to build a fine cold-water plunge for members who complain that they don't get a shock or a thrill in water at 70 degrees. Now suppose some prosperous benefactor comes along and buys the whole lot of 137x137 feet for \$200,000, how glad we will be to take thirty-seven feet off his hands and give him a good profit on the deal! In other words, we shall agree to buy thirty-seven feet at a price per foot higher than the whole lot will cost. This is an assurance the club stands ready to give. It will enter into an agreement to buy from anybody who wishes to avail himself of our option. Here is an opportunity for a man to prove himself a benefactor and make a little easy money at the same time. Members of the club in the real estate business will doubtless get busy and devote themselves to the consummation devoutly to be wished. Nay, devoutly and eagerly to be wished, for the Directors will not only purchase the land; they will finance all the improve-

ments in contemplation, making the club grow as well as expand.

Here's a pretty how do you do!—the prospect of a hard handball tournament vanishing from apathy. Fifteen members responded to the call, and then the proposition was dropped on account of lack of interest.

Reflections on Handball

We are told that the handball game is a thing of the past. We don't believe it. At present there is a dearth of exponents of the ancient game, a circumstance due to the popularity of the softball game, but the softball game is played chiefly by men who never familiarized themselves with the other, men who know nothing of its charms or its merits, who are sensible only of the fact that to learn it is to get bruised hands. What tender, sensitive, flabby folk we are becoming in these unstrutuous days of parlor pastimes. Of course it requires a little grit to learn to play with a hard ball that stings one's hands. But are we to be encouraged in our aversion to hard knocks in this workaday world? Perish the thought! There is almost as much difference between hard and soft handball as between baseball and beanbag, and in baseball men break their fingers, but nevertheless they would scorn to play the game with a tennis ball. We are told that they get a "better sweat" playing handball with a tennis ball than it is possible to get with the regulation ball, but if a sweat is the main consideration, think of playing baseball with a hard rubber ball! There would be a sweat in every hit. Now in our opinion hard handball is as far from dead today as the game of billiards was fifteen years ago when billiard tables were as scarce as hens' teeth. The "regulation" game will "come back" because it is the "regulation" game and because it has a technique all

its own to which there is nothing comparable in the mere sweat producer. To master this technique is to acquire a skill quite as subtle as the skill an expert billiardist displays and to which the tennis-ball player is almost a complete stranger. We hope that enthusiasts of the game will

endeavor to revive interest therein, and we would suggest that to do this they should strive for the adoption of the semi-hard ball which is used in Los Angeles and many Eastern cities and which, when the use of it is mastered, leads to a yearning for the regulation game.

WRESTLING

By THE HISTORIAN

APPARENTLY the wrestling game has come back to these parts with a rush. Public interest in the sport has been revived, and once more there is money to be had by a judicious regulation of contests. Perhaps it may be of interest to those engaged either as performers or business agents to learn something of the past history of the sport in this city. Here once upon a time wrestling was a craze, it occupied more of public attention than boxing, and more money was to be made by the leading exponents of the sport than first-class fighters were able to draw to the box-office. That was a time when, as now, the boxer was in eclipse. His was frowned upon as a brutal sport, and only the four-round go, popularized by John L. Sullivan, was permissible. John L. went through the country offering a purse to any man who took a chance with him in the ring for four rounds. About that time he came to this city and participated in the memorable fiasco with Peep-a-boo Robinson. At that very time Clarence Whistler was in San Francisco. Wrestling was just beginning to look up, as it were, and Whistler was regarded as the greatest man of his time. Here it was that he met Muldoon, the famous New York policeman, as fine a figure of a man as sculptor ever chiseled. Naturally the two great wrestlers gravitated together, whether by accident or by prearrangement the public never authentically learned, but in

time it became very suspicious. The men had a series of matches at the old Grand Opera House in Mission street, and at every contest the place was packed from pit to dome. The question of supremacy was kept in suspense until slathers of money passed through the box-office. Presently it was rumored that the game wasn't precisely on the level. In the long run Muldoon was acknowledged the premier, but the consensus of sophisticated opinion was that he was merely the superior business man and that Whistler was the superior wrestler. Whatever the truth Muldoon has been recognized as a first-class business man ever since. Also the truth is that the craze for wrestling petered out in this city, the reason being that it received a black eye. Duncan Ross and other athletes of international fame came hither to revive interest in the sport but in vain. There was as big a cloud over the game as the one that descended on sprinters some years later. The dear people were in a morbid state of suspicion in those days and professional athletics languished. To make matters worse Duncan Ross proved himself something of a commercial genius. He was an all-round athlete who broke all kinds of world's records at Central Park but not officially. Then he aroused some interest in broadsword contests on horseback, his principal opponent being Sergeant Walsh of the

A SUGGESTION FROM THE FENCERS

By EMILIO LASTRETO

AS the study of sword-play dates from many centuries past, and as there have always been among its devotees and exponents a host of progressive and scientific minds, it has resulted that sword-play has developed a greater scientific accuracy than has any one of the other competitive sports of the gymnasium.

In France the scientific progress of swordsmanship is maintained in the military fencing academy at Joinville Le Pont; in addition, the champions of France and Italy have frequent contests, from which this science, already highly developed, is advanced more closely to the goal of perfection.

Fostering this same spirit of constant improvement, the Amateur Fencers' League of America was organized in New York on May 6, 1891. It is now allied with the Amateur Athletic Union, and is a member of the Federation Internationale d'Escrime. There are divisions of the Amateur Fencers' League of America in many parts of the United States, the one of Central California having its headquarters at THE OLYMPIC CLUB. Once a year the Board of Governors formally adopt and promulgate the fencing rules for the ensuing year—being the rules of the preceding year with such slight improvements as the year's experience of Europe and of the United States demonstrates to be advisable.

Each division also sends to the central authority, the Board of Governors in New York City, the dates of the championship events of said division for the coming year. The Board of Governors sends to each member in the United States a pamphlet embodying the schedule of events, the fencing rules and the results of the

fencing championships throughout the country during the year just closing.

As an observer for the last twenty-eight years of the doings of the other sports, as well as of fencing, it has seemed to me that there has not always been a steady advance in the "science" of these other competitive sports, but on the contrary, at times there has been a decline, a retrogression, and so from the foil emanates, in a kindly spirit, the suggestion to its fellow-competitive sports—boxing, wrestling and possibly handball, that these sports should adopt the system of the Amateur Fencers' League of America; that is, establish their respective national headquarters, adopt definite rules (yearly subject to improvement), define the territorial boundaries of each division, and before the first of January inform all the members and divisions of the events scheduled during the ensuing year by each division.

As a well-wisher of boxing and wrestling, there would seem to me to be more of a necessity for these two sports to have such leagues than there is for fencing, for the following reasons:

1st. In order to enter the fencing college of Joinville Le Pont, the candidate must first achieve proficiency; the course in this French fencing institution is of three years duration; thus by the Government is established as sure a depository of all knowledge of the art of swordsmanship as universities have of mathematics, metaphysics, etc.; 2nd, the large numbers of masters-at-arms who have learned fencing as faithfully and correspondingly as completely as have graduate physicians and attorneys, their respective studies, are as able and qualified not only

OUR SHOOTING MEN

By C. W. LINDER

DURING the last shooting year members of THE OLYMPIC CLUB pistol team made a very good showing. The pistol team tied with Springfield, Mass., for second place, but had a team average of 1132 out of a possible average of 1250 which was about 10 points higher team average than any other team. The series of matches are decided by wins as in baseball and owing to that fact we lost the championship.

In the Individual Indoor Championships of the United States George Armstrong tied for first place with the pistol; Randall won fifth place.

Mills won the National Championship, the cup and the gold medal in the Novice Match. Blossie took second place.

In the National Outdoor Champion-

ship Match George Armstrong won the cup and the gold medal, raising the record eight points. Randall took third place.

Armstrong won second place in the National Revolver Championship. Linder won the State revolver championship. The pistol team raised the world's team record from 1149 to 1152. Armstrong, shooting for record, tied the 50-shot outdoor world's pistol record of 480 out of a possible 500, and raised the 100-shot world's pistol record from 942 to 959 out of a possible 1000. Shooting indoors he raised the 50-shot world's pistol record from 481 to 483 out of a possible 500.

A majority of the pistol and revolver records are now held by members of the O. C. pistol team which we think is a fair showing.

A GALLANT SKIPPER HONORED

A DINNER was given at THE OLYMPIC CLUB last Saturday night (Jan. 27) in honor of Director John R. Hanify. I doubt whether it would be extravagant to say that never before in the history of San Francisco clubdom was tribute paid to a man with greater enthusiasm. The occasion was relished as much as the dinner, for Hanify is beloved by his fellow-directors and the affair was their testimonial. They have been eager to give Hanify a dinner ever since he won the Exposition yacht race, bringing home the beautiful King George Cup, but the gallant skipper would not tamely submit to being thus honored. In some respects John R. Hanify is one of the most reluctant and elusive of men. He hates to have it appear that he has done anything beyond the commonplace. Thus it was when he won the King's Cup with the Westward. When that race was first pro-

posed in this city by Sir Thomas Lipton, several leading clubs announced that they would compete and do their best to win the glory of victory for San Francisco. Their enthusiasm promised to quicken the ship-building industry hereabouts. Hanify was one of the few present on that occasion who had little to say. He merely opined that he might compete. As time ran on enthusiasm languished, and the men who promised to enter yachts forgot to build. Hanify remembered. He not only remembered, he went East and spent a lot of time there having a yacht designed that was likely to go well in our waters and in our breezes. The result was the fast and graceful yacht that Hanify sailed to victory.

Aside from the superb golden cup that was presented by King George for this race, a royal specimen of the designer's and jeweler's art, the race itself was a thing that will always be of historical interest.

It will be remembered as one of the star events in the annals of American yachting. When the race was over, I am told, Hanify with his characteristic modesty and elusiveness, evaded felicitations by consuming the remainder of his time on the trip in personally complimenting and thanking the members of his crew. Now the victory that was won by the westward reflected considerable glory on our foremost athletic club, since it was a director of that club who had exhibited the true spirit of the amateur sportsman; and for this reason the directors were eager to give Hanify a dinner and celebrate. This

was not easy to do. By systematic procrastination Hanify kept that dinner hanging fire till last Saturday evening when it was pulled off at the club with President William F. Humphrey at the toast-master's plate. The following directors were the hosts: L. M. Hoefler, Frank J. Foran, Dr. E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods, Thomas Alton, Judge T. I. Fitzpatrick. In Moet and Chandon White Seal many a toast was drunk but none with more enthusiasm than the toasts to King George and to "The Pride of the Hanify Fleet"—Miss Charlotte Brown, the skipper's niece.—*Town Talk*.

P. A. CHAMPIONSHIPS

By ERNEST MAYNARD SMITH

THE dawn of spring, heralded by a sheaf of swimming meet entry blanks, has sent our team into training. On March 9 the team will enter the big Sutro Bath meet, which is combining the P. A. championships with the National 50-yard championship. Norman Ross will be back from the islands to represent the club in the big event. Ross, Steiger, Goodman, Rissman, Smith, Johnson, Gardner and Resleure will be the club's mainstays in the big races.

On March 18th the club team will enter the opening races at Neptune Beach, Alameda. The events will be the 50, 100, 220 and 500 yard events. They will be conducted in the 100-yard outdoor pool, and Ross will have a great chance to establish some records for this size tank.

* * *

Lincoln Johnson has been elected commander of the Roving Reds, an independent Olympic Club water polo team. Johnson has impressed most of the young swimmers for his insurrecto crew and has issued challenges to all comers in the marine battle-royal field.

On Saturday, March 17, the club will also send a team of swimmers to Stanford to engage in a dual meet with the university boys. This event will duplicate the entertainment given recently in THE OLYMPIC CLUB when the Stanford swimmers were guests of the club.

* * *

Wrestling Competitions Ahead

With the wrestling game at the zenith of its popularity in San Francisco it is not surprising to find the amateurs trailing nobly in the rear of the big stars and gathering in a little of the reflected interest, if not glory, that undoubtedly has developed in the game. Here in the Club Professor Al Williams has a team of grapplers, covering all the weights in the championship schedule, awaiting to take on all comers; and down at Stanford University, and over at the University of California also—not to mention the Y. M. C. A. and other local organizations—there is a flock of boys taking up the sport with unmistakable zeal.

All this is well indeed in view of the fact that the National Wrestling Cham-

pionships are due for decision on the Pacific Coast this year, the venue being the Multnomah A. C., Portland, Ore., and the time the bonny month of May. Already efforts at coöperation are under way to make the national tournament a truly representative one, and from all appearances it would seem that this section of the country will cut a big swath, so to speak, in the argument for premier honors.

On Friday, March 16th, the club boys are due to visit Stanford University to engage the student wrestlers in a dual meet. Just how many matches there will be is not certain at the moment but we have the assurance of Mr. Behrens, graduate manager, that he will put a representative team on the mat and endeavor, as far as possible, to cover all the weights.

Ladies' Night March 5th

In preparation for this competition Professor Williams has arranged with the Athletic Committee to stage a number of

special bouts in the club gymnasium on Monday, March 5th.

As arranged the principal bouts are as follows:

R. Thomson (Coast champion heavyweight)	vs.	Geo. Wolff (220 pounds)
S. Phillip (158 pounds)	vs.	G. Padilla (158 pounds)
C. E. Allen (Coast champion light-heavy)	vs.	M. Phillips (175 pounds)
Geo. B. Nees (Champion 135 pounds)	vs.	J. Maurus (135 pounds)
C. E. Peck (175 pounds)	vs.	Nap. Derdivanis (175 pounds)
R. Vis (125 pounds)	vs.	R. Illing (125 pounds)

There will also be a number of other bouts. The professor himself will take on two redoubtable opponents and promises to pin them in the shortest space of time on record. His opponents, although already selected, refuse to have their names mentioned until they enter ring for the contest. On their part they declare that the professor has not a chance in a million with either of them.

GYMNASTIC NIGHT SCHEDULE

The club's gymnastic fans and followers of boxing, fencing and wrestling will soon be given opportunity to see their favorites in action. The occasion is a Ladies' Night to be held in the gym on Friday evening, March 23.

Gymnasium instructor "Bob" Leando promises a programme brimful of the best talent we have in our physical laboratory. There will be somersault leaping from the springboard, hand to hand and head to head balancing, triple and parallel bar *pirouettes*, trapeze tricks, clown acrobatics and ground tumbling.

The springboard leaping which will open the show hasn't been seen in the club for some time. The most nimble-limbed of our indoor athletes are managing to transgress the attraction of gravity in a manner that should make Newton look to his laws. Wrestling, boxing and fencing bouts will round out the bill.



(Photo by W. Von Poellnitz)

NORMAN ROSS

Who will be back in time for the big event.

We have with us today-



GEORGE BLANE LYLE

"TIM" FITZPATRICK
"Benched."

SAFETY PLAYING IN BILLIARDS

By DR. O. B. BURNS

EVERY billiard player watches for the balls to roll into position for him, and that is the time or signal for him to try and make all the points he can; that is the time, if he feels he has the stroke, for him to pitch in and play all the billiards he knows. It is the time that he tries the most difficult drives and draws in order to get them into position, and if he succeeds in his effort and if his stroke stays with him he will be able to roll up quite a run. The system followed in tournament playing seems to be safety almost altogether. Most of the players adopt that system and very often succeed with it but it results in low averages and should be abandoned if a player wishes to improve his game.

Sometimes a player will take the wrong shot in preference to the right one because it will leave the balls safe if he should happen to miss but, on the other hand, if he should happen to play the right shot and count he will leave himself a start for a run.

I do not care much for the safety play as it really does not improve the game of either player. In order to make a high average the player must always play the shot that will leave the balls close together or at least in front of the cue-ball, so that he is sure of making the next point. A good player always plays his shots according to his stroke. If his stroke is good he starts right out to get the billiards, and if he succeeds he makes a higher average. The player who resorts to the safety play does so because he has no confidence in his being able to make the point; therefore he depends on making a point or two and then leaving them safe on his opponent.

I don't condemn the safety play altogether because there are times when the stroke is bad and it would not pay to take the chance, but when the balls are coming his way and his stroke is good he must take advantage of it if he expects to roll up the billiards. There are times when a shot can be played in two or more ways for position and the leave would be fairly good for him no matter which way he selects, and then it is well to take the shot that would leave them bad for his opponent in case he should happen to fail. A player should always try to get the balls together and then play the shot that will keep them so.

Never try to drive two balls into a position when driving one will give you just as good results. It is much easier to drive one ball than two. This is done by throwing all the force into one ball at the same time killing your cue-ball, and just crawling up to the second ball. This shot should be played oftener for the reason that no player can expect to make runs until he is able to control his cue-ball.

* * *

The first class in the club tournament is almost finished. Al Hampton has a clean score and Dr. Higgins has lost only one game. Hampton and Higgins will play for first and second place. The second class has been decided, Thos. Settle first and Jack Settle second. The third class will finish in a few days, Scott being in the lead. The fourth class is not far enough along yet to be able to pick the possible winners. The fifth class is being managed by Geo. James, and is not far enough advanced yet to write about in this issue.

UNIQUE BASKETBALL SUCCESSES

By A. KEMP

WITH the Pacific Association Basketball Championship Tournament half over all three teams entered by THE OLYMPIC CLUB, the 120-pound, the 130-pound (Cardinals) and the 145-pound aggregations, have won the city titles.

The 120-pound team, by defeating the Y. M. I. and the Telegraphs, succeeded in winning the championship of San Francisco. The boys are hard at practice and are confident of winning the District and State titles in their class. The following are the members of the team: J. Friedman, R. Bivens, W. Dunning, B. Gold, R. Schweitzer, H. Domeniconi, J. Maneshan, A. Heaney and W. Dalton.

The O. C. Cardinals, the 130-pound State champions of 1916 and undoubtedly one of the fastest pieces of machinery turned out on a local court, have the title once more well within hail. This team has held together for a period of five years, and in all that time just one single game has been lost by them, the University of California catching them once in a slump. In their first year as an organization they won the 110-pound class with ease, and won in the same division the next year. In 1915 they entered and won the 120-pound class and in 1916 they branched out into the 130-pound class, proving successful.

The team consists of Gavin, Schweitzer (center); McDonald, Garrigan and Kennedy (forwards); McLaughlin, Welch, Compana, Whitelaw and Gillan (guards). J. T. Ryan is in charge of the team, under the supervision of Frank Foster. One of the best players on the line, John Donovan, who has been with the Cardinals since the inception of the team, is now starring with the club's 145-pound team.

The 145-pound team earned the right to play the transbay champions for the

title in the P. A. District Championship by defeating the Columbus Park Boys in rather hollow fashion. In the other game scheduled in this class for the champions St. Ignatius forfeited. The team is composed as follows: Forwards, J. Donovan, W. Andrews and A. Kemp; center, B. Hurd; guards, M. Hulling, J. Lucy, W. Cohn and E. Brown.

Games are played in the club gymnasium every Tuesday and Thursday evening, and also on Sunday mornings.

NATIONAL SHOOTING TROPHY

"The Historic Soldier of Marathon" was won by the California Civilian Rifle Team at the national matches held by the War Department, October 12 to 26, 1916, at Jacksonville, Florida. The California Civilian Rifle Team was picked up by the Adjutant General of the State of California, and was composed of seven men from THE OLYMPIC CLUB and seven men from the Los Angeles Rifle and Revolver Club. Fifty-six teams were on the ground. The California Civilian Team won from a field of about thirty civilian teams from the various States.

"The Historical Soldier of Marathon" was presented to the National Rifle Association in 1875 by the commander-in-chief on behalf of the State of New York, and is the oldest trophy in competition. Several years ago the trophy was given by the association to the Government and has been one of the most sought-after prizes ever since.

It will be noticed that in 1877, just forty years ago, a team from California won this trophy, and their names are engraved on the center plaque. Since that date no team from California has ever won a place in a national match, until last year.

A MODEL GYMNASIUM IN THE BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE WOMAN'S
ATHLETIC CLUB IN SUTTER STREET

(Photo by Gabriel Moulin)





THE COSY AND INVITING LIVING ROOM IN THE WOMAN'S
ATHLETIC CLUB HOME

(Photo by Gabriel Moulin)

O. C. BASEBALL TEAM GETS REVENGE

By BART BURKE

THE Olympians got sweet revenge on Santa Clara in their second game. They won, 5 to 1, driving southpaw Hickey to the showers in six innings, and bumping Leonard and Fitzpatrick. Hickey begged to pitch this game, and from the treatment he got the club boys were surely glad to see him.

"Nail" Medcraft was a complete puzzle, allowing but six hits. Tramutola and Maloney were strong with the stick, while Eddie Benn gave the Mission boys a few lessons in third basing.

The boys also won at Stanford on February 3 by 7 to 4. Bert Larkins put the game on ice with a timely triple with the bases loaded in the seventh. Bat-

teries were: Stanford, Urafer and Mitchell; Olympic Club, Morrissey, Lorrigan and Swanton.

The last game at St. Mary's resulted in a 9 to 3 defeat for the Winged O's. Brandon had too much stuff on the pill and won off by himself. Batteries were: St. Mary's, Brandon and Wirts; Olympics, Howedge and Graham.

Our game with the U. C. Varsity for Washington's Birthday had to be postponed on account of wet grounds.

During March the team plays Stanford on March 10th; Oakland Coasters at Boyes Springs on March 11th; U. C. Varsity on March 17th; and Seals Yannigans at Sacramento on March 24th and 25th.

THE BUSINESS MEN'S PLAYGROUND

By EDWIN P. BLY

BETWEEN 12:00 and 1:00 o'clock, when most places call "time out" for a leisure hour, the gymnasium stirs itself and becomes a scene of great activity. Business men in pursuit of an appetite and the good health which an appetite usually betokens, take possession of the floor and make things lively.

They exercise under the direction of Professor "Bob" Elwood, whose knowledge of physical culture and proper diet, and whose unflinching good humor, put the necessary efficiency and ginger into the work.

A class is held each noon, but most of the "regulars" come only upon alternate days. Professor Elwood says that as a rule this is frequent enough. He claims that three hours a week of systematic exercise, properly distributed, will put

the average man of sedentary habits upon a "war basis" in a few months, providing of course that he takes care of himself otherwise.

At the outset it should be said for the benefit of those who may be under a misapprehension, that the noontime class is not a private one in any sense of the word. As many of the club members as the gym can accommodate are at perfect liberty to enjoy the privilege at any time. "Signing up" is the only necessary red tape. The hour of play is so popular with its present devotees—there are about seventy of them—and it is in general such an important branch of our gymnasium activities that all Olympians should know about it.

Professor Elwood has studied out a series of exercises designed especially for

making a new man out of the fellow who sits behind a desk and who in middle life finds his chest gravitating toward his "tummy." The work consists of hand drills, physical culture (Swedish system), setting up exercises, deep breathing, pulley weight manœuvres, mat exercises and medicine ball throwing. A salt plunge follows of course. This seems like rather a vigorous list. It is in fact, but at the same time special care is always taken to give each man just the right amount and no more.

The point which greatly impresses the onlooker is that every member of the "bunch" seems to have an exceedingly good time. Mr. Edwin Cox, the inspired poet of the class, expresses this most aptly. He says:

"That Business Man's Class is a hummer,
Each member's a regular comer.

One would think from the noise

That the men were just boys.

Life's 'winter' Bob turns into 'summer.'"

The spirit of fun which characterizes the class makes play out of the work; it prevents the mind from remembering that the body perhaps had much rather be elsewhere—taking life easy.

Apparently all of the men who regularly make the noontime pilgrimage to the gym are sincere boosters of the idea. The following excerpts from letters written for publication in THE OLYMPIAN tell the whole story in a nut shell:

"The gym class at noon has been not only a benefit but a pleasure to me and to all of the men in the class with whom



PROFESSOR ELWOOD'S CLASS IN ACTION ON THE ROOF.

I have talked. The good fellowship and the all around work-out make me feel invigorated for the rest of the day.

"PHILIP H. PIERSON, M. D."

"Everyone who has attended the class regularly has improved his physical condition greatly . . . the exercises are of great value to all of us.

"HARRY E. ALDERSON, M. D."

"Unless one is in good physical condition it is impossible to produce the best results. I am sure that the hour spent in the noonday class means two hours added working capacity. I know, having

tried it both ways.

"M. L. REQUA."

"One readily realizes how essential it is to indulge in this exercise which our club offers, when from time to time he may not attend.

"PERCY T. CUMBERSON."

"I have found the work invigorating instead of hard and tiresome as some members might imagine.

"W. S. THOMPSON."

Besides the class at noon, Prof. Elwood conducts a special physical culture class on the roof every day between 11:00 and 12:00.

THE OLYMPIAN CREW AT WORK

By W. G. DONALD

SUNDAY the 18th of February saw the first of the Olympian waterougs in the first trial spin of 1917. The Oakland estuary bore up eight of the husky oarsmen in their abbreviated costume of socks and trunks.

The material for this year looks better than last year's although for a first crew the 1916 squad gave some very creditable performances in their two races—one with the California and one with the Stanford varsity.

To many of the members of the club it will be a surprise to know that such a thing as rowing is fostered in their own halls. In 1916 a number of the American football squad who had had experience in varsity rowing, foremost among whom was "Ted" Meier, the 1916 football coach, asked the Athletic Committee for permission to represent THE OLYMPIC CLUB on the water. The permission being readily granted, through the kindness of the management of the University of California the squad practiced regularly from the

boat house of the university at the foot of Broadway in Oakland. A squad of sixteen were very regular in their attendance at the almost daily spins.

The men that start out the season this year are Ted Meier of Harvard; Van Blarcom, Yale; Sutton, Blake and Weber, California; Worth, Seward, Duryea and Sweet, Stanford; and a number of very promising aspirants.

On the second Sunday morning of March the Olympians, under Coach Meier, will take on Coach Wallis' California varsity for a "bit of a rush." Ted confidently expects the California crew to be a close second in this duar race to the Olympic crew because, he says, they are looking as though they were to be the fastest crew that the Bears have ever turned out.

A very earnest invitation is extended to all those interested in eight-oared shell racing to try out for a seat in the eight or to grace the practices and races with their presence and interest.

YOUNG OLYMPIAN SWIMMERS SHOW CLASS

By ERNEST MAYNARD SMITH

THE small fry of the club's fish performed with astounding piscatorial agility on Friday evening, February 16. Like a school of flashing minnows the little fellows swam, dived and plunged with all the assurance of the older mermen. It was a surprising array of diminutive talent that Sid Cavil produced, and they delivered a brand of swimming that made many of the older spectators wonder.

Little "Spec" Lisle, displacement 80 pounds, won the applause of the evening. Spec used only the crawl stroke, the fastest of all styles, and he swims it in the most approved way. Like a seal he clipped the water in the juvenile fifty and one lap races. Later he electrified the crowd by performing a "back flip" dive from the highest platform. If Spec continues to develop Olympia will have a worthy man in the senior events in a couple of years.

Cheney, a junior, displayed real form in the 50 and 100 yard races in his division. He is the best junior representative the club has had in a long time. He swam

the 50 in 28 3-5 seconds, and the 100 yards in 1:07 2-5. These times will entitle him to admission into the senior races this season.

Buster Tait showed that he is the best young distance swimmer in this part of the State when he easily won the 440 yard race in 6:41 from a junior field. Tait has the natural swing of a great swimmer. Like Ludy Langer he swims with a rolling trudgeon-crawl stroke. Strength and experience will make him a merman to be feared in the long distances.

Little Buddy Porter had no fear when he climbed to the top platform and dived in pretty swan form thirty-five feet to the water. Bud, like Spec Lisle, dives from the lofty stands with an unconcern that shames most of us.

Louis McLane, who promoted the event to show doubting folks what the laddies can do, and Sid Cavil, who taught them all they know, deserve the credit due for developing the classiest juvenile aquatic squad in the country.

WRESTLING VERSUS BOXING

By SVEN PHILIP

FOR some time past there has been an agitation going on in the local newspapers as to the merits of wrestling and boxing as modes of self-defense and the devotees of the respective sports have waxed enthusiastic, and occasionally sarcastic, in their verbal demonstrations of the superiority of the one over the other.

It would appear that the discussion is one upon which it is impossible to exercise a neutral, or rather a dispassionate opinion. It must be one thing or the other. The unfamiliar outsider who en-

deavors to point out the merits of both forms of athletic activity is disposed of by the unanswerable paradox that the man who can see all around a question cannot see anything at all.

To the protagonists the problem is very simple. No doubt it is the simplicity that accounts for the popularity. They simply say: put a boxer and a wrestler in the ring together and let them fight or wrestle it out. And nothing could be simpler than that. It certainly appears to be the obvious solution, so obvious in fact that

it made its appearance a very long time ago, and stories are on record of famous, or infamous, contests that have taken place between wrestlers and boxers in an attempt to prove the contention of either side. History of this sort proves very little, however, since it fails to satisfy the followers of the respective games.

The boxing advocate says: "Why, the boxer is a sure winner every time. All he has to do is to hit his opponent a sharp clip on the chin and off he goes picnicking on a cloud with a handful of stars for companions. Nothing could be simpler than that."

The wrestling advocate says: "The wrestler is a sure winner every time. All he has to do is to catch his opponent off balance (that is, his hitting balance, for of course he can't hit effectively when off

balance), get behind him, throw him to the mat, and thence to the audience or the dogs. Nothing could be simpler than that."

Well, anyhow, here we are in an athletic club with a host of wrestlers and a host of boxers, and not a few of them are "all, het up" over the question. Professor Green and Professor Williams still speak as they pass by but it is understood to be only a question of time when they will line up their forces and join issue.

And at that it might prove rather interesting to see the mat men and the padded mit men go at it in the ring. A series of bouts, while it might not prove anything for the sake of history, would surely prove interesting for the benefit of the "house."

INDOOR RUGBY

By PETER P. PETERSON

NOT so very long ago—six years at most—basketball was regarded as a girl's game. It was a gentle pastime, hardly more strenuous than croquet, and flappers, then known as chickens, now known as pelicans, indulged it freely. It was indeed a backward high school that had not its dimpled basketball squad, its bevy of pretty dears who coyly stepped before the vulgar multitude, their as yet shapeless legs garbed only in cotton stockings and knee-length bloomers, and ineffectually sought to deposit a great round ball in an iron-rimmed net. And it was indeed a slow town that failed to turn out *en masse* to watch the lovely ones struggle pantingly with the girls from the neighboring village on the slippery floor of the stable-loft skating rink. Do we not all remember those superb exhibitions of feminine skill and ingenuity, followed inevitably by an old-time dance with sixty-

seven extras and at least a dozen moonlight waltzes? And the frenzied cheering of the excited mothers as Harriet or Edith Ann or Marcia executed a difficult play, and the prideful words of the fathers as "their girls" made an unholy show of themselves?

And yet, basketball today is less a girl's game than is golf, more a man's game than is baseball. During the course of the last few years basketball has progressed—degenerated, if you will—into what is incomparably the hardest and roughest and most exciting game in the world, saving, possibly, la crosse. As a consequence, the daughters have practically ceased to play it and the sons have made it their own. Only in small-town high schools where white socks and ukuleles are still popular do the girls continue to blossom forth in their bloomers.

In this State particularly have our

adolescent males grown enamored of basketball. They seem to fancy it more than anything else. It is safe to assert that there are more teams in California than one could shake-yard of sticks at; more, indeed, than in any State in the Union. We play basketball here from puppy-love to divorce. We have Young Men's Institute leagues, Young Men's Christian Association leagues, club leagues, university leagues, college leagues, prep-school leagues, high school leagues, grammar school leagues, primary school leagues, kindergarten leagues. Basketball courts are more plentiful, and more populous during the winter season, than police courts; we have even reached the stage where our sporting writers fill up space in selecting all-star basketball teams. Indeed, it is a sure-thing wager that the world's series itself couldn't diminish the interest we display in some of our more important tournaments. That's how much we like the game.

And this simply is as it should be. Basketball is worthy of all the attention we can give it. We have no ice fields on which to play hockey and skate and, as most of the snow that falls in California is rain before it hits the ground, we are estopped from sleighing and sledding.

Therefore our winter sport must be an indoor sport, and basketball preëminently is the greatest indoor sport ever devised. More exercising than baseball, more open and aerial than football, more competitive than running, basketball is a sort of indoor Rugby, its main variance from the English game being the absence of tackling. It makes for the fostering of individuality without the destruction of team-work, and through the perfection of its team-work its stars may always shine and sparkle. Basketball, more than any other game of skill and strength, is symbolical of that idea of uncompromising fairness towards which every individual, every community, every nation, should strive in its dealings with its adversaries. A concentrated effort towards a definite goal, permitting of continuous participation by everyone interested without in the least robbing natural leaders of their leadership or stars of their brilliance, and without ever allowing the victory to be more important than the game, is basketball. And well may we love this game, well may we indulge it. It already has brought to us the emblem of a national championship, and ever will be as much to our credit and enjoyment as our tennis and trackwork and baseball have been.

O. C. TRIMS L. A. AT SOCCER

By E. POMEROY

THE chief events of the month for our football department were the defeat of San Francisco by our senior eleven, 3 goals to 1; the defeat of Stanford University juniors by our juniors, 5 goals to 1; the tie between Stanford University freshmen and our juniors, 1 goal each; a very creditable performance for our youngsters. It gives promise of a great future for our senior team in years to come. Last, but most important of all

events, the trip of THE OLYMPIC CLUB senior team (carried through in spite of the continued rain storm) to Los Angeles.

That game in Los Angeles was some game. The pick of the southern city were lined up against our fellows and in spite of the stormy weather a number of ardent supporters of the local team turned out and made the welkin ring. The ground was treacherous on account of its wet condition but was well covered with turf

and made a pretty contrast to the red and white of the Olympic and blue and white of the Los Angeles.

Swain, last season's captain, received an injury which will keep him out of the game for the rest of the season. He had to be carried off the field.

To their everlasting credit the ten men left put up such a desperate fight during the next thirty minutes that they were able to hold their lead and finished victors by 6 goals to 4.

A SUGGESTION FROM THE FENCERS

(Continued from Page 9)

to sustain, but also to raise still higher, the development and skill of their chosen sport; 3rd, there is a respectable number of authoritative high class volumes, exhaustive text books upon swordsmanship in its various branches; 4th, a feeling of comradeship which prevails between the fencers, universally, for their interest in the study of their sport, is just such a feeling as have attorneys or doctors, because they pursued the same study. The result is, that there is not the slightest danger that even the smallest detail in the art and knowledge of fencing will be forgotten or lost.

Can nearly as much as this be truthfully said of boxing and of wrestling? Has it not been the history of each of these sports that some expert professional has contributed some new attack or defense, and that, after this expert's activities ceased, his particular contribution to the general knowledge of his sport thereupon dropped into disuse and oblivion?

Can it be said, for instance, that the boxers of today demonstrate what should be, by the laws of progress and evolution, a relatively higher degree of science, proficiency, and all else, than those of twenty-five years ago?

I believe that if the boxers and wrestlers will adopt the system of the Amateur

Fencers' League of America, there will be more universal cohesion among the members of their particular sports, more uniform or systematic progress; that each division will keep in closer touch and harmony with the others, and, more important still, that there will be no probability of any lowering of the standard of proficiency in the particular branch of sport. Nor, in my opinion, will there be any danger that thereby these particular sports and their respective devotees may become clannish and lessen their interest in and sympathy with any of the other sports on that account. Throughout the East, kindly feelings prevail between the fencers and the other athletes in the same club buildings; all are members of the A. A. U. At our club are the headquarters of the Central California Division of the Fencers' League, and in May, 1915, our gymnasium was the scene of the P. P. I. E. fencing championships, held in the same place where boxing and wrestling championships are contested. This system of the Board of Governors, exercising the supreme legislative, and partially the educational and executive authority, will operate for their benefit.

In these days of keen competition, and of the survival of the fittest, it becomes absolutely imperative to adopt and adhere to the most perfect system of internal operation; otherwise decline invites decay, decay death and obliteration. Conversely, perfect organization and control stimulates progress, proficiency and perpetuity; hence in order to attain the highest standard in combative athletics and establish and retain a closer fraternal comradeship and unity between the devotees of the particular sport, throughout the nation, and to add to the old-time glories and prowess of the wrestlers of classic Greece and Rome, is tendered this suggestion to the boxing ring, the wrestling mat and the handball court, from the fencing-room.

WRESTLING

(Continued from Page 8)

Presidio. They engaged in several very thrilling contests in which the people took great interest for a time, but presently the rumor was started that the contests were chiefly theatrical and as a consequence Ross deemed it advisable to invest the money he had made in more profitable business. He opened a resort on the summit of Telegraph Hill.

Meanwhile all kinds of professional athletics suffered from inattention. Poor Clarence Whistler, down and out, got a

job on an Australian steamer (the Zealandia I believe) and was thus able to earn the price of his passage to the Antipodes, where, one night, indulging in his favorite sensational stunt,—chewing up a whisky glass,—he accidentally swallowed a piece and died from the effect.

Let us hope that the young wrestlers who are now enjoying the sunshine of the golden hour will prove themselves in the long run worthy of the confidence of those who are eager to be thrilled and willing to pay to be entertained.

BOXING TOURNAMENT PROVIDES THRILLS

By PROFESSOR GEO. F. GREEN

WHAT I regard as one of the best encounters between big fellows took place on the last night of the recent boxing tournament in THE OLYMPIC CLUB when Les Power and J. V. Morgan met in the final of the light heavyweight division. Both men showed a lot of speed, powerful hitting qualities and a rare degree of gameness. The decision went to Power, who undoubtedly did the best work, though suffering from a distinct disadvantage in the poundage.

In the first round Power caught his man a hard hand swing on the ear and sent him to the canvas for a count of nine. Morgan, in taking the count, must be credited with a good head; and added to that he came later and literally stowed Les away in a neutral corner with a flock of mighty punches. Power was on his feet instantly, however, and the round ended evenly. The last two rounds assured the decision for Power who exhibited cleaner hitting powers than his bulkier opponent. It was a good go, however, and both boys were accorded an excellent hand for their work.

Fred Murphy, the star welterweight of the club, fought his way to premier honors

in his class. In his irresistible claim to the possession of the title he met and disposed of A. Mait, O. C., J. W. Spencer of Oakland and C. Askins, O. C. In the final with Askins Murphy handled himself like a champion. Askins is no easy mark for anyone, as he showed in disposing of the vaunted claims of "Red" Murray, a veritable Hercules in pocket edition.

Johnny Stanton, O. C., waded through the field of lightweights to the title, defeating his clubmate E. Cuneo in the final, an injury to Cuneo's hand bringing the bout to an unexpected end. The best bout in this class was that between C. Anders, O. C., and J. Riley, unattached. Riley won all right, Anders appearing to be stale, but nevertheless Riley was so punished that he was unable to go on the next evening.

In the special weight class (125 pounds) Walter Schiller again emerged at the top, but his margin of points over Ed Rooney, O. C., in the final bout was not so very great, especially in view of the fact that Rooney had already gone three fast rounds with a fiery youngster named Bizzo. Schiller did his best work in disposing of

Lobig in the first grade. Lobig put up a stiff battle and carried the champion all the way. Superior hitting and aggressiveness won the judges' favor for Walter.

Willie Coulsting had little difficulty in annexing the 115-pound title. Davalos, a Columbia Park boy, looked like giving him a battle in the semi-final, but Willie outgamed him, and smothered him in the second round when the referee stopped the bout to save young Davalos from further punishment. In justice to Davalos it must be recorded that through the luck of the draw he had already had a fight under his belt whereas Willie was fresh as a daisy. In the final Coulsting took a decision from J. Cournale, O. C.

Max Brodofsky, O. C., won the middleweight title from D. R. Day, O. C. Day had lost to Nelson on the previous evening but as Nelson was disqualified for professionalism by P. A. officials, Day was allowed to go on in the final. Brodofsky also beat an outsider named Namento.

H. Domeniconi won the paperweight class by default. Appended is a list of the new titleholders of the club boxing championship:

175-pounds—L. W. Power, O. C.

158-pounds—M. Brodofsky, O. C.

145-pounds—F. Murphy, O. C.

135-pounds—J. Stanton, O. C.

125-pounds—W. Schiller.

115-pounds—W. Coulsting, O. C.

108-pounds—H. Domeniconi.

BOOKS FOR THE LIBRARY

During the month of January, 1917, the following contributions have been made to the club library:

FROM WM. A. PINKERTON:

From Boniface to Burglar, by White;
Bank Robbers and Detectives, Thirty
Years a Detective, Mississippi Outlaws
and Detectives, Burglar's Fate, etc., True
Detective Stories, Adam Worth, by A.

Pinkerton; The Vigilantes of Montana,
by Prof. J. Dimsdale.

FROM WM. PICKERING:

Masterpieces of Eloquence (23 vols.);
World's Great Events (5 vols.).

FROM A. HERBERT:

Hawaiian Islands the Picturesque (pictorial).

PURCHASED:

The Money Master, The World for Sale,
by Sir Gilbert Parker.

AN EVENING IN THE CLUB GYM

On the evening of Friday, March 23, a miscellaneous programme, consisting of gymnastics, fencing, wrestling, tumbling, etc., will be submitted for the delectation of the members and their lady friends, the occasion being regarded, and very properly so, as Ladies' Night.

Professor Leando has the programme in hand now but he prefers to keep the various features under cover until the eventful evening rather than risk taking the edge off the enthusiasm by announcing his card. It is no secret, however, that the stellar attraction will be the performance of the little fellows, and those who have already been privileged to witness the versatility of the extreme youth of Olympia will be back again on the scene for another sample of the same.

What has been done in the way of developing gymnasts, boxers, wrestlers and tumblers among the tiny tots enrolled as juvenile members is little short of amazing, and it is not unnatural that the parents, guardians, friends and relatives of the boys should evince a more than substantial interest in their periodical exhibitions.

Of course the athletic members will contribute generously to the programme also. This applies particularly to the members of the gymnastic class. "Bob" Leando has a very fine team to select from and it is certain that he will introduce a number of novel features.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP**ACTIVE:**

- Bohan, Hugh, priest, 19 St. Mary's Ave.
 Bradley, F. W., mining, 1022 Crocker Building.
 Dibblee, Thos. W., banking, 631 Market Street.
 Ebner, W. A., clerk, Bank of Italy.
 Erskine, W. J., merchant, 310 Sansome Street.
 Gaffney, John C., drayman, 48 Clay St.
 Giannini, L. M., student, 209 Bank of Italy Building.
 Gnecco, M. H., contractor, 36 Wood.
 Holton Jr., Winfred B., director Gov't Research Bureau, Clift Hotel.
 Laine, Thos. H., attorney-at-law, 14 Montgomery Street.
 Van Wyck, Crittenden, dentist, 240 Stockton Street.
 Wallace Jr., John C., purchasing agent Pac. Coast Steel Co., Rialto Building.
 Walsh, J. J., credit manager Tillmann & Bendel, 4 Pine Street.
 Williams, John M., insurance, 906 Hobart Building.

COURTESY:

- Stevens, C. D., fruit broker, 113 Hudson St., New York.
 Chipman, Miner, engineer, Cambridge, Mass.

NON-RESIDENT:

- Pabst, Frederic, advertising, 910 Marsh Strong Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

SERVICE:

- Welch, L. M., Capt. U. S. Army, 3525 Pacific Ave., San Francisco.

ATHLETIC:

- Davis, George, student University of California, 2627 Hearst Ave., Berkeley.
 Winston, James, student, 2519 Ridge Road.
 Rogers, A. C., telephone engineer, P. T. & T. Co., 617 Sheldon Bldg.

Zanazzi, Frank B., claim investigator Southern Pacific Co., 312 Flood Bldg.

Hughes, A. Douglas, asst. shipping clerk Baker & Hamilton, 430 Brannan St.
 Sooy, Daniel W., medical student University of California, 1251 Second Ave.

Roefer, Frank H., clerical clerk Associated Oil Co., Sharon Bldg.

Wooster, Philip, student Lowell High, 1405 Hyde St.

Morrison, Rob. N., U. S. Mint, 5th St.
 Cohn, Wm., draughtsman W. A. Weeks, architect, 75 Post St.

Kennedy, John Vincent, acct. dept.' Cal. Packing Corp., 101 California St.

Bizzo, James, electrician Roberts Mfg. Co., 653 Mission St.

Reali, Louis, boilermaker Union Iron Works, 2048 Polk St.

Herring, Charles, butcher boy Ben Kaiser, 322 Lisbon St.

Lobig, John, automobile trimmer California Auto Top Co., 1019 Van Ness Ave.

Jachetta, Jos., florist assistant, 440 Greenwich St.

McFarland, L. W., printer apprentice, 753 Market St.

Aubry, Homer J., salesman, 441 Sutter.
 Eskridge, A. M., secty., new Call Bldg.
 Aceret, Herbert F., cutter, 717 Baker St.
 Roberts, Roland, athletic goods, 357 Market St.

Postlethwaite, J. R., student, 5850 California St.

Hooper, George, student, 1812 Gough St.
 Russell, Wm. A., student, Berkeley, Cal.
 Covell, Sidney T., clerk, Oilfields, Cal.

JUNIOR:

Carlisle, Grafton, 2327 Vine Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Hueter, Noble G., 1434 Jones St., San Francisco, Cal.

JUVENILE:

Ehrman Jr., L., Menlo Park, Cal.
 Nave, Byrd, 718 Pine St., San Francisco, Cal.

STATEMENT OF OPERATIONS FOR MONTH OF JANUARY, 1917

The following figures of the club's financial operations for the month of January, 1917, show that the gain after deducting interest charges and providing for retirement of bonded indebtedness was \$5,529.39.

Net Departmental Income from Restaurant Bar, Billiards and Pool, Massage Department, Barber Shop, Valet Service, Bowling, Cigar Stand.....			\$ 2,620.21
House Income			3,977.56
Living Rooms		\$ 2,373.42	
Income	\$2,827.50		
Less Labor	454.08		
Dressing Rooms		1,249.55	
Steel Lockers		325.25	
Taxicab Account (net)		29.34	
Other Income			\$16,941.23
Dues—All Classes		12,662.00	
Initiations		3,955.00	
Visitors' Cards		216.00	
Purchase Discounts		108.23	
Total Income			\$23,539.00
General Expenses			14,224.94
Office and Administrative		959.41	
House General Expenses		1,350.44	
Light and Power		774.50	
Water		554.39	
Laundry		554.41	
Maintenance and Repairs		587.57	
House Labor		2,641.85	
House Meals		1,053.35	
"Olympian" (net)		223.19	
Library		80.00	
Newspapers and Periodicals.....		162.60	
Telephone Exchange		202.52	
Total	\$ 648.96		
Less Members' Switches	446.44		
Stationery and Printing		197.51	
Store Room		358.71	
Engine Room		1,663.30	
Insurance		200.00	
Taxes		443.43	
Interest on Current Notes.....		230.39	
Athletic		1,786.89	
General	\$1,094.35		
Special Events	692.54		
New Year's Eve Celebration.....		21.50	
New Year's Run		178.98	
Operating Profit Before Providing for Interest, etc.			\$ 9,314.06
Reserves			\$ 2,118.00
Interest on Mortgage and Bonds.....		\$1,918.00	
Uncollectible Accounts		200.00	
Net Profit			\$ 7,196.06
Less			\$ 1,666.67
To Provide for Retirement of Mortgage Indebtedness in 20 Years. (Sinking Fund to be Hereafter Provided).....			
Final Net Profit Exclusive of Current Depreciation			\$ 5,529.39

We certify that the above statement is correct as shown by the books of The Olympic Club.

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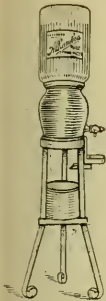
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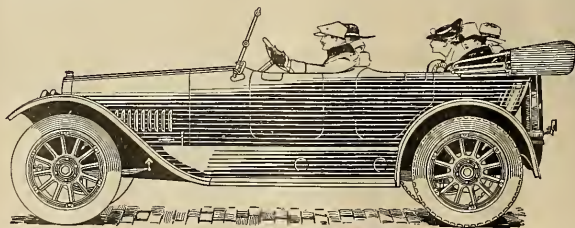
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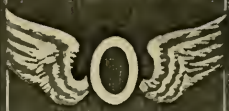
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Vol. V.

APRIL, 1917

No. 52

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

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The thrill of war has been felt in Olympia. It could hardly have been otherwise in a virile organization, vibrant with sterling Americanism. The Call to arms has been given such heedful ears that many suggestions have been made for crystalizing abstract patriotism into practical and effective participation in the scheme of national preparedness. Plans for the rapid formation of an Olympian company, a battalion, a full regiment even, have been ardently proposed. The war spirit is always impatient of delays. Suggestions are much more easily made than definite arrangements, however, when the national government itself is proceeding with great deliberation. The Washington authorities are learning that a nation devoted long to profound peace cannot instantly be transformed into a fortified camp. As soon as Washington decides positively on its

policy, the effect in the various States will be electrical. Olympia is in no danger of being signalized as a slacker. Tentative plans for rifle practice, preliminary training in swordsmanship, bayonet exercise and other essentials of the profession of arms are being matured. While the Olympic gymnasium is considered hardly large enough for effective company training, its facilities can perhaps be made good use of in many ways. All these considerations will bear fruit at the Old Glory dinner on May 5th, when the sentiments of Olympia will have opportunity of expression. The timely suggestion of such an affair was an inspiration. A good dinner at a popular price can never be a failure in any sense of the term. It is a sure method of inducing a free exchange of ideas, and if it accomplished nothing else than the fostering of club fellowship it would be a success. While the purpose of the Old Glory dinner is to promote useful talk there is no intention to encourage a mere deluge of words. It has been suggested by a somewhat jocose young warrior that a strong military touch could be given to the function by having any long-winded speakers shot at sunrise. No such highlights will be needed to complete the picture. The motto of the intellectual dessert will be "Ideas, not Flapdoodle."

The much-talked-of and eagerly anticipated Old Glory dinner will take place in the club's gymnasium on Saturday, May 5th, at six o'clock. The Board of Directors have displayed a whole-heartedness in the arrangements which not merely augurs but absolutely assures an evening to be remembered as the occasion of a great family reunion, so to speak. Without the cordial accord of the club the efforts of the Directors would, of course, be naught, but the spirit displayed has been

most enthusiastic. Nothing remains to make the dinner memorable but a muster of the members that will test the capacity of the gymnasium to the full. Not that the editors of THE OLYMPIAN entertain the sordid thought that money, in this connection, is of any moment but merely to complete our announcement of the details, it can be stated that the price of the dinner is to be one dollar. The editors themselves would hate to take a gastro-nomic contract of that size and quality at such a schedule if catering to the stomach were their specialty. Fortunately for the prospective diners it is not. There will of course be no slackers on this dinner project. THE OLYMPIAN can already see in their mind's eye the overwhelming throng of Olympians with keen appetites making the street in front of the club impassable and the roofs for blocks around freighted with curious citizens asking anxiously if war had commenced in deadly earnest. Get your reservations at once, so that provision

can be made for the overflow. The programme as well as the menu is such that the most apathetic will be convinced, the spirit of '76 had nothing on that of 1917.

The disturbed conditions of the building trades are highly unfavorable to any proposition to enlarge THE OLYMPIC CLUB in the near future. The strain thrown upon the steel industry has convinced the railroads that they cannot count confidently on delivery of steel rails to them before 1919. Numerous large building projects, requiring structural steel, have been held up. Lumber as well as steel is a source of anxiety to the building world, and it is possible that labor may become the most serious of all the problems likely to confront contractors. Prudent men of affairs are not likely to be attracted by any kind of speculative building schemes till the cost can be estimated with far more certainty than at present.

The Building Plans

THE MILITARY TRAINING CAMP AT SANTA BARBARA

By B. P. LAPACHET

THE United States Government has arranged to hold this year's Military Training Camp for Civilians in the vicinity of the city of Santa Barbara from June 1st to June 30th, and a second camp from July 1st to July 30th.

Every young fellow under the age of seventy (there was a man of the age of 72 who participated in last year's training camp) should attend this camp. Apart from the question of military training afforded, the one thing in the Government's scheme of training civilians that should appeal to the members of an athletic club is the physical benefit which the course affords. Last year ninety-five

per cent of the recruits went into camp soft, flabby and thin blooded, a condition which our general mode of life engenders, and came out of the camp at the end of the course as trained-down, hard-muscled, clear-headed and clear-eyed athletes, fit for anything.

The course of instruction will be intensive, and will cover every subject of military training, care and hygiene of the individual, tactics and military science in all its branches, shooting, lectures and practical field experience and operations with different bodies of men, from the squad of eight to the brigade or division, at the hands of the best trained non-

commissioned, line and staff officer instructors of our regular army.

There is not a man who took part in either of the two previous camps who is not eager and enthusiastic to participate this year, particularly in view of the country's possible immediate needs. However, new recruits are needed and wanted. It is calculated that 50,000 men will train in the various camps this year, and from these would be picked the officers necessary to lead our army in the event of hostilities. Last year Los Angeles and vicinity outdid us three to one in sending men to the training camp, a record which must not be permitted this year. All employers should forthwith arrange to induce as many of their men as possibly can be spared to attend the camp and secure this absolutely necessary training. The Government will provide all transportation, cloth-

ing and equipment as well as sustenance without any cost whatever to the recruit.

Many of the members of this club attended last year and we should enroll at least five hundred of our men this year. For your own good you should know how to handle yourself if called upon to do military duty, as may be at any moment. Statistics show that ten times the number of men died in camps in the Spanish-American War as were killed in battle, caused by the mere fact that both the recruit and his officers were absolutely ignorant of the first principles of how to take care of themselves in camp and field.

Enrollment is now opened and further particulars may be had of Colonel Rowell, U. S. A., at the offices of the Military Training Association, corner Battery and Pine streets, San Francisco, California.

TRAPSHOOTING

By CHARLES D. McGETTIGAN, M. D.

I READ with much pleasure the articles in THE OLYMPIAN by Mr. B. P. Lapachet about the military camp at Santa Barbara and the use of the military rifle. He is in the right groove and the sooner we come to his point of view, the better.

From all I can learn about preparedness, we are utterly and woefully negligent. It was said by an eminent statesman, some months ago, that an army of a million men could be raised over night to repel an invader—and this within the memory of living men who recall the disastrous rout at Bull Run. The present war has demonstrated our lamentable weakness and unpreparedness. Our entry into it will stimulate patriotism and develop our national strength so that we may be classed as a first-rate nation. National life is like an athletic sport. It will die without competition and rivalry.

Americans have always led the world in marksmanship. Roosevelt accounts for this by the fact that all American boys learn from earliest age how to throw a baseball and thus unconsciously learn time, distance and accuracy in throwing objects. Another thing that has helped is the general use of fire arms. Unfortunately for preparedness, the rifle and shot gun are not so generally used nowadays as in the earlier years of our country's history. Until a few years ago every boy, particularly of the Middle and Western States knew the use and care of a rifle or shot gun. The newer generation has gradually gotten away from the gun idea. This has happened on account of the newer civilization with its gradual decrease in game, its automobiles, movies, etc. More attention to the rifle and training camp and indeed, any education directed towards military affairs will

atone in a way for this enforced neglect.

The rifle associations throughout the country help in a great measure to keep alive the interest in shooting. Olympians should be proud of the team that won such distinction at Jacksonville in the National Shoot. Mr. Lapachet's appeal for more shooters for THE OLYMPIC CLUB should quicken the pulse of every member and bring forth a number of volunteers.

Shot gun shooting is another form of out-door athletics that ought to be encouraged in the club. Anything that will tend to make a man handle a gun, whether rifle or shot gun, will do much for preparedness. After all, it is the accurate pointing of a gun that wins battles. I recently talked with a man who went through twenty-three engagements in the Philippines during the Spanish-American War and Insurrection. In his first encounter he shot his rifle twice in the air without putting it to his shoulder. In his next few engagements he did about the same amount of damage to the enemy. He was unaccustomed to the use of fire-arms and was of as much use to his country then as William Jennings Bryan or David Starr Jordan are now. After two years of constant service, drilling and practice he became very deliberate and was able to act as a soldier should on the firing line. This hero was none other than our own fellow Olympian, Peter B. Kyne. If you doubt this story, ask Peter.

The rifle clubs, however, are not the only organizations fostering preparedness. The trap-shooters, numbered by the hundred thousand, in the United States, help keep alive the spirit of the gun. The shot gun, of course, is not used in the army but any shot gun man can use a rifle. A trap-shot trained to shoot at moving or flying objects with his accurate knowl-

edge of "lead" and "speed" must necessarily become a valuable adjunct to the military service in our new methods of warfare.

It has always seemed strange to me that THE OLYMPIC CLUB has not taken up this fascinating and useful sport. Many years ago it had a trap-shooting contingent and some of its members became famous throughout the world for their skill. The New York Athletic Club and the Chicago Athletic Club have large trap-shooting annexes with beautiful grounds and the "sport alluring" is enjoyed by hundreds of their members. THE OLYMPIC CLUB should not lag behind these up-to-date athletic organizations. The Family Club of San Francisco, although not an athletic club and with a membership limited to two hundred, has between fifty and sixty devotees of the target-smashing game. Many of these have become very expert and can shoot in any company. Possibly THE OLYMPIC CLUB will consider this sport when it gets a country annex, though there is no reason now why it could be added to the present athletic and sporting list.

The sport of trap-shooting appeals because it permits, like golf, individual participation. It is intensely scientific. It contemplates rapid calculation of lead, elevation and angle. It quickens the eye and hand and develops qualities which make for success in affairs of life. Your skilled trap-shooter has nerves of steel, unerring judgment, quickness and unfaltering action. These are the manly qualities brought out and developed in the target-smashing game. Moreover, it is a mental recreation inasmuch as it requires intense concentration on a pleasurable pursuit. It is a wonderfully clean sport and the lines are sharply drawn between the professional and amateur.



ROSS WINS THREE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

By ERNEST MAYNARD SMITH

NORMAN DE MILLE ROSS, affectionately known to the Olympic men as the "Big Moose," carried the Winged O through the most triumphant swimming tour ever made by any one swimmer in the history of amateur aquatics. Ross left San Francisco for the East on one day's notice, doubting his condition and his chances. He arrived in New York comparatively unknown, placed at best by Eastern swimming critics as a second-rate distance man. On the 25th of April Ross will return to San Francisco with a brow so weighed with the laurels of victory that his head must surely bow down.

Ross carried the fight from the crack of the gun in the first Eastern national championship, smashing into fragments all the splendid reputations of the New York and Chicago champions. In a tremendous fight with the "lion of the East" Teddy McCann, the redoubtable N. Y. A. C. champion, Norman outgamed him in the 220 yards at the New Yorker's home pool, and won the furlong race in 2:22 1-5 seconds, which is a national record for the distance.

Three days later he again met McCann and in a 100 yard race was outouched by the New York man in 55 1-5 seconds. Ross is no sprinter. He never claimed speed, and it has been said that Sid Cavill specifically told him not to enter any events under 220 yards. But Ross wanted

to put THE OLYMPIC CLUB high in the national scoring and sacrificed his rating by entering the event. Pittsburg papers aver that Ross was in the lead at 80 yards, but that he missed his last "turn" and was beaten by a hand's length.

His true metal asserted itself a week later in Detroit, where he showed the auto city a burst of speed in the 500 yard race which was never before seen. He won this event easily, by twenty yards it is said, but notwithstanding that lack of competition he put up a new 500 yards record for the world. Ross was now going good and had regained the confidence in himself which he had lost in Honolulu.

But these versatile distance and sprint performances did not complete the repertoire of the big moose. He still held an ace, and he played it at Cincinnati by upsetting all dope, again winning the 150 yards backstroke national. Pavlicek, the lauded Illinois Athletic Club dorsal man, was conceded the race by ten yards and Ross was figured only as a "card" for the crowd. Ross' card was a winner, for although he was totally unversed in the wiles of backstroke swimming, and the crafty Pavlicek was the niftiest performer with his stomach up in Eastern pools, the Olympian led from the bang of the gun till the tape was crossed. One second faster and he would have put up another world's mark.

'Tis said that Bachrach, the great I. A. C. aquatic boast, planned a race to give Ross at least one real defeat at the hands of a windy city natator, and in this connection invited Ross to Chicago to the 100 meter Simms trophy race on April 14th. Ross accepted the invitation against the wishes of Sid Cavill, who saw no use in jeopardizing the great record he had made by a chance in the sprints again. But the big fellow showed his fighting colors by expressing his delight at having another crack at McCann in a sprint.

When the timers clicked their Swiss clocks at the finish of the 100 meters they were aghast. Ross' husky paw had slapped the rope just 61 seconds after the starter had fired his gun. Duke Kahanamoku's long-standing sensational record of 61 3-5 seconds set at Berlin in 1912 was no longer the fastest mark.

Now every season brings its new wonder, its dark horse, its surprise. Hebner, McGillivray, Raithel, Vollmer and Langer have tasted the sweets of national dominance. But Ross' feat outshines those of his predecessors in this respect, that he was so blamed versatile. It is all well enough if one wins the distance events. It is all well enough if one cops the sprints. It is mighty fine if one excels in the specialties, backstroke and so forth. But when one man grabs the fourteen-carat discs in the distance, and then in the sprints, and then in the specialty race—well, we are speechless for the praise. We are glad Norman is an Olympian. We are proud of his feats. He deserves all the praise our typewriter can print.

* * *

Military mermen! Hark the call: "To arms! To arms!"

Never a slacker in the tank squad of THE OLYMPIC CLUB. Not one who will not bear his insignificant burden of one night a week in the Olympic Club regiment. And a record for the mermen on

May 5th at the Old Glory dinner. The swimmers will participate to a man, to sign up to take the old Springfield for the manual. The natators might be just as good as "sub" chasers, but for the present they will join the landsmen and make one of the most enthusiastic companies in the club's new organization. The date is May 5th, Saturday night, the place is the club gym, and the object is to manifest a squared-jawed-right-from-the-shoulder-spirit of patriotism. It is now a case of putting "talk" in the waste basket and getting a good grip on "do."

WEATHER FORECAST

The attention of the members of the club is directed to the United States weather forecast which will be posted regularly each day hereafter in the vestibule, opposite the cigar stand.



(Photo by Wm. von Poellnitz)

NORMAN ROSS

Crack O. C. swimmer who won three national championships



ATHLETES ENTERTAIN LADIES

By E. P. BLY

SOME twenty-five of our indoor athletes, comprising gymnasts, tumblers, boxers and wrestlers, were turned loose in the gym one night last month, and proceeded to "put on" their stunts. The occasion was the Ladies' Night of March 23rd.

The performers kept a crowded gym alternately breathless and amused. A feature of the evening was the great number of agile and graceful midgets and juveniles that took part. Their competence speaks well for the future of gymnastics in the club. In addition to the "small fry" on the programme, there was a generous list of more advanced athletes who exhibited very praiseworthy ability.

The show opened with a rapid volley of high forward somersaults from the leaping board, ten aviators taking part. Bob Leando, gym instructor, led the bunch. He showed that he possesses a plentiful store of the old "jazz" that won him fame as the principal leaper for the Ringling show in days gone by.

The side-horse was put through its paces by a little flock of midgets, the apple of Bob's eye. Rhythmic exercises on this piece of apparatus are not only very graceful, but they tend also toward fine muscular control.

Illing, Miller and Freed demonstrated the fact that the club has three mighty entertaining ring performers, and they ex-

hibited incidentally some very unusual physical development.

Then Professor Leonard poked a button some place and—presto! out rambled various pairs of boxing gloves, each held in leash by the most diminutive pugilist you ever saw. This array of "box-tighters" looked so nifty in their little Winged O's that every mother in the audience must have muffled a desire to gather them up on her lap.

But the occasion was not one for such interference. The important air of dignity carried by the principals, precluded the very possibility. Serious business was at hand! The bouts which ensued were highly amusing. The air was filled with boxing gloves and small boys. There was plenty of real skill in evidence too, which points out that our boxing instructor are laying a good foundation for the future of the manly art in Olympia.

Professor Williams shifted the scene bit when he put on a dramatic wrestling bout. "Fat" L'Heureux, spieler, acting a manager for a wrestler known as A Tarr Bull Turk, bet the audience a "jitney" that the man didn't exist who could na down his protégé. A youthful farmer a pseudo juvenile Italian and a diminutive policeman took up the gauntlet, vanquished A. T. B. Turk with astonishing ease and subsequently, we presume, split the purse.

Parker and Demetrescu in "Feats of Strength" did some very high-class hand to hand balancing.

A pretty showing was made by a half dozen huskies on the parallel bars, and the trick juggling which followed was skillful and entertaining.

Sutcliffe and Bly in their clown tumbling demonstrated that a careless fall off a table or a chance kick on the face is a mere incident of a merry evening and need

not necessarily subtract from one's cheerfulness in the least.

Hughes vs. Ebner, Sheehy vs. Schroeder and Nees vs. Maurus, in exhibition wrestling, completed an interesting programme.

The audience can't have failed to realize, with much satisfaction, that Professors Leando, Leonard, Green and Williams are doing much effective work toward making agile huskies out of youthful Olympians.

"PREPAREDNESS" IN THE FENCING ROOM

By EMILIO LASTRETO

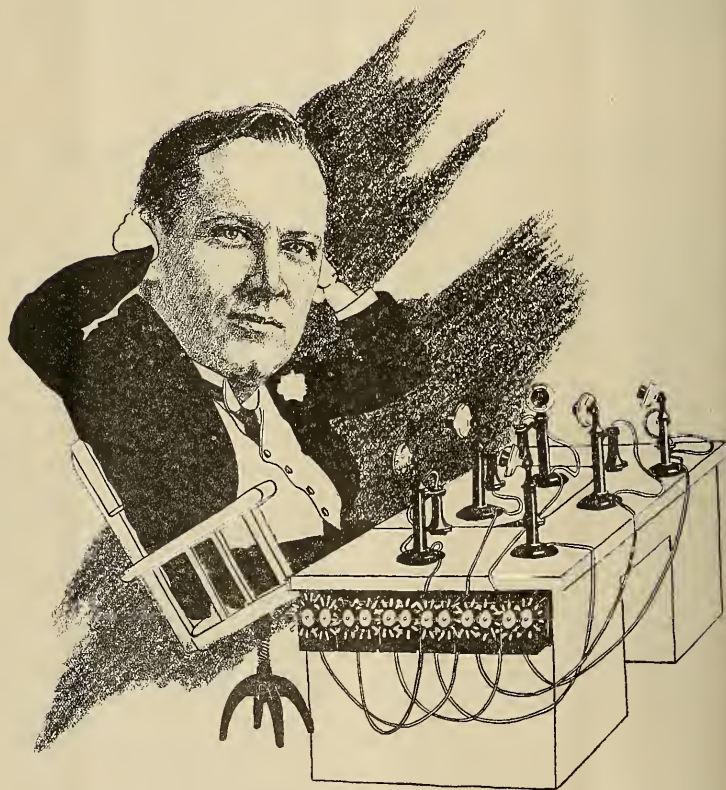
IN the present active preparedness movement, in which our club is interested and strongly advocates, the attention of all members is directed to the fencing room, which is well equipped with sabres, and muskets with bayonets; our Prof. R. B. Miller is ready and most anxious to instruct all members in the art of the sabre; fortunately the sabre is much easier to learn than the fencing foil and no particular previous athletic knowledge is required except an average amount of strength, quickness and agility; certainly the average Olympian by taking a lesson of about one-half hour's duration, three times a week, will, at the end of one month, have attained considerable proficiency with the sabre, and at the end of two months will have become quite a master of the sabre or sword, so that should this member be receiving a commission in the army his one or two months' study and practice in the fencing room will place him at a decided and assured advantage over an officer who has not had the benefit of this instruction.

There is no combative sport in the entire field of athletics wherein proficiency may be so readily acquired as with the sabre or single-sticks—the study of both

of which is practically the same. There is no danger of strained or injured wrists or hands, nor of disfigurement nor of any physical injury, as sometimes unintentionally results in boxing and wrestling, because while practicing single-stick or sabre play, a mask completely protects the head, gloves the hands, and a well-padded shirt the body and arms; there is great mental as well as physical exhilaration in the practice of single-sticks or sabres; for all reasons I especially recommend single-sticks and sabre-play to all Olympians, particularly at the present crisis.

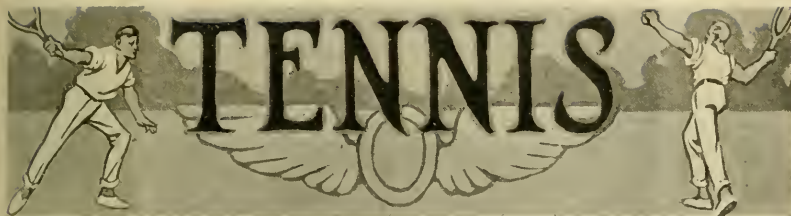
With an eye to the future, the club provided itself almost a year ago with a number of Springfield rifles to which have been attached flexible rubber-tipped bayonets especially adapted for the study of bayonet attack and defense. Prof. Miller is equally desirous that Olympians also take up the musket and bayonet attack and defense. As with the sabre, so with the bayonet. It can be said that a few lessons will greatly advantage the student; the movements are slower because of the size and weight of the rifle or musket as compared with the sabre; nevertheless good enjoyment is required

We have with us today-



GEORGE LYLE

HUMPH !!!



OLYMPIA TENNIS PLAYERS LEAD

By F. B. BAIN

THE series of tennis meets held last spring between clubs neighboring about San Francisco bay was a decided success. The purpose of these meets is solely to increase the interest in tennis in California. Incidentally, the winning team gets a handsome trophy. For this year's series THE OLYMPIC CLUB has entered a team in response to an invitation to participate.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB may well be proud of its tennis members including such players as Billy Johnston, Johnny Strachan and Willis Davis, who rank among the very best in America. Then Clyde Curley, Ro Roberts, Wm. Marcus and Elmer Griffin each own a string of titles in California and in the Pacific Northwest. Virgil Sheldon, Leon Strauss and Irving Karsky add to the strength of the team, while such other members as Vincent Butler and Pressley Steiger are known to be able players. Amongst the veterans Dr. Hardy, Miller Hotchkiss, E. B. De Golia and John Rohlf's are by no means out of the game, and can make the young fellows step lively any day of the week.

Fear was expressed by some of the other clubs that THE OLYMPIC CLUB would have too strong a team. Most of the ranking players belong to two or three clubs. A club using its full strength and not permitting its members to play for any other team might have had too ac-

cided an advantage. In order to have the teams as fairly well balanced as possible and to insure good contests, Billy Johnston is heading the Golden Gate team and Willis Davis the California Club team. This gives the Golden Gate Club such players as Johnston, Batkin, M. Griffin, the Kinsey brothers, Weiss and Greenberg. The California Club counts on Davis, Long, the two Rosenbergs, Baldwin and Maples. However, THE OLYMPIC CLUB has enough strong players remaining to have the edge on the other clubs.

Following is the schedule of matches:

SECTION I.

- April 1—California Club vs. Olympic Club at California Club. Sacramento vs. Golden Gate Club at Sacramento.
- April 8—Stanford University vs. California Club at California Club. Golden Gate Club vs. Olympic Club at Golden Gate Park.
- April 15—Golden Gate Club vs. Stanford University at Stanford. Sacramento vs. Olympic Club at Sacramento.
- April 22—Stanford vs. Sacramento at Sacramento. California Club vs. Golden Gate Club at California Club.
- April 29—California Club vs. Sacramento at California Club. Olympic Club vs. Stanford University at Stanford.

SECTION II.

- April 1—University of California vs. Naglee Park Club at San Jose. Oakland vs. Berkeley at Oakland.
- April 8—Berkeley vs. University of California at U. C. Alameda vs. Oakland at Oakland.
- April 15—Berkeley vs. Oakland at Oakland.
- April 15—Berkeley vs. Alameda at Alameda.
- April 15—Oakland vs. Naglee Park at San Jose.
- April 22—Naglee Park vs. Berkeley at San

(Continued on Page 24)

WITH THE JUNIORS

By STANLEY R. SMITH

(Editor's note: The writer of this article, Mr. Stanley R. Smith, is a junior member of The Olympic Club.)

ONCE upon a time a pessimistically inclined gentleman ventured the remark: "The poor are always with us." This statement may be paraphrased by Olympians thus: "The juniors are always with us." But no pessimism is implied in this. Likewise there are no comparisons to be made between the poor and the junior members of the club. For this department is rich—rich in youth, spirit and enthusiasm; rich in club loyalty and veneration of club traditions and ideals. One has only to observe these boys in the gym and in the plunge to see how the dreams and hopes of the founders of this idea are materializing.

There are juniors boxing for whom Prof. Green predicts championships, wrestlers who even now cause wonder and admiration for their skill, also expert tumblers and gymnasts; there is a junior on the club fencing team; the boys take to the tank as did the proverbial duck, and one has only to hear Sid Cavill and Louis McLane "rave" to understand that a great deal has been accomplished. The future looks awfully bright. The junior soccer football team organized last year from boys who had never played before went through a successful and brilliant season, missing the league championship by but a few points. Mr. Pomeroy of the senior football team says "that nearly all the boys on the junior team will be available for the big teams next year or the year following." This is very encouraging, when a man who has forgotten more football lore than most people ever know, thinks that the juniors who have played but one season will be able to compete for places on the senior teams against

men who have been playing all their lives. It says something for Olympic training.

There has been great activity in the club on the junior days for the past month or so. The reason for this is that a good many juveniles have been promoted to the junior class, some on account of reaching the age limit of sixteen, and others whose work as juveniles has been such as to warrant Tom Bunyan and the instructors letting them go into the more advanced junior classes. These boys come up full of "pep" and naturally have the whole department upon their toes to keep up with them.

Apropos of Tom Bunyan, it's a marvel the super-parental care Tom exercises over his young charges. He looks them over to see if they are gaining weight and proficiency, herds the recalcitrants, who are happily few, into the gym and healthy exercise. None of the boys have to be urged into the tank, and from this amazing fact Tom has taken his slogan, "No Gymn, No Swim." Needless to say, all take gymn. A few years ago Tom had been watching one of the juniors very closely. The boy was rather delicate looking and wasn't doing much exercising in the club. "Do you follow any particular branch of athletics?" he was asked. The boy stated that he played tennis quite a bit. A few days later Tom observed the boy quietly leaving the steam room which, by the way, is forbidden to juniors and juveniles. This got his Irish up. "So that's your tennis court, is it? Well, from now on you play on the club's courts every time you come here or else out you go." Tom's "advice" was carried out and the boy in question has become a fairly good all-round athlete, and has entirely lost his former delicate appearance.

All things considered, the juniors make up a very important contingent of the club. With the juvenile department acting as an athletic incubator, turning out athletes in embryo, the junior section develops and fosters this budding talent until the finished products, upon reaching the age of eighteen or twenty-one, are ready to continue in the club as athletic members. Nearly all the boys upon reaching their majority have perfected them-

selves in one or more branches of athletics, to justify the Athletic Committee granting them memberships.

At present things are booming with the juniors. What with spring training for the football team about to start, two baseball teams organized and practicing regularly, and the usual indoor sports going strong every indication points to a year even more successful than the last which, by the way, will be going some.

BILLIARD STROKES

By DR. O. B. BURNS

"THERE are days when we cannot play zee billiard," is the remark often made by Maurice Vignaux, the old man eloquent in billiards who won many championship games and was preeminently the most skillful of all the French players.

Any player of ordinary skill will tell you that there is a great deal of truth in the above saying. For, many days we try our best to play a good game and all our effort seems to fail.

The stroke is not there, and the balls will not break right; then all of a sudden a change takes place. The stroke is there and every shot looks simple; runs are easily made without any perceptible effort on the part of the player.

When a man is playing a tournament game, his stroke is very apt to be bad because he is playing under a strain and the excitement produces a contraction of the muscles that are brought into play. The cue feels too heavy, and the arms feel as if some one had stretched a piece of sheet rubber over the muscles.

This tension may last to the end of the game, but sometimes these muscles will relax in the middle of the game and the player is again himself. His chances are

good provided he is not too far behind.

We have two important strokes in billiards, the "draw" and the "follow." The draw stroke is produced by hitting the ball below the centre; the follow stroke by hitting the ball above the centre. In both these strokes the player must hold the cue lightly at about a foot or more from the end, and drive the cue into the ball and continue on for some distance beyond it, thus producing what is commonly known "the go through stroke."

There are very few players who accomplish this, for the reason that they hold the cue too tightly and fail to let go of it at the time the tip of the cue hits the ball.

I would advise any one who wishes to become expert at the game, to practice these two shots frequently.

When you feel that you can play the follow and draw properly it is then time to take up the position plays which are very numerous.

* * *

The entries for a three-cushion tournament closed last week, and the list was so large that the committee had to divide the players into two classes. A report on this tournament will be given in the next issue of THE OLYMPIAN.

BOWLING

By M. L. JENNE

THE two-men tournament which has been going on for the last two months has finally come to a close and the champions turned up in two new bowlers who deserve the laurels as they went through the entire tournament without a defeat.

The winners, D. Sales and J. Pezzola, are two recruits at the game and have practiced faithfully and also been on deck at every match. They went through the first round without being defeated, and their rolling was consistent, which helps win many games.

The runners up and winners of the second round were D. Sessions and E. W. Irwin, who had the honor of bowling in the finals, only to lose, although Irwin shot first class ten pins and it was his good bowling throughout the tournament that kept his team in the race. Irwin also shot the high game of 258 as well as several 600 series.

The tournament as a whole proved to be an interesting affair, and turned out many new bowlers who look like comers and with more practice should make good material for future contests.

The final contest was bowled April 6th and resulted as follows:

D. Sales.....	178	158	156	492
J. Pezzola	139	182	179	500
	317	340	335	992
D. Sessions	108	164	140	412
E. W. Irwin	172	237	193	602
	280	400	333	1014

The latter team totalled the most pins, but it was games that counted. They only won the second and lost the third by two pins. Irwin missed his famous three pin spare which cost his team the last game and a chance to become the champions.

Saturday, April 14th, brought forth the

banner athletic club bowling event of the year, the annual ocean to ocean telegraphic tournament. This tourney is one of the biggest bowling contests held throughout the country. This is the fifth year that this tournament has been in vogue and each year so far has brought forth a new winner. In 1913 the Illinois Club of Chicago took first honors; 1914, Cleveland; 1915, Olympic Club; 1916, Seattle; and 1917, Minneapolis.

The trophy, which was donated by Col. Thompson of the New York Athletic Club, must be won twice by a club to become permanent property. It is known as the Thompson thousand dollar bowling trophy and is worth while holding space in any club. Its beauty adorned a place in our club during the year of 1915.

This tournament has created a great deal of interest among the athletic clubs in the United States as each year brings forth new entries and bowlers and also shows that bowling is considered one of the good, healthful athletic sports as all clubs are now equipped with alleys.

The Winged O boys have always made a good showing, winning once and finishing third and fourth the other times. Up to this year they also had the high total of 2942, which was beat this year by the winners, the Minneapolis Club, with 2951. The Olympic team finished fourth this year with 2768, which is considered good bowling in any community, but not always enough to head the list in this kind of a contest. The usual jinks first game was with the boys, as that game of 826 certainly lost them the chance to take first place; their second and third game being of first class bowling, totalling 973 and 969.

Although they didn't win, they at least had one who brought honors to the club. F. D. Bush, their lead-off man, bowled 298

in his second game, two pins short of a perfect game, and had a grand total of 699, an average of 233. This record undoubtedly will stand for some time to come, as such bowling is done very seldom. Bush bowled his three games without an error and from the way he was hitting the pocket, with ordinary luck he should have had way over a 700 total.

His second game was worth while seeing, as he laid 11 straight balls in the 1—2 pocket for strikes, his 12th ball hitting a little full, leaving two pins standing and giving him an 8-pin count, falling two pins short of a perfect 300 score.

Rittler and Irwin also bowled a consistent game, but Lidley and Varellas were a little off stride and did not have any of the usual bowling luck, as they lost many good hits which would have built up their scores.

As no club has won twice we still have another chance, so better luck next time.

OLYMPIC CLUB SCORE

Bush	199	298	202	699
Rittler	167	178	233	578
Lidley	136	167	180	483
Varellas	157	158	154	469
Irwin	167	172	200	539
	826	973	969	2768

CLUB RESULTS

	1st Game	2nd Game	3rd Game	Total
Columbus	878	967	966	2811
Minneapolis	1036	1024	891	2951
Detroit	922	876	966	2811
Olympic	826	973	969	2768
Illinois	932	930	872	2734
Montreal	844	887	975	2706
Brooklyn	886	898	834	2614
Pittsburg	842	856	905	2603
New York	842	856	905	2521
Cleveland	801	762	873	2436
St. Louis	813	896		

FOOTBALL

By EDGAR POMEROY

IT was not "written in the book" that THE OLYMPIC CLUB should win the championship of the California Football Association this season. The writer said, at the beginning of the season, that the Union Iron Works would win. The prediction has been borne out.

Nevertheless, while we, and the general public following football, believed that the U. I. W. must inevitably have a wonderful eleven this year there is always the possibility that the management may make mistakes in selecting or placing the best or that accidents may cause a gap in efficiency (much overplayed word) in some line of attack or defense. Well, it so fell out that THE OLYMPIC CLUB soon showed itself a contender for top honors, but the accidents all fell to the club. The injuries of Jackson and Twain debarred them from the game practically for the whole season, thus leaving the right half back position for

substitutes only; while James and Middleton alternately were absent from the full back division; and Singer's marriage in November made the goal keeping responsibility a source of worry and danger, albeit Berndt and Waslaver did remarkably well therein for novices.

Notwithstanding these handicaps the club team shot ahead, after a delayed start, until betting men were about evenly divided as to the chances of the U. I. W. or the O. C. for the Association cup. The first test was a tie of one goal each. The replay found the club team unaccountably "in the air" and the shipbuilders won by 4 to 0.

Looking over the field of recruiting for the 1917-18 season one sees, in the great impetus to the business of the Union Iron Works due to war preparation, a still greater supply of hardy and experienced football players flowing in, and the U. I.

W. should be more powerful than ever. Of course, as only eleven men can be used on a team there will be an overflow, part of which will be grabbed by other teams, but it is hardly likely that THE OLYMPIC CLUB will get any of them, for two reasons; first, that the club does not attract men who do hard muscular work all day, and secondly, because the club management is not keen on picking up players not considered good enough for the best.

It is therefore apparent that the club must get its new blood from university

graduates and its own internal development. The wisdom of organizing a junior football team last season is now proven. From our own population in the club we shall, in the future, be able to get our class A football kickers, imbued with a loyalty and club spirit (which spells victory over odds many a time) such as is hardly to be found in any other method of securing players.

The club welcomes such teams as the Union Iron Works. They can furnish the rivalry we want and which does so much to promote championship form.

THE JUVENILE WRESTLER

By FRANK B. ZANAZZI

THE tribute paid to the juveniles by the "Lounge," in the last issue of THE OLYMPIAN, is well deserving of attention by each individual wearer of the Winged O. The author of the article referred to directs particular attention to the fact that from our "babies" are expected future citizens of clear mind and strong body as well as one hundred per cent Olympians. He very clearly calls to our minds that the training of the youngsters in fitting themselves for life's battles, by means of physical development, should not be overlooked and that due recognition be given to the efforts of our able instructors, in whose care the physical welfare of the boys is entrusted.

The juvenile wrestling class looms up as one of the most promising of all such in the history of the club. That the lads, under the tutorship of Prof. Al Williams, have made remarkable progress was well demonstrated at our last Ladies' Night. Before a goodly gathering, not devoid of fond parents, the youngsters including Herbert McNamara, Audrey Moore, Alexander Linnars, Douglas Ridell and T.

O'Neill showed to good advantage their knowledge and execution of holds and positions. Taking into consideration the fact that the lads ranged from 10 to 14 years of age, they did remarkably well and were a credit to their class and instructor.

The proud professor declares that in all his experience in handling boys he has yet to see the equal of twelve-year-old Herb McNamara. This youngster has a wonderful physique. When asked regarding the lad's championship possibilities, the professor merely replied: "I intend to make a strong, healthy and robust man of him first; the athletic feature is a secondary consideration and will take care of itself."

Before the midgets are allowed to wrestle amongst themselves they are taught the fundamental principles of wrestling, after which the instructor carefully defines the various holds and positions, followed by instructions to execute the holds and countering. When he is satisfied that the pupil has sufficient knowledge to begin actual work, the professor selects a more experienced pupil to "work" with the beginner, with positive instructions to "take

it easy." Every move is carefully watched and the errors and faults corrected. The lad while gaining a knowledge of wrestling and self defense is also developing every muscle in his anatomy. His eye is quicker, his brain acts more rapidly and his movements are increased to a great degree of swiftness.

The pupils are never allowed to overwork, a time being allotted to each one.

Every precaution is taken to prevent an injury. It is a great spectacle to watch the "colts" romp through their work on the mat. It reminds the onlooker of a bunch of kittens.

There may be no Stechers or Gotches developed, but Williams is morally certain that good healthy citizens for the future are among 'em. That is the highest aim of athletic training.

BASEBALL

By BART BURKE

During the past month our baseball team has put up quite a record for itself by playing the Oaks to a standstill in two games. The first game was played March 11 at Boyes Springs and resulted in a 3 to 3 tie. The Winged O's led all the way, and really looked superior to the leaguers, only to have the score tied in the ninth by a dropped fly ball in the outfield. The second game went to Del Howard's crew by a 4 to 3 score. In this game the Oaklanders had to resort to every trick known to the game to put over the winning runs. Judging from the easy fashion in which the Oaks have beaten the Cubs our team is justly proud of its achievements.

The deciding game of the Santa Clara series was played March 25. A great crowd saw the clubmen beat the collegians 2 to 1. Maloney and Black both hit home runs off Hickey, the college star. Count Tramutola brought the fans to their feet with a running shoestring catch in centre field when men were on second and third. "String" Cedcraft was a bear in the pinches and couldn't lose with the support he received.

The next two games are to be with the Modesto Reds on April 1st at Modesto and with Billy Hynes' Tigers on April 8th at Ewing Field when the city championship will be played for.

BASKETBALL

By A. KEMP

The 145-pound team, of which great things were expected, went down to defeat in the semi-finals by the Lodi High School quintet with the close score of 33—29. Not that we are trying to find any excuses to offer, but the defeat should be chalked up against O. Reichenback and Dutch Kroeger who, at the last moment, deserted the team and did not show any Olympic spirit because of personal differences with one of the other players. This left the team with only five men available for the game including several who had to make weight, and the hard strain told on the club team luring the last few minutes of play.

Basketball is a game where dissension plays havoc, and the sooner some of the members of various fives find this out the game will be played on a much more scientific scale.

Basketball this season has not been at its former height owing to the absence of the unlimited quintet from competition. Next year we shall have a team in the field that will be even better than those that won the P. A. A. championship four years in succession and one a national championship. Some of the old players who will be out for the team include J. Gilbert, B. Don, A. Kemp, L. Hellings and D. Berndt.

HANDBALL

By A. L. SHANNON

NEARLY a hundred members are now participating in the handball tournament, which promises to be the most interesting the club has ever staged. About fifty teams are entered, all of them well classed, so that the contests in each class will be hotly fought. The committee is insisting upon a strict observance of the rules for attendance. It is the desire of those who have the management of the tournament to play off as many games as possible on tournament dates: With the coöperation of the players it may be possible to eliminate the great delay which has usually caused handball tournaments to drag.

The committee has adopted a uniform rule, applicable in all classes, pertaining to the method of matching teams. Each class will be divided into two divisions, the winners and the losers. Teams of one division can only be matched against teams of the

same division until the finals. A team is eliminated by two defeats.

Cereghino and Russ will have the opportunity of testing their long existing rivalry during this tournament, but under new and different circumstances. Cereghino is hooked up with Foran and Russ with Poheim. These two teams ought to make a pretty match. The game would contain every variety of handball, for each of the players of both teams represents a different style of play.

Announcement is made to those members who desire to interest themselves in the game of handball that an attendant is present at the courts every day from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m., during which time arrangements may be made for games with the attendant. Beginners particularly are invited to avail themselves of this means of obtaining practice. They cannot start too soon for their own good.

"PREPAREDNESS" IN THE FENCING ROOM

(Continued from Page 13)

in the practice, and for those of our "home guard," as well as for the more youthful aspirants at the front, as well as for all who desire to master the handling of a rifle under more difficult conditions, bayonet and musket practice is much recommended.

The New York Athletic Club has always exacted payment for fencing lessons to its members. Lately, however, the New York Athletic Club has offered and is now offering gratuitous instruction in sword practice to all its members with the patriotic object of helping in the preparedness movement. To our credit, be it said, THE OLYMPIC CLUB has never made any charge for such instruction, and our Prof. Miller (well skilled from past

experiences in teaching sabre or sword practice) is more than willing to help all members in branch; we even outdo the New York Athletic Club in offering musket and bayonet instruction and practice. It is now hoped that the members will awaken to these advantages offered by our club.

We note that at the fencing tournaments between the Berkeley and Stanford Universities, held in the Hearst Hall Annex Friday, April 13th, the result of the bouts was twelve in favor of Stanford and eleven in favor of Berkeley—Stanford winning by the very narrow margin of one bout and of one point.

A team contest between the fencing juniors of THE OLYMPIC CLUB, under Prof. Miller, and the fencing team of the Fairmont High School, under Prof. Bush, is now in contemplation.

THE FRISKY COLTS

Frank Foster's 120-pound colts have certainly shown their heels to all competitors in the present P. A. A. basketball tournament. Their most recent and prominent success being in their defeat of the noted Baby Golds of Oakland. Of the dozen or more games played this season by the victorious 120-pound aggregation the semi-final game in which they defeated the Baby Golds 20 to 20 was by far the most worthy. In defeating this transbay basketball machine every lad on the Olympic squad had to dig from the start and

according to the story told by spectators, it was a battle royal from the crack of the gun. The game was featured by long, accurate passing and every man contributed to the score column. The Baby Golds certainly fought hard to uphold their clean record of victories but the condition and speed of Foster's charges simply outclassed them at their own game. Each of the following did their share to bring home the bacon: W. Dunning, B. Gold, J. Friedman, R. Schweitzer and R. Biven, the friskiest of the colts.

EDGAR FRANK CALLED BY DEATH

WITH the passing of Edgar Frank of Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club of Portland, Ore., athletics all over the country suffered a loss from which it will not readily recover. In addition to being one of the greatest wrestlers of his inches that the mat game has ever produced, he was a champion in the realm of personalities, a keen worker for amateur sport and a thoroughgoing good fellow.

Though closely associated with the Multnomah Club, as officer as well as athlete, Frank's personality was such that no one institution could claim his undivided attention; hence he was known and respected all over the United States. In THE OLYMPIC CLUB, where he was a frequent visitor, no one was more popular, and it is doubtful if the news of his demise created more dismay anywhere than within the portals of Olympia.

He died in Chicago on March 26th as a result of a complication of troubles culminating in pneumonia, while on his way home from New York after bringing, almost to completion, the arrangements for

holding the National Wrestling Championships at the M. A. A. C. in May, a project which had to be abandoned consequent upon his death and the inability of anyone to take his place at the helm. His successor will not easily be found.

As evidence of the reverence in which Frank was held in his home town the following excerpt from the *Winged Bulletin*, the official record of the Multnomah Club, is both touching and significant:

"The body of Edgar Frank was brought at once to Portland and Friday afternoon was laid to rest in Beth Israel cemetery. Scores of Multnomah Club members attended the funeral services, which were held in Finley's chapel at 2:30 o'clock. Rabbi Jonah B. Wise officiated. In honor of the memory of one of the greatest and best-beloved of its sons, the Multnomah Club was closed the afternoon of the funeral. Shades were drawn, all work was stopped, even talking was hushed, and no person entered or departed from the club house during the hour of the funeral services, from 2:30 to 3:30 o'clock."

OLYMPIA TENNIS PLAYERS LEAD

(Continued from Page 15)

Jose. University of California vs. Alameda at Alameda.
April 29—Alameda vs. Naglee Park at Alameda.
Oakland vs. University of California at U. C.

FINALS.

Winner of Section I vs. Winner of Section II.

(Date not set.)

Standing of the clubs at present, April 18, is:

DIVISION I.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Olympics	19	8	.704
Golden Gate	17	10	.630
California	9	9	.500
Stanford	7	11	.389
Sacramento	2	16	.111

DIVISION II.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Oakland	26	1	.963
U. of C.	21	6	.778
Berkeley	12	15	.444
Island City	3	6	.333
Alameda	1	17	.056
San Jose	0	18	.000

WHO REMEMBERS PAUL?

Does anybody hereabouts know Paul Adolphe Serre? The question is asked because news of him has come to THE OLYMPIAN and because according to the news he was formerly a member of the club. He is now vice-consul of France at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad. From a newspaper published in that town it appears that he recently engaged in a fencing contest there at an annual bazaar for charity. The newspaper tells us that he used to practice fencing at the "renowned" Olympic Club of San Francisco of which he was a member. He practiced fencing, according to the newspaper, with Professor Tronchet, and he boxed with Walter Watson and Van Court in the days when the club was "the rendezvous of such great boxers as Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Jeffries." All of which may be, and doubtless is, true enough, but alas! the years have flown and nobody remembers Paul

Serre. Yet according to the gentleman's card, which he sends with his photograph and his compliments he was a member of the club 1897-1901. Not even Emilio Lastreto remembers him, and so there is nothing to say, except that M. Serre, in uniform benedaled, is a fine-looking man of athletic form and that it is a pleasure to know that he is spreading the fame of the club in foreign parts. May he live long and prosper.

FINE NEW AUTOMOBILE BUILDING

An important addition to the new automobile buildings on Van Ness avenue is being erected on the southeast corner of the avenue and California street for the Du Broy Motor Car Company, which has taken a long lease of the property from Dr. George B. Somers.

The building—of reinforced concrete and absolutely fireproof—will have a frontage of 72 feet on the avenue and a depth of 170.6 on California street. A dominating feature of the building will be the show room on the first floor, 72 feet by 60 feet finished in Italian Renaissance style and approached through a tastefully ornamented entrance. The ceiling, twenty-five feet high, will rise from a cornice supported by columns of travertine and Belgian marble. The floor will be red-tiled. Offices will be on a mezzanine floor, finished in cedar enameled, and plate glass. Marble seats and orange trees will give a fine effect in the show room. In the rear will be a used-car department, entered from California street. The commodious basement level with California street will be devoted to automobile service.

For exterior finish cement stucco, set off to represent cut stone, will be employed though practically the entire surface between the piers and girders will be of glass. The building will cost \$70,000.

AMERICAN RED CROSS

Members of the club desirous of sending their membership application and checks to cover dues, should address them to the treasurer of the American Red Cross, Mr. Allen Knight, 502 California street, San Francisco. The memberships are graded as follows: Annual membership (without Red Cross Magazine), \$1.00; annual membership (including Red Cross Magazine), \$2.00; contributing membership (including Red Cross Magazine), \$5.00; sustaining membership (including magazine), \$10.00; patron membership (including magazine), \$25.00; life membership (including magazine), \$100.00. Blank applications will be found at the office of the club, where subscriptions may also be left.

The Olympic Garage, just back of the club, is rendering efficient service, under the management of an old Olympian. There is an entrance to the garage from Mason street as well as at 665 Sutter street. The other recommendations of the garage are very reasonable rates and unfailing courtesy to patrons.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP**ACTIVE:**

Armsby, E. Raymond, merchant, 101 California St.

Baum, R. E., salesman, 312 Rialto Bldg.

Buckley, Rev. J. P., priest, 371 8th Ave.

Cauwet Jr., H. N., manager F. Thomas Dye Works, 27 Tenth St.

Degen, Thomas, manager L. P. Degen Belting Co., 260 Mission St.

Eberhard, Geo. H., advertiser, 360 Fremont St.

Farley, R. E., dentist, 1593 McAllister.

Fleishacker, Mortimer, banker, Anglo-California Trust, Co.

Hills Jr., Reuben W., merchant, 175 Fremont St.

Hutt, Thos. G., banker, Alameda, Cal.

Jeffress, Melvin G., president and manager W. T. Garratt & Co., 299 Fremont St.

McMillan, E. C., bank clerk, American National Bank.

Miller, Carlton E., manufacturer, 544 Market St.

Smith, James M., contractor, 407 11th.

Swanton, Wm. H., with Hammond Lumber Co., 260 California St.

NON-RESIDENT:

Adams, R. D., orange grower, Lindsay, Cal.

Llach, Francisco, shipping, San Salvador, C. A.

Pearson, C. H., salesman, 9 E. 40th St., New York City.

COURTESY:

Eyre, Edgar A., 149 Broadway, N. Y.

Morris, W. R., lumberman, 260 California St.

ASSOCIATE:

Koster, E. L., salesman, 55 Main St.

SERVICE:

Wolren, Frank H., captain Dental Corps, U. S. Army, Presidio.

Sadtler, Otis E., lieutenant, U. S. Army, Fort McDowell.

Nolan, Hugh, field clerk Quartermaster Corps, U. S. Army, 216 Pine St.

ATHLETIC:

Colgan Jr., R. A., timber cruiser, Mill Valley, Cal.

Pritchard, Fred L., student, 50 Irving St.

DeMartini, Frank, student, 848 Vallejo.

Maloney, Geo. J., student, 3661 17th St.

Heino, Emil, tailor, 451 Montgomery St.

Williams, F. M., sailor, 1287 3rd Ave.

JUVENILE

Moran, Breck, 2921 California St.

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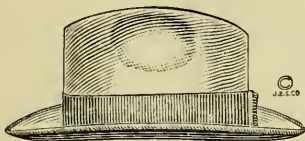
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STATEMENT OF OPERATIONS FOR MONTH OF MARCH, 1917

The following figures of the club's financial operations for the month of March, 1917, show that the gain after deducting interest charges and providing for retirement of bonded indebtedness was \$4,562.29.

Net Departmental Profit from Restaurant, Bar, Cigar Stand, Billiards and Pool, Massage Department, Barber Shop, Valet Service, Bowling			\$ 2,671.69
House Income			4,029.61
Living Rooms		\$ 2,428.36	
Income	\$2,887.40		
Less Labor, Meals, etc.	459.04		
Dressing Rooms		1,251.05	
Steel Lockers		329.75	
Taxicab Account (net)		20.45	
Other Income			\$16,035.94
Dues—All Classes		\$12,818.20	
Initiations		2,910.00	
Visitors' Cards		244.00	
Purchase Discounts		63.74	
Total Income			\$22,737.24
General Expenses			14,390.28
Office and Administrative		925.78	
House General Expenses		1,156.06	
Light and Power		693.00	
Water		585.44	
Laundry		579.39	
Maintenance and Repairs		689.50	
House Labor		3,135.05	
House Meals		792.80	
"Olympian" (net)		175.06	
Library		65.00	
Newspapers and Periodicals		40.36	
Telephone Exchange		195.85	
Total	\$ 668.37		
Less Members' Switches	472.52		
Stationery and Printing		439.58	
Store Room		243.40	
Engine Room		1,603.67	
Insurance		200.00	
Taxes		443.43	
Interest on Current Notes		178.20	
Athletic		2,155.66	
General	\$1,162.75		
Special Events	992.91		
Gymnastic Night		93.05	
Operating Profit Before Providing for Interest, etc.			\$ 8,346.96
Less			2,118.00
Interest on Mortgage and Bonds		\$1,918.00	
Uncollectible Accounts		200.00	
Net Profit			\$ 6,228.96
Less			
To Provide for Retirement of Mortgage Indebtedness in 20 Years. (Sinking Fund to be Hereafter Provided)			\$ 1,666.67
Final Net Profit Exclusive of Current Depreciation			\$ 4,562.29

We certify that the above statement is correct as shown by the books of The Olympic Club.

SULLY & HOOD, Certified Public Accountants.

\$2,000,000

CALIFORNIA HOTEL COMPANY

First Mortgage 6% Serial Bonds

(Safeguarded Under the Straus Plan)

Secured by

Huntington, Green and Maryland Hotels

Pasadena, Cal.

TAX EXEMPT IN CALIFORNIA

Dated March 15th, 1917. Interest Coupons due May 1st and Nov. 1st. Principal and Interest Payable at the office of S. W. Straus & Co., Inc. Denominations \$5,000, \$1,000 and \$500. Trustee, Mr. S. W. Straus.

SECURITY—The land and buildings comprising the Huntington, Green and Maryland Hotels, Pasadena, California. These three hotels are owned and operated by the California Hotel Co., and form one of the most firmly established, most popular, and most profitable hotel properties in the United States, known all over the country.

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VALUATION—Our valuation of the property, based on appraisals by several banks and independent real estate dealers, is \$4,287,000, more than double the amount of the bonds.

EARNINGS—Based on past profits, we estimate the annual net earnings of the three hotels on a conservative basis at \$445,000, nearly four times the the greatest annual interest charge.

SERIAL MATURITIES—The bonds mature in annual serial installments in one to ten years.

MONTHLY PAYMENTS—The issuing corporation must deposit each month one-twelfth of the current year's interest charge, to pay the semi-annual coupons. On February, March and April 1st, it must deposit one-third of the year's serial principal requirement. Thus a sinking fund is maintained to assure prompt payment of both principal and interest.

FEDERAL INCOME TAX—The mortgagor covenants to pay the normal federal income tax.

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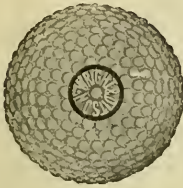
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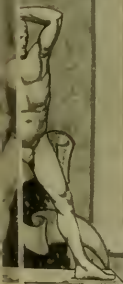
THE OLYMPIAN



Olympia's Spirit.

We have counted no cost; we reck no price;
We bargain no sorry trade;
We have steeled our souls for the sacrifice
And, fearless and unafraid,
We cling to the cause that we know is right;
With loyal hearts brave and true,
The Red and the White we will pledge to fight
For the Red and White and Blue!

—Daniel E. Doran.





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PURE SPRING WATER
"GOOD FOR YOU"

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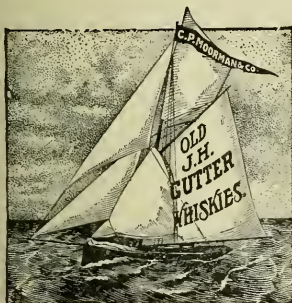
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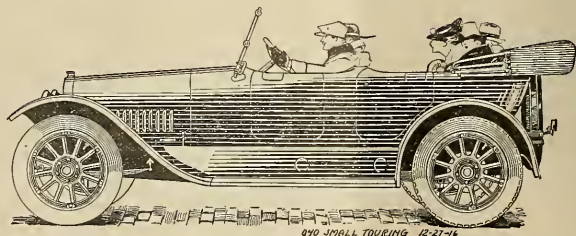
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Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, Thomas E. Flynn, Thomas Lloyd Lennon.

Associate Editors: Wm. G. Donald, American Football; Edgar Pomeroy, Soccer; D. W. Burbank, Rugby; E. M. Smith, Swimming; P. C. Gerhardt, Track and Field; A. L. Shannon, Handball; Sven O. Philip, Wrestling; C. H. Minto, Ice Hockey; E. Lastreto, Fencing; B. P. Lapachet, Shooting; M. L. Jenne, Bowling; Dr. O. B. Burns, Billiards; Ed. P. Bly, Gymnastics; Louis McLane, Juniors and Juveniles; Frank J. Foran, Board of Directors; Judge T. I. Fitzpatrick, Athletic Committee; W. R. Larzelere and B. B. Burke, Baseball; A. Kemp, Basketball; F. B. Bain, Tennis; Geo. B. Lyle, Cartoonist; Geo. Frazer, Photographer; Dr. Rumwell, Medical Department.

Vol. V. MAY, 1917

No. 53

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

To some of us it appears that in these parlous and pregnant times our club has lost sight of the paramount purpose to which it was consecrated. When Duty Calls In a measure it is quite true that we have been sidetracked. The heart of THE OLYMPIC CLUB is not at present absorbed in athletics. The truth is that as always in the case of contented, joyous men we are full of the present; we perceive like wise men, that our duties should engage us, that our grand business for the nonce is not to win laurels in entertaining competition and gay tournament but to see what lies clearly at hand and win triumphs not for our club but for our country.

Work'st thou well today for worthy things?

This is the question Olympia is asking of all her sons, at the same time assuring

them that if they do well today they may calmly look forward to tomorrow's hidden season and fear not "what hap-soe'er it brings." With fatiferous fury menacing our land "Saul must join in" and make good use of the faculties and powers fostered and developed at the sign of the Winged O. But these faculties and powers are not to be neglected. Drill and discipline—do not these things serve the purposes for which our club was organized and to which it has been devoted through the years? Indeed they do? And has it not always been the policy of the club to take the lead in civic affairs of great moment? Surely in quickening in the community a sense of the grand business of the hour THE OLYMPIC CLUB is but living up to the spirit of all the best that is glorious and best in its traditions.

If the earnestness with which THE OLYMPIC CLUB has addressed itself to the duty of aiding our Government and fulfilling the promises made at the "Old Glory Dinner" be any gauge of the national enthusiasm, the plans of preparedness will be accomplished with gratifying rapidity. No small thing was promised at the dinner, when the club pledged itself to contribute ten per cent of its net revenue to the San Francisco Chapter of the Red Cross. Lest that pledge should be considered arithmetically indefinite, the minimum of Olympia's monthly contribution to the organization of mercy and benevolence was fixed at \$250—no mean sum to be furnished from the receipts of a single club. But the size of donations to the Red Cross does not count these days. The ability of the donors is the primary consideration in regulating them.

Not only in money but in men has Olympia come to the front waving the flag of loyalty. It was **Olympian** thought that some two hundred and fifty clerks would be needed to aid in the prompt registration of eligibles for military service. Olympia no sooner heard the call for help than three hundred and eighty-nine enthusiastic volunteers came forward. How many more could be had if required may be guessed quite easily. Olympia's drilled and still drilling guard is a convincing physical force. There are four hundred and seventy-five volunteers in the Olympic guard and the floor of the spacious Coliseum could testify—if floors talked—how diligently they have pursued their training. That these volunteers will win the laurels of Efficiency and Valor in whatever post of duty they may be placed in a great national emergency is a foregone conclusion.

Plans for the reappearance of Olympian talent on the minstrel stage are maturing and the results will no doubt be as satisfactory as when Olympia heretofore distinguished herself twice in the cause of charity. That charity was much advantaged thereby is so notable a matter of record that its details need not be dwelt on. Olympia is singularly rich in talent as well as patriotic fervor and a performance for the Red Cross could not fail to be what, in theatrical parlance, is known as a "Hummer." "Standing room only" would not describe the gratifying condition of the theatre, from the box-office point of view, if the contemplated arrangements come to pass. One of the novelties suggested is the impressment of prominent citizens to do service as interlocutors in the orthodox semi-circle of minstrelsy. Nobody can afford to be a slacker in such a cause.

The "Old Glory Dinner" was a new glory for Olympia. The occasion served to demonstrate in a manner, **Olympia** never excelled in the club, the **Pro** splendid strength and outright **Patria** sincerity of its loyal Americanism. THE OLYMPIC CLUB has always been esteemed as a typical American social organization. Impressively has it sustained its well earned reputation by its swift and whole-souled response to the trumpet call of patriotic duty. The spirit of the slacker nowhere found expression in the earnest, harmonious and enthusiastic proceedings at the "Old Glory Dinner." It had been expected that the attendance would be respectable in numbers and representative in character. The muster of membership tested the capacity of the gymnasium and the seven hundred voices

Another measure which has been taken by THE OLYMPIC CLUB to bring itself into close and harmonious touch with the universal preparedness movement is the **Military Service Membership** establishment of a special military service membership. The Presidio is to be the scene of unexampled military activities on the Pacific Coast. Already a large training camp for officers is in operation. This is but the beginning if the projects of the Government be fully accomplished. A special military service for those reserve officers cannot fail to be appreciated by them and would unquestionably be equally gratifying to the regular membership of the club.

that cheered the able speakers of the evening were expressive of the sentiment of a goodly share of what is best and strongest in the professional and business life of San Francisco and the occasion was one to be remembered with pride and commemorated in letters of gold in the records of Olympia. Elsewhere in THE OLYMPIAN will be found a detailed report of the proceeding at the "Old Glory Dinner"—the resolutions adopted and the speeches

made. These cannot be accurately told. The spirit of the occasion cannot be translated into cold type. Let it suffice to say that those whom previous engagements debarred from attendance should account themselves trebly unlucky. They missed an excellent dinner, admirable speeches and the inward satisfaction of having participated in a patriotic demonstration such as occurs but once in a lifetime—in some generations not at all.

THE OLD GLORY DINNER

A Great Event At Which Olympians Were Enthused and Inspired

By T. F. B.

THE "Old Glory Dinner!" Swiftly passes the glory of the world, so we are told, but, ah, the glory of that dinner! long will it be cherished in the memory of Olympians. I mean of course the glory that Olympians bestowed on their club on that eventful night when they let themselves go in their ebullient patriotism. It was a night of glorious tradition in the making. What a happy idea was that from which the enthusiasm of the occasion was derived! Ideas control the world, it is said. Well the idea of that dinner controlled nothing, but it went booming through the city like a cannon. It had more dynamite than a bomb. It was a creator of enthusiasm, kindling men's souls in the hour of danger. It awakened public spirit, it inflamed Olympians with noble purpose.

Nearly six hundred members of the club attended that dinner and received many a thrill. The crowded gymnasium, beautifully and appropriately dressed in banners for the occasion, was in itself a spectacle to make the susceptible heart glow, and there were words and music uttered during the course of the feast that contained much that was magical and that evoked just the mood for a union or all

the loftier forces of the mind and heart.

President William F. Humphrey and the other officers of the club—Vice-President Hoefler and Directors Alton, Fitzpatrick, Hanify, Foran, McConnell and Rucker—put in an appearance shortly after the members of the club assembled, and their arrival was the signal for a great outburst of cheers. All that followed was rarely vivifying and exalting. A fine orchestra was on hand to help stir the emotions with patriotic airs, and Uncle Sam was on hand in the person of Otto Wallfisch to act as master of ceremonies, which he did with much physical exertion, contributing to the rhythm of the songs that were sung by our star vocalists, William (Kid) Nelson and W. J. L'Heruex.

As the toastmaster of the occasion President William F. Humphrey first explained the objects of the dinner in a speech that thrilled and enthused with its noble sentiments eloquently expressed. He spoke of the importance of rousing the people to a sense of the critical situation in which the militaristic policy of the Central Powers had plunged our country and of the part THE OLYMPIC CLUB

(Continued on Page 22)

"S. O. S."

By BERNARD P. LAPACHET

THE enthusiastic and patriotic "Old Glory Dinner" was really arranged to get all our men together that they should be shown how each could best serve our country in the present crisis. One of the greatest of our present needs is military training and preparedness, which all takes time. The idea was to organize the "Olympic Club Guards" in order to begin the military training of the younger men for the service which they may be called upon by the Government to perform, and the older men for home defense. As the training prescribed in the United States army is athletic as well as military in its nature, it should appeal to every member of this club, without exception.

Three hundred and fifty members signed up for the military drill, and of these one hundred only have reported regularly each week. It being impossible longer to use the gymnasium, owing to its insufficient size, the drill court of the State armory, Fourteenth and Mission streets, has been secured for Friday nights, and the drill is being held there. THE OLYMPIC CLUB has never yet fallen down on anything that it has undertaken, and all members of the club are appealed to to coöperate in this training movement and are asked to report regularly on each Friday night at 8 o'clock at the army drill court.

We have competent instructors from the regular army, and it will not take long to whip our organization into shape, but we require from three hundred to five hundred men in this corps in order to make a proper showing. We expect to secure uniforms and arms within a short time. A class in theoretical military instruction will be inaugurated on Wednesday evenings at o'clock in the fencing room or on

the gymnasium floor. The fencing instructor of the club, Professor Miller, is organizing classes for saber and bayonet drill, which is not only interesting but is part of the military instruction required. Let us all get together in this movement and make a showing worth while. Let the different athletic departments get their own men together, and each department will be drilled as a separate unit under its own sub-officers. In this way we can arouse a competitive rivalry between the different branches which cannot help but stimulate the movement. At present writing the swimmers are greatly in the lead both in membership and proficiency. It is hoped that this S. O. S. message will be willingly and promptly responded to by every member who has the physical ability to drill. Enroll your name with the secretary of the club.

* * *

The Military Rifle Team

At the two last monthly shoots of the club's military rifle team, held at Fort Barry range, Marin county, every member of the team re-qualified as experts under the National Rifle Association rules, which require a score of at least 210 out of a possible 250 points. The following are the scores certified:

	200	300	300	500	600	Total
	R P	R P	Slow	Slow	Slow	
A. Rowland	45	50	46	45	43	229
C. T. Blanck	47	50	48	46	37	228
R. Mills	44	49	44	43	48	228
W. C. Prichard	46	44	43	49	41	223
B. P. Lapachet.....	42	47	41	46	43	219
Dr. J. D. Millikin..	42	38	44	47	43	214
George Armstrong ..	46	46	48	49	44	213
C. W. Randall.....	39	42	42	45	45	213
M. D. McVey.....	46	47	44	45	45	227
G. E. Frahm.....	45	50	43	47	39	224
Lieut. O. E. Sadtler..	43	49	38	49	45	224
Dr. R. O'Connor....	44	49	40	47	42	222



By ERNEST MAYNARD SMITH

SID CAVILL is as busy as a drill sergeant with a batch of rookies getting the club swimming team in shape for the very busy aquatic season which starts at the end of this month with the Pacific Association championships at Sacramento. Sid faces the most formidable competition in the history of the club's team in the Piedmont Athletic Club of Oakland. The transbay boys have always been a dangerous crew in water polo, but not until this winter have they growled aloud in racing competition. But Grace, Lindsay, Duncan and Jackson mark the Piedmonts as a team to keep under the weather eye.

Norman Ross will be the great prop of the Winged O in the local competitions. The "Big Moose" is swimming with a snap and go which is pretty to watch. His tremendous strength at the finish may be depended upon to carry the club's

colors to the front in many future contests. Ross is complimented by the Eastern swimming world as the greatest individual star of the 1917 national championships. The table of achievements printed below bears out this praise.

Who will THE OLYMPIC CLUB have to retain its hold on the P. A. and Pacific Coast swimming championships? In addition to Norman Ross there will be Preston Seiger, T. Gardner, Lincoln Johnson, E. Smith, P. Postlewaithe, Frank Gay, R. Nauman, Phil Patterson, Wm. R. McWood, George Bond, Walter Anderson, Gus Rissman, Donald Day, Dick Julien, Jim Carson, Walter Pomeroy, Herb Jensen, Duke Morrison, George Sanford, Steven Narinian, Bill Pomin, Burt Porter, Buster Tait and several other younger swimmers of promise.

On May 30th the club's relay team will be put to a severe test when it meets a

NATIONAL SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Event	Won By	Second	Third	Where Held
100 yards	Ted Cann, Y. Y.	Norman Ross, O. C.	Crannon	Pittsburg
220 yards	Norman Ross	Ted Cann	Wheatley	New York
500 yards	Norman Ross	Ted Cann	Bud Wallen	Detroit
150 back	Norman Ross	Pavlicek, I. A. C.	Taylor	Cincinnati
100 metres	Norman Ross	Davy Jones	Abe Siegel	Chicago

WORLD'S RECORDS ESTABLISHED

Distance	Time	Old Record	Holder
100 metres	61 seconds	61 3/5 seconds	Duke Kahanamoku
200 yards	2.08	2.08 4/5	Vollmer
200 metres	2.22 1/5	2.23 3/5	"
220 yards	2.22 1/5	2.23 3/5	"
440 yards	5.16 1/5	5.19	Kieran

AMERICAN RECORD

500 yards	6.05 1/5 seconds	6.13 4/5 seconds	Langer
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POINTS SCORED

I. A. C.	44	Honolulu	
N. Y. A. C.	33	Pittsburg A. A.	
Olympic Club	18	Unattached	
Hamilton	6	Cincinnati	

four-man team from Piedmont at Sacramento. Sid will have Ross, Smith, Postlewaithe, Gardner, Steiger and Bond to choose from.

On the Fourth of July the club will probably send a team to San Diego to the outdoor swimming championships.

* * *

Water polo is absorbing the attention of many of the club's mermen. The Winged O has been supreme in polo for five years, and this year looks like a repetition of the past seasons. But Stockton looms up as a hard team to outscore. At Stockton on May 4th the club's seven met the Stockton team. It was some contest!

The club team scored six goals to Stockton's five, but Stockton outpointed our team in the kicking, elbowing and punching—in the first half. Can you imagine a blond son of Sweden climbing over Ross to get a shove-off from his face? And can you fancy him getting away with it? He did the first part of the trick but fell down in getting away with it because the "Moose" objected to being the object of any pedal assault. The blond son of Sweden was dragged out of the tank shortly after the beginning of the second half.

Then, too, Lincoln Johnson was the target for several gentle optical taps. Did he turn the other eye to the enemy? No, Lincoln did not. But he showed that he was not lacking in martial enthusiasm by replying in kind to the gentleman from Stockton's forcible address. Among the other Olympians to participate in the Roman holiday were Ed Hart, Al Weisenhaven and E. Smith.

* * *

Five waterdogs, headed by the unbeatable Ross, will splash for the Winged O at Sacramento May 30th. H. F. Gardner, Linc Johnson, Ernie Smith and J. R. Postlewaithe will make the trip, and

E. S. Hart, a promising youngster, will be taken along to compete unattached, his former membership in the Piedmont Club making it impossible for him to swim for Olympia just at present.

Ross has entered himself in every event on the programme, going even so far as to sign for the 220 yards for ladies. A 50 yard dash, century swim, 200 yard breast stroke and a relay race, in which each man will swim 164 yards, round out the schedule of events.

George Bond and Norman Ross were dumped by two Alameda boys in a thrilling canoe tilting contest at Neptune Beach last Sunday. Fat L'Hereux refereed the contest. Bond says that Fat made him nervous, but the alibi is unsubstantial.

* * *

Phil Patterson, our junior diver, is plunging like a veteran. He is enlarging his repertoire of dives and looks like a life saver for the club in the springboard events.



NORMAN ROSS, O. C.

The "Big Moose" of Swimdom, a champion of champions



THE WRESTLING EXPOSE

By PETER P. PETERSON

THE exposure of professional wrestling in San Francisco proves a very important contention that has always been made by amateur wrestlers. That is, that the mat game can be successfully conducted only so long as it remains a game, and that the moment it becomes a business, with the making of money as its end, aim and purpose, its doom is practically sealed.

Wrestling itself is not a crooked sport. On the contrary there is no squarer, cleaner, more idealistic physical exercise imaginable. Wrestling is the science of engineering, especially that portion of engineering concerned with leverage, reduced to the personal equation. It is not brutal. It is not designed to hurt or injure. It does not seek the victory so much as the pleasure of the exercise.

That is, wrestling of itself is so ordered. But of course when the money element is permitted to enter any sport it immediately makes for the quick demoralization of that sport. Wrestling is no exception to the rule.

I am not asserting that all professional wrestling is crooked and all professional wrestlers crooks. Indeed I am strongly of the opinion that most wrestlers in this country today, in the realization that honesty is the best policy, if for no other reason, are very much above the sort of

tactics that some of them employed in San Francisco.

But I can very easily admit that there are some crooks in the sport, and that their works and ways have undoubtedly been of a decidedly unsavory character. Because of this small minority it is a good thing that the exposure has been made. Root them out, drive them away from this city and every other city, and the sport stands a far fairer chance of making its true merit felt than if they are permitted to continue their degrading work. Clean wrestling of its crooks and wrestling will at once spring into undying popularity.

But with human nature constituted as it is, it is a pretty far-fetched hope to expect that where money is concerned men can be strictly and absolutely honest. Money indeed is the prime cause for every evil in every sport. Only simon-pure amateurism born of sheer love of sport and conducted under the rules of some governing body whose duty it is to see that money is forever kept away from its members, can keep our sports, and wrestling in particular, from the taint of crookedness.

For this reason it is highly desirable that THE OLYMPIC CLUB and every other organization dedicated to amateur athletics should foster and seek to develop

its wrestlers. In a comparatively short while amateur mat men can be produced who will be just as skilful as the best of the professionals. This is proved clearly in the case of Earl Caddock, the present holder of the world's professional title, who gained most of his experience as an amateur and who won the amateur championship of the world in the heavyweight division at the P. P. I. E. in 1915.

If we take an interest in the work of our amateur wrestlers, if we give them the encouragement they want and need, it is a matter of but a few years before we shall have developed champions who can cope with the best anywhere, who can

thrill the crowds just as theatrically as professionals do, who can perform just as marvelous feats of agility and strength—and who can never, for one single solitary instant, be accused of stalling or faking or hippodroming or in any way seeking to “bunk” and “fool” the public. With the money element eradicated wrestling will succeed. Replace the money element with a generous interest in the work of our amateurs and great results will be accomplished.

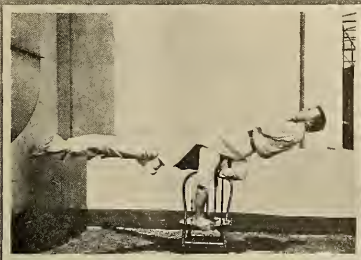
There are shown, in the picture herein, three of the most promising young amateur wrestlers who ever wore a Winged

(Continued on Page 2

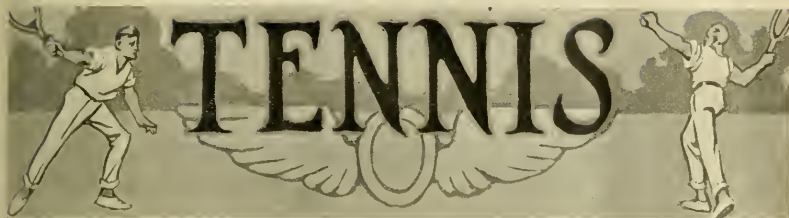


EDWARD RETHERS, HERBERT McNAMARA AND ALEC LINARES

Three future greats of amateur wrestling. Professor Williams in the background



THE CLUB'S CLOWNS.



By F. B. BAIN

THE OLYMPIC CLUB captured first honors in the series of meets conducted by the Northern California Tennis League and incidentally added another cup to the collection of club trophies.

Weekly meets between eleven clubs neighboring about San Francisco bay were started April first and brought to a successful conclusion May sixth, on which day

THE OLYMPIC CLUB team met the Oakland Tennis Club team in the finals. The matches were held on the courts of the Claremont Country Club. An ideal day and high class tennis attracted a gallery of several hundred spectators. THE OLYMPIC CLUB boys played in true form and did not lose a match. The scores were as follows:

SINGLES

Johnny Strachan (Olympic Club)	defeated	Carl Gardner (Oakland)	6—1, 6—3
Ro Roberts	"	S. J. Smith	6—1, 7—5
Clyde Curley	"	C. F. Stickney	6—3, 6—4
W. A. Marcus	"	E. A. Klein	6—2, 6—0
Leon Strauss	"	E. Levy	6—3, 7—5
Elmer Griffin	"	N. G. Welburn	7—5, 6—1

DOUBLES

Strachan and Marcus (Olympic Club)	defeated	Murdock and Gardner (Oakland)	6—4, 6—4
Roberts and Curley	"	Stickney and Smith	6—3, 6—4
Strauss and Griffin	"	Klein and Levy	0—6, 6—3, 6—3

Most of the strong teams were in the first section and the winning of that division by THE OLYMPIC CLUB team was no easy matter. In fact, at one time the lead was assumed by the Golden Gate Club which had on April 22nd 26 wins and 10 losses (.722 per cent) against our 19 wins and 8 losses (.704 per cent). However, our boys overcame the lead by taking nine straight from Stanford University on the week following, making the final standing as follows:

DIVISION ONE

Clubs—	Won	Lost	Percentage
Olympic	28	8	.778
Golden Gate	26	10	.722
Stanford University	13	23	.361
Sacramento	12	24	.333
California	11	25	.305

DIVISION TWO

Clubs—	Won	Lost	Percentage
Oakland	42	3	.933
University of California	31	14	.689
Berkeley	21	15	.583
Alameda	11	25	.306
Island City	6	30	.167
San Jose	6	30	.167

FINALS

Clubs—	Won	Lost	Percentage
Olympic	9	0	1.000
Oakland	0	9	.000

AMONG THE JUNIORS

By STANLEY R. SMITH

NOW that the elder members of the club are so patriotically working and training for the guard, what's the matter with a junior company? There are no slackers amongst the juniors, and even if we are too young to be subject to call by the nation, the training would be of great value in every way. A lot of the boys are already members of the local high school cadet corps, and quite a few are commissioned officers in the various school battalions. It would be quite a company, say seventy-five or a hundred husky boys between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, and, believe me Aloysius, it would be some peppy command! We could be officered from fellows among us who have had some experience and who show the proper qualifications. This idea has already been suggested by President Humphrey. Let's hope he finds means to carry it out.

* * *

The handball tournament now in progress has resulted in some fine junior teams showing up for the competition. A good many of the present stars in the first classes learned the game as juniors, and have steadily kept it up. The present juniors are "there" when it comes to the court game, however. While some of the teams in the natural order of elimination have dropped out, some of the boys have so far gone through without losing a game. Harry Alter, who is paired with E. Haverside, has up to date played some remarkably fine handball, and with his partner is a certainty to be in at the death. Art Carfagni and Bill Cupples, regarded by some as the best junior doubles team in the club, have at this writing an unbroken string of victories. It looks as though from the battle between two junior

teams will emerge the fourth class champions of the club.

* * *

The two weight class baseball teams organized by Tom Bunyan among the juveniles are coming on nicely. They are regularly practicing after school and on Saturdays. Tom confidently expects at least one Boys' Athletic League championship if not two, and from the looks of things he ought to get it.

* * *

Jack Collins, the old war horse of the junior water polo team, is busy recruiting for the coming season. Since Duke Morrison received his promotion to the athletic class and left the juniors, Jack has had this job on his hands. Those games last year between the junior and athletic water polo teams were some games and some fights. Even the usually placid Cavill at times was moved to the greatest excitement, especially when the youthful junior team seemed in danger of swamping (literally as well as otherwise) the seasoned vets on his teams.

* * *

Lick High School surprised the swimming world this year by tying Lowell which has been winning championships "since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It is not saying too much to say that the present of the many Olympic juniors on the Lick team was responsible for this. Bus Tait, Phil Patterson, Paul Young, et al., were all heavy point winners and largely responsible for the fine showing made by this school. There are juniors on every local high school swimming team, but the combined aggregation from Lick was too much for the other schools.

SOCCER AND WAR

By EDGAR POMEROY

THE commissioners of the various departments of athletics in the club are asked to state the attitude of their respective branches towards the war in this month's issue.

* * *

Now association (or soccer) football players are a peculiar lot. Soccer football is not so much a *game* with its devotees as it is a *religion*. When duty puts a soccer footballer in the army or at the front, there there is his occupation, just as bricklaying, bookkeeping or banking may be at other times, but soccer football is the rest of his life and must be played, Huns or no Huns, Mexicans or no Mexicans, blazing sun or congealing blizzards.

When Captain Wilfred Chambers and Sergeant O'Hare found themselves on the Mexican border and their occupation—that of catching Villa—they awoke to the horrible fact that there were no soccer footballs in the army stores on the border. S. O. S. came the call to THE OLYMPIC CLUB Soccer Commissioner; S. O. S. from him to the Athletic Committee; S. O. S. from the Athletic Committee to "The Board;" and Uncle Sam's parcel post was soon delivering soccer footballs marked "Compliments of Olympic Club, San Francisco," to the torrid land the boys were in. Then the boys were satisfied and ready to turn to the business in hand.

* * *

Just returned from arduous duties on the battlefields of Verdun is Donald Monteith, he dashing center forward of THE OLYMPIC CLUB's soccer football team in the games on the Exposition Marina in 1915. "Monty" talks little about the war or his part in it, but says the quality of football in Verdun was poor compared to that of

farther West, and the grounds worse than the Eighth and Mission streets grounds, which is saying something.

* * *

"Billy" Dyke, our great full back, has been "Somewhere in France" since early in the war. He has enjoyed some good games over there, but says the grounds are poor and shell broken and the games sometimes interrupted by "— some damned fools who don't care where they point their artillery so long as they get rid of their ammunition." Billy worries a lot about the club's failing to win the championship again, but says that the French are "coming on" in soccer, but the Russians are very green and don't seem to know whether the football is to be kicked or eaten.

* * *

Cecil Pomeroy, who was shot down and killed on the Salonika front on April 28, wrote, when he was in the air guard over London, that there were still some good games of football played, especially in the army camps, and that it was all soccer. In Egypt he found the same thing. As soon as an engagement was over, those who were left, including the wounded, were usually more earnest in discussing the last game of soccer football, or one soon to be played, than the recent fight, which was merely the *job* they were on. The late Cecil Pomeroy's picture hangs over the club's running track in the gym. When the picture was taken he was a member of the club's la crosse team, but he was also a rugby and soccer football player.

* * *

David Patrick, who played outside left for the club's soccer team in 1914, is now

(Continued on Page 20)

BASEBALL

By BART BURKE

OLYMPIA'S baseball team stepped across the bay to Pittsburg Sunday, April 9th, and measured the home team nicely, 5 to 3.

The contest was witnessed by one of the largest crowds ever packed into the Pittsburg park. The town band, all slicked up for the occasion, boomed forth good music throughout the battle. Every wearer of the Winged O on that day is loudly praising the generous treatment accorded us by the Pittsburg management.

Morrissey, starting for Olympia, was somewhat wild when he first took the rubber, but in an inning or so he got himself working like a leaguer. Pitts-

burg drew first blood, scoring twice in the early innings, but in the fifth frame Jimmie Riordan singled with two on and the score was tied.

Maloney proved the original Mr. Pinch Hitter in the eighth session. With Harrington on first Mal leaned towards one of Bugs Reisigl's "spitters," connected right to the nose and kicked it down town for a large and exuberant four-ply clout.

Homer Rippon dished out some excellently sensational fielding at the third cushion, and Kelly—young Tom—who has been playing a nifty brand of outfield ball all season, knocked down a hot liner bare-handed in the left garden.



OLYMPIA'S BASEBALL SQUAD. A NIFTY AGGREGATION

OLYMPIAN JUVENILES LOOK LIKE CLASS

Weight - Throwers and Club - Swingers Give Great Promise

TEACHING the young idea how to "put" is one of the very best little things Track Coach Frank Foster does. Frank indeed is much more adept at showing the youngsters how to do things than he is at doing them himself. And that is saying quite a good deal, for it isn't so very long ago that he surprised a pair of San Francisco newspaper reporters, who thought to kid him as a "has-been," by stepping out after a municipal car and catching it from scratch before it had gone seventy-five feet. Frank may be getting old but there is still a bunch of snap and jazz in his leg muscles.

And while it is a relatively easy trick for Olympia's track coach to take a lumbering tyro in hand and turn him into a nifty weight-thrower, it is much easier for him to begin teaching the gentle art of putting the shot to a youngster whose strength is as yet an uncertain quantity. For he takes them when they are juveniles, trains them into junior standing and eventually gets them medals and championships when they reach the senior class.

This helps the youngsters physically and keeps the trophy case well stocked.

Just at present Coach Foster is singularly blessed with material to work on. He has among the juveniles a batch of embryo champions, a quartet of real comers of whom he honestly expects great things. They are pictured on the frontispiece of this issue of THE OLYMPIAN.

Leo Beggs, Frank Boynton, Gordon Dennis and Leando Schwartz are four likely looking lads, four husky lads, four lads whose knowledge of form and stand and swing and hurl has passed the rudimentary stage, as the pictures well indicate.

Let them continue developing along the

lines Frank Foster has mapped out and the time is not far off when worthy successors to Rose and Snedigar and Shattuck will sport the Winged O and move into records with the nonchalance and easy grace of champions.

* * *

Indian club swinging, an athletic art not especially in vogue these days, isn't going to die out altogether, if the progress being made with the weighted woods by the five juveniles pictured in this issue's heel-piece can be taken to mean anything.

Louis DuBrooy, Frank Gonzales, Harold Leando, Robert Leando, Frank Wulzer and John Bunyan are a quintet of ambitious youths who right now are able to swing the clubs as gracefully as you please, and whose eventual success on ladies' night is assured beyond doubt.

A WORD TO ADVERTISERS

The Advertising Department of THE OLYMPIAN desires to express its appreciation of the consistent and continued use of its columns by its advertisers.

Advertising patronage is the blood and bone of magazine success, and for the unsolicited aid so generously given us we are deeply grateful.

We are also grateful to those of our readers who have been kind enough to return the patronage of our advertisers. Reciprocity is always profitable.

And with an intimate knowledge of their sound values we are able to commend our advertisers to our readers as worthy of their best consideration.

THOMAS BUNYAN,
Advertising Manager.

HANDBALL

By ARTHUR L. SHANNON

THE process of elimination has been taking place so rapidly among all four classes of the handball tournament that the contenders in each class are now grooming themselves for the finals. The victors in some of the classes may have been determined by May 27th, the Sunday upon which some of the final games are scheduled to be played. All through the tournament a great deal of interest has been shown, especially among the players. The games have been keenly contested, and there have been comparatively few defaults.

One of the most interesting and important matches of the tournament was played when Cereghino and Foran met Russ and Pohein. The match was won by Cereghino and Foran in two straight games, 21—18, 21—18. The winners by no means had an easy victory. Champion Cereghino was forced to extend himself to his limit, and the result may have been different had not Foran taken a timely brace which he maintained without weakening throughout the match. It is prophesied that these two teams will meet in the finals. The dopesters say that if the younger men keep their heads and play up to their top form it will be a battle royal.

As in most contests the fall of the conquered is always attended by a certain degree of sympathy from their adherents, so this tournament is not without its tinge of sadness. Young Pete Gerhardt and his rejuvenated partner Walter Hood who tried for a come-back, went down to ignominious defeat before two young Hibernian battlers, Ryan and Donovan. Straightway they were showered with expressions of regret from all their supporters, all but a few who were cruel and

heartless enough to play them for wine dinners even before they had time to shake off the depression of defeat.

It has been suggested that as soon as the tournament is over a regiment of handball players will be organized and immediately subjected to intensive training for hand grenade throwing. Much difficulty has been encountered in obtaining a competent instructor. Real baseball pitchers were first favored for the position, but this plan was abandoned, and it now seems to have been finally decided that Bill Larzalere will be selected. There are those who have said that Bill's slow "out" was never good for anything but batting practice, but it is now found, after expert examination, that this particular ball is perfectly adapted to trench warfare. The missile must be thrown so as to describe a course similar to a rain-bow.

SOCCER AND WAR

(Continued from Page 17)

at the front and puts in his own time playing football and the Government's time smashing into "Huns."

* * *

Fred Swain, the first captain of THE OLYMPIC CLUB soccer team, was one of first to join the Olympic Guards; Marlow came in at the same time; the commissioner enrolled, and Captain Hudson will be out for drill on the 18th.

* * *

Yep, the soccer boys are O. K., but you must take football as well as machine guns to the front.

When a "footer" goes to fight
And knows his cause is right,

You'll never hear him make a single "kick."
The game that gave him might
To fight by day and night

Can wait until he's turned the bigger trick.

THREE-CUSHION BILLIARDS

By DR. O. B. BURNS

WHAT makes three-cushion billiards such a popular game?

That is a question frequently asked and best answered by one short word: "Equality."

It is truly the most spectacular of all billiard games, and its popularity is surely increasing.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB three-cushion tournament has proved a great success, and most of the players can be seen in action every afternoon and evening. The popularity of the angle game in the club is due to the limited number of points a good player can make against a poor player; the poor player gets a chance to play every minute and therefore cannot complain of getting cold as they do in the balk-line.

Then there are so many skyrocket shots made which are, you might say, "doubly spectacular." Angles are made which could never be found in a book. For instance, Riordan Lyons in a tournament game about ten days ago executed a shot in which the cue ball jumped from the cushion over the electric light fixture and back on the table again, then taking two more cushions and counting on the still ball.

Jack Hochstadter can hit the ball so hard that it will leave the table after making three cushions and land right on the inside of the cuspidor. Bonifield's favorite expression is "What's this coming up?" He must have traveled some on the briny deep. Atkinson always figures on "possibilities." Nat Messer never says a word, he just looks! Leo Pockwitz wishes you to understand that you can "move in the ship" every time he plays, and, by the way,

he is the only player so far that has not lost a game.

* * *

At that, they think they have found some one that can hold Willie Hoppe down. His name is Walker Cochran and he hails from Chicago.

Walker Cochran has runs of 301, 269 and numerous others, all above the two hundred mark. This proves that he need ask odds of no living player.

It strikes me that a tournament between Cochran, Shaefer and Yamada would be most interesting, and as Shaefer and Yamada are both at present living in San Francisco, it might be possible to have the games played right here in this city.

This might have a tendency to restore the balk-line game, which I think is the best game of all.

THE WRESTLING EXPOSE

(Continued from Page 13)

O. Herbert McNamara, Alex Linares and Edward Ritters, none of whom is over fifteen years of age, have all shown such phenomenal wrestling skill as to justify the prophesy that eventually they will take rank with the world's very best, providing of course they continue to manifest as great an interest in the sport as they are at present manifesting.

Ball Team at Stockton

The Winged O nine tangles with the Sperry Flour ball team at Stockton June 10th. The flour nine is considered the fastest semi-pro aggregation in the San Joaquin Valley, and a victory for Olympia will mean much. Arrangements have been made to make the entire trip by boat.

THE OLD GLORY DINNER

(Continued from Page 8)

should play in serving the needs of the nation both in civil life and on the battlefield. Expressing confidence that the club would vindicate its devotion to country and that there would be no lack of volunteers, he brought his fellow members to their feet when he spoke of the leadership of our President and of the national traditions and ideals that have been the glory of the Republic since the days of Washington and that were multiplied in the wars of later years; ideals, as he said, of liberty, justice and truth, that have been embodied in the policy of the nation from the days of its infancy and that are of the groundwork of our Constitution. "We are to fight" he said, "no war of aggression, but a war of defense. We are to fight for nationhood, which is a complex idea signifying all the principles of our political existence, meaning a government that has no other end than the good of all the people. We are to fight for all the grand constituent ideas of the republic, not only for Americans born but for many a man who, coming to our shores to escape the oppressions of his own country was vouchsafed political association with us. There is nothing of selfishness in our purpose. Our aim is not merely to protect our own hearthstones but to assist with all our power in the defense of civilization, the very foundations of which are threatened. Surely the nobility of our cause appeals to every generous mind in the great club of which we are all so justly proud."

Colonel Rowell U. S. A., spoke of the service and outlined the methods under which we are acquiring an army and perfecting volunteers therein. At the speakers' table with Colonel Rowell was Major McGrath, one of our veteran cavalymen, who won distinction in the Philippines and elsewhere under General Lawton. Mr.

W. H. Crocker was among the prominent citizens at the speakers' table, and he made a rattling good speech felicitating the club on the noble part it was playing. He said that the spirit of the occasion was infectious and that it was invigorating to catch the glow of so many hearts beating in unison for the nation of their love and devotion. Briefly he discussed the importance of service at this time and of the varieties of service that men might render. He affirmed his own willingness to contribute in any way possible to the needs of the nation and of the pride that he felt in his own son in the ambulance service in France who is now eager to join the army of his own country. Mr. Crocker's was an eloquent speech and he evoked hearty cheers as did also Judge Thomas F. Graham chairman of the County Defense Board in which capacity he is reflecting honor on the club by his zeal and effectiveness.

Dr. Clampett said in the course of his address that the highest form of patriotism expressed itself in deeds rather than in language. Before the war the English people had been warned for fifteen years by Lord Roberts and Lord Charles Beresford that the day was surely coming and that the day demanded of the people a preparation in keeping with the forces that were then in the power of the enemy. Their warning was unheeded. If Great Britain and her colonies had been prepared it is possible that the war would not have broken out. The lack of preparation cost her hundreds upon thousands of her best men. It took eighteen months for the Kitchener army to train for the battles that are now raging. America has cast in her lot and it now behooves her to learn a lesson from the nations of Europe. The reality of it all has yet to be grasped. There is the vital need for definite, concrete action. Physical prepara-

tion should accompany moral principle. It was the alliance of these powers that gave France her present place. She stands amongst the nations of Europe almost alone in the splendor of her sacrifice and her steady adherence to a great and definite purpose. Sustained is she by a moral principle and great physical force. The President in his message of April 2nd submitted the foundation principles upon which the nation rests. It is a mighty struggle for democracy and freedom, and it cannot cease till the Prussian militarism is dead.

The following resolutions submitted by the directors were adopted amidst great enthusiasm:

WHEREAS, The moral sense of the American people is opposed to the doctrines by which it is sought to justify the militaristic policies of the Powers with whom we are at war, and

WHEREAS, The members of THE OLYMPIC CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO are in heartfelt sympathy with President Woodrow Wilson in all which he has done in defense of our nation's rights from the moment he had exhausted every decent and upright means of avoiding the issue, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That we avail ourselves of this notable occasion in the history of our club to re-affirm our allegiance to our Chief Magistrate, and to give him the assurance of our earnest support, believing it to be the sacred duty of every true American, not merely to be united spiritually in sentiment with our noble leader, but to make every physical sacrifice he may deem necessary for the advancement of the great cause that profoundly involves humanity itself. We would at the same time felicitate our President on the wise statesmanship he has exhibited in proposing the orderly, sane and proved system of selective draft, which insures an

army democratic in its composition, an army fitted for the service whose withdrawal from ordinary occupations will cause the least disturbance to agriculture and commerce; and be it

FURTHER RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions suitably engrossed be sent to the President of the United States and a copy thereof to Hon. James D. Phelan and Hon. Hiram W. Johnson, United Senators from the State of California.



OTTO WALLFISCH

In his Wickie-Wackie Wild Borneon dance

A TRIBUTE TO THE CLUB

After THE OLYMPIC CLUB's "Old Glory Dinner" last Saturday night Colonel Rowell, U. S. A., remarked to a friend that it was evident to him the men of Olympia were the right sort from the military standpoint. He described the dinner as a heartening, inspiring affair. It was an affair at which Olympians bubbled over with enthusiasm and gave their emotions full swing. At the same time they gave

Colonel Rowell the impression that there was lots of good fighting material in the club. Judging from the eagerness of Olympians to enlist there is certainly no lack among them of the will and readiness to fight. The fighting spirit was made manifest enough at this "Old Glory Dinner." The gymnasium where the dinner was served to six hundred men fairly rocked and thundered with the enthusiasm of the occasion every outburst of which had the ring of spontaneity. To be sure there were adventitious aids to the thrilling of the general heart—orchestra music and singing—but it was clear that men were there in the mood to be moved, and they were moved. The speechmaking moved them more than the music, so responsive were they to the infectious sentiments of the speakers. President "Billy" (W. F.) Humphrey, to whom it was that the original idea of the "Old Glory Dinner" occurred, was given a tremendous reception when he rose to his feet to sound the keynote of the occasion; and all that he said of the great traditions and fine ideals of our country up to which, as he said, we are determined to live under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson, were greeted with salvos of applause. Speeches were made by Colonel Rowell, U. S. A., Major McGrath, U. S. A., Judge Thomas F. Graham, chairman of the County Defense Board Wm. H. Crocker and Rev. F. W. Clappett. By each of these speak-

ers something was contributed in harmony with the spirit of the dinner, and not one failed to touch the susceptibilities of his audience. Oddly enough the man who let himself go above all others in the ardor of his sentiments was the Rev. Dr. Clappett who has one son in the war and two others he is ready to give that Prussian militarism may be exterminated.—*Town Talk.*

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Lipman, Edw. C., merchant, 835 Market.

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Pettigrew, G. V., commission broker, 112 Market St.

Turner, James T., theatrical, 942 Market St.

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Rowell, M. W., Lieut. Colonel U. S.
Army, 216 Pine St.

Smith, Emert T., Capt., Field Artillery,
N. G. of California, 2310 Sacramento St.

ATHLETIC:

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Pierozynski, C. S., student, 941 Ver-
mont St.

Roberts, Trevor, clerk, 400 California.
Benton, A. C., policeman, City Hall,
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Maguire, F. B., clerk, 68 Sacramento St.
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Friedman, Louis, salesman, 154 Sutter.
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Lachmund, Harry G., student, 114 San-
some St.

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Harman, Albert, cutter, 75 Prosper St.
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STATEMENT OF OPERATIONS FOR MONTH OF APRIL, 1917

The following figures of the club's financial operations for the month of April, 1917, show that the gain after deducting interest charges and providing for retirement of bonded indebtedness was \$2,824.96.

Net Departmental Income

From Restaurant, Bar, Cigar Stand, Billiards and Pool, Massage Department, Valet Service, Bowling		\$ 1,900.83
House Income		4,042.83

Living Rooms	\$ 2,442.15	
Income	\$2,822.75	
Less Labor, Meals, etc.	<u>380.60</u>	
Dressing Rooms		1,252.55
Steel Lockers		333.00
Taxicab Account (net)		<u>15.13</u>

Other Income		\$15,461.61
Dues—All Classes	\$12,935.00	
Initiations	2,280.00	
Visitors' Cards	164.00	
Purchase Discounts	<u>82.61</u>	

Total Income		\$21,405.27
General Expenses		14,795.64

Office and Administrative	\$1,007.09	
House General Expenses	1,228.57	
Light and Power	622.25	
Water	570.40	
Laundry	535.16	
Maintenance and Repairs	1,943.89	
House Labor	2,720.50	
House Meals	805.35	
"Olympian" (net)	153.39	
Library	40.00	
Newspapers and Periodicals	18.04	
Telephone Exchange	194.86	
Total	\$ 657.53	
Less Members' Switches	<u>462.67</u>	
Stationery and Printing		494.47
Store Room		271.30
Engine Room		1,613.22
Insurance		200.00
Taxes		443.43
Interest on Current Notes		173.05
Athletic		1,669.67
General	\$1,131.08	
Special Events	<u>538.59</u>	
Old Glory Dinner		<u>91.00</u>

Operating Profit Before Providing for Interest, etc.		\$ 6,609.63
---	--	-------------

Less		2,118.00
Interest on Mortgage and Bonds	\$1,918.00	
Uncollectible Accounts	<u>200.00</u>	

Net Profit		\$ 4,491.63
-------------------------	--	-------------

Less		
To Provide for Retirement of Mortgage Indebtedness in 20 Years. (Sinking Fund to be Hereafter Provided)		<u>\$ 1,666.67</u>

Final Net Profit Exclusive of Current Depreciation		<u>\$ 2,824.96</u>
---	--	--------------------

We certify that the above statement is correct as shown by the books of The Olympic Club.
SULLY & HOOD, Certified Public Accountants.

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Vol. V.

JUNE, 1917

No. 54



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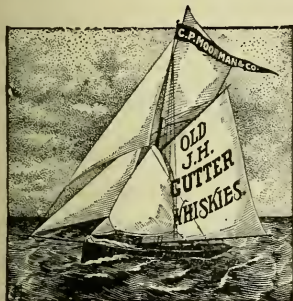
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Vol. V.

JUNE, 1917

No. 54

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

At a conference of the editorial staff of THE OLYMPIAN, held on June 23rd, it was agreed that because of the recent activities of Bernard P. Lapachet and of his services to the club his picture should be printed on the cover for the month of June. At that time he was in the St. Francis Hospital, but it was believed he was suffering only from a temporary illness. The magazine was on the press when the sad news of his death was received. The following words were then in type:

"No member of the club has done more to fire the military ardor of his associates than Lapachet. A man with a keen eye for a target and a steady nerve behind a gun, Mr. Lapachet has served the club as an apostle of marksmanship, and hereabouts he has infused much enthusiasm for his favorite pastime. An

earnest patriot, he was one of the first Olympians to perceive the importance of preparedness and drill. Long before we were involved in the great war he circulated in Olympia, a man with a message, a preacher of the duties we were presently to be called upon to perform. To him belongs the credit for the idea of an Olympic Guard, which had its inception in his brain. Mr. Lapachet is a lawyer who is recognized as an ornament of his profession."

In the death of Mr. Lapachet the club has lost a valued member, the community a citizen of the highest qualities.

Our directors made no mistake in subscribing for a big block of Liberty Loan bonds as an investment for the members. Hundreds of members had subscribed for bonds through various agencies, but when the directors assumed a responsibility for the greater glory of Uncle Sam prompt was their response to the call of the club they delight to honor. Olympians have the interest of their club at heart as well as of their country, and there is no sign of a waning of their enthusiasm. And the club itself, by the way, has become a kind of military centre where one meets men in uniform at every hour of the day.

When Olympia decided at the Old Glory dinner that it should not be noted as an organization of slackers, no thought was given to the athletic contingent. Why should there be? Full of the fire and vigor of youth the trained athletes, that is to say, the men of the athletic membership class, would storm the enrollment committee, eager to shoulder a rifle and lead the way in the paths of glory. Their martial tread would resound day and night

in the drill halls, and all Olympia would doff the hat in warm recognition of their patriotic fervor. These confident expectations have not been overmet—if indeed they have been actually realized. There has been no slackness to complain of in Olympia, but a high regard for veracity impels us to admit that the men of impressive muscular prowess have not evinced a determination to crowd all others out and hold the military field as their own special perquisite. Perhaps now that this slight hint has been dropped by THE OLYMPIAN the native modesty of the athletic contingent will be flung aside. They have enrolled but we miss them at the drills. Hereafter perhaps we shall see an excess of these brothers of Olympia notable for their tremendous thews and sinews, for their expansive chests, their splendid biceps that have carved the way to victory in hard fought contests, their fleet limbs that have trampled records in the dust of the cinder path, their brawny arms that have made Old Father Neptune gulp with wonder many times and swallow pints of the briny in his open-mouthed amazement. Yes, they will all be on hand at the future drills. They will spare some little time from their engrossing athletic exercise and contribute it to the cause which is banking on the red-blooded patriotism of sturdy, intrepid, invincible young America. Three cheers for the athletes, as they make the drill floor resound with the celerity and accuracy of their regularly practiced evolutions.

Most of us are busy these days, working as we never worked before, and at considerable cost, and, *mirabile dictu!* nobody is complaining. Realizing that we have a prodigious job on hand we are in a hurry to get through with it, and loafing or shirking is not to be tol-

erated. This attitude toward work is not characteristic of the average American. It must be acknowledged that most of us are in a state of perpetual insurrection against the primal curse. The average man would like to wake up and find evidence leading to the conviction that he was born to sit on the fence and whittle in the sunshine. It is agreeable to nobody to forego the pleasure of a purely contemplative existence. Hence we are all trying more or less to accumulate a goodly supply of the world's goods; but alas! the world of our day has been turned topsy-turvy, and it is up to us to set it right again. As a consequence the man in the street, seeing that he cannot abolish or elude the duty before him, is combining his contemplative disposition, as Lincoln did, with an acute sense of responsibility for the proper conduct of affairs. If he is not fit to fight, at any rate he is able to "do his bit" with a view to perfecting a machine that will serve the general purpose. This is the peculiarly American idea. The American has a passion for labor-saving, for conquering nature. Whatever is hard to do the American contrives a machine to do and then he presses a button and sits back and watches the thing work. Realizing that the essentials to success in the present undertaking are a well-equipped military machine, a mercantile marine, a food conservation machine and a life preservation machine, he has ordered their construction at whatever cost and he is coming through with the money to insure their up-keep and all the overhead incidentals. All of which entails a readjustment of ambitions that spurred us on before the war, but perhaps consolation may be found in the reflection that after the war we shall be so chastened that the best of all worlds will be a more delightful place of residence. A very expensive affair indeed is this mad

adventure of the crazy Hohenzollern, but it will reduce expenses later on, for we shall have more modest appetites and be less free with our "tips."

In the sporting page of *The Chronicle* "Bobs" asks, without answering the query, why the army of golfers is increasing so amazingly. Fifteen years ago there were about fifty thousand golfers in America. It is estimated now by the National Golf Association that we have half a million golfers, old and young, fat and lean—chiefly the latter—in full and persistent swing. Is not the explanation of this accession the comforting one that American business men are becoming sane? It may be dawning on them that healthful exercise is no handicap to a captain of industry but perhaps an assistance. And there is a faint possibility that half a million golf playing American business men realize that the greatest pleasure in life does not consist in making money which they cannot eat or take to the hereafter and which they have no certainty will not be spent by those they would least like to inherit and squander it.

There has been a good deal said recently about reviving the sport of rowing. Periodically we hear of that possibility in Olympia but the realization is as far off as ever. While we have in this city one of the most satisfactory summer climates by reas-

on of the cool western breezes, we have the worst rowing water in the United States. Rowing is essentially a summer recreation and is stimulated by beautiful evenings, when lightly clad young oarsmen and fair admirers of aquatic outings can skim over shimmery lakes and shaded rivers, or pose gracefully and comfortably on airy club house balconies. After seven o'clock on a July night in San Francisco furs and ulsters would answer better than diaphanous draperies for a rowing excursion. Only enthusiasts of the true Spartan type can bring themselves to doff their street clothes and do an hour's serviceable training in a four-oar barge on wind-swept, white-crested waves. Training in the finer types of racing boats is usually out of the question on summer evenings in San Francisco, and amateur oarsmen have no other time for exercise. Even in the Eastern States where rowing was formerly a very popular sport, and the conditions are favorable, it has lost its vogue. The motor boat has taken the place of the rowboat and displaced boat racing, much as the motor car has displaced the race horse of his ancient heritage. It is doubtful if the eight-oar college races can resist the tendency to forget old pastimes and take up new ones that have come in with the aeroplane and the automobile. This is an age of rapid transition.

**A
Decadent
Old
Pastime**

BERNARD PIERRE LAPACHET

By THOMAS E. FLYNN

IT is hard to believe that Bernard Pierre Lapachet is no longer of this earth, as we knew him and esteemed him in the companionship of club life, which his earnest and valuable coöperation in the editorial direction of *THE OLYMPIAN* made all the more intimate. It seems but the other day that we saw him in the admirable virility of his thirty-nine years, aglow with apparent solicitude for the success of club projects. In his walk, in his speech, in the expression of his thoughts, he appeared typical of rugged health and longevity. He might have been picked as a man in a thousand—yes, ten thousand—absolutely certain to round out a sane and useful career in a green old age honored by the respect of his fellow citizens. On Monday, June 25, the church bells tolled, the solemn music of the high Mass filled the sacred edifice, and with genuine tears and the depth of real sorrow that always mark the passing of the breadwinner of a young and happy family, Bernard Pierre Lapachet was laid to rest. May no dreams but those of the happiness of life come to our earnest and worthy club member, who so quickly, unexpectedly and prematurely passed from the crowded and vivid stage of humanity into the lonely Valley of the Shadow of Death.

At thirty-nine a professional man—especially a lawyer who works his way upward unaided—is only at the threshold of a career. Mr. Lapachet's success had been assured, however, and he left his much-loved family provided for. It was his hope that at least one of his two boys should become his associate in the fine legal business he was establishing. His devotion to his family was beyond praise and a happier home did not exist. The

tragedy of his untimely death is therefore all the more deplorable.

Mr. Lapachet belonged to various organizations, including the Woodmen of the World, the Commonwealth Club, Stanford Parlor, Native Sons of the Golden West, but in *THE OLYMPIC CLUB* he found his greatest recreative pleasure. He desired that his boys should become as closely identified with the club as himself, and every Sunday evening found his contented family amongst the dinner guests.

The national preparedness movement appealed to Mr. Lapachet's good sense and patriotism, for he was in sentiment a whole-souled, uncompromising American. Both of his parents were French. He was identified, in a professional way quite prominently, with the local French colony, and had been a director of the French Hospital. As between the flags of nations, however, Mr. Lapachet did not hesitate to take his place beneath the Stars and Stripes. He became a member of the Reserve Officers Training Camp at Monterey when the question of national preparedness first became an issue. His enthusiasm and usefulness in connection with the Rifle Team of *THE OLYMPIC CLUB* are too well known to call for words of more than mere reference. In all he did this enthusiastic Olympian and loyal American was earnest, forceful and efficient. Nobody could have entered with greater spirit into the organization of an Olympic unit in the present military movement.

That such a useful citizen and model husband and father should be stricken in the moment of his best attainments and brightest prospects reminds us of the proverb: "Death has a thousand doors." We

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE FLAG

By T. L. L.

THERE is a symbolism in the American flag today that is almost as beautiful as is the flag itself.

There is a significance in its triumvirate color that is almost as sweet as is the liberty which made it possible.

For as that banner floats above this nation in these distressful times it is the sign of our undying faith, our deathless hope, our eternal charity—undying faith in ourselves and in the God Who made us what we are, deathless hope for the eventual victory of the right, eternal charity for those unfortunate millions who blindly strive beneath the standard of the wrong, and whom we must conquer lest we perish.

And never before in our too-short history have we so needed faith and hope and charity. We have been forced into the bitterest war of all time, into the seething maelstrom of a ghastly conflict on the outcome of which civilization itself seems to depend, into a battle to the death with a shag-flanked, bull-thewed, cold-eyed Beast of Barbarism. And only a great faith and an abiding hope and a limitless charity can keep us whole until the end.

We have been slow to anger—slow as doom. We have been patient—perhaps too patient. For nearly three years we have walked the stony slopes of a new Gethsemane, alone, waiting and watching. We have forgiven and we have tried to forget the fraud, the malignity, the perfidy, the thievery, the rapacity, the lust, the shameful inhumanity of the Brazen-Throated Singers of the Song of Hate. Even when the steel tips of their stinging lash tore our own flesh we strove to conceal our wrath. "Our dead of yesteryear lie on the ocean's bed; yet we have denied each pleading ghost." Constantly we implored guidance.

Verily, in an agony of doubt we sweated blood. We prayed—God knows we prayed—that this Chalice, this galled Chalice, might pass from our lips, that we might be spared this sacrifice.

But now we know it is His will that we fight; and not our will, but His will, shall be done. We shall drink that chalice to the full, we shall drain it to the dregs; we shall shoulder our cross and we shall ascend our Calvary. And though we be crucified upon the wood of war, though nails of defeat tear us and tyranny's lance lay bare our heart—yet, when all is consummated, we shall arise again, a newer, stronger, greater nation, confirmed in the right which is better than peace, secure in the knowledge that we have done as well as any Faithful Servant.

We now know that our slow mood accorded with the mood of Heaven, that God wanted us to wait, and that because we have waited He will weld "our diverse millions into a single swinging sword, to pierce the heart, to split the bone."

We now know that we are fighting His fight, that "we have joined His host, that He is with us to the uttermost."

We have counted the cost; we have recked the price; "and we bargain no sorry trade. But we steel our souls for the sacrifice, fearless and unafraid. And we fight in a cause that we know is right." God helping us, we can do no other.

Some of us already are gone into the black, the vast wildernesses of this war; others of us are preparing now to go; all of us willingly will respond when comes the call. For it is a far, far nobler thing that the youth of this nation should perish in its pride than that the nation

(Continued on Page 23)

YOU CAN'T FOOL A SPORTING EDITOR

By ROBIN BAILY

THE sporting editor of the San Francisco Evening Sob sat scowling at his typewriter.

The annual spring poem on the witcheries of wrestling was due. But a rhyme for Kreling would not come.

"Why not mention his pink shirt waist," suggested Arion Balazar from the corner where he knocks the world.

The sporting editor pointed out with lurid emphasis that neither pink nor waist nor even shirt rhyme with Kreling even if he has the nerve to wear one.

The conversation was just becoming unneutral, when a sudden silence fell upon all present.

A sporting editor is inured to grotesque and unpleasant spectacles. He sees reporters every day let alone an occasional glimpse of a fight promoter. But the apparition that now assailed his gaze was frightful beyond the ordinary.

At first glance it appeared to be an unpleasant cross between an animated haystack and a South Sea savage.

"I know, some vegetarian guy walking to New York—old stuff; the amateur editor can write a couple of inches." This flashed across the sporting editor's brain.

But he was wrong.

"Give me an entry blank for the girls' Golden Gate Swimming race," said the creature in a sepulchral voice.

"Who for, you?"

"Yes."

"Nothing doing, you are not a girl."

"Yes, me Duke Kahanomoku's little sister, Miss Ukulele Kahanomoku; just swim all way from Honolulu. Everybody on islands waiting by the wireless station to hear the result of race. Please give me blank."

But the sporting editor remained sceptical, and told it to return on the morrow.

That night a telegram was despatched to Duke Kahanomoku. It read: "Have you a sister who swims, bearing hideous resemblance to Otto Wallfisch?"

In the morning mail was this reply: "Ugly sister absolute imposter."

Two days later the tallest woman in the world strode into the office of The Sob. "Miss Tamalpais?" inquired the elevator boy.

"No, Miss Normandie Rose," was the stentorian reply.

"What can I do for you?" asked the sporting editor, when the monumental miss hove in sight.

"I'm Miss Normandie Rose of Portland, painted, powdered and beskirted."

The visitor displayed a letter from Fresno addressed to Miss Normandie Rose and offering the services of a chaperon, but it was no use.

"You could not break into our race with dynamite," said the editor with an unmistakable air of finality.

It may have been a week later, at all events it was after an interval of sufficient duration to induce unwariness, when a geisha girl of prodigious proportions drifted into the same office.

She was constructed along the general lines of a battle cruiser, only more so.

When she tripped, arch-eyed, towards the sporting editor, he assumed an attitude mentally and otherwise of intense suspicion. His every line seemed to exclaim: "What is the little game now?"

"Me join Golden Gatey tea party, swimme, me don't think so," twittered the almond-eyed one.

(Continued on Page 22.)

WINGED O MERMEN RETAIN P. A. TITLE

By ERNEST MAYNARD SMITH

Ross Still Breaks 'Em

AS THE OLYMPIAN goes to press word comes from Del Monte, where the club swimmers have been competing in the first annual Del Monte championship, that Norman Ross, "world's record wrecker," has set new marks in the 25, 120, 200 and 220 yards events. Ross captured everything he entered—as is his custom nowadays—and again demonstrated the almost too-demonstrated fact that he is the greatest swimmer of all times and places.

* * *

THE OLYMPIC CLUB natatorium is still the premier aquarium of the Pacific Association. At Sacramento May 30th the club mermen successfully defended the P. A. championship from a vigorous attack by the Piedmont Club swimmers of Oakland. The triumph of the Winged O was accomplished mainly through the efforts of "Venus" Ross, who contributed ten valuable points to the club's score card.

The Oakland team got off to a fast start by taking first and second places in the fifty-yard championship. Walter Grace and George Lindsay led Smith to the tape in a close finish, chalking eight points for their club against one for the Winged O.

But Ross won a spectacular victory in the 200-yard breast stroke race from Gunnar Sundman, the former coast champion, bringing the total score to six points for the club and eleven for Piedmont. Ross' win in the breast stroke came as a complete surprise to the majority of the fans who remember Duke Kahanamoku's unsuccessful debut into this style of swimming. Ross by this achievement showed that he is the greatest all-round swimmer the world has ever known. His time was

2:56 for the distance, fast time considering that it was his first attempt at the stomach event.

Another victory went to the Moose in the furlong when he breezed in some ten yards ahead of Ralph Cruse of Stockton. Ross was coasting all the way, saving his "pep" for the relay race which everyone knew would be a classic.

True to expectations the relay was one of the most exciting team competitions ever witnessed in a P. A. championship. Piedmont had mobilized a particularly formidable quartet for the splash, and THE OLYMPIC CLUB team was to an extent an unknown quantity.

Piedmont gained a yard lead in the first lap when Lindsay outswam Smith. In the second Postlewaite, a novice in championship work, surprised the crowd



(Photo by Wm. von Poellnitz)

NORMAN ROSS

The record wrecker who now has four new ones

by overtaking Gene Holtkamp, the Piedmont swimmer, and giving "Toots" Gardner a slight lead. Gardner was pitted against Jesse Jackson, one of the fastest of the Oakland four, and a great lap ensued. Gardner swam his course absolutely in a straight line, while Jackson neutralized his immense speed by bending his course. Gardner and Jackson touched simultaneously and Ross and Grace dove together. Grace had won the fifty-yard championship and is accorded a high rating in short sprints all over the country, but the Moose, feeling the spur of necessity, forgot his distance stroke and performed like some super-sixteen craft on a trial trip. He just out-touched the Piedmont man, winning the race and keeping the relay title which the club has won consecutively for six years.

* * *

The second naval battle between THE OLYMPIC CLUB and the Stockton water polo teams resulted in a decisive victory for the club seven. The Stockton bunch bristled aggressiveness, and went in to make it a bad party for the Olympics. Eric Hebbe, the "mal hombre" of the valley team, had Ross marked for carnage. Ross sensed the antipathy of the country swimmer and answered gun for gun every shot of his guard.

Preston Steiger starred up near the goal, displaying a return to his former flashy scoring ability. Lincoln Johnson performed yeoman service in the back field, corking the opposition every time it grew restive.

Two new players, Bill Lynch and Duke Morrison, showed to good advantage, a reassuring indication that Olympia has worthy successors to the present line of players. The final score of the Stockton contest was Olympic Club 8, Stockton 0.

* * *

Art Selby, who captained the Princeton

team last year, was swimming like a champion in the fifty yards until he answered his Uncle's call and donned a uniform in the Officers Training Camp. His return will strengthen the club's sprinting department.

OLYMPIA CLEANS OUT THE PICNICS

By FRANK FOSTER

OLYMPIC tracksters — track-stars might be better—carried off the honors of the Caledonian and Knights of the Red Branch picnics at Shellmound and Idora parks this year, sweeping all competition before them and bringing home a carload of silverware.

Bobby Vellou—néé Vlught—has finally returned to the form that made him famous a few years ago in cross-city races. At the Caledonian meet he ran away from a classy field in the mile, starting from scratch and finishing in 4:43. Fuller, O. C., and Farmer, O. C., took second and third respectively to Vellou.

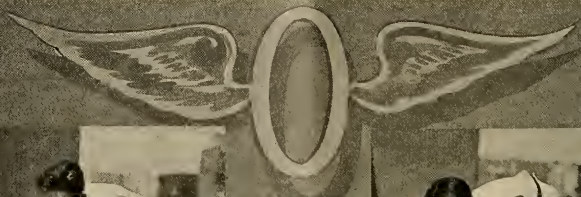
Eddie Stout, also scratched, took the half-mile run in 2:10, and again two Olympians followed him to the tape, Farmer being second and Abinanti third.

Dunne won the 100-yard run in 10:3, Maker high-jumped 5:8, Johnny Norton hurdled in 17, and Joe Pyne captured the 440 in 55:4 to round out the Winged O's accomplishments.

At the Red Branch games Vellou gathered the Kelleher diamond medal for two miles for the fourth time.

Joe Pyne won both the 176 and the 440 yard dashes, winning the former in 19:1 and the latter in 54:1.

McEachern took the fifty-six pound weight throw with a heave of 30 feet 5 inches, and Fred Hoffman cycled the two mile bike handicap from scratch in 2:35, a new Shellmound Park record.



JOHN CONLON



WESTON GERHARDT



BERNARD K. LAPACHET



ALEXANDER KEENAN, JR.



CHAS F. MILLIGAN, JR.



JAMES DICKEY

SOME
O.
SPRINTERS

JUDGE GRAHAM PROVES IT'S TRUE

With a Wrestler as a Subject He Demonstrates the Power of Mind
Over Matter

By B. BELL COLE

WHEN Wladek Zbyszko, the "mighty son of Poland," blessed San Francisco with his presence in preparation for his match with Edward "Strangler" Lewis here on June 5th, he was extended the courtesies of THE OLYMPIC CLUB so that he might get his training licks in on a fairly decent mat.

Public feeling was running high against the grapplers at that time, the charge of crookedness hurled by one of the morning dailies (which eventually resulted in the actual death of the business hereabouts) having struck a sympathetic chord among those sport enthusiasts whom the wrestlers refer to as the "booblic," and it is barely possible that had not the club permitted Zbyszko the use of the gymnasium Poland's pride might have found himself unable to prepare adequately for his "gruelling contest."

However, he got in and worked out for three or four days just as if he really meant to chew his opponent up.

Now Zbyszko is a big man—one of the biggest at present getting away with professional wrestling. He weighs in the neighborhood of 240 pounds bedside, his shoulders rival the shoulders of old Atlas, while his legs—oh! lady, his legs!—would make a grand piano curl up and refuse to play. And Judge Thomas F. Graham of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco stands against him like Napoleon against the Sphinx.

But just so that you may know the power mind has over matter—Mr. Zbyszko will please pardon the unintentional slur—marken to what happened in the facade of the swimming pool the very first day the Pole pretended he was training.

Thus one of the local newspapers recorded the incident:

"Judge Thomas F. Graham, great reconciler, county defense chairman and, according to recent whispers, possible candidate, took his life in his hands yesterday.

"He matched his judicial powers against the physical strength of Wladek Zbyszko, described by his press agents as 'the world's most famous wrestler'—and the judge got away with it. He lives today to hear his fellow members of THE OLYMPIC CLUB tell the tale thus:

"Zbyszko, having finished an hour's hard workout in THE OLYMPIC CLUB quarters, had come down from the gymnasium to the shower rooms reeking with perspiration and followed by an admiring train of camp followers. Stripping off his wrestling pads and tights and grabbing a pair of trunks he made for the tank.

"High over his head he swung his hands, posed for a second above the clear water, and was just about to plunge when a man rushed out and uttered this judicial edict in the form of a writ of prohibition:

"'Here, you can't get into that tank. You've got to take a shower bath first.'

"Zbyszko's hand fell; he glared at Judge Graham a minute and then he decided that the restraining order had to be obeyed. So he fled to the showers while the judge's judicial eye followed him to see that the mandate was complied with.

"The notices that members must take showers before entering the tank are particularly prominent at THE OLYMPIC CLUB. Can it be that the mighty son of Poland cannot read?"

OLYMPIC BOXER WINS AND LOSES

Fred Murphy, Club Welterweight, Creates Furore at Seattle

By GEORGE GREEN

Olympic Club Boxing Instructor

THE outstanding feature of the Far Western Amateur Boxing Championships, held at Seattle May 29 and 30, was the work of Fred Murphy, Olympia's welterweight champion.

Murphy went through a gruelling tourney in his proper class, won the championship thereof, and then, entering the middleweight division, fought his way to the finals, where he lost a decision to Tom Woodhouse of the Seattle Athletic Club in a bout that the North will long remember.

Indeed so interesting was this bout, and so close, that when the decision went to Woodhouse quite a number of the spectators were more than mildly disapproving, and the following day Seattle papers gave an unusual amount of space to a discussion of the decision's merits. Murphy, however, is just as good a loser as he is a winner, and in recognition of his sportsmanship he received a silver loving cup from the Seattle Athletic Club, under whose auspices the bouts were held, a few days after his return to San Francisco.

The following excerpt from the Seattle *Daily Times* will give Olympians some idea as to how much of a flurry Murphy's work caused:

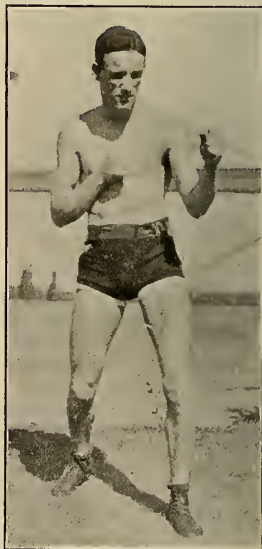
"Murphy had already won the title in the 145-pound class by outpointing decisively Claude Fortner of the S. A. C., and had won his way to the finals in the 158-pound division by slipping Ellsworth Hammond of the S. A. C. a knockout in the third round.

"In the finals of the 158-pound class Murphy and Tom Woodhouse staged one of the most robust battles of the tourna-

ment. The men stood toe to toe and slug-ged, with Murphy doing the most effective work throughout. Woodhouse was punished severely but was game to the core and kept boring in and swapping punches with the San Francisco boy. There is no question but that Woodhouse put up a wonderful exhibition but Murphy won and the best Woodhouse could have hoped for was another round. The reading of the judges' slips stupefied the crowd.

"Murphy was game enough to con-

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(Photo by Wm. von Poellnitz)

FRED P. MURPHY

The one hundred and forty-five pound Far Western champion

THE JUDGE CAME BACK

A Case in the Medical Department

By TOBIN COLE

THE Judge dropped into the Medical Department the other day. You all know the Judge, principally from the way he arranges his hair—waving it back from the forehead, beginning at the nape of the neck.

Once upon a time the Judge played a good game of handball, but not for some while. He gave an account of having played recently and of having taken up Christian Science to get over the effects. He could not figure out finally which gave him the most pain.

The Judge was given the once over and the following ensued:

"Well, doctor, what shall I do to be saved?"

"What are you doing?"

"Walking a lot; that's good exercise, isn't it?"

"Yes. What else?"

"Nothing much."

"Why don't you play a little handball? You used to play a good game."

"Say, I played one day and I couldn't move for a week. Besides that is too strenuous, isn't it, for a man of my years?" (Years being from forty to fifty.)

"When you played that time you hadn't played for a long time, hadn't taken any other exercise beforehand and, generally speaking, were in pretty rotten condition; isn't that so?"

"Yes."

"Well, what do you expect?"

"Do you think I can come back?"

"Maybe not all the way, but far enough to make it worth trying for."

"What shall I do?"

"Do some general gym work, join the business men's class, do it three times a week, do it faithfully for six weeks and then come in again and we will note progress."

"I'll do it."

Three weeks later the Medical Department went into the cooling room off the hot room and there sat the Judge.

"Mornin', Judge."

"Mornin', Doc."

"How'de yuh feel?"

"Great—just been playing handball—three games."

"With whom?"

The Judge pointed alongside him, and there sat the champion handball player of the world, under the shower. You all know who it is because you have *heard* him play many times—after coming down from the courts.

Now what had the Judge gone and done? He had taken three weeks in the gym, then took his life in his hands, going into the handball court with the most dangerous player in the club, played three games, felt fine, no soreness—and there you are.

The Judge did it; so can you.

The uses of the Medical Department are furnished to members free of charge and the Department is most anxious to consult with them in regard to their work and to check it up.

CEREGHINO AND FORAN NEW DOUBLES CHAMPIONS

By ARTHUR L. SHANNON

THE end of the last handball tournament was marked by the keenest struggles that have ever been fought for high honors in this branch of the club's activities. The day upon which the losers met the winners in what was expected to be the finals was a day of surprises and reverses for those self-same winners. In every one of the four classes those gallant teams that had suffered one defeat and had slowly battled their way to the top of the defeated heap, stormed the strongholds of the undefeated and carried the day. But they were unable to maintain this temporary foothold. In the finals all the available forces and resources of their opponents were marshalled against them. Their defeat marked the end of the long struggle, and they were forced to be content with second place in one of the best doubles' handball tournaments that has ever been held in the club's courts.

Joe Cereghino, the club's master of the soft ball, added one more laurel to his wreath. He and his partner Frank Foran are now the champion doubles team of the club, having carried off first prize in the first class. Their victory was nothing less than miraculous. In the finals Russ and Poheim gave them a battle for their lives. After each team had taken a game, the champions seemed to lose their grip. In the third game they were gradually beaten back until the score stood 19—10 against them. It seemed a most impossible task for them to make eleven points while their opponents made two—but Russ and Poheim never made those two points. Indeed after their nineteenth point they never had another hand-in. It was the greatest exhibition of uphill fighting in a pinch that has ever been witnessed in our courts. It

was another glorious example of Cereghino stout-heartedness under pressure. Foran worked his exasperating left court serve with deadly accuracy. The return was, of course, easy. It was these easy returns that Cereghino killed unmercifully and without a miss. From the tenth point clear through to the twenty-first, it was like clock work. Before they could realize it, Russ and Poheim had lost the coveted prize which was once well within their grasp.

There was an exciting contest for the second class honors between Shannon and Sheldon and Ryan and Donovan. These teams met three times in the tournament. In the second match Ryan and Donovan who had come up out of the losers' division earned themselves another chance at first prize by decisively beating their former victors. In this match Ryan played a most remarkable in-court game, while his partner was invincible in the outer court. In the final match, however, this system was broken up, particularly by Sheldon's peculiar shift, which fooled Ryan considerably. There were many thrills in this final match, and each team's partisans in the gallery were pulling strong for their favorites. The match was won in two straight games.

In the third class it was all along expected that C. Cournale and Maloney would ultimately be victorious. In the final match Cournale distinguished himself by his brilliant playing. McLaughlin and Welsh fought hard to overcome this disadvantage, but the end of the match found them on the short end.

Carfagni and Cupples won the fourth class from Lynch and Roth after a most exhausting match. Lynch who had played

well in the semi-finals fell down somewhat in the last match, which seemed at times to discourage his partner.

The club provided the winners in each class with beautiful silver cups for each man. These trophies were presented to the winners at the usual handball dinner given in the club house after the tournament. From the beginning of the tournament until the end of the dinner, this year's handball activities were the most successful and best conducted of any heretofore.

Winners of the Doubles' Handball Tournament:

FIRST CLASS

Team—	Prize
Os. Cereghino and F. J. Foran.....	First
A. Russ and Hugo Poheim.....	Second
J. Lydon and D. J. Murray.....	Third

SECOND PRIZE

L. Shannon and V. A. Sheldon....	First
T. Ryan and J. J. Donovan.....	Second
C. O'Connor Jr. and G. E. Bond....	Third

THIRD CLASS

C. Courdale and G. Maloney Jr.....	First
McLaughlin and H. R. Welch.....	Second
M. Steiger and G. H. Thomas Jr....	Third

FOURTH CLASS

A. B. Carfagni and W. H. Cupples....	First
V. Lynch and F. W. Roth.....	Second
E. K. Booth and H. R. Blair.....	Third

OHRT BOOSTS HOFFMAN

Thinks Well of Olympian's Chances for Cycle Title

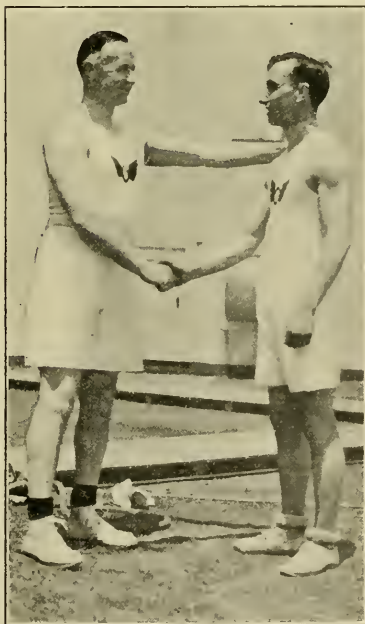
The Winged O may again flash on the crest of a national amateur cycling champion, according to Hans Ohrt, O. C., who held the title before turning professional and entering the six-day race field.

Ohrt declares that Harry Hoffman, who placed fifth in the 1916 championships, has been riding in phenomenal fashion of late,

and that his chances of winning the 1917 title are excellent.

Hoffman has been in the East for quite a few months now, competing on the Newark Velodrome, where he has won three out of four starts and placed second in two out of four handicap races. He recently beat John Stahele of Newark, the 1916 champion.

The 1917 championships are to be held during June and July at six distances. Quarter, half, mile, 2 miles and 5 miles contests will be ridden. And should Hoffman retain his present form it is likely that another national championship will be brought back to Olympia.



(Photo by Wm. von Poellnitz)

FRANK FORAN AND JOSEPH CEREGHINO

Winners first class handball tournament

BASEBALL

By BART BURKE

PLAYING at Olympian Field before the largest crowd of soldiers that ever took leave of the military reservation for pastime, THE OLYMPIC CLUB baseball team on June 2nd defeated the crack Fort Miley team by a 7 to 5 score. Medcraft pitching airtight ball for the club, was found for only two bingles, but Soldier Lawson, mound artist for the artillerymen, was hammered all over the lot. Our little friend Harold Swanton as usual was very much in the spotlight in this game, and to a great measure he helped bring victory to the club. Medcraft, it is but just to say, received excellent support from his battery mate Harrington.

As the soldiers, like all game sports, wanted another chance, a game was arranged for June 9. Unfortunately for the bombardiers, however, the club working behind Pitcher Lidley, who allowed but four hits, easily took them in to the final tune of 7 to 6. Always ready to do the graceful act the club team challenged the two-times losers to another game, which

will be played at the Fort Miley diamond on Saturday, June 23.

On Sunday, June 10th, the club team journeyed up to Stockton to play the locals. The Olympic team had the distinction (if you would call it a distinction) of being the first San Francisco team to play in the San Joaquin metropolis since 1915. Valiantly the club team tried to show the Hub City fans what San Francisco ball teams were like, but a series of unfortunate errors on the part of the club and the weakening of the team caused by the absence of two of the best men on the squad was too much, and Stockton won by a score of 3 to 2. Medcraft pitched a fine game, allowing but four hits while the club garnered 7. The one scintillating play of the day was made when Medcraft with the bases full and two down struck out Jimmy Shinn, the far-touted slugger of the Stockton team. The club runs came when Maloney, J. Kennedy, McGrath and Swanton hit in succession.

FRED HILMER'S FOUR BOYS LOOK TO BE THERE

As Do Four of Our Juniors and Six Sprinting Juveniles

SURROUNDED by his four sons, Supervisor Fred L. Hilmer is pictured on the frontispiece of this issue of THE OLYMPIAN. And he looks almost as proud of those four sons as he ought to be.

For in Fred L. Hilmer Jr. and George H. Hilmer, who box, and in Marshall Hilmer and Roland Hilmer, who swim, the Supervisor has a quartet of athletic lads destined some day to wear easily the laurels of Olympic fame. It is going to be a difficult task to keep these youngsters from

developing along their respective lines of sport; their instructors say they've got "the goods," and there is no doubt but that when the goods are there Hilmer blood will deliver them in right-o shape.

* * *

Pictured in the heelpiece of this issue of THE OLYMPIAN are four junior athletes, graduates from the juvenile class, whose class on track and field has made them champions in local high school circles.

John R. Postlethwaite is a hurdler who looks to be right in line for big time

track work. He has speed aplenty, he hurdles easily and his strength is there at the finish.

Arthur B. Dunne is another timber-topper who is keeping the tracksters from worrying about the eventual filling of Fred Murray's shoes. Dunne is one of the snappiest pieces of hurdling machinery wearing the Winged O.

Harry Abinanti, a distance man, holds S. F. A. L. and Central California records in the mile, and right now can make the best of them sprint the last lap to win.

Louis H. "Babe" Bering sprints. And

Bering sure does step out in the short distances. He nicks close to 10:1 consistently,

* * *

On August 25th in Golden Gate Park Stadium, the juveniles will hold their annual track and field meet. Elsewhere in this issue of THE OLYMPIAN six of them are pictured on their marks in training for the event. These lads know a thing or two about sprinting already, as their position indicate; give 'em half a chance under Frank Foster and in a very few years they'll be boasting medals and winning cups.

WITH THE JUNIORS

By STANLEY R. SMITH

THE junior department will present a rather quiet appearance during the next few months. School has closed and that means that most of the fellows will be away. Nearly all the boys will do their bit for the country by going to work on the land for part of the vacation at least. Already there has been quite an exodus to the great interior valleys of the State and more expect to follow as soon as such trifling things as condition "exes" and so forth are concluded.

In fact during the last few weeks one large continual argument has raged in junior quarters. The back-to-the-farm-movers have waged relentless warfare on the would-be lumber jacks and seamen, claiming that farm work is much the better, as well as more patriotic. Mere members who have no intention of working but who are going on a vacation, of necessity take no part in these discussions.

There is some talk of the local school board granting vacation until September to all boys who go to work on farms, and if this materializes our ranks are due to be depleted for some time.

Our estimable friend John Connolly is quite worried. Wearing the proud dis-

tingtion of being the only junior member of THE OLYMPIC CLUB fencing team Johnny was slated to have his "picture took," said picture to adorn a prominent page of THE OLYMPIAN. Unfortunately, however, John left it till the last minute and when he came to the club after practicing pleasant expressions for a week or more, Billy Von Poellnitz had gone to Monte Rio on his annual pilgrimage. So the picture was "off" and John departed for the San Joaquin (where he has a job with Miller & Lux) with a hurt and shocked expression on his mobile countenance.

* * *

It is rather hard to say good-bye to friends when they are leaving for the battle front, but one cannot help but glow with pride at the knowledge that we possess such friends. This is the feeling of all the juniors to whom Edgar Kierulf is personally known. "Doc," as he is familiarly known to his friends and intimates, leaves the early part of this month for "La Belle France." He has secured an appointment to the Dr. Powell unit of the Ambulance Corps. Kierulf is one of the most popular boys in the junior division. Blessed with a fund of cheery

good nature he was the life of any gathering he strayed into, and it is with the hope of his coming home again safe and sound, with perhaps a "medaille militaire" upon his manly bosom that we wish him bon voyage.

* * *

Jack Collins will not guide the destinies of the junior water polo team this year, for Jack has heard the call to higher things—no less than goal keeper on Sid Cavil's prides, the senior water polo team. Jack is only a junior, but you can't keep a good man down, and he has beaten several athletic members to the job. In the last three games but two goals have been scored against his watchful waiting while the club team in front of him registered forty-eight tallies.

YOU CAN'T FOOL A SPORTING EDITOR

(Continued from Page 11)

"You said it, I don't think so either," exploded the editor.

"Honorable writing person use very much hot words to nice geisha girl. Me swimyum lake all same Japanese fighting ship."

"Cut it out, Harry McKenzie," said the newspaperman.

* * *

THE OLYMPIC CLUB had played its last card.

An elaborate investigation, conducted by The Sob, revealed the following facts. At a meeting of the Athletic Board of the club somebody referred to a race across the Golden Gate strait.

"We ought to win that," said President Humphrey.

"Yes, enter the usual team," added Dr. McConnell to those responsible.

"But the race is for girls," explained Coach Sid Caville.

"No matter, they cannot prevent THE OLYMPIC CLUB from winning a champion-

ship by this suffragette stuff," snapped "Doc" Frank Foster.

Then the base plot was conceived.

No wonder that song has become so popular:

"Oh Winged Oh Winged Oh."

OLYMPIC BOXER WINS AND LOSES

(Continued from Page 16.)

gratulate Woodhouse and was given a big hand as he went to his dressing room."

It is of course unfortunate that the bout ended as unsatisfactorily as it did, but there is no question at all of the S. A. C.'s fairness in the matter. It is quite possible that the judges were right and the crowd wrong; but whether right or wrong nothing influenced the judges but their own eyesight, and it is the part of a sportsman to abide by a decision against him just as whole-heartedly as if it were 'with him.

The result of this bout will not, it is certain, so much as hint at a strain in the relations between the Olympic and the Seattle Athletic clubs—though Seattle fans seemed to think it might.

Indeed the incident, revealing just what a good loser Olympia as exemplified in Murphy, is, should rather cement than injure those relations.

And if Murphy really is the better man there will be plenty of tourneys to come in which he can prove his superiority.

Murphy's welterweight title is the only championship won for the Winged O at Seattle. Our other boys were shaded in all their bouts—beaten by narrow margins—defeated but not disgraced. The full results of the tournament follow:

Flyweight class: Lawrence Kelly, L. A. C., champ; bantamweight: Bob Harper, S. A. C.; featherweight: Earl Baird, S. A. C.; lightweight: Tommy Murphy, Kansas City; welterweight: Fred Murphy, O. C.; middleweight: Tom Woodhouse, S. A. C.; light-heavyweight: S. Sontag, S. A. C.

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE FLAG

(Continued from Page 10)

itself should fall a victim to its own complacency. It is a far, far better thing that the sweet womanhood of America should forsakenly suffer now than that some day it should suffer the fate of Belgium's womanhood.

It is because of these things that the American flag takes on a new significance for us today. It is because of these things that the American flag—once a flag of peace, prosperity and plenty—now flies a flag of war and wrath—the bravest flag that ever flung its folds into the winds that beat about the world, the truest flag for which men have ever fought and bled and died, the grandest, noblest and most glorious flag mankind has ever known. And "Seeing it fly, and the boys marching by,

There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,

And a longing to live for' it always—or die,

If dying we still keep it waving on high."

BERNARD PIERRE LAPACHET

(Continued from Page 9)

know not through which he may enter unannounced.

Whether Mr. Lapachet was aware of the grave character of his ailment when he suddenly put aside his professional work and entered a hospital nobody knew but his surgeon and himself. Like a prudent business man he set his affairs in order and allayed the fears of his family by assurances that he was suffering only from a slight disorder of the stomach which needed medical observation and would soon be corrected. The surgical operation followed with startling swiftness, and not many days after the strong man—fighting in vain for life—passed away, his stunned and mourning relatives kneeling at his bedside. Well has the poet Emerson said

that life is after all but a series of surprises and the greatest is the last. As Burns put it:

Sprung from night, in darkness lost.
Life is but a day at most.

Mr. Lapachet was a brother of Emile, Violet and Albert Lapachet. His brothers are well known business men. He is survived by his widow and two sons, the oldest being eight years. The funeral of the lamented lawyer took place from his late residence, 1524 Fell street, a requiem high Mass at the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires preceding the interment at Holy Cross Cemetery.

OLYMPIANS WHO HAVE RESPONDED TO UNCLE SAM'S CALL

ACTIVE:

Bernhard, Howard F., Recruiting Service, U. S. Army.

Flanders, E. A., Co. 1, Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Ffoulkes, Bruce, Captain M. O. R. C., Fort Riley, Kans.

Foley, Jos. E., Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Ghirardelli, Louis, Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Hackett, C. N., Co. 4, Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Heywood, J. G., Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Leland, Dr. T. B. W., Chief Surgeon Naval Militia of Cal., U. S. S. Oregon.

Martin, A. K., Co. 3, Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Marx, Rene J., Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Myers, Paul A., Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Marriott, F. A., Major 5th California Infantry.

Mackintosh, Alex., Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Shingle, J. F., Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Whitney, St. John, Reserve Officers Training Camp.

* * *

ATHLETIC:

Bohnert, A. M., Co. 15, Engineers Reserve Corps.

Mensing, M. B., 8th Regiment, Engineers Reserve Corps.

Nees, Geo. B., Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Raas, E. G., Reserve Officers Training Camp.

Williamson, M. G., Asst. Surgeon, U. S. Naval Reserve.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP

ACTIVE:

Bain, Chas. H., merchant with Hills Bros., Piedmont, Cal.

Eddy, R. C., importer with S. L. Jones & Co., 209 California St.

Hill, Alexander, with U. S. Printing & Lithographing Co., 112 Market St.

Pascoe, H. C. R., dentist, 291 Geary St.

Schmidt, Max, president Schmidt Lithographing Co., 2nd and Bryant Sts.

Steffen, Gerhardt A., capitalist, 1200 Sacramento St.

Zinn, Walter C., commission broker, 112 Market St.

* * *

SERVICE:

Linkins, H. M., Lieutenant U. S. Navy, 1155 Pine St.

Pine, Samuel D., Captain Q. M. C., Pine and Battery Sts.

Riefkohl, R. M., Lieutenant Coast Artillery, Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

Roe, E. J., Asst. Paymaster U. S. Navy, U. S. S. Rainbow, San Francisco.

* * *

JUNIOR:

Doane, Osborne C., student, 1383 Sixth Avenue.

JUVENILE:

Crilly, James E., Larkspur, Cal.

Cunningham, Paul H., 1440 Sacramento Street.

Hilmer, Geo. H., 2 Euclid Ave.

Hinkel, Robt. C., 2832 Broderick St.

A BUSINESS TALK

Mere dollar saving is not conservation, because every dollar taken out of the legitimate avenues of industrial production is an economic loss. Our dollars should be working to their full capacity. If we generally attempt to conserve our resources by dollar saving we are creating for ourselves hard times.

Last summer the English Government placarded London with bulletins worded in this wise: "Extravagance in dress is unpatriotic. Save your garments by sending them to the dry cleaner and have them cleaned, renovated or redyed. We think that here lies one of our duties along the lines of President Wilson's admonition to merchants—that it is a time for quick sales and small profits." The F. Thomas Parisian Dyeing & Cleaning Works, No. 27 Tenth street, San Francisco, California, will endeavor to operate its plant so economically and efficiently that it will be a certain factor in the economic welfare of the community and that it may be a practical aid in the conservation of the resources of the community. We shall continue in force our present low prices schedule as long as possible. This we are doing now in the face of the greatest obstacles we ever encountered. The great advance in the price of every single article that is used in our business has been offset only by the strictest economies and the most gruelling and constant labor. The volume of business we are now doing, and the constant addition of new and valuable patrons has made our business the largest in its history. This increased business in the past would have meant a very handsome profit, but the constantly rising tide of costs has overwhelmed the profits that might have been. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that the dollars spent with us are saving and making the purchase of new garments unnecessary and thus we are doing our bit of conserving the resources of the community.

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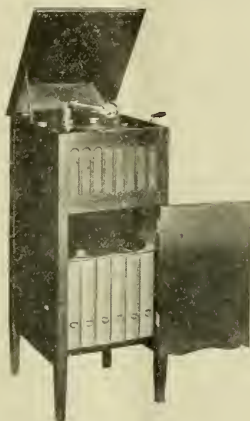
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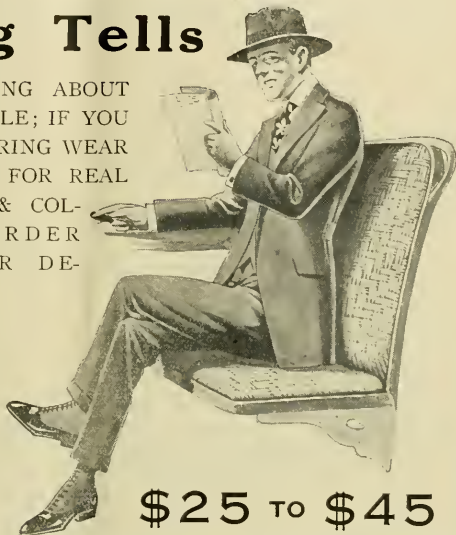
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STATEMENT OF OPERATIONS FOR MONTH OF MAY, 1917

The following figures of the club's financial operations for the month of May, 1917, show that the gain after deducting interest charges and providing for retireemnt of bonded indebtedness was \$1,518.72.

Net Departmental Profit

From Restaurant, Bar, Cigar Stand, Billiards and Pool, Massage Department, Valet Service, Bowling

\$ 1,685.24
4,105.74

House Income

\$ 2,507.57

Living Rooms

\$2,744.50

Income

236.93

Less Labor

Dressing Rooms

1,251.05

Steel Lockers

330.50

Taxicab Account (net)

16.62

Other Income

\$15,657.31

Dues—All Classes

\$12,956.20

Initiations

2,410.00

Visitors' Cards

190.00

Purchase Discounts

101.11

Total Income

\$21,448.29

General Expenses

16,237.90

Office and Administrative

\$ 1,054.58

House General Expenses

1,993.92

Light and Power

629.50

Water

577.99

Laundry

513.87

Maintenance and Repairs

1,455.18

House Labor

3,061.60

House Meals

810.65

"Olympian" (net)

241.99

Library

44.15

Newspapers and Periodicals

18.40

Telephone Exchange

197.55

Total

\$ 721.73

Less Members' Switches

524.18

Stationery and Printing

470.81

Store Room

302.55

Engine Room

1,421.03

Insurance

200.00

Taxes

471.82

Interest on Current Notes

150.00

Athletic

1,813.54

General

\$1,100.07

Special Events

713.47

War Expense

206.51

Old Glory Dinner

602.26

Operating Profit Before Providing for Interest, etc.

\$ 5,210.39

Interest, Etc.

2,025.00

Less

Interest on Mortgage and Bonds

\$1,825.00

Uncollectible Accounts

200.00

Net Profit

\$ 3,185.39

Less

To Provide for Retirement of Mortgage Indebtedness in 20 Years. (Sinking Fund to be Hereafter Provided)

\$ 1,666.67

Final Net Profit Exclusive of Current Depreciation

\$ 1,518.72

We certify that the above statement is correct as taken from the books of The Olympic Club.
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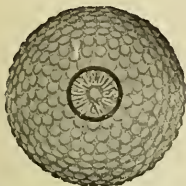
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STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

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SAVINGS

TRUST

JUNE 30, 1917

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	\$18,087,345.15
Other Loans (Collateral and Personal)	11,336,935.08
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults (Head Office and Branches)	1,267,342.86
Other Real Estate	136,032.56
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	432,130.64
Other Resources	317,732.34
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds	\$9,290,431.49
CASH	7,960,728.02
TOTAL	\$48,828,678.14

LIABILITIES

Capital Paid Up	\$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus	\$ 811,600.00
Undivided Profits	254,518.04
Dividends Unpaid	1,066,118.04
Letters of Credit	105,175.06
DEPOSITS	432,130.64
TOTAL	44,225,254.40
TOTAL	\$48,828,678.14

A. P. Giannini and A. Pedrini, being each separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said
A. P. Giannini is President and that said A. Pedrini is Cashier of the Bank of the Italy, the Corporation
above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of our own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI, President,
A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1917.

THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

The Story of Our Growth

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources

December 31, 1904	\$285,436.97
DECEMBER 31, 1906	\$1,899,947.28
December 31, 1908	\$2,574,004.90
DECEMBER 31, 1910	\$6,539,861.49
December 31, 1912	\$11,228,814.56
DECEMBER 31, 1914	\$18,030,401.59
December 30, 1916	\$39,805,995.24
JUNE 30, 1917	\$48,828,678.14

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS / JUNE 30, 1916, 68,356
JUNE 30, 1917, 104,250

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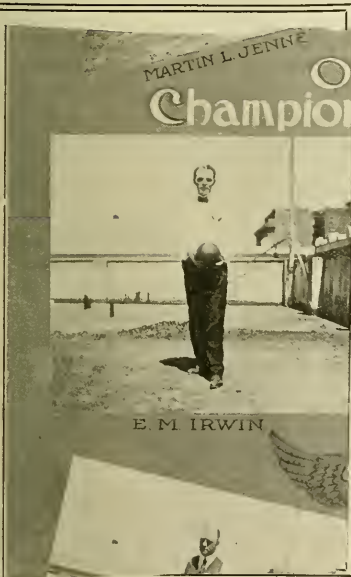
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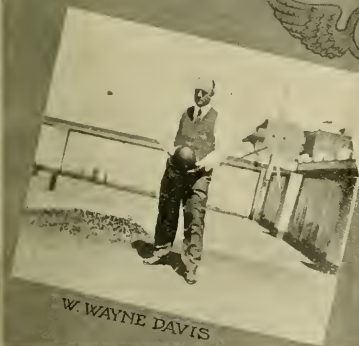
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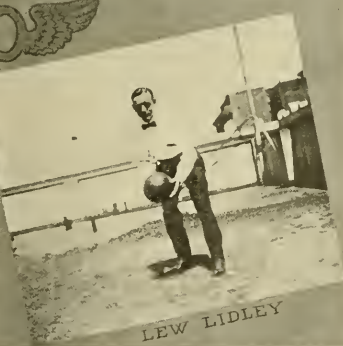
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Vol. V.

JULY, 1917

No. 55

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

The idea of a crack regiment of Californians campaigning together appeals to the Californian spirit which is intensely loyal to our Golden State. The old saying "See Rome and die" is not less applicable than the new one "See California and live." Once a

Californian, always a Californian. What therefore more fitting than the preservation of State pride in the organization of our military strength. The most rigid military disciplinarians of all times have conciliated the spirit of camaraderie. Soldiers do not cease to be human. The sense of fellowship heartens them in hours of stress. The greatest captains have been the most careful to foster the individuality of crack corps. Caesar had his famous Tenth Legion, with which alone he threatened to march against the German hordes of King Ariovistus when many of his officers of

the Roman nobility showed signs of fear. In the ensuing battle the Germans lost eighty thousand men and were pursued forty miles by a Roman general. Napoleon encouraged individuality in his regiments as favorable to useful military rivalry. In the modern European armies there are many regiments distinctively uniformed and recruited. The Highland regiments of the English army, with their appropriate clan tartans and their gaily bedecked pipers, are perhaps the most noticeable. When, as the poet has said, "The pibroch sounds savage and shrill" in front of a regiment of marching clansmen, no pulse save that of a confirmed slacker fails to beat faster. In our own great Civil War doughty deeds were done by the Illinois regiments, the New York regiments, the Massachusetts and many others of the North and South. In all America there is no division more naturally and admirably distinctive than California. The flag of a distinctively Californian corps should rally to it the best of our State's sturdy young manhood. That it will return from the front wreathed with the garlands of heroic patriotism no one can doubt. And that Olympia will in any respect show itself a slacker is too far beyond the scope of possibility to be discussed.

Now for THE OLYMPIC CLUB battery! Thus far the club has responded to every call on its patriotism, and now comes the call to arms which will not find Olympians reluctant. Indeed the call was hardly sounded, hardly echoed in the corridors of the club when gallant young athletes came forward and volunteered for service beneath their country's banner, eager to wear the winged O to victory on the battlefields of France or wherever they may be sent to fight for the Allies and the cause of civilization. THE

OLYMPIC CLUB is playing no perfunctory part in this war. The West was slow to apprehend the war programme of the Central Powers when the Kaiser sent his troops across the Belgian border. The Kaiser had said that Germany was not for conquest, that it merely purposed to defend its liberties, and there were people all over the world who believed his declaration. It was years after this falsehood was uttered that our country came to a sense of the hopelessness of any outcome of the war but German defeat, and even then the West was apathetic, but it is to the everlasting credit of our club that its officers were up and doing as soon as the President made known the nature of the situation and that Olympians began at once preparations for the sacrifice that all true Americans are ready to make for the perpetuation of the institutions of the Republic. The club was actively in the war as soon as our President made his decision. Abundant evidence of this fact was to be found in the color with which Olympians splashed the interior of our home. Khaki furnished the dominant note in the color scheme. Men in uniform increased in number from day to day, and an Olympic guard was soon drilling for emergency. Then came the organization outside the club of the California regiment of field artillery which will presently display the Bear flag of our State on foreign soil, and at once it was made known in Olympia that it was desirable that the club should supply one of the units. At once President Humphrey called for a second "Old Glory" dinner that might be made the occasion of a rally. It was a kind of hurry call, but Olympians came with a rush, they came five hundred strong, and the business of recruiting for the Olympic battery began as soon as the black coffee was sipped. The winged O, which has symbolized the triumphs of our great

athletic club in many a foreign stadium will soon be seen marking the advance from trench to trench somewhere in France.

In whatever arm of the military service California elects to serve in this serious war we have entered, expedition and resolution are required. It was taken for granted by too large a proportion of our citizens that the defeat of the enemy was but a question of a little time. Germany could not fight the whole world; the ring of steel and fire around the Kaiser would tighten and the inevitable would occur. In the third year of this terrible war, however, we find the submarine menace more serious than any that preceded it. The submarines are sinking four times as much tonnage as the world can replace. No perfect solution of the submarine problem has been found. Optimistic Allied statesmen say the food prospects in England are improved. Imagine what that means. How narrow a margin stands between the proud English empire and collapse. No nation can absolutely starve and fight. Hunger dethroned the Czar and has made revolution rampant in Russia. That the tightening belt in Germany has not also caused a dethronement is amazing. The cry of the Allies to America for help is one of actual distress. It is time for us to reflect that a draw in this war of democracy against autocracy, will be the greatest triumph that has come to Prussian militarism since Frederick the Great fought Russia, Austria, France, Saxony and Bohemia, and emerged from the Seven Years' War with more money and territory than he had at the beginning. This is no time for our nation to pause for an instant in its programme of military preparation.

The hands of the clock are speeding towards the climacteric hour.

In some countries there is a tendency to regard the war in the light of a social panacea. It has been frequently said that the war in spite of the enormous sacrifice and loss that it entails, has been the salvation of England; has purged a whole nation in its fire.

There are folks who are saying that the war may do the same thing for the United States, but that there are signs of an approaching peace that may arrive before we shall have been in the war long enough to enjoy any of the benefits that are discussed in the philosophy of a complacent optimism. But already the war has done one thing for us; it has made physical fitness imperative and the good result of physical exercise visible. Causing a great reduction of too solid flesh all over the country, the war has improved the appearance and the health of men; and as a result of their seeing themselves as their admirers see them they will hereafter go in for athleticism with more enthusiasm than ever. Also as a result of war our school boys may come to realize that games are not the end of life. There is something greater than play; alas, there is war! But when once more peace reigns boys will have to have an outlet for their

energies and there is none better than athleticism.

How many Olympians are aware of the fact that the club has a medical department? Believing that our Dr.

Meet Rumwell has not as many
the acquaintances in the club as
Doctor should have professional relations with him we think it ad-

visable to call attention to him in his official capacity. Dr. Rumwell is not only a good physician; he is a good Olympian, and he takes pleasure in serving the interests of his fellow members of the club. There are many things about which he may be consulted to advantage, especially by men who indulge in certain forms of exercise. What may be good exercise for one man may not be good for another, and it is worth every man's while to know whether he is pursuing the proper course in matters affecting his health. This is easy to find out in the club where a man puts himself in trim for a physical examination before exercising. Even if one doesn't exercise at all, preferring to be a leisurely hot-room athlete, there may be good reason for getting a little information from the doctor. The average layman is lamentably ignorant of things he should know about his own body and the care of it, and a tip in time does nobody any harm. So why not avail yourself of the doctor the club provides?

AN OFFICIAL CALL

A regular meeting of THE OLYMPIC CLUB is hereby called for, and will be held, on Tuesday evening, August 7th, 1917, at eight o'clock in the club's gymnasium for the purpose of receiving the names of candidates for the NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

Pursuant to Section 1 of Article XIV of the By-laws of THE OLYMPIC CLUB said committee shall consist of five (5) members, but the number of nominations of candidates for membership on said committee is unlimited. Said committee will nominate members for the following offices:

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
TREASURER
SECRETARY

and four (4) Directors, as the terms of Directors T. I. Fitzpatrick, Thos. Alton, James Woods and S. N. Rucker expire on the second Tuesday in September, 1917.

Dated at San Francisco, July 20th, 1917.

WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY, *President.*

Attest: FRANK J. FORAN, *Secretary.*

N. B.: The election of the NOMINATING COMMITTEE will be held on Tuesday, August 14th, 1917. The polls will be open from two o'clock P. M. until nine o'clock P. M. The election will be in charge of the following members of the club:

Inspectors:

W. R. BERRY
A. J. FRITZ

Judges:

N. A. HEWSON
GEO. JONES
A. O. HARWOOD
LOUIS McLANE

DO NOT FORGET THE DATES

Tuesday, August 7th, 1917, at eight o'clock P. M., nominations for candidates for the NOMINATING COMMITTEE will be received.

Tuesday, August 14th, 1917, from two o'clock P. M. until nine o'clock P. M. election of NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

OLD GLORY DINNER NO. 2

By T. F. B.

THE second "Old Glory" dinner in our gymnasium was in some respects a more felicitous affair than the first; but comparisons are seldom felicitous. On both occasions the same spirit was manifest, the spirit of enthusiasm for a great cause, the spirit of national enthusiasm by which we give evidence of the love we bear to our country. The *motif* in each instance was the same, but at the second dinner Olympians were a little more serious than at the first, a circumstance due perhaps to the slight difference in the objects of the rally. It is a simple matter to call for money for the war; a serious matter to call for men. Many were the sobering thoughts inspired by the second dinner. They were inspired not alone by consciousness of the object that motived the occasion but by the presence of our soldier boys in khaki—a goodly number of them—officers of the regular army, among whom were Major-General Hunter Liggett, a man of impressive presence and fine martial bearing, and representatives of the California Light Field Artillery, the gallant organization in which Olympians are to fight for their country on the battlefields of Europe. One felt in the presence of these men, all eager for the front where, associated with men of the Winged O, they may soon be shedding their blood in defense of their country, that the tragic business of the war had come pretty close to us. So if the second old glory dinner was a jolly affair conducive to pleasant relaxation it was not without a certain stimulating effect on the mind, for it was a feast to aid reflection, and one could not help dwelling on the fateful prospect pictured by an imagination quickened by sentiments in harmony with the spirit and atmosphere of the occasion. Never-

theless the affair went galloping along, marked by that ebullience of spirits by which gayety proves that the heart is at ease. There was plenty of good entertainment at the dinner, plenty of good humor, music to thrill and inspire and no lack of the infectious enthusiasm that aids digestion.

President Wm. F. Humphrey started the ball a-rolling with a rattling good speech touching the purpose of the dinner and expressing confidence in the club on its willingness and eagerness to pursue in characteristic fashion the patriotic course that it marked out for itself when, at the first Old Glory dinner, it subscribed for \$100,000 worth of Liberty Bonds and pledged a big monthly contribution thus to do its bit by helping to defray the cost of the war. "Thus far," said Mr. Humphrey, "the club has not failed in its duty. It has responded to every call, done so gladly and will continue to do so. Olympians have volunteered to fight for their country, and now that they are asked to contribute to the glory of their State and of their club by swelling the ranks of the California regiment of Field Artillery with a unit to be known as the Olympic battery, we need not have the slightest doubt as to the result."

At the close of his speech Mr. Humphrey read a despatch that was greeted with salvos of applause. It was a despatch from two stalwart members of the Olympic football squad who were in Hollister when they received notice of the dinner and its objects. Thus, the despatch: "W. F. Humphrey,
"Olympic Club.

"Appreciating what THE OLYMPIC CLUB means to us as athletic members, we are

(Continued on Page 2.)

BY THE WAY

By THOMAS E. FLYNN

No Place Like Home

WHENEVER a Californian returns from a visit to the East we know in advance the tenor of his climatic comparisons of San Francisco and Gotham. The commercial colossus of the Atlantic Coast dismays Californians by the magical rapidity of its growth and the convincing evidences of its inordinate wealth, but when the Far Westerner's awe gives place to critical observation he begins to sigh for the unique advantages of existence beside the Golden Gate. We never realize how lucky we are in San Francisco till we leave it.

So thinks a well known journalist who has just returned from New York to Olympia. His duties in the East took him to many large cities, and the farther he went the more convinced he became that Olympians have good cause to be proud of their club. Washington was the last important city visited by the San Francisco writer and sometimes in the merry month of May the Capital is a warm foretaste of—equatorial Africa. So it was one week lately, and sweltering in the unrelenting sun the Olympian exile offered up more than one fervent prayer that kind Fate might soon place him within reach of the gratifying opal-green tank on Post street, two thousand miles away. To watch him, the afternoon of his return to Olympia, standing on one of the reading room balconies and eyeing the disporting mermen below was remindful of the Returned Prodigal at the moment he hears the head of the family order the fat calf to be headed to the festive barbecue. Be it ever so perfect there's no place like home.

Morpheus Enshrined

A studious frequenter of the library who loves what Shakespeare designates "sessions of sweet silent thought," has remarked that the tendency to doze in the still atmosphere of shelved literature is far less than outside in the comparatively noisy lounge room, where the newspapers and periodicals are temptingly arranged. A superficial thinker would jump to the conclusion that there is more danger of drowsing over a book and perchance punctuating the stillness with an involuntary and disconcerting snort. Such things have been known to happen in church. No less an authority than the classic poet Horace tells us that "Even the worthy Homer sometimes nods." In the club library, however, the mental concentration always seems intense and sustained. This speaks volumes for the mental food values of the pabulum set forth. In truth it is a very well chosen collection. The selection of newspapers and periodicals in the adjoining room seems also to be beyond criticism and yet the direct effect of it appears to be somnolent. No sooner does a member, at peace with himself and the world after a satisfying lunch upstairs, seat himself in one of the luxurious armchairs, newspaper in hand, than Morpheus lays hands on him. The god of sleep includes all ages in his selective draft. Twenty-onesters droop their eyelids and drop their newspapers as readily as septugenarians of large circumference. Is the soporific effect due to the quality of the luncheon upstairs, the gentle murmur of subdued converse, the soothing splash of the water in the swimming tank or solely to the obfuscating influence of the reading matter? The subject is worthy

of scientific attention. Olympia is full of famous doctors.

Insomnia is a terrible ailment. There need be no more of it if the doctors discover the somniferous secret of the lounge room. Perhaps newspapers and periodicals now consigned to the ashman when out of date are more potent than all the by-products of the poppy specified in the druggists' annual.

* * *

The Washington Portrait

Many Olympians, whose memories go back a score of years, recognized an old acquaintance in the full-length portrait of George Washington, which was suspended above the speakers' table at the "Old Glory Dinner." The picture hung for many years in the chambers of the Board of Supervisors in the old City Hall. Everybody seems to have forgotten how it became an ornament of the supervisorial hall or who painted it. The history of the painting is preserved in the municipal records. In 1860 R. J. Stevens wrote to H. F. Teschemacher, president of the Board of Supervisors, that he had a portrait, that it was painted by Miss Stuart, "daughter of the celebrated Stuart," and that it might be placed in the City Hall till he could dispose of it for the artist.

The board did not accept with alacrity the polite hint to buy the work of art and replied that it be hung in the Supervisors' chamber at the owner's risk. Eleven years after the picture was framed anew and replaced on the wall and there it remained till it lost its position by the construction of a gallery. Postmaster Fay, then clerk of the Board of Supervisors, looked somewhat askant at the patriotic work of art and professed to be unable to find a new place of distinction for it. Thus it became a heritage of the Recorder's office, and in the great fire of 1906 was

saved when invaluable records of city real estate were left to burn. The old painting has witnessed some stirring scenes. The last exciting tableau it gazed on while a mural decoration of the Supervisors' chambers was the expulsion of the board which failed to measure up to the standard set by Mayor Phelan. It also witnessed the reoccupation of their seats by the evicted city fathers, after Judge Wallace's edict of dispossession had been set aside. That however was a tamer proceeding than the eviction. If the time-stained painting could write its recollections—and its opinions—the municipal archives might be sensorially enriched.

HE LIKES THE CLUB AND TOWN

From Frankfort Arsenal, Philadelphia, come the following letter:

Editor THE OLYMPIAN,
THE OLYMPIC CLUB.

Sir: Since being commissioned as First Lieutenant Ordinance O. R. C., I have been assigned to duty at the Frankfort Arsenal at this city. It has occurred to me that some of THE OLYMPIC CLUB boys may pass through here on their way to see service across the water and wish you would extend to any who may do so a very cordial invitation to look me up so that I may show them about a bit.

I recall with great pleasure the many courtesies extended to me by the club when I was in San Francisco and will appreciate an opportunity to reciprocate in kind. I am now keeping up my non-resident membership in anticipation of returning to San Francisco to enter into business there permanently after the war and hope I may keep in touch with your interests through THE OLYMPIAN and the members who come East this summer.

Sincerely yours,

L. K. Goss.

THE SUSPENSION OF THE SWIMMERS

The Circumstances Surrounding the Action of the P. A. A. Officials

By T. L. L.

THE action of the Registration Committee of the Pacific Athletic Association, the governing body in amateur sport throughout central California, in suspending for thirty days seven Olympic Club swimmers who swam in an alleged "unsanctioned" exhibition at Yosemite National Park on July 4th last has caused no little stir among followers of local athletic affairs.

To some it has appeared as if the amateur officials were a bit too severe, perhaps a bit too officious, in thus acting; to others it has seemed as if they acted quite within their rights and according to the letter, if not exactly the spirit, of amateur rules.

It may be well therefore to set forth briefly the actual facts of the matter so that the whole affair may be seen in proper perspective.

But it must be borne in mind that it is not, that it never has been and that it is quite certain it never will be the purpose or the desire of THE OLYMPIC CLUB to clash with the P. A. A.

The necessity of stringent rules strictly applied to amateur athletics is nowhere more appreciated than it is appreciated right here in Olympia. But the protection of our own athletes demands a protest whenever a protest is believed to be justified.

These are the circumstances surrounding the suspension of the seven swimmers:

On Monday evening, July 2nd, at 8:30 p. m. representatives of the seven swimmers informed the Athletic Secretary of THE OLYMPIC CLUB that they were to leave for the Yosemite the following morning to give an aquatic exhibition there on Wednesday, July 4th. Inquiry was made as to whether a sanction was required

for the event under the rules of the P. A. A. The Athletic Secretary, being in some doubt as to whether a sanction was or was not required, and being unable at that hour to get in touch with the chairman of the P. A. A. Registration Committee, advised the swimmers that if they had been officially told by the club authorities to make the trip the trip evidently was perfectly proper and could be made. He added that he would ascertain the next day whether a sanction was required for the exhibition, and, if it was required, that he would either secure it or telegraph the swimmers not to swim.

The party entrained the next morning, as planned, and the next afternoon the Athletic Secretary reached the chairman of the P. A. A. Registration Committee on the phone and asked if a sanction was necessary. The chairman seemed somewhat wrathly about the departure of the swimmers without his knowledge, having read of it in the newspapers before being told by the Secretary, and stated that a sanction *was* necessary, and that it would have to be obtained before the men would be allowed to swim without endangering their amateur standing.

The Athletic Secretary after some parley managed to obtain an unofficial sanction from the chairman of the Registration Committee, who agreed it would not be necessary to recall the swimmers by telegraph; who said: "I guess it will be all right this time, but we'll have to talk it over later on so that situations like this will not again arise," and who assured the Athletic Secretary that his committee would take no drastic action in the matter.

Armed with this assurance the Athletic Secretary did not telegraph the swimmers

The EBNER

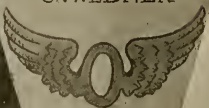
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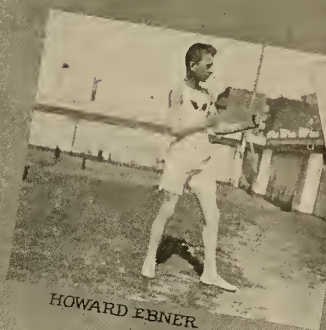
G.W. EBNER



RALPH EBNER



WENDELL EBNER



HOWARD EBNER



STUART EBNER

to return. Consequently they swam. The swim was purely of an exhibitive character, no other organization having representatives in the water, and in no light can it justly be said to have been "competition."

Nothing more was heard of the matter until the Registration Committee called the seven swimmers before it at its next meeting at the instance of one of its members who is not the chairman, and, after a short hearing, suspended them from amateur competition for a period of thirty days.

Thereupon President Humphrey of THE OLYMPIC CLUB telegraphed Secretary Ru-

bien of the A. A. U. protesting the suspension.

What message Rubien sent to the P. A. A., if he sent any, is not known, but fifteen days after the suspension was levied it was lifted, and the swimmers reinstated.

Those are the facts of the case. Just who fathered the suspension, after the chairman of the Registration Committee of the P. A. A. had assured the Athletic Secretary of THE OLYMPIC CLUB that it would be "all right" for the swimmers to swim and that no drastic action would be taken, is, and probably will forever remain, a deep, dark mystery.

A REAL ATHLETE WITH ATHLETIC SONS

The Four Ebner Boys and Their Father; a Sportive Quintet

By B. R. A.

A REAL athlete is George W. Ebner; and his four sons, Wendall Ebner, Ralph Ebner, Stewart Ebner and Howard Ebner, are real athletes, too.

In the centerpiece of this issue of THE OLYMPIAN the Ebner family—or the male portion of it, at any rate—is pictured.

George W. Ebner has been a member of THE OLYMPIC CLUB since the early eighties. During the first decade of his membership he was one of the club's most active "active" members, playing handball—the old hard ball style—with Nealon and Bonnet when these two were in their prime, and holding down an infield position on the old Winged O baseball nine.

He still possesses medals and cups won in actual competition on the courts and the diamond. Of later years, of course, Mr. Ebner has not been quite as strenuous in his sport as he was in the heyday of his youth. He confines most of his physical exercises these days to hiking, at which he is no slouch, if we are to believe the tales

of his record breaking walks over hitherto unwalkable trails.

Mr. Ebner's four sons are all Olympians. Wendall, the oldest, is twenty-three, and at present is in training at the Officers' Reserve Camp at the Presidio. That fact alone should testify to his athletic worth. Those physical examinations are no joke, as many an unfortunately flat-footed fellow—or is a flat-foot a blessing these days?—will admit.

Ralph Ebner, seventeen years old, plays football, and plays it so well he holds rank as captain of the junior soccer team. This, in view of the great successes achieved by the younger soccerites, is an honor neither lightly to be despised nor easily achieved.

The two youngest members of the Ebner quintet—Stewart and Howard—who are twins at thirteen—interest themselves mainly in swimming and boxing, at which, according to their instructors, they are becoming increasingly adept.



OLYMPIA'S SECOND BANQUET IN HONOR OF OLD GLORY: A F

Olympia grouped itself around the festal board on Thursday evening, July 19th, to honor Old Glory for the second time since America's entry into the war.

The particular inspiration of the occasion was the desire of the New California Field Artillery regiment to recruit unto itself a battery of full one-hundred-ninety men from the ranks of the wearers of the Winged O.

President Humphrey, of course, presided, and speeches were made by Major-General Hunter Liggett, the guest of the evening; Reuben Hale, chairman of the regiment's recruiting committee; William H. Crocker; the Rev. F. W. Clampett; the Rev. Father Collins; Thornwell Mullally, the man who conceived the idea of the regiment; M. H. De Young; and Colonel W. H. Whitney.



ELECTION AND INSPIRE THE PUREST PATRIOTISM

Following the repast over forty Olympians met in the Directors' rooms and signified their intention of joining the battery. With these as a nucleus it is expected that the full quota of men will be secured easily before August 5th, when the regiment is scheduled to encamp for its first three months of intensive training.

California's Field Artillery will be officered by men commissioned out of the Mullally cavalry troop—organized at the outbreak of the Mexican war and disbanded when the need for cavalry became negligible; but the non-commissions in each battery will be selected, as the training progresses and fitness begins to make itself felt, from the enlisted men themselves. Thus will Olympians be given ample opportunity to demonstrate their worth.

ROSS SPLASHES O. C. TO VICTORY

By ERNEST MAYNARD SMITH

THE great arms of Norman Ross carried the day. THE OLYMPIC CLUB won the Pacific Coast swimming championships at San Diego with 47 points, and 32½ points resulted from the efforts of the mighty Moose. As the programme progressed through the afternoon it became evident to the throng of spectators that it was Ross versus the Pacific Coast, with the balance of the victory on the side of the one man.

Nowhere in the history of aquatic sport is there an equal to the achievement of Norman Ross at San Diego on July 4th. One may well become enthusiastic, for Ross won every event on the menu excepting the fifty yards. He won gold medals for the 100 yards, 220 yards, 440 yards, 880 yards, in free style swimming, the 150 yard back stroke, the 200 yards breast stroke, and swam the last lap for the victorious Olympic Club relay quartet.

It was a case of out of one into another. The officials allowed him very little rest between events. Only the diplomatic efforts of Coach Frank Foster to delay things so that Ross could get his wind between races, and the ever ready rub down by Billie Von Poellnitz put over the big performance for Norman.

The south had to swallow a bitter pellet, not winning a first place on the whole swimming programme. Lincoln Johnson swam well in the 150 yard back stroke, placing a close second to Ross. Preston Steiger delivered in the first yards, beating the much-vaunted Jack Kilburn of the L. A. A. C. for third place. In the relay Steiger swam a fast third lap against Goodman of Los Angeles, gaining on the southerner.

George Bond was placed fourth in the

diving by the judges, but it looked as though he was entitled to a better rating. Anyhow it looked good to see a Winged O suit plunging in competition, and George never dived better.

* * *

Phil Patterson has been doing conspicuous work in his diving. He has the potential qualities of a champion. A little polish and he will rate high in the list of American divers.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB's two water polo teams are leading the P. A. league. The Whites with Gardner, Steiger and Walten-spiel in the front trenches are at the top of the heap. The Reds, Jim Resleure's aggressive septet, are second. A vicious combat will occur when Olympians meet Olympians in the polo tank.

This battle will decide the series, and with little gold water polo balls as the incentive it is safe to predict a wild conflict.

* * *

It looks as if Norman Ross will take about all of the national championships for 1917. He has already won the 220 yards, 500 yards, 150 yard back stroke and the mile swim. On August 11th he will probably win the National A. A. U. 440 yards at Neptune Beach, Alameda. In September it is not improbable that he will make a flying trip East to win the 880 yards which will be swum at Atlantic City.

* * *

Our junior tank men are working. Barry O'Conner, Jim Carson, Dick Julien and Buster Tait have rich marine futures. O'Conner is a sprint swimmer with a touch of positive class. Carson is versatile, swimming back stroke, free style and breast stroke. Dick Julien will be a prop in the breast stroke. Buster Tait has the

(Continued on Page 22.)

AN INTERVIEW WITH HERCULES

By EDWIN P. BLY

APPEARING at the Orpheum last week was a young man whom it pleases the public to call a "Boy Hercules." His name is Orville Stamm, and although he may be less strong than the Hercules of old, his title is nevertheless a deserved one.

It is interesting to know that young Stamm is a protégé of our friendly rival to the southward, the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and that he frankly attributes his remarkable physical condition to the training he received there under the tutelage of Al Treloar.

Stamm is distinctly different from the usual type of "strong man." Although he is enormously strong, his body is smoothly and gracefully knit and is unusually limber and agile.

Having in mind that there must be much worth while in the philosophy of a young man who has made such a marked success of a business that concerns us all, namely, that of being strong and healthy, I dropped in to visit him at the theatre one evening before the show.

His dressing room was pointed out to me, and I knocked at the door expecting to be confronted by an enormously gruff personage, somewhat approaching in bulk the mythical Hercules, whose feats make such interesting reading. Instead I found myself shaking hands with a clean cut, genial young fellow of very ordinary proportions. And although there was about him a certain atmosphere of conscious power, he fell much below me in stature and was unmistakably lighter than I. It was disappointing. Could this be the Hercules who was accomplishing such feats of strength with such simple ease?

Something of my thoughts must have been noticeable to him. At any rate he

set my fears at rest and aroused new ones at the same time by the very professional handgrip with which he favored me. I concluded that there must be something under his coatsleeve that wasn't apparent to the casual observer. Subsequently I learned that he possessed sufficient strength in his hands to tear in two a bundle of three packs of ordinary paper playing cards. (He tears one pack on the stage so as to perform the feat with an appearance of ease!) No wonder his hand grip seemed vigorous! Probably he was thoughtless in exerting his strength, much as you and I are when we sometimes go beyond the limit of gentleness with a lady.

The purpose of my visit was explained in due course and my questions came out one by one. Here again I was to be a bit disappointed. There was nothing at all mysterious in his philosophy of health.

"I live the simple life," he said. "I eat plain food in moderate quantities, forget there's anything to drink but water and milk, sleep nine hours, exercise regularly of course in my act, and, most important of all, I don't worry. Just the 'simple life'—that's all. It's my business. I'm as faithful to it as any other man is to his business, whatever it may be."

The significant fact is that Stamm sticks tenaciously to his simple programme. As a result his great muscles are constantly surging with vim. He explains in his earnest, genial way that most of the time he feels as if he could "pull up a tree and jump across the street with it."

And, to be sure, his stunts on the stage make one believe him to be capable of such a nimble exertion! For instance: He stands on a pedestal and, using chiefly his leg muscles, lifts a platform full of men, weighing about three-quarters of a ton;

then hops nimbly to the floor and does an extremely rapid series of back somersaults. Such a combination of strength and agility is very rarely seen.

Stamm's favorite stunt, and one which very well illustrates his strength, is to play a violin with his pet bull dog, weighing 72 pounds, dangling from the wrist of his bow arm. He is a versatile youth to say the least.

It naturally occurs to one that such powerful muscles have required years of persistent training. And this is actually the case. Stamm has spent a dozen years at the hardest sort of preparation. A single example will illustrate. Every day during a period of six months some few years ago, he ran a half dozen times up fourteen flights of stairs so "as to put his leg muscles in shape."

Stamm is especially interesting because he has taken care to develop himself symmetrically and has had the persistence to live properly. His great muscles are just as soft and pliable when relaxed as

are the average person's and he is as limber as a girl.

He attributes this to his having combined his laborious weight-lifting exercises with rapid acrobatic tumbling and gives credit for his wisdom to his early athletic club training under Treloar.

It is very interesting to know that Stamm doesn't find it necessary to exercise at all outside of his two twelve minute acts daily.

Stamm's experience in this respect must agree with that of our Professor Elwood of the noontime gymnasium classes, who not long ago made the statement in THE OLYMPIAN that a half hour of exercise daily would keep any healthy man in perfect fighting trim, providing of course he took care of himself in other respects.

My questions answered and the curtain about to rise, I turned my candy bag over to Herc, the bull dog who dangles during Stamm's fiddling novelty, and made my way out, carefully avoiding shaking hands with my host.

OLYMPIA ENTERTAINS SOLDIERS

OLYMPIA'S athletes furnished an entertainment of varied sports, comprising boxing, wrestling and gymnastic exhibitions, for the soldiers at the Presidio on Tuesday evening, July 17th, at Lincoln Hall in the Richmond District.

The affair was mainly the result of the enterprise of Father Philip O'Ryan, pastor of Star of the Sea Church, who conceived the idea of entertaining the men in khaki when he chanced to find a solitary soldier at prayer in his church and discovered, upon engaging him in conversation, that the general lack of diversion for the soldiers is the worst feature of their present life at camp.

Father O'Ryan managed to get hold of Lincoln Hall and, with the help of Olympic

athletes, put on a show well worth seeing.

The following programme was presented: Boxing exhibitions—Lobig vs. Miller, Pucchini vs. Mahoney, Cournale vs. McFarland, Murphy vs. Brodosky, Schiller vs. Nolan.

Bunyan and Doyle contributed a batch of gymnastic stunts; and Smallson, Nickola, Maurice and Lundahl wrestled.

Professor Al Williams, who has been hankering for a chance to do just this thing for a long, long time, took the stage and demonstrated the efficiency of wrestling as an art of self-defense to the complete satisfaction of the audience, members of which he tossed around the stage to prove that he knew what he was talking about.

IS NORMAN ROSS TOO VERSATILE?

And Will His All-Round Excellence Detract from His Lasting Fame?

By ROBIN BAILY

THAT Norman Ross is making a serious mistake in not concentrating his energies upon the 220 and 240 yard swimming races, the distances that he has demonstrated are his own, is the view of Jim Resleure, a brother Olympian swimmer.

"Ross is unquestionably one of the greatest swimmers the world has seen," observed Resleure, "but he will not make the permanent mark that he is entitled to in the history of the sport if he tries to be too versatile. So far he has established a record by a margin of two seconds. His times will remain in the record book but a short while if he fritters away his energies by defeating second-raters at all distances instead of concentrating upon the 220 and 240 where he has no equal, never has had and is unlikely to have for many years. Ross could probably write a 220 figure in 'the books' that would remain unbeaten for a decade at least.

"No man can swim all strokes equally well. The style of a sprint swimmer is radically different from that of a distance man, even though both use the crawl. The longer swims demand a slower, easier method; it is necessary to husband stamina and avoid all waste of energy. The sprinter, on the other hand, devotes all his attention to speed. As long as he attains his goal quickly nothing else matters. Practicing both the sprint and distance styles spoils both.

"Kiernan, the Australian, in my estimation the greatest distance swimmer of all time, covered the mile in 23:16. Yet his best performance for the 100 was 1

minute and 3 seconds. 'Duke' Kahano-moku's time for the mile is pathetic, but he flashes over the 50 in 23 seconds and is credited with 22 in fast, warm Australian water.

"Ross is nothing less than a miracle at 220. He holds the world's record at 2:22 1-5, achieved at New York, and to my certain knowledge has swum 2:21 2-5, chronicled by competent men, in the Olympic tank.

"Kahanomoku cannot get within four seconds of this time at the distance. Giants over the long reaches like Kiernan of Australia, Hatfield of England, 'Bogie' Beaurepaire of Australia and Hodgson of Canada are failures at a sprint. None of these men, marvelous as they were at a mile and over, could beat a minute for a 100 yards.

"Efficient versatility is impossible for a swimmer. This is proved by the fact that no man has ever won all the races in the British national championship list. They begin at 100 and end with 5 miles. The year Hatfield did the 500 in 6 minutes 2 seconds, which remains the world's record, he was beaten in the 100 at 1 minute flat.

"Don't make any mistake. I recognize Ross' great ability as a swimmer and his versatility is amazing. But the question is this: Does he do himself full credit, is he being fair to the sport which demands that every great athlete develop his powers to their utmost extent when swimming every distance with fair success, when he could be the one man of his era at the distances that he was obviously intended by nature to swim?"

ROSS SPLASHES O. C. TO VICTORY

(Continued from Page 18.)

"roll" and stroke of a champion in the distances. Young Olympia will fill the shoes of the present school of champions.

* * *

Burt Porter is falling through the air like a champion. He is acquiring "form," that elusive quality which piles up the points in diving. In daring Porter's personal rating is high. Any man who will venture a back dive from a 27-foot platform qualifies for our hall of fame. Such men should be in the aviation corps.

A NATATORIAL COMMENT

YOU seekers after the joy of life are overlooking a bet. Here is the best appointed and most beautiful natatorium in the country with hardly a ripple on its surface. Here is at once the most democratic and the most healthful atmosphere in the building going to waste. Truly we are but sporadic splashers, we Olympians. Tradition says that they who were Olympians before the jar and heat made our city over, were devoted fish. Not that we are clicking ivory balls too much or stacking red, white and blue chips overmuch, but that we are using that wonderful tankful of green ocean too little.

It is trite to say that swimming is the healthiest of sports; in fact, it is useless to say this, for no dissenting voice has even been heard in point. It is not in this connection that this plea is being made for a more general use of the natatorium. Nor is it the object of this writing to have a cleaner community of Olympians. The object of this article is to point out the fact that there is a world of good clean American fun waiting for the group of Olympians who are willing to investigate.

Organized water sport for beginners and novices is one of the best pastimes in the whole category of athletics. All of the big Eastern clubs that have swimming pools in their buildings utilize their nata-

toriums for small swimming meets between the older members. In Chicago it is the "Dolphins" and the "Turtles." The events are little easy races like the twenty-yard dash, the breast-stroke race, twice across the pool underwater, the life-belt race and so forth. The meets are challenge affairs with about twenty men on a side or less.

Ask Sid Cavill. He will arrange a series of events and guarantee the best noon's fun you ever had.

OLD GLORY DINNER NO. 2

(Continued from Page 10)

ready to help carry the Winged O over the line in France for a touchdown. Count us in on the enrollment of the Olympic Club Battery, California Field Artillery Regiment.

"ALBERT D. SHAW, JR.,

"GEORGE D. MONTGOMERY."

As toastmaster Mr. Humphrey introducing the speakers of the evening, by his happy suggestions evoked a fine flow of soul. One of the first speakers was Mr. Reuben Hale, chairman of the recruiting committee of the California Field Artillery, who spoke of the importance of speedily bringing the great war to an end that the world may shortly devote itself to the rebuilding of its material interests and the cultivation of the ideals of civilization. He paid a fine tribute to the club, as also did Lieutenant Colonel Rowell who followed him. Wm. H. Crocker spoke in a happy, humorous vein, and of his delight in being brought to the front in the atmosphere of real military preparation. He regarded it a great pleasure to play the part of chairman of the finance committee of the organization behind the regiment. The Rev. F. W. Clampett made a spirited address on the righteousness of the cause and the psychic value of the

great moral issue to all men fighting with the Allies. He took occasion to pay an eloquent tribute to the Catholic Archbishops of America who, in a conference in Washington, had enthusiastically committed their church to the Allies' cause, and he spoke especially and in glowing terms of the leadership of Archbishop Hanna and the great heroism of Cardinal Mercier of Belgium. An inspiring speech was Dr. Clampett's; and of the same quality was the speech of Rev. Father Richard Collins who, appearing as the representative of Archbishop Hanna, pledged the support of the League of the Cross Cadets and announced that the League had contributed a battery to the regiment. Among other speakers were M. H. De Young and Thornwell Mullally who was hailed as the first man of the regiment, the man in whose brain the idea of the regiment was born, whose energies made it possible. He was received with thunders of applause. A fine commonsensical speech abounding in ideas that captivated the general ear was the one delivered by Colonel W. H. Whitney of the regular army. He spoke of the psychology of the crowd and the value of the club spirit and of the advantages of having a regiment made up of men who have been brothers in clubdom and will do team work in the field.

At the close of the dinner there was an informal gathering of Olympians at which more than forty of them volunteered for the Olympic battery.

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Bromfield, D. Gordon, 2300 Stockton St.

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Carrier, Craig, insurance, Merchants Exchange Building.

Claasen Jr., J. H., student, 1132 Pine St.
Cofer, L. R., banking, care Wells Fargo Nevada Bank.

Cutler, Leland W., insurance, 228 Pine.

Dahnken, Fred, theatrical, 858 Ashbury.

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NINETY-SIXTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK

JUNE 30, 1917
RESOURCES

	Total
Loans on Real Estate	\$ 6,105,577.08
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	343,727.00
Other Loans	479,082.66
Miscellaneous Bonds Owned, including United States Liberty Bonds.....	1,491,836.98
Real Estate Owned, \$54,000.00; standing on books at	6,000.00
Bank Premises	1,138,000.00
Safe Deposit Vaults	89,000.00
Cash on Hand and in Banks	802,801.61
	\$10,456,025.33

LIABILITIES

Capital Paid in Coin	\$ 900,000.00
Reserve Fund	352,000.00
Reserve for Taxes	52,146.62
Due Depositors	9,151,878.71
	\$10,456,025.33

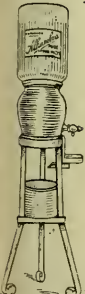
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STATEMENT OF OPERATIONS FOR MONTH OF JUNE, 1917

The following figures of the club's financial operations for the month of June, 1917, show that the loss after deducting interest charges and providing for retirement of bonded indebtedness was \$51.61.

Net Departmental Income		
From Restaurant, Bar, Cigar Stand, Billiards and Pool, Massage Department, Valet Service, Bowling		\$ 1,310.05
House Income	\$ 2,184.31	\$ 3,786.75
Living Rooms		
Income	\$2,606.75	
Less Labor, Laundry, Linen, etc.	<u>422.44</u>	
Dressing Rooms	1251.05	
Steel Lockers	330.25	
Taxicab Account (net)	<u>21.14</u>	
		\$13,198.21
Other Income	\$12,890.37	
Dues—All Classes	25.00	
Initiations	187.00	
Visitors' Cards	95.84	
Purchase Discounts		
Total Income		\$18,295.01
General Expenses	\$ 1,036.73	14,654.95
Office and Administrative	1,389.12	
House General Expenses	588.00	
Light and Power	584.47	
Water	440.87	
Laundry	1,418.62	
Maintenance and Repairs	2,847.10	
House Labor	802.85	
House Meals	174.59	
"Olympian" (net)	67.60	
Newspapers and Periodicals	202.48	
Telephone Exchange		
Total	\$ 641.87	
Less Members' Switches	<u>439.39</u>	
Stationery and Printing	402.93	
Store Room	240.00	
Engine Room	1,394.90	
Insurance	200.00	
Taxes	471.82	
Interest on Current Notes	155.00	
Athletic	1,445.77	
General	\$1,155.85	
Special	<u>289.92</u>	
War Expense	736.70	
Red Cross	532.50	
General	204.20	
Old Glory Dinner	7.00	
Library	<u>48.40</u>	
Operating Profit Before Providing for Interest, etc.		\$ 3,640.06
Interest, Etc.		2,025.00
Interest on Mortgage and Bonds	\$1,825.00	
Uncollectible Accounts	<u>200.00</u>	
		1,615.06
Net Profit		
Less		
To Provide for Retirement of Mortgage Indebtedness in 20 Years. (Sinking Fund to be Hereafter Provided)		\$ 1,666.67
Final Net Loss Exclusive of Current Depreciation		<u>\$ 51.61</u>

We certify that the above statement is correct as taken from the books of The Olympic Club.
SULLY, HOOD & STRONG, Certified Public Accountants.

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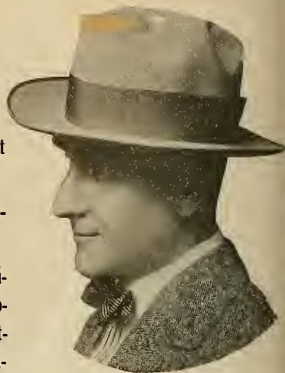


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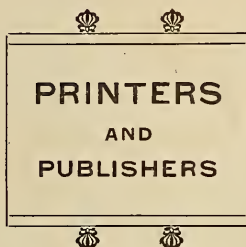


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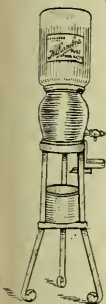
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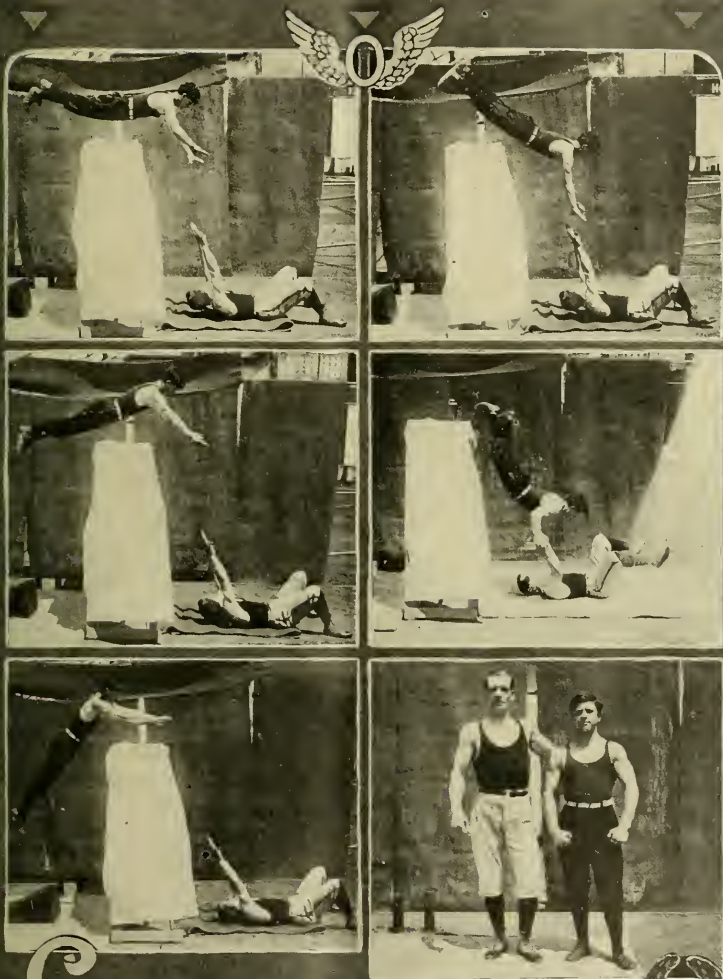
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Vol. V.

AUGUST, 1917

No. 56

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefer, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

The present war is already leaving its impress on many of our young men. Military discipline advantages

Physical Training Desirable them. Those who have gone through a little athletic training realize its benefits. Those

who have avoided athletics in every form wish that they had been wiser. After the war physical training will have many more advocates. Clubs like the Olympic will be regarded as a civic necessity and not social luxuries. Any young soldier who has been guided by the knowledge of hygiene gained in athletic training, intelligently conducted, has found his way to an officer's commission much easier than has the untrained candidate. A sound mind in a sound body was a maxim of the ancients and centuries have not lessened its truth. Not in military life but civil pursuits, the proper development and care of the body is all

important. At thirty the athlete who has lived cleanly is through with his youthful sports and ready for the arena of business. He brings to his calling the staying qualities that are essential to success. His middle life is vigorous, and unless serious and unforeseen misfortunes befall, his old age is serene. Most men who regard physical training as misapplied time and energy, exemplify fully in their lives the proverb that youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle and old age a regret. Small is the proportion of manhood that ever reaches old age unless the years of their youth have included proper thought of their physical betterment.

Probably the sturdiest soldiers the world has ever seen were the ancient Romans who devoted tireless attention to physical training. In the days of Rome's military supremacy the trained legions were always ready for war.

Great Ancient Warriors Their military exercises, it has been said by the historian Tacitus, were so severe as to be bloodless battles; their battles were little more to them than bloody exercises. Fighting hand to hand with the spear and short sword the success of the warrior depended on his strength and dexterity. We now regard a year's training as sufficient to change raw recruits into serviceable soldiers of the first line, but men of such limited preparation were held in light esteem by the ancient generals. Yet war never presented greater physical difficulties than the storming of modern trenches at the point of the bayonet. Proper physical training is a slow process—and there is no royal road to excellence. Any competent professor can tell you, if inclined to be candid, that it takes two years to make a very ordinary boxer and five to turn out a thoroughly

expert one. Excellence in any branch of athletic exercise is not attainable in a year or two, but we think it the right thing to put soldiers into the field to fight for their lives with preparation that would not suffice for a four-round preliminary boxer. The public will be benefited by a better knowledge of physical culture and it will be helped thereto by the hosts of our young citizens that are destined for military service. They will come back more capable of taking care of their own physical welfare and that of the sons they will raise. The physique of the nation will attain a higher standard.

Ever since the announcement of the names of the successful candidates for commissions at the first reserve training camp the city seems literally flooded with officers. Olympians may be interested in knowing that twenty-six of these officers are members of the club, in among whom there may perchance be another Bernard Freyberg, who, with a Winged O in his coat lapel—if one may speak figuratively—rose from a subaltern's job in the British army to a major-general in two and a half years. Two of the Olympians who will help command the forces of the draft army will wear the gold leaves of majors; four are captains, six are first lieutenants and the rest second lieutenants. The full list follows: Neal Power and B. L. Cadwalader, majors; Roy C. Ward, J. G. Heywood, Ralph McGee and J. M. Peltier, captains; E. A. Flanders, George Stimmil, A. St. John Whitney, Jean C. Witter, A. K. Martin and C. B. Sutton, first lieutenants; F. H. Bishop, Fred H. Beaver, Andrew Carrigan Jr., Edgar A. Freeman, Alexander Mackintosh, Paul A. Myers, C. S. Morbio, Rene Marx, A. N. Selby, B. A. Schwartz,

L. H. Tyron, John Parrott Jr., Wilson Meyer, A. A. Wilson, second lieutenants.

When the Winged O Battery of the California Field Artillery Regiment assembled under Captain T. T. C. Gregory in the club gymnasium Saturday, August 11th, preparatory to its departure with other Grizzly units to the training camp at Tanforan, another great work in the war to make the world safe for democracy was pronounced finished by Olympia. With a just pride in the glory of achievement will this club be forever privileged to point to the Olympic Battery as the greatest expression of its fealty and devotion to the great cause the nation has undertaken, for beside it our contributions to the Red Cross, our Liberty Bond investment and the weekly drills of the athletic members, great as they are in themselves, pale into insignificance. We gave money when money was needed, and that was good; but now, when men are needed, we have given men, and that is infinitely better. The sight of those two hundred virile youths, lusty and brave and strong, cannot but have thrilled the many Olympians who were present to bid them godspeed. And the thrill came not alone from the inspiration of the occasion; it came also from the conscious pride all men take in a task well done. For we are proud of the Battery Boys of Olympia, and we are proud of ourselves, for having given them into the cause.

Herewith is a full list of the members of the battery:

Captain, T. T. C. Gregory; first lieutenant, D. B. Sweeney; first lieutenant, A. W. Bergevin; second lieutenant, D. Crabtree; second lieutenant, R. Tatham; acting first sergeant, R. R. Ingels; acting mess sergeant, Ed Hearne; acting supply sergeant, L. Damon; acting sergeant, G. G. Montgomery; acting

sergeant, W. H. Adams; acting sergeant, E. L. Barnes; acting sergeant, O. H. Davenport; acting sergeant, L. M. Lyons; acting sergeant, G. Poplowske; acting sergeant, A. D. Shaw; L. H. Adler, L. Aiken, F. Baker, D. Barbara, P. D. Bennis, M. Benton, H. E. Bianchi, J. Black, D. Boggs, Kosta Boris, T. J. Bowen Jr., J. Braghetta, B. Brown, H. F. Brown, H. C. Bruntsch, E. V. Burdick, J. B. Cail, C. T. Canavan, O. H. Cash, W. A. Cavanagh, F. M. Charles, F. M. Cheetham, C. Christensen, F. Clevenger, R. N. Crisman, G. S. Davis, J. R. Davis, J. De Bare, E. E. De Voe, J. A. Donohoe Jr., H. Dougherty, C. P. Earl, K. C. Eastman, R. H. Eagan, F. Elgin, J. A. Elkins, J. F. Fahey, L. J. Fahy, W. S. Ferguson, F. J. Filippini, R. Fischer, L. Fitzgerald, H. Flean, H. S. Foley, B. Ford, C. Fought, J. S. Fox, H. E. Foye, F. E. Frances, C. T. Franklin, A. E. French, H. Friedlander, H. Galiatia, L. Garoutte, E. Gison, A. G. Glenn, H. Glenn, W. A. Griffin, R. Griffiths, R. R. Griswold, E. M. Guilloett, H. Hansen, J. A. Hammond, J. H. Haquette, A. L. Harbaugh, N. Harding, F. D. Hatton, F. R. Heath, C. A. Hemphill, A. J. Henley, H. H. Hiestand, C. Hill, L. Hight, C. J. Hirsch, G. W. Hogan, R. Hogan, S. Howe, G. B. Jackson, J. G. Jefferys, L. W. Johnson, M. J. Johnson, D. D. Johnston, W. P. Johnston, D. W. Jones, F. Jordan, J. Joseph, J. J. Kearney, H. C. D. Keith, W.

C. Keith, L. Kelley, E. P. Kerwin, H. F. Kilker, L. R. Klemp, B. Kohler, K. W. Logan, F. P. La Mountt, R. A. Lee, A. L. Lindholm, G. L. Lippert, R. Long, A. Lowry, F. C. McAuliffe, W. R. McCall, A. H. McCampbell, J. P. McCarthy, M. H. McCullough, J. P. McDonald, Dana McEwen, J. E. McKillap, H. R. McKinnon, E. M. Mcachlan, H. McMullin, T. S. Madden, C. Manning, F. Martel, P. Martin, S. Markowitz, A. J. Matbebat, H. J. Matthews, C. H. Medcraft, J. B. Meehan, L. V. Meek, R. Menaska, E. H. Mielenz, W. Miller, A. Montagne, M. Montague, C. M. Moran, E. F. Morrissey, R. L. Murphy, J. Moulie, T. E. Nelander, L. Neyt, L. Nicholas, E. C. Nissen, F. W. O'Brien, W. F. Ohlson, G. R. Oliver, T. M. Olmo, D. Orecchia, G. R. Page, J. R. Pappa, E. B. Parker, J. M. Peters, E. R. Petteys, K. C. Porter, E. P. Powers, E. J. Preve, C. Pringle, F. E. Quigley, W. F. Rams, C. H. Rea, J. M. Reuck, C. Rogan, C. E. Russell, Joseph Saligari, A. Sandell, Dwight Selby, E. L. Schaffer, C. H. Schewmaker, E. A. Schumacher, L. Sanderson, Edward Sheehan, F. A. Smith, B. Soto, W. Starr, J. J. Stelling, C. E. St. Goar, R. Stoops, M. Straub, C. E. Tantan, H. S. Thompson, A. R. Tompkins, G. Toomey, J. F. Trantham, G. S. Trood, W. F. Waugh, F. R. Wehe Jr., M. Weingarten, M. White, C. W. Whitehead, A. Woodman.

ELECTION NOTICE

Pursuant to Section 2 of Article XIV of the By-Laws of THE OLYMPIC CLUB, Election of Directors shall take place on Tuesday, September 11th, 1917, in the Club House. Polls will be open at 2:00 o'clock P. M. and close at 9:00 o'clock P. M. of the same day.

August 24th, 1917.

We, the undersigned, members of the Nominating Committee, place in nomination the following:

WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY. *President*
L. M. HOEFLE. *Vice-President*
RICHARD M. TOBIN. *Treasurer*
FRANK J. FORAN. *Secretary*

T. I. FITZPATRICK. *Director*
THOS. ALTON. *Director*
JAMES WOODS. *Director*
S. N. RUCKER. *Director*

LEO V. MERLE, JR., Secretary.

H. H. COSGRIFF, Chairman.

L. H. WESTDAHL

HIRAM W. JOHNSON, JR.

JAS. R. McELROY

The Battle Call

By DANIEL E. DORAN



Written in celebration of the Winged O Battery and reprinted by request.

(This poem appeared originally in "The Examiner.")

Sword in hand, Olympia!
Take thy stand, Olympia!
Where the flame of Liberty lights up the alien skies,
Strong in right, Olympia!
Show thy might, Olympia!
Strike the blow for freedom where our stainless banner flies!

Call thy clean-limbed legions forth and fearless face the foe,
Summon all thy sturdy sons new-crowned with leaves of bay,
Tell them 'tis Columbia who bids them arm and go,
She has need of all the blood of manly men today.

Muse no more of fresh green fields and sports of strength and skill.
Lay aside the javelin and grasp the warlike lance,
You may gain new glory in the battle thunder's thrill,
You may win new luster on the blood-red plains of France.

Bare thy blade, Olympia!
Unafraid, Olympia!
Give thy meed of noble men, strong in hand and heart,
With thy best, Olympia!
Meet the test, Olympia!
Forward! 'Tis America who bids thee do thy part!

THE "PROFESSIONALIZATION" FIASCO

The Story of the Bluff that was Called and the Punch that Didn't Land

By T. L. L.

THE registration committee of the Pacific Athletic Association met Wednesday evening, August 8th, 1917, to consider, along with its regular business, charges of professionalism which, according to newspaper talk, were to be brought against Norman Ross of THE OLYMPIC CLUB by one John Desch.

Ross, it is almost unnecessary to remark, is the greatest all-around swimmer of aquatic history, the champion of champions. But Desch isn't quite so well known, though in his record of resignations he undoubtedly has a strong claim on fame. It is said that Desch holds resignations from no less than four local athletic clubs, and if this be true he himself is the champion resigner of the West.

Newspapermen, amateur officials, prominent swimmers and curiosity eggs were present at the meeting in vast numbers. Their pencils poised, their eyes peeled, their ears pinned back, they breathlessly awaited the sensational disclosures Desch had promised.

But alas! Alack! Heigh-ho! The amateur paulsmith of amateur athletics failed to deliver. The expected balderdash was not burbled. The anticipated thrill did not materialize. The charges were not made. Ross still remains simon-pure and undefiled, clean and sinless in the sight of heaven—as far as his amateurism is concerned. And he wasn't proved the conscienceless rascal, the knuckle-dusting rogue, the horrid fellow Rev. Desch asserted he was.

Instead of bellowing forth his denunciations Desch, the exposé, stood off in a side room away from the meeting proper and tried to manufacture alibis for him-

self. Declining to prefer his charges, his "out" was that he had of a sudden discovered that sinister commercial influences, being unable to exploit Ross were seeking to ruin him, and he averred that rather than catspaw for these financial pirates he would refrain from hurling his thunderbolts.

Ross, according to young Mr. Desch, had offended the Idora Park swimming authorities to the depths of their refined and sensitive souls by refusing to swim in their tank, his reason being that the Idora water is dirty and unhealthy, and so instead of taking steps to clean the water these scheming devils started to clean Ross. And he, Mrs. Desch's husband, had discovered, just a few hours prior to the meeting, that they had selected him as the sucker to wield the mop! Would he wield it? No sir! You can't fool a wise man forever, you can't, he was jerry to their little game, he was, and if they wanted any charges made they could make them themselves! You bet!

So Ross wasn't even forced to defend himself. But this is in a measure to be regretted, for had he been permitted to take the floor at that meeting in answer to the would-be snitcher's would-be snitching he would have answered him so completely as to silence forever all talk of his reputed professionalism. Norman Ross had enough verbal canister ready to annihilate a regiment of Deschs.

Now Desch, the tattler, knew this. He knew also that THE OLYMPIC CLUB, believing in the integrity of the Moose, was behind him to a man, prepared to go the

(Continued on Page 24).

ACROSS THE GATE OF GOLD

The Impressions of the Winner of the Great Gate Race

By NORMAN ROSS

WAVES and waves and yet more waves. That will be my lasting impression of the Gate swim though it certainly is a remarkable fact that forty-two out of fifty-five men could survive the cold water and choppy seas, not to mention the rips and whirlpools and smelly launches; which, of course, goes to show the class of the California swimmer.

Heretofore a good many people wouldn't believe swimming has taken great strides forward in the last year or so. Some thought it was a matter of forced popularity by the beaches, which were doing a lot of newspaper boosting to bolster up the game. But when within ten days after THE OLYMPIC CLUB announced through *The Examiner* that there was to be an open race across the Gate, and over seventy men announced their intention of entering, it was seen that there were fellows really interested in the sport for its own sake. Seventy men ready with scarcely any time to train, to get out miles from the crowd, with only a few enthusiasts to cheer them, and struggle with the waves—it's a record in itself.

Fifty-five well greased athletes stood on the side of THE OLYMPIC CLUB launch at nine-thirty Sunday morning, August twelfth, awaiting Captain Clark's signal to start. Only thirteen were forced by the cold and nasty chop of the water to get out before the finish at Lime Point was reached.

Nineteen bearers of the Winged O took the plunge into the briny and sixteen finished, winning *The Examiner* cup team prize by a wide margin. Piedmont Club had a perfect score, starting eight men, all of whom finished. The trophy was for the

team with the greatest number of men finishing. Sid Cavill hated to overlook any cups, so he started several juniors, some of whom finished before their athletic brothers. Barry O'Connor showed well, as did Jim Carson, Dick Julian and Harry Alters. Lots of good material among our juniors.

Old man Bond's boy, little Georgie, was the second Olympian to finish. He placed sixth. George has made the trip across the gate a few times before, and he went into this one without much training, but he showed that old man experience is a great help after all. Harold Emmal, one of the strongest swimmers in the club team, was placed tenth. A. D. "Lefty" Smith and Frank Cheney came in around fifteenth.

Fred Roth, Billy Pomin (another youngster), "Hot Dog" Daley, G. Herrington, Walter "Doc" Anderson and Lindsay Knutson all finished well. Steve Narinian, anchor man on the club team, left his buckets and weights at home and piled in about twentieth. Shows what conscientious work will do.

The committee, mostly Olympic Club men, certainly deserve a lot of credit for the work they did in arranging the swim. Referee Louis McLane was untiring in his efforts, and Judge Deasy and Joe Hickey of the Executive Committee deserve especial praise.

All in all it was a wonderful event. It provoked tremendous interest, not merely local in character either, as was evinced by the queries for information by various papers and press bureaus throughout the country. It would be a fine thing for sport if more such events were promoted more regularly.

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG PEOPLE

By ROBIN BAILY

THREE years ago Bernard Freyburg, New Zealander, was playing with THE OLYMPIC CLUB water polo team. Today at the age of twenty-seven he is a major-general in the British army.

The poet Masfield in *Gallipoli*, one of the few great books inspired by the war, devotes a page to telling how Freyberg swam nineteen miles in the Dardanelles setting flares to deceive the Turks. He was eventually made a general for collecting disorganized troops who had lost their officers at night under heavy shell fire, and with these pressing home an attack and capturing a fort in Flanders. He was wounded twenty times and received the Victoria Cross. The Olympics thus started well. The "Grizzlies" will have to go some to keep up this gait.

* * *

THE OLYMPIC CLUB is sending a team to Europe, to be precise the battery in the "Grizzlies," in search of a world championship. Several of the men have failed to secure their P. A. A. cards. Here is a chance for Bill of Berlin to enter a protest.

* * *

Most of San Francisco and a considerable portion of the populations of Oakland and Alameda competed in the club swim across the Golden Gate. It will now be an annual like the tramp through the park to the ocean on New Year's Day.

* * *

It may be his Irish name or it may be the Winged O on the lapel of his coat or it may be, as Harry McKenzie claims, "just his colossal nerve," but, at all events, the fact remains that Joe Hickey is the king pin recruiting sergeant of this region. He enlisted over one hundred men for the club battery.

The soccer team has secured the most promising of local players in Jack Robertson of the Barbarians. He is a deft dribbler, has a smashing shot in either foot and is so young that a couple of million Americans will be hammering the Hun in France before this sprig of soccerdom need go.

* * *

Sydney Cavill has got back safely from his vacation. He denies that while away he was stricken with Golden Gateitis and piloted an automobile into Los Angeles when he meant to reach San Francisco.

* * *

Oliver Millard is keeping a little engagement with Mount Shasta, in fact the monarch of the far-flung flat roads is tackling the monarch of the mountains. But Oliver will return in time to burn up the trail in the Dipsea, September 16.

* * *

It is claimed that Judge Tim Fitzpatrick, Al Coney and Joe Hickey actually ran the Dipsea trail themselves once, that they were so tired that they determined a lot of other people should suffer in the same way and that they there and then organized the Dipsea race and have been persuading deluded distance runners to experience their sufferings ever since. But it cannot be denied that the victims seem to enjoy their delusions and there are symptoms of one hundred entrants this year, including a heavy detachment of Sammies.

* * *

There was a Jack Melville once who wrote yarns about sport. The club's Jack Melville is more convincing. He sprints the 100 in ten flat and is only seventeen years old. Watch the despatches when the Far Western meet is held at Fresno in September.

KIBETZING—A FINE ART

By GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

(Note: This deep and discerning treatise from the lucid pen of Mr. Kaufman is culled from the "Friar's Epistle," the monthly magazine of the Friars' Club of New York. It unquestionably will strike a sympathetic chord in Olympia—and let the galled jades wince. A kibetzer, be it known, is an onlooker at a card game.)

THE National Association of Friars, which already stands preëminent in countless lines of endeavor, is today in position to announce to the world the perfection within its walls of one of the greatest and most distinguished of the latter day arts. Standing as it does in the front rank of American clubs, it is eminently fitting that the Friars' Club should have developed this art to its present high estate, and those of us who are Friars cannot but feel a thrill of pride as the results of our work are given to the public. I refer, it need hardly be added, to the fine art of kibetzing.



Kibetzing, of course, has flourished for many years and in varying forms, and the Friars make no pretense of being its discoverers. It has ranged from the somewhat indolent kibetzing in the East Side coffee houses to the intense form which is familiar to attendants at games of chance in the early Western days. Today, in their hour of triumph, the Friars pay obeisance to those hardy Westerners. No

mere typewriter can plumb the depths of in history did more to preserve the splend did funerals which generally followed some particularly fine bit of kibetzing.

This prior existence of kibetzing, however, detracts in no measure from the glory of the club's present achievement. Taking a movement which was at its best their devotion to kibetzsism, and no men never more than haphazard and irregular, the Friars have fostered it as an art and now purpose to preserve this artistry for posterity. This development, it is worthy of note, has been made possible largely by the Friars' removal to their new club house. It is now evident that the talent has long been latent in many of the members, but the restricted space in the old card room necessarily cramped the style of many.

It is with full realization and appreciation of the artistry of kibetzing Friars that I write this article, and in asking that a code be formulated to cover this art it must be understood that I am not seeking to depreciate the talent of our members. On the contrary, I am actuated by the feeling that so fine and thorough an artistry should not be permitted to go unrecognized and unregulated, for kibetzing, like painting and sculpture, is an art so sensitive to the most delicate externals that it cannot properly be brought to its zenith without complete coöperation and thorough understanding.

Just as kibetzing has flourished in varying forms and degrees throughout the country, so are there widely divergent specimens of the art contained within the Friars' Club. What I purpose, therefore, is a code so cohesive as to bind together the steady and thorough kibetzing of a Frank Payne (*kibetzus consistentus*) with

the fantastic and arabesque kibetzing of a Louis Epstein (*kibetzus ornatus*). The ideal code will embrace equally the peripatetic kibetzing of Si Goodfriend, the somnambulistic kibetzing of Jack Gleason (Mr. Gleason has the distinction of offering the only somnambulistic specimen of the art known to science), and the comparatively mild rhumb kibetzing of George Wely.

As the first step in the formulation of such a code I purpose that there be created the office of chief kibetzer, who shall be elected for one year at the annual meeting, and who shall rank just below the Abbot and just above the Dean. The chief kibetzer so elected shall thereupon appoint a sufficient number of deputy kibetzers, whose duty it shall be to kibet all card games and to keep disorder in the card room at all times. For the guidance and enlightenment of players there should then be drawn up a few brief rules governing the rights and duties of kibetzers, and copies of these rules should be duly posted in the card rooms.

I further propose that the rules be included within the code:

1. The hours of kibetzing shall be from noon of any specified day until noon of the following day.

2. No card game shall be started until there are present at least as many kibetzers as there are prospective contestants.

3. There shall be no limit to the number of kibetzers.

4. It shall be the duty of the chief kibetzer to maintain constantly a force of at least twenty-five deputy kibetzers in the building.

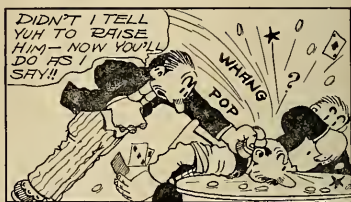
5. Should there be an insufficient number of kibetzers in the club house the players may secure the names and telephone numbers of additional kibetzers from the club secretary, and the required number obtained.

6. Should there within a single month occur three cases of insufficient kibetzing, then the chief kibetzer shall be automatically removed from office and a substitute appointed to complete his term.

7. It shall be the duty of the players to see that the kibetzers are comfortably seated and provided with any refreshments that they may desire.

8. Any contestant who interferes with a kibetzer during the playing of a hand shall be barred from the card rooms for a period of two weeks.

9. Should a kibetzer at any time de-



sire to comment on the play of a hand, all play shall cease immediately until he has finished.

10. At the conclusion of a hand the players shall remain silent until all kibetzers who desire to comment have done so.

11. No player is permitted to argue with a kibetzer nor to question his decision, but he shall have at all times the right of appeal to the chief kibetzer, whose decision shall be final.

12. It is the duty of a kibetzer to call revokes, correct leads from the wrong hand, inquire if a player has no more diamonds and make any and all remarks which occur to him.

13. Any kibetzer who neglects any of the aforesaid duties, or who is found to be correct in his analysis of a hand, shall be duly reprovved by the chief kibetzer. In the event of a repetition of the offense he shall be deprived of his office and compelled to become a player again.

ROSS WINS NATIONAL QUARTER MILE SWIM

Preston Steiger Swimming Well—Olympic Whites Win Polo Championship

By ERNEST MAYNARD SMITH

"NORMAN ROSS won the national quarter mile swimming championship in San Francisco Bay, off Neptune Beach, Alameda, on Saturday, August 11th, at 7:20 p. m., in 5 minutes and 58 3-5 seconds."

Thus reads the report of the Neptune Club to the National Championship Committee. Just a bald statement of the essentials of the race, which was a classic from the standpoint of a sporting event.

The race was swum over a 220-yard straightway course which ran parallel to the beach. A high wind was blowing and a surf of unusual height was running. The event was started at 7:20 p. m. owing to tidal conditions.

Ross, in a black Italian silk suit bearing a big Winged O emblem, chose the far lane on the bay side, with George Schroth, the Sacramento giant, on his left. The other competitors were Gerald Witt of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Frank Gay of Alameda and Ralph Cruse of Stockton.

The waves were chopping so high that an occasional bay "comber" swashed over the top of the start which was eighteen inches above the level of the water, and the men were held for several minutes on the wet diving board for the starter.

The field was off to a perfect start. Ross, taking his usual tremendous plunge, gained a yard on his dive. Schroth, swimming in the next lane, swam stroke for stroke with the Moose for 100 yards just a touch behind him. At the century mark Ross pulled away with Schroth trying but failing to hold on. Shortly after the Sacramento lad swam off at a tangent and ran afoul of a barge moored alongside the course. This misdirection robbed him

of what might have been a fighting chance with the Moose for the gold medal. When Schroth straightened out he was even with Witt, the southern boy, and Gay of Alameda who were disputing third position.

In the meantime Ross was swimming a bee course, riding the waves in wonderful form. He turned at the furlong mark in 2:58 2-5 seconds. This is very slow time, but considering the extreme roughness of the water is accounted for.

On the return Ross was swimming right into the sweeping bay crests, and his stroking was one of the most magnificent spectacles ever offered in an athletic event. From the judges' stand at the finish he was seen to break through the waves like a great fish, throwing foam and spray aside. One instant his whole body was submerged and the next he was perched on the summit of a wave, but all the while flailing the water with his huge arms. This was a struggle between the master of an element and that element in its most turbulent mood.

Ross finished with the sprint of a true champion. Meeting each wave with his breast and ploughing harder as he drew nearer the goal, he swam like a thoroughbred horse would run into the stretch.

George Schroth took second place after a close fight with Gerald Witt of Los Angeles. Schroth was confused as to his lane swimming and as crooked on his return as at the start. He is without question one of the greatest swimmers in the United States and the only man now in the swimming game to offer challenge to Ross.

* * *

In the afternoon the Winged O was

much in evidence in the tank races. Preston Steiger showed that he is one of the fastest swimmers in the West by leading George Cunha, the famous Hawaiian, to the tape in the 25-yard swim. Steiger had the advantage of a perfect start, but as no one "beat the gun" it was all in the race. He gave the Hawaiian a scare in the 50 yards, leading him for thirty yards and only relinquishing his lead when he took a disastrous "breath" which threw him out of his stroke. He was an easy second.

* * *

THE OLYMPIC CLUB Whites won the P. A. water polo championship. The deciding contest was played in the club pool one Wednesday night, and it was a contest long to be remembered.

The final score was 8 goals to 7. Jim

Resleure, captain of the Reds, who lost the game, suffered all the agonies of a leader who brings his team from behind at the last moment and then loses by one misplay.

The game see-sawed with the White team always on the upper balance of the score until sixty seconds from the end of the game when the Reds tied the score at 7 to 7. In the last fifteen seconds the Whites played a fast passing maneuver, which resulted in a goal from Preston Steiger's flashing hand. The game and championship went to the Whites. The winning team is composed of Preston Steiger, Lincoln Johnson, Fred Roth, George "Fat" Bond, Walter Waltenspiel, Marcus Lee, Duke Morrison, Harold Gardner and Ernest M. Smith.

THERE'LL BE A FIGHT AT FRESNO!

By FRANK FOSTER

IF it be true that High Jumper Larsen and four other Utah trackmen, two sprinters and two distance men, are already in training for the Far Western Championships at Fresno on September 28th, then THE OLYMPIC CLUB is going to have a real battle on its hands to retain its laurels.

Larsen, besides being one of the greatest jumpers that ever leaped the bar, is rated among the best all-around athletes in the country, and if he chances to be right when the big meet rolls around he is likely to gather in a score or more of points.

The two sprinters who will accompany Larsen out here are not so well known as he is, but unless Kirksey and Melville are at the top of their form they'll have a tough time of it. Of the Utah distance men even less is known, but if they are

of the same calibre as their team mates the going may be hard for Stout, Vellou and Millard.

I am not expecting that this Utah team will of itself overcome the all-around excellence of the Winged O aggregation, but with their competition added to the stiff battle that is sure to be dished up by California stars we'll have no easy time winning the meet.

Jimmy Fuller will be representing Santa Clara, U. C. has an array of talent untouched by the draft that may surprise even Walter Christie himself, and Stanford, St. Mary's and the Caledonians are not at all weak.

So the boys will be forced to extend themselves right from the jump if that old championship is to stay on Post street, San Francisco.

THEY'RE OFF ON THE DIPSEA TRAIL!

On September 16th the Thirteenth Annual Grind Will Be Held

By JOSEPH R. HICKEY

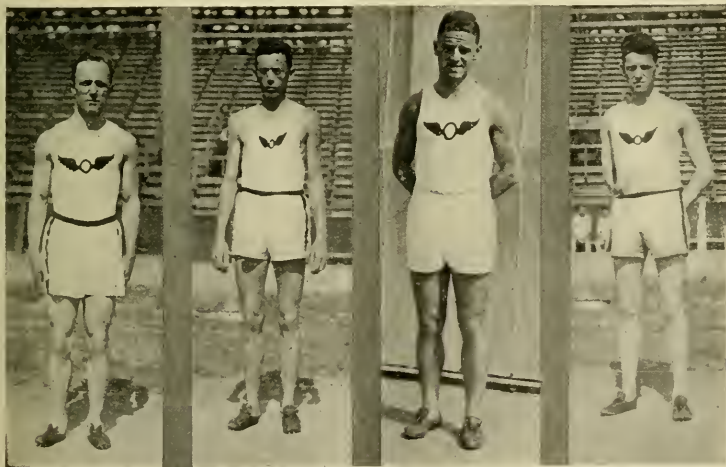
ANNOUNCEMENT by the committee of the Dipsea Indians that the annual race from Mill Valley to Willow Camp will take place on Sunday, September 16th, is the occasion of pleasing comment on the part of those who have learned to know this event as the most unique in the history of amateur athletics.

Early in the nation's present crisis there was a tendency on the part of many athletic leaders throughout the country to abandon the athletic programmes which heretofore have been such important factors in the upbuilding of the country's youth. This was nothing more than a tendency towards a misdirection of pa-

triotism, the error of which was soon realized.

It may be safely stated that the men who have for twelve years fostered the fascinating run over the Marin hills never anticipated eliminating interest in the Dipsea race. They, too, well understand that the factors which go to make a soldier could never be better developed than in the phases of the race itself, and the atmosphere so well understood by the thousands of hikers who are making themselves better men and women as a result of their outdoor pursuits.

Although the Dipsea race is generally identified with the activities of THE OLYM-



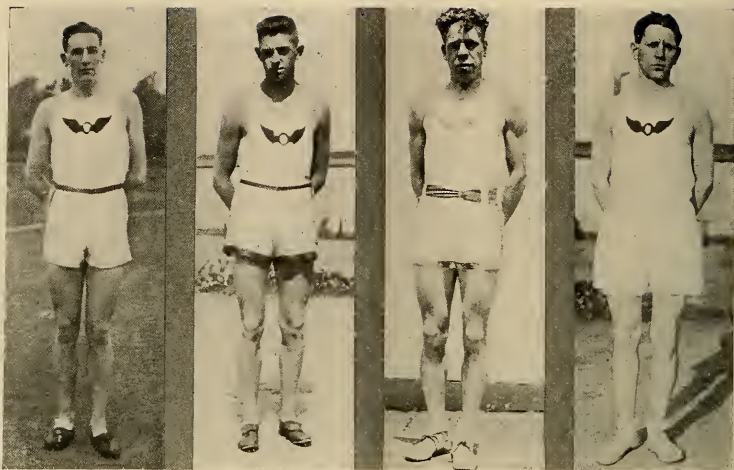
ED STOUT

O. MILLARD

M. HARTWELL

BOB VELLO

(Photo by W. Von Pochnitz)



(Photo by W. Von Poellnitz)

CHAS. HUNTER

F. FARMER

PORTER GRIFFITH

JOHN LOBIG

PIC CLUB, its success must be attributed to that little group of enthusiastic hikers who, year in and out in all kinds of weather, have found enjoyment and health in their weekly pilgrimages to that quaint little village nestled at the foot of the Marin hills, where the waters of the Pacific break in an inviting surf for several miles.

The history of the Dipsea race indicates that its originators never appreciated their earlier efforts, hardly realizing that with each successive year greater impetus would be given the event, until now it is so well established that it would be a tragedy even to entertain a thought with reference to its elimination.

Although some of the familiar faces of the pioneer days have disappeared, sufficient loyal Dipsea Indians remain to preserve the event, for the loss of some

faithful follower is quickly replaced by another. Each Friday evening there is a gathering of the Dipsea Indians at the round table in the dining room of THE OLYMPIC CLUB where the details of the forthcoming event are discussed and preparations for the weekly hike arranged. Sun-tanned and bronzed from continual exposure, this little assembly of Olympians are steadfast in their belief that the preservation of the annual Dipsea race is a cherished heritage in the history of club athletics.

From all stations of life come the actual participants in the race itself. For weeks preliminary to the event they find their way over the trail in preparation for the contest which is a test of men. No greater testimonial to the stamina and courage of the present generation may be

offered than this demonstration announced to take place on September 16th.

Once again it is announced that the entry list will include the record holder, Mason Hartwell of THE OLYMPIC CLUB, whose time for the seven miles is 47 minutes and 56 seconds. Oliver Millard, twice winner of the event, will also be on the job. Let this announcement forever dispel the idea that such competition is not wholesome, for here we have two men who have found their way over this trail for six years and have yet to show a sign that is not admirable in the makeup of men.

To those who have learned to love the open, a more attractive course for a cross-country race cannot be imagined. It has its trials, some severe, but the compensations are innumerable, and here we can appropriately apply Bill McGeehan's lines:

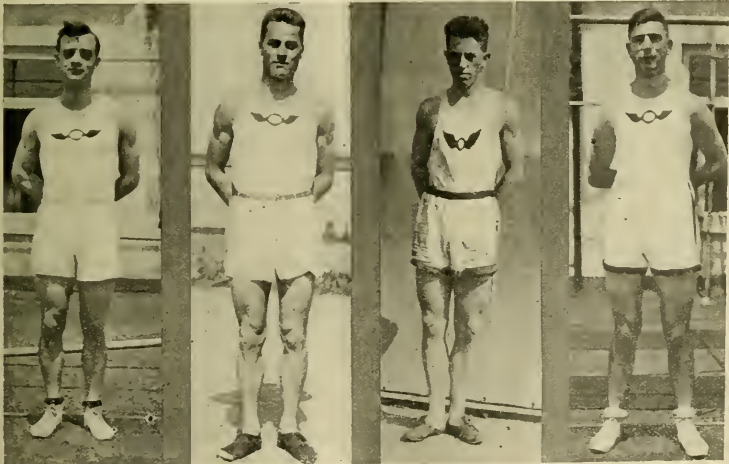
Oh, it's far to the top of the Hog's Back
Rise,

And the breathing is labored and fast;
But it's then for the cool of the ocean's
breeze

When the worst of the ridge is past.

As interesting as the race itself, and inviting to those who have been overtaken in the record of time, is the annual "pow-wow" of the night before. Each year this feature of the event has grown until many members of THE OLYMPIC CLUB and followers of amateur athletics look forward to the outing with unbounded enthusiasm.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB will be represented in the thirteenth annual Dipsea race by one of the most formidable teams ever assembled by the Winged O, and the indications point to the usual entry list from other organizations.



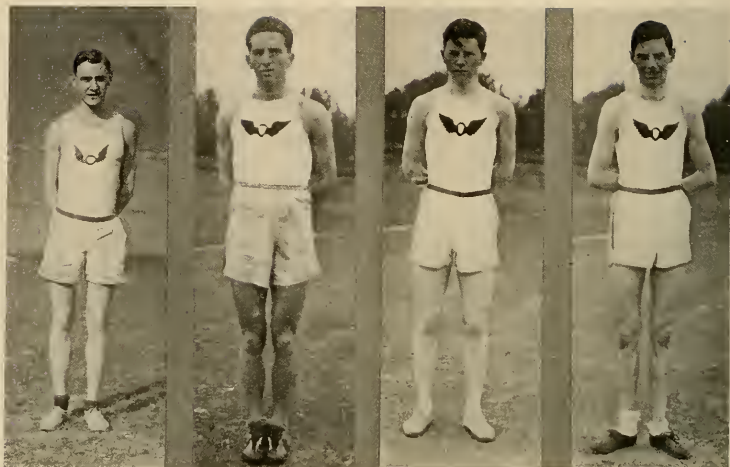
(Photo by W. Von Poellnitz)

HOWARD MILLER

JOHN MAURAS

L. PERKINS

M. WEINGARTEN



W. O'CALLAGHAN

A. WASHAUER

HUGH O'NEILL

HARRY LUDWIG

(Photo by W. Von Poellnitz)

Headed by Big Chief Judge T. I. Fitzpatrick who has maintained his ardent support of this event since its inception, the special committee completing the details is composed of the following: Vincent Finigan, Oscar Turnblad, Tiv Kreling, Charles Arata, Ben Boas, William H. McCarthy, A. J. Griffith, Joseph R. Hickey, Harry Schwartz and Joseph Watts.

From now until the important date in September the eyes of the local athletic world will be directed on the preparations for the Dipsea race. Each week will witness a display of aspiring athletes on the trail of the Marin hills. From early morning of each Sunday until the shadows of Mt. Tamalpais find their way over the neighboring ridges youth in its as-

piration will dispense the enthusiasm in the preliminary grind for

There's a patter of feet on the Lone Pine Ridge.

And the whir of the frightened quail;
Now the white forms flash in the shimmering green,

And they're off on the Dipsea Trail.

The full list of the Olympic trackmen who will run the Dipsea trail this year follows: Mason Hartwell, Bob Vellou, Oliver Millard, Eddie Stout, C. Hunter, F. Farmer, P. Griffith, J. Lobig, Howard Miller, J. Maurus, L. Perkins, M. Weingarten, H. Ludwig, Hugh O'Neill, A. Washauer, W. O'Callaghan.

WITH THE JUNIORS

By STANLEY R. SMITH

THE coming soccer football season is perhaps the most important thing in junior circles at present. The Bay Counties Soccer Football League, in which the absolutely green junior team made such a splendid showing last year, has reorganized and most of the team entries are already in. Needless to say ours is, and if the juniors don't pull out with a championship this time then "it's all wrong, Edgar, it's all wrong."

To begin with we are entering an absolutely veteran team. Hardly any of the boys who played last year will be absent from this season's lineup. This means added team work and a better co-operative system of playing. All the fellows will know each other's game and before the end of the season it is expected that every other team in the league will know it too. It was conceded by all our opponents last year that all we needed was more headwork and teamwork. This year will see the junior team taking the field with both of these attributes developed to the nth degree. From reports that were heard at the initial meeting of the league this year, every other team in the game but ours has lost men and in most cases good men. While we don't want any weak sisters to trample on, yet there is no gainsaying the fact that some of the chaps we had to play against last year, both in point of years and experience, had too much on us. Due to the depletion of the "big league" by reason of war conditions most of the extra good men in our league have been recruited to fill places on the big teams.

The junior team will be as a whole disappointed if the showing made by some of our fellows does not entitle them to a

chance at the club's University League team, and if they make this team they will still be able to play the Junior League games on Sundays. Several fellows in the junior section, boys who have made their mark in the local high school Rugby games, have announced their intention of coming out for the junior soccer team. If this is done some of the fellows on the team will have to root hard to hold their places, for when fellows like "Irish Johnny" Connolly and Jack Ferri of the senior Lowell squad determine to make a team, they are going to do it or know the reason why. The junior lineup that finished the season and also expects to finish this season is as follows: Goalkeeper, Bert Aceret; full backs, Harry Alter and S. R. Smith; half backs, Frank Cheney, Bobby Robert (this year's captain) and Arthur Carfagni; wings, Fred McWilliams and Sid Smith; forwards, Inny Bardellini, Ralph Ebner (last year's captain), Dick Julian and George Price.

* * *

A reward has come to both Arthur B. (Artie) Carfagni and Fred ((Wildo) McWilliams for their excellent showing on the junior soccer team last season, for both boys having reached the limit of junior membership—21 years—have been granted athletic memberships by the Athletic Committee at the request of Commissioner Pomeroy. Both of these fellows played excellent football, and McWilliams never missed either a game or a practice.

* * *

Tom Bunyan, it is rumored, has petitioned the Athletic Committee for a date in September for the annual junior-juvenile picnic and outing. If his request is grant-

ed, and there seems every reason that it will, we are in for another good time. Any of the fellows who passes up one of these affairs is losing something. Last year Tom took us down to Brighton Beach, and it was a great outing. Tom, assisted by a corps of efficient (?) officials recruited from among the juniors, ran off a very nifty track meet for which the club came through handsomely with silver bars to the winners. The ever obliging

Cavill did likewise with the swimming end of it, and what was to most of us still more important, the commissary department of the club came through with some eats, boy, some eats! In the afternoon the fellows played football and baseball and when about five p. m. Tom wanted us to go home he sure had some time dragging us away. Let's hope we go this year. We'll have a good time, no argument.

SOCGER FOOTBALL JOTTINGS

By EDGAR POMEROY

THE biggest surprise in football circles lately was the collapse of Clarence A. Carroll, better known as "Pat" Carroll, the husky young blonde who played first for our junior soccer football team and then for our senior team. "Pat" was "one of the boys," powerful, fast and courageous, and besides being a hurricane footballer, was a sprinter of no mean ability and a fast ice skater.

That he should suddenly break down with consumption and resultant hemorrhages and be sent to the hospital at Colfax is a blow to his team mates. However, "Pat" writes cheerful post cards to the team and all are hoping for the best.

Meantime to help the young man out the boys are selling chances on a Liberty Bond. Tickets for this can be obtained from Edgar Pomeroy, the football commissioner, and club members are hereby notified that the tickets are twenty-five cents each and the number limited.

* * *

What effect the draft will have on the personnel of next season's football team in the soccer league is of course at the present time problematical. Meantime the

Union Iron Works men will probably be exempt and be more powerful than ever. The future of our team is in the juniors: the young men under draft age and the older men over the age. On that theory the commissioner is still building up the junior squad.

* * *

Although the football season ended in April a game was played by the Olympic team and the Rangers of Alameda on June 17th, on the grounds opposite Neptune Beach, for the benefit of the injured in the latter team. It was far too hot for football, but the condition of the club team brought them a 7 to 2 victory. After which they went to Nellie Schmidt's Cottage Baths for a refreshing swim.

* * *

Kellas, captain of the University of California's soccer football team, is drilling in the R. O. T. C. So is Shafor, the coach and goalkeeper; so is Wilfred Maloney, soccer manager for Stanford University soccer football teams. Maloney has his commission as cavalry captain.

* * *

Norman Ross was a soccer footballer in

the North, which explains his foot ability in water polo.

* * *

The members of the club's soccer football squad are planning a moonlight steamer trip to Sacramento and hikes in Marin county for the summer. Shin guards will be worn to ward off snakes

and poison oak and goal keepers' gloves to keep out mosquitos. The goal of these hikes will be the dinner at the end.

* * *

A footballer's a footballer no matter what betide,

If you want to save football you will have to hit your stride.

BILLIARDS

DR. O. B. BURNS

SOME time ago a prediction was made that when Jake Shaefer and Willie Hoppe met in some of their exhibition games on the road, Shaefer would "occasionally" beat the champion at 18:2 balk line. It did not take young Shaefer long to realize this fond ambition. Right off the reel in their opening match at Minneapolis Shaefer downed the mighty William, scoring 250 points to Hoppe's 14. In this game Shaefer ran 166, setting wild those who saw it, but Jake's joy was short-lived, as Hoppe turned on him in their match the same evening and walloped him 250 to 4. Hoppe ran 48 from the lag, and when Jake failed after making 4 points, Willie ran the game out with an unfinished run of 202.

* * *

That balk line is again coming into its own was exemplified in Chicago some time ago at Mussey's. The inter-city games between the Windy City and Detroit drew packed houses, many being away, when Welker Cochran of Chicago defeated Clarence Jackson of Detroit, 400 to 283 in the opening contest. As I wrote before, Welker Cochran is one of the coming players who stands a good chance of playing for the world's championship later on.

The red ball game should become very

popular because it (like the three cushion game) is a great equalizer, and the players get a chance to shoot almost every minute; besides it is a good game to practice on account of there being so many hard shots to execute. In playing the game the object is to carom on the red ball first. Runs of ten are not very often made except by the experts. A player has to figure on leaving the red ball in position each time so that he can make the next count, and often the player is compelled to take a cushion before hitting the red ball on account of its being blocked by one of the white balls. This means that a great many hard shots have to be executed, making the runs very small.

The red ball game therefore compels a player to become familiar with all the angles, very much the same as in the three cushion game.

A red ball tournament would be very interesting, and I think that the club might be induced to give one in the near future.

* * *

The finish of the three cushion tournament was blocked for some time on account of Leo Pockwitz going to New York. Nat Messer was the only contestant left, he having defeated all the others, so he and Pockwitz played for the

first and second prize about ten days ago, with Pockwitz winning first place and Messer second.

Leo Pockwitz winning first place in the three cushion tournament was a surprise to all his friends. In most of his games he looked like a sure loser, and just at the time when his opponent needed only a few points to go out, Leo would come through with a dash and win. Well, he surely moved in the ship this time, and all the contestants were glad to see him win since they themselves could not win.

THE "PROFESSIONALIZATION" FIASCO

(Continued from Page 10)

limit in his vindication. And his knowledge made him quit.

But Desch wasn't the only man who knew it. The Idora Park people knew it too, and because they knew it they were quite willing that Desch should quit and that they should quit with him. Because they knew it they were willing that their bluff should be called and their hands thrown up.

Epigram: The blood of a four-flusher reveals itself in a pinch, and the punch of a bully rarely lands.

The mainspring of the whole messy business was the desire of the Idora Park people to club Ross into swimming in their tank with the threat of professionalizing him for an alleged breach of amateur rules if he didn't. The presence of a champion is naturally a great box office magnet.

But Norman wouldn't be clubbed, and the only definite result of the mixup was some little free publicity for Desch, the man who did and who didn't, the nature of which, however, hardly redounds to his credit.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP

ACTIVE:

Anderson, Rev. P. A., clergyman, 756 Mission St.

Chipchase, C. G., mgr. Redwood Mfg. Co., Hearst Bldg.

Clark, Albert L., social editor, The Examiner, Hearst Bldg.

Cleary, E. W., medical director State Comp. Ins. Fund, 525 Market St.

Cofer, E. M., with Hills Bros., 175 Fremont St.

Francis, Ira J., mgr. J. A. Roebblings Sons, 646 Folsom St.

Howard, Henry, consulting engineer, 68 Post St.

Lyne, Rev. H. J., clergyman, 221 Valley Street.

Miall, C. M., with Columbia Steel Co., 503 Market St.

Roberts Jr., F. K., insurance, 1482 Sutter St.

Reis, Wm. B., capitalist, Merchants Exchange Bldg.

Shephers, Richardson, mgr. Appeal Mfg. Co., 1596 Market St.

Splivalo, R. B., merchant, 956 Bryant.

Forrest, Edwin, merchant, 129 Fremont.

Hegnstler, Louis T., attorney, Kohl Building.

COURTESY:

Clark Jr., Edw. H., reserve officers' training camp, 470 Park Ave., New York.

NON-RESIDENT:

Johnstone, C. H., traveling salesman, New York City.

Kelly, E. S., manufacturer, Springfield, Ohio.

Loeffler, P. C., salesman, New York.

Skinner, Robt. Wm., salesman, Los Angeles, Cal.

SERVICE:

Aldrich, W. A., radio gunner, Postal Building.

Clairmont, R. F., radio gunner, Postal Building.

Carson, John B., field clerk, Santa Fe Building.

Dempsey, H. H., ensign, U. S. navy, Postal Bldg.

Derham, Francis E., lieutenant D. R. C., 227 Steiner St.

Grattan, N. H., radio gunner, Postal Building.

Gregory, L. S., lieutenant R. O. T. C., Presidio.

Gustavson Jr., F., pay clerk, U. S. navy, Naval Training Station.

Parks, C. J., ensign U. S. navy, Postal Building.

Waters, R. J., ensign U. S. navy, Postal Building.

Albright, Louis, warrant officer, U. S. N., 1030 Sacramento St.

Burke, Sherman R., lieutenant U. S. army, Presidio.

Engels, George H., warrant officer, U. S. N., 972 Sutter St.

Glensor, H. W., lieutenant Signal Corps, U. S. army, 1009 Mills Bldg.

Haverkamp, C. M., captain U. S. army, Santa Fe Bldg.

ATHLETIC:

Knutsen, Lindsay, clerk, 55 Liberty St.

Smith, Alvin D., student, 1050 Lake St.

Hernic, John M., packer, 360 Fremont.

Groom, H. J., salesman, 1536 Bush St.

Borniadès, Geo., metal worker, 241 Sixth St.

O'Neill, Hugh A., clerk, 211 First National Bank Bldg.

Browne, Roy E., salesman, 255 Geary.

Zwicky, Michael, box maker, Oakland.

Woodside, Jas. A., clerk, 562 Battery.

Hemphill, Mr., clerk, 1 Kansas St.

Bruntsch, Harold, surveying, Florence Hotel, San Francisco.

Lange Jr., Eric, student, 206 Sharon Building.

Crabtree, David, Battery B., 636 Pine.

Benton, Murray, oil worker, Taft, Cal.

Kelley, Lloyd D., Battery B., 2 Sixth Avenue.

Bianchi, Henry E., law student, 901 Kohl Bldg.

Woodman, A. R., tariff clerk, 248 Flodo Building.

Schaffer, E. L., salesman, 71 First St.

Fyfe, A. D., engineer, Stanford University, Cal.

Trood, Gilbert S., clerk, Second and Mission.

Moran, C. M., dept. manager, 111 Kearny St.

Logan, Kenneth M., accountant, 906 Merchants Exchange.

Collom, Kenneth G., bank clerk, Crocker National Bank.

Johnston, Wm. P., hardware, 131 Highland Ave.

JUNIOR:

Holland Jr., P. H., student, 10 Shore View Ave.

JUVENILE:

Bishop, Richard Wheeler, 3653 Jackson St.

Devlin, Berchman R., 160 Sea Cliff Ave.

Devlin Jr., Leo J., 160 Sea Cliff Ave.

Henry, Charles A., 554 Eleventh St.

Law Jr., Hartland, 6 Presidio Terrace.

Lyons, Franklin H., 22 Jordan Ave.

Mullgardt Jr., Jack, 2300 Van Ness Ave.

O'Connor, James F., 175 Twenty-first Avenue.

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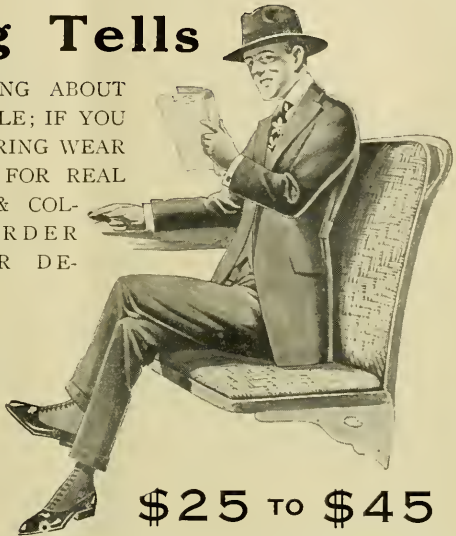
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STATEMENT OF OPERATIONS FOR MONTH OF JULY, 1917

The following figures of the club's financial operations for the month of July, 1917, show that the profit after deducting interest charges and providing for the retirement of bonded indebtedness was \$3,780.58.

Net Departmental Income		
From Restaurant, Bar, Cigar Stand, Billiards and Pool, Massage Department, Valet Service, Bowling		\$ 1,348.73
House Income		3,918.14
Living Rooms		\$ 2,314.37
Income	\$2,776.25	
Less Labor, Laundry, Linen, etc.....	461.88	
Dressing Rooms		1,251.05
Steel Lockers		326.50
Taxicab Account (net)		26.22
Other Income		\$16,491.34
Dues—All Classes	\$12,830.50	
Initiations	3,315.00	
Visitors' Cards	234.00	
Purchase Discounts	111.84	
Total Income		\$21,758.21
General Expenses		14,285.96
Office and Administrative	\$ 1,048.87	
House General Expenses	1,468.10	
Light and Power	551.00	
Water	598.13	
Laundry	647.99	
Maintenance and Repairs	390.34	
House Labor	2,873.05	
House Meals	802.60	
"Olympian" (net)	187.59	
Newspapers and Periodicals	49.20	
Telephone Exchange	285.85	
Total	\$ 713.46	
Less Members' Switches	427.61	
Stationery and Printing		256.95
Store Room		240.00
Engine Room		1,301.31
Insurance		200.00
Taxes		477.82
Interest on Current Notes		150.00
Athletic		1,651.76
General	\$1,151.44	
Special	500.32	
War Expense		8.20
Old Glory Dinner		1,048.80
Library		48.40
Operating Profit Before Providing for Interest, etc.		\$ 7,472.25
Interest, Etc.		2,025.00
Interest on Mortgage and Bonds	\$1,825.00	
Uncollectible Accounts	200.00	
Net Profit		\$ 5,447.25
Less		
To Provide for Retirement of Mortgage Indebtedness in 20 Years. (Sinking Fund to be Hereafter Provided)		\$ 1,666.67
Final Net Profit Exclusive of Current Depreciation		\$ 3,780.58

We certify that the above statement is correct as taken from the books of The Olympic Club.
SULLY, HOOD & STRONG, Certified Public Accountants.

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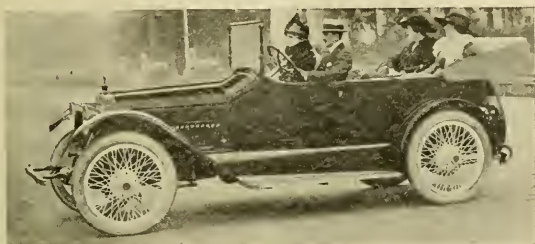
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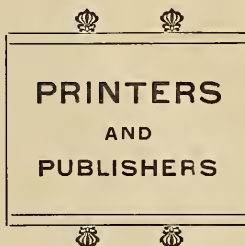


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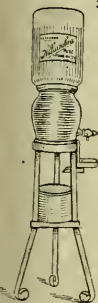
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Vol. V

SEPTEMBER, 1917

No. 57

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoeffer, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

The annual election of the club was held this month without any change oc-

curring in the personnel

The of its officers. So the

Club club will continue for

Administration another year under its

present management

without any immediate prospect of in-

novation. Meanwhile it is to be inferred

that club sentiment with reference to

building alterations proposed some months

ago approves the attitude the Directors

assumed as soon as the nation was plunged

into war. The club possesses its soul in

patience, as the part of wisdom demands.

We shall probably be content to wait till

the end of the war before assuming any

obligations of epochal significance. But

as there is no intention of neglecting the

creature comforts of Olympians an inspec-

tor of service has been added to the reg-

ular staff of club functionaries. This position has been filled by the appointment of Mr. John H. Nicoll, a gentleman of wide experience in the management of all the departments of a well-equipped club. He has been instructed to make such improvements in the service as he may deem essential to the general welfare.

It is no longer necessary to remind our readers that the first duty of the nation today is to fight. To all

Enthusiasm and singular it is evident that the Prussian menace

for has become real and immediate, but while it is clear that

Battery the present highest duty of the citizen is to defend his country from a

B deadly peril there are some of us perhaps

who do not possess a lively sense of duties

we may render in lieu of some we are not

all able to perform. Not all of us are able

to fight, but even they who are unfit for

military duty may assist in some other

way in the stern business of defeating the

enemy. For instance we may help to make

others fit. The man with merely the

physical capacity of a soldier may be im-

proved; we may cheer him on to victory;

we may supply him with the precious and

compelling quality of enthusiasm. Many

of the things required for successful fight-

ing Americans have been supplying their

soldiers with—we are contributing to our

Allies arms and the men; we are giving

the men a physical, material equipment un-

surpassed, but it remains for us to fire

their souls with enthusiasm. This is what

the Directors of THE OLYMPIC CLUB had

in mind when they determined the other

day to give evidence of their pride in Bat-

tery B of the California Field Artillery

Regiment, otherwise known as "The Griz-

zlies." Every great and commanding

movement in the annals of the world,

Emerson tells us, is the triumph of enthusiasm. The importance of this element the old Greeks very well understood. According to them it signifies "God in us." They had a sense of psychic values. They knew that whatever cause in which enthusiasm was enlisted was likely to win, and it was for this reason that they made national heroes of their athletes and made much of poets like Pindar because of the flights of fancy by which in his immortal verse written to celebrate the triumphs of track men and others he aroused a universal enthusiasm in which the sordid element of money claimed no part.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB always has had enthusiasm for its athletes. To the enthusiasm of the club may be rightly attributed much of its success in athletic affairs and much of the success of the athletes who have reflected glory on the organization. Let us not be unmindful of successes to come, successes more easily to be won with the stimulus of genuine enthusiasm. Now our Directors, who have done much to keep the club in the forefront of the civic organizations that have played a fine part in war preliminaries, are doing all in their power to keep awake, stimulate and spread the enthusiasm they kindled in the hour of danger. And so it is that this club that has done much to quicken the energies of athletes in these parts, is now doing the same thing for the soldiers of Battery B, all of whom are Olympians. In these soldiers we take pride, for they are our boys and we know that by the deeds they soon will be performing for their country, they will win renown for the

club as well as for themselves. Of this we may be certain, for the spirit of Battery B is the spirit of youth born under the stars and stripes and trained under the flag of the Winged O. In the veins of these young men courses American blood, their minds are steeped in affection for American institutions, and their hearts beat in tune with American ideals. How good it is to know that they wear the Olympic button at the front! How grateful we should be—we who cannot fight—that they afford us a better opportunity to play our modest part in this war by making life easier for them at the front!

Requested by letter to contribute to the Mess and Button Fund of Battery B (The Olympic Club Battery) of the California Field Artillery, members of The Olympic Club responded with a gratifying promptness indicative of a more than cheerful willingness. In many instances members were not content with limiting their donation as requested to \$2.50. Postals were received at the club by return mail and the contributions ranged from \$2.50 to \$100, some members insisting on giving more eloquent testimony of their enthusiasm for Battery B than might be inferred from a contribution of the size requested. This is the true Olympian spirit warmed by the fires of patriotism. Within twenty-four hours after the mailing of the letters informing the members of the intention of entertaining Battery B, and the officers of the regiment on Tuesday evening, contributions amounting to eight thousand dollars were received at the secretary's office.

OLYMPIC WARRIORS COME TO TOWN

*California Batterymen Enjoy an Evening of Genuine Fun at the Club

THE spirit of the Old Glory banquets pervaded Olympia again on Tuesday night, September 25th, when the Winged O Battery of California's Field Artillery Regiment came up from Tanforan to swim in the club tank, dine in the club dining hall and be entertained with a boxing, wrestling, judo, fencing and singing program in the club gymnasium.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thornwell Mullally and those of his staff able to absent themselves from camp were present. Captain T. T. C. Gregory was in active charge of the Battery. And President William F. Humphrey represented the Club in the speechmaking.

It is doubtful if a more delightful evening has been vouchsafed the Batterymen since they encamped. They were brought from Tanforan in automobiles owned and driven by Olympians. Upon reaching the club the entire two hundred took a plunge in the tank, and if the noise they made be any token of their enthusiasm that plunge was regarded as a godsend.

Then they harkened to the call of the soul and headed for the dining room where a real meal awaited them. During the course of the meal that recently vaccinated gentleman William Kid Nelson thrilled them with patriotic songs and proved conclusively that the shot he got in his arm hasn't affected his voice in the least.

Then they stepped to the gymnasium where they were presented with a set of Olympic and Old Glory flags and Battery Buttons by President Humphrey and admonished by him to bring the colors back from France along with whatever other flags they might get their hands on.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mullally responded on behalf of the regiment, presented the

flags in turn to Captain Gregory, and announced that they'd be brought back without a rip or a tear unless he is proven very much mistaken in the calibre and character of the men who man his guns.

Not to make the evening wholly idealistic a check calling for \$1500 was also presented to the Battery, to be expended exclusively in the purchasing of tobacco for the boys; the pink slip of paper, it may be remarked, getting almost as much of a cheer as did the colors themselves.

The boxing, wrestling, judo, fencing and singing program was unquestionably the very best ever staged in the gymnasium. George Green's nervous young men (nervous in the complementary sense, for George insists that good boxing depends more on keen nerves than on anything else), Al Williams' huskies, Professor Miller and Allan Smith with his nifty methods of overthrowing gigantic opponents with simple twists of the wrist and kicks in the shins, were all at their best, and the soldier boys were loud in their demonstration of appreciation.

Kid Nelson sang again, and Charlie Bulotti brought the leather-biters to their feet with a spirited rendition of the Marseillaise.

If there ever was a better night for clubmen and soldiers alike it isn't in the annals of Olympia. The full program follows:

Wrestling: Louis Friedman vs. Harry Smulson; John Maurus vs. Wm. Lundahl.

Tenor solo by Mr. Charles Bulotti.

Jiu Jitsu: Mr. Allan Smith and assistant.

Tenor solo, Willie Kidd Nelson.

Fencing: Professor Miller vs. S. L. Warren.

Boxing: Kysh vs. Fitzgerald; McFarland vs. Schiller; Abels vs. Hersog; Emmall vs. Kelly.

Tenor solo: Willie Kidd Nelson.

SID CAVILLE CALLS A HALT!

Renowned "Swimmin' Marster" Takes Issue with the Would-be Experts

By T. L. L.

SIDNEY L. ST. CAVILLE, sometimes called Sid, stepped out the other day and registered a large protest, accompanied by gestures, against the misinformation would-be swimming experts are handing the public in the local newspapers.

Sid nurses a gigantic peeve, an enthusiastic grouch because of the fact that pseudo-champions have been signing their names to articles written by altogether ignorant newspapermen in which is set forth with a great gusto and a loud burble the intricacy of the famous Crawl stroke.

It is the Swimmin' Marster's contention that there is nothing intricate about the stroke, that it really is as simple as the wrestling booblic, and that to permit the junk the papers are printing to go uncontroverted is a very bad thing for aquatics.

Now inasmuch as this same Sidney L. St. Caville is the inventor of the Crawl and the first swimmer of any prominence to use it in competition he ought to know what he is talking about.

At any rate, what he has to say concerning the stroke in question will be listened to with respect by all followers of swimming, especially since he categorically contradicts the balderdash of the scribes.

Picture him, then, reclining artistically against a pillar in the natatorium, while a million juveniles splash and shriek in the tank, as he picks lint from his new red bathrobe and whoops forth his pronouncement.

"These people," he begins, referring of course to the writers, "have been making all sorts of talk about the mysterious nature of the Crawl stroke.

"They have been filling yards and yards of good space with stuff about arm 'expression' and 'foot-beat' and 'rhythm kicking' and all such as that. We read of 'two-beat,' 'four-beat,' 'six-beat' and even 'eight-beat.' We learn about the wonderful leg thrash of George Cunha and Duke Kahanamoku and the trudgeon foot-wallop of Norman the Moose.

"Now I say that this is the bunk. I say it is very much to the Gorgonzola. I tell you, when I read it I hold my nose. For it is so obviously an attempt by a lot of catch-phrase work and seemingly technical expression to fool the reading public into a belief that the Crawl is something to be learned only by the specially qualified that even Ad Santel would blush to perpetrate it.

"In the first place, the crawl stroke is essentially simple. It is, in fact, the simplest swimming stroke in the world. If it wasn't simple it wouldn't be effective, it wouldn't make records. By eradicating every possible unnecessary movement in the water and so concentrating the swimmer's power as to make every muscle count the Crawl tends to propel him forward with the least possible exertion. And those swimmers who swim with a leg thrash and an arm chop that churn and boil the water like a combination side and stern wheel mud scow trying to negotiate the sad waters of the Alameda mud-flats aren't swimming the crawl, and they aren't getting anywhere, either, as you'll admit if you watch them.

"The real Crawl stroke finds all its power in the swimmer's arms. He lies flat in the water, his head submerged to the level of his eyes, his shoulders straight.

(Continued from Page 23)

MASON HARTWELL WINS THE DIPSEA!

The Old Boy Starts from Scratch, Wins the Time and Place Prizes, and Finds the Girl Waiting for Him at the Finish Line

By CHARLES TIV KRELING

MASON HARTWELL, a veteran of veterans, led a field of 68 to the tape in the Thirteenth Annual Dipsea Marathon from Mill Valley to Willow Camp on Sunday morning, September 16th. Hartwell's time for the distance was 51 minutes, 39 seconds.

Oliver Millard, himself an old timer at the trail stuff, took second, some three minutes later, and Victor Chapman, a high school boy, gathered third money.

By winning the race in the fashion he did Hartwell performed a feat hitherto never performed, for this is the first time in the history of the event that a scratch man has won. The time prize, of course, may easily go to the man who starts last, but it is a rare thing when he is able to pass all the early starters and break into the sand on the beach with both prizes tucked under his belt.

But the big feature of Hartwell's win is the fact that it has established him as a genuine come-back. He has been out of the championship running for some time now, and his entry in this year's classic was doubtful for a while, but if he lost any of his former skill and speed and stamina during his lay off he evidently has again found it.

Mrs. Hartwell met the old boy at the finish with a big kiss, and Baby Hartwell, a two-year-old husky who some day may be trekking the trail himself, threw his arms around his daddy's neck and, though he was obviously wondering what it all was about, told him he was glad to see him.

Hartwell finished with a great spurt and a fine stride. Despite the appalling heat

of the blazing day, which was one of the hottest of the year, he broke the tape with a high head and a smile, and found no need for stimulants or any sort. It is obvious that when Hartwell made up his mind he was going to go into the race he did go into it with a vengeance, and his training must have been most sincere and most consistent.



(Photo by Wm. von Poellnitz)

BIG CHIEF T. I. ON THE DIPSEA SANDS.

Millard's failure to do better than he did may be accounted for by the fact that he has been climbing the hills of the Shasta region for over a month, and it is very likely that he left the best part of his race up there. Still, even had Millard been in the very best of shape it is not at all likely that he would have beaten Hartwell, since Mason appeared to have a plentiful supply of reserve force which he could have called on in the event of a close competitor. For this reason it is too bad that he wasn't given a harder battle—he won by over 3 minutes, be it remembered—since he might then have bettered his own record of 47.56.

"The Night Before," when the big Pow-Wow of the Dipsea Indians is staged, was better this year than it has ever been in the past. Indeed, it is doubtful if this year's Pow-Wow will ever be excelled in genuine fun and good sport. Big Chief Tim Fitzpatrick and his corps of enthusiastic aides were untiring in their efforts to get things arranged for the thousands of guests. Fat Larue and Otto Walfish and Vaccination Kid Nelson, the sweet singer of Sad Songs, dished up enough impromptu stuff to satisfy the most critical vaudevillians.

Then there was "Fighting Dan McGrew" Brennan, "He's Out of the Army Now" Stafford, "Double-up" Turnblad, Harry



(Photo by Wm. von Poellnitz)

FOUR OF THE INDIANS RESTING AFTER THE TRAIL GRIND

Frank Foran, Walter Hood, John Cunningham and J. F. Harrington. Harrington was called to the National Army with the second draft contingent, leading his district quota as captain.

McKenzie, Bill McCarthy, Joe Watts, Tony Griffith and Vincent Finnegan, all of whom more than did their bit to provoke the laughter and amusement of the throng. Without these men and their works and wiles no Dipsea Pow-Wow could be complete.

The Committee of Arrangements is again deserving of more than merely passing praise for its achievements. The average man who steps across the trail and seats himself in the sand on the beach to partake of the fun never stops to consider the work entailed for the committee that tends to the thousand and one details of the affair.

Such things as bonfires, beds, food and the like for nearly a thousand overnight guests, not to mention all the incidental necessities for those who come over the trail Sunday morning or ride in automobiles, are all taken care of by the arrangements committee, and too much recognition cannot be given its efforts.

That Hartwell and Millard should finish as winners, once it was ascertained that the former was in his old-time form, occasioned no great surprise. There was surprise, however, in the failure of the third scratch man, Walter "Bear" Jones of Stockton, who also sports a Winged O, to finish. Jones made the best time in the 1916 race, and was picked by the experts as one of the strongest contenders.

After covering only a quarter of the course, however, the Bear weakened, mainly because of a painful accident which tore away the heel of his shoe and a portion of the flesh of his foot as well, and was forced to withdraw. Jones competed in the Tribune marathon on Admission Day and the heat in this race was so intense as to cause his collapse in the first few miles. This may have had something to do with his failure in the Dipsea.



(Photo by Wm. von Poellnitz).

MASON HARTWELL
The man who came back.

A LETTER FROM ERNIE SMITH

(Below appears a copy of a letter received by Robin Baily of the San Francisco Bulletin sporting staff.)

Allentown, Pennsylvania, Sept. 6, 1917.

My Dear Robin:

Focus your binoculars on Allentown, Pa., and observe an erstwhile swimming promoter wearing a wrist watch, O. Ds., puttees, and huge pedal protectors, which are dignified with the title of "army shoes." Yes, your old pal Ernest is now in the service—full-fledged, khaki-clad and profane.

I accomplished a miracle by getting into the livest unit in camp—the U. C., Sect. 114—for a newcomer usually after enlisting is placed in "casual" barracks where he must languish in solitude for a whole week. By going straight to the captain of the Western companies—Captain Powell, and Lieutenant Martin who took the case to the major—I clipped several hundreds of yards of red tape—and went directly into this section.

This camp is just like one great college campus. There are about 7,000 men here now, representing 47 colleges in this country. The officers are all university graduates in medicine, and the spirit is the same that exists in the universities. The men are all sincere—a spirit of willingness charges the air—we are all trying. A wonderful tribute to the recruiting campaigns waged by Kaiser Bill!

The camp occupies the Allentown Fair Grounds, a tract about a half mile square, with a race track and huge grandstand (and, by the way, we are quartered up in the grandstand row), with several athletic fields, pleasure groves and parade fields. Really, it is an ideal camp.

The California fellows are charged with a characteristic Western "pep" and have taken a lead in the activities of the camp. The "jazz band," composed of Paul McCoy, Frank Morin and Charlie Boyd, has taken the place by storm. They are now playing at the Lehigh Country Club at Pickersville, three miles from here. By the way, this club was so taken with our fellows that they made us members until we leave for France. We have had several delightful times.

Charlie Boyd and Paul McCoy were both members of the last year's Freshman California football team. Frank Hall was catching for the Seals when he left. Verne Jones was rated high in Pasadena tennis circles, Earl Gay played baseball at California, Earl Wells played basketball at California. In fact every man in our unit of 45 is an athlete of some sort—all are clean-limbed, muscular fellows, and *princes*.

What will interest you most is the fact that next Sunday, September 15, the University of California sections will meet the Stanford units in a Rugby game on the "big field." We are promoting the contest to show the East Rugby. It will be one of the big events of the season—all Allentown will be out—and we shall probably play before 15,000 people. We are getting out programs—and I am doing the press work in the local papers.

Our line-up includes Charles Boyd, Paul McCoy, W. Middough, Ernest Smith, Frank Hall, Earl Gay, Monte Hawkes, Earle Wells, G. R. Geisendorfer, Jim Bretherton, Leonard Meltzer, E. E. Kelly and Frank Morin. Our scrum (we shall play 3—2—3) will average 178 pounds. On the Stanford team will be "Reg" Caughy, Tuffy Kahn and a host of others. It will be a gala day.

My kindest wishes to all.

ERNEST M. SMITH.

JUNIOR PICNIC A GREAT SUCCESS

By STANLEY R. SMITH

WELL, the long expected junior-juvenile picnic is now a thing of the past, but of the unforgettable past, for it is a certainty that none of the boys who were so fortunate as to participate in this junior revel will forget it for many a long day to come. To begin with this year's outing was entirely different from any of its predecessors, inasmuch as the trip was entirely made by boat, which fact made the journey to and from the picnic grounds one of the pleasantest features of a day so filled with pleasure that it is difficult to pick the high spots.

Tom Bunyan had announced that this year he was going to have "something different," and he surely succeeded. About one hundred and fifty of the boys were on hand at the Howard street wharf on the morning of Saturday, September 8, and there embarked upon the big double-deck launch which the club had provided for its younger sons' gala day. The first few hours of the morning were taken up with a sail about the bay, including a trip to the Union Iron Works, after which the boat turned around and stood out for the Golden Gate. From the Gate we returned along the Marin shore passing Lime Point (what happy ? memories this aroused in the minds of the boys who had swum in the recent "Cross Gate" swim), Sausalito, Tiburon and ending up at Paradise Cove, our destination, at exactly 12 o'clock.

Once on terra firma the fellows gave the usual Olympian exhibition of how to live in a bathing suit and be happy, and after this sartorial arrangement, which in most cases sufficed for the rest of the day, headed for the briny.

At this juncture, most important of all important happenings, the cooks loaned to us by the club got busy, closely supervised by Billy Leonard who in all things culinary professes great knowledge. But Bill McCullum, chief of the commissary department of THE OLYMPIC CLUB, needed little instruction in preparing "eats," and at 1:45 p. m. the boys, most of us awful hungry, sat down to a bountiful repast of—well, any kind of sandwiches you liked (and some sandwiches!), coffee, lemonade, fruit, cakes, in fact everything that by tradition belongs in a picnic lunch, was there. And by the shade of Epicurus we did it justice!

After lunch and about an hour's rest, the "champion of champions," as Bill McWood calls Sid Caville, started running off the swimming meet, without which of course no junior picnic would be complete. Some fine swimming races resulted, the 100 yard backstroke race which Jimmy Carson won being especially good. The results of the races are as follows:

- 40 yard swim for midgets—Ivan Sullivan, first, A. Rossi, second.
- 50 yard swim for advanced juveniles—Henry Brann, first, Fred Moore, second.
- 50 yard swim for intermediates—Leo Briggs, first, Paul Lisle, second.
- 100 yard swim for juniors—Ray Harwood, first, Dick Julian, second.
- 100 yard back-stroke free-for-all—Jim Carson, first, Dick Julian, second.

After making the best individual showing in the swimming meet and incidentally cleaning up two medals, our ubiquitous friend Dick Julian next organized, and let us say very carefully organized, a baseball team, guaranteed to wipe the ground with any contending teams. The "Young Julians" did this little trick and the honorable Dick smilingly informed Mr. Bunyan



JUNIOR ^{AND} JUVENILE OUTING
MONTICELLO GROVE SEPT. 8, 1917

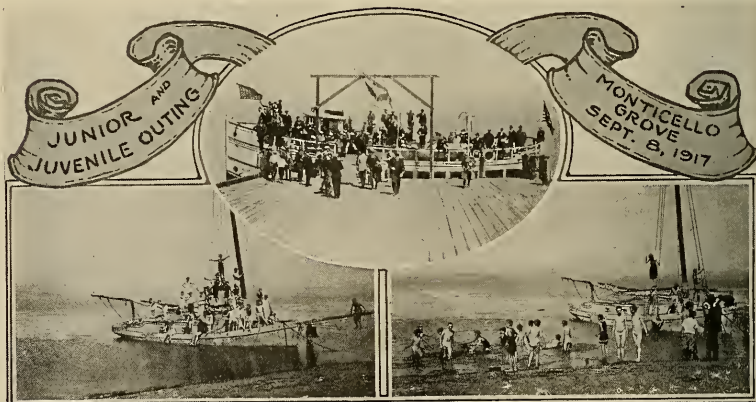


that he, Dick Julian, had another little tophy coming. All of which bears out oft repeated statements that Dick likes Olympic Club medals, and that as an organizer he sure is all the class. The ball players on "Julian's Hopes" were of course Richard himself, Ray Harwood, Arnold Rumwell, Howard Herrington, Douglas Tait, Fred Moore, John Conlin, John McDonald and Charlie O'Brien, and the final score against the next best team was 6-4. For swimmers they played pretty good ball too.

After this game the arrangements committee sprang the last and best surprise of the day, no less than more "eats." Again the young athletes and near-athletes sat themselves down to a handsome repast composed of those stalwart friends of Olympia, "dogs and coffee." This was

enough and we will not dwell upon the accompanying sandwiches, cakes, lemonade and such things. The canines and the Java were enough; we knew the other things were there for us if by some abnormal enlargement of carrying capacity we could devour them, and strange, to say most of us found that capacity.

After dinner, gorged to repletion, we wandered about until Tom Bunyan at 5 o'clock rounded us all up at the boat for the trip home. Straight back to the city we came, and at 6 o'clock probably the most tired and happy bunch the old Howard street wharf had seen for many a long year wearily climbed off the boat and with one rousing cheer for the good old Olympic Club headed for home and bed.



OLYMPIC ATHLETES ENTERTAIN SOLDIERS

By E. P. BLY

BOXERS, wrestlers and gymnasts of THE OLYMPIC CLUB helped to "do their bit," indirectly at least, when recently they staged two athletic exhibitions for Uncle Sam's Sammies. One show was given at Tanforan on the evening of August 24th; the other a week later at Camp Fremont.

Every stunt seemed to "get over" in fine style on both occasions. The soldiers gave evidence of a large capacity for enthusiasm, notwithstanding the fact that they had probably been through a hard day. In fact a little less "pep" would not have been surprising, because

"With reveille at four and taps at ten,
And the bloomin' drills in between,
A recruitie's a' droopin' at the end o' the day—
Clean drained like an empty canteen."

But perhaps their high spirits were the result of a luxurious satisfaction at being in a position where they could urge others to perform physical tasks for their amusement, when they themselves had just finished weary hours filled with imperious commands.

At any rate they applauded, refereed, advised and clamored for more. So much ebullience was in evidence that every exhibitor was inspired to his best effort. As a result some snappy boxing was seen.

The following men were matched at Tanforan. They exhibited before a tent-full of California Grizzlies: John Lobig versus Charles Cournalie; Roy Marsino vs. Howard Miller; Max Brodofsky vs. Chris Mireoff.

George Green officiated as referee. His responsibilities were frequently usurped, however, by individual humorists in the crowd. But he smilingly gave in and didn't seem to mind.

At Camp Fremont the following bouts were staged: John Lobig vs. Eddie Mahoney; Carl Anders vs. Howard Miller; Pete Towne vs. Mick King.

King is the Australian champ who recently lost his belt to the late Les Darcy. His bout with Towne was full of good stuff from start to finish.

Wrestlers: Harry Smulson vs. John Maurus; Douglas Hughes vs. Bert Sibert.

Mike Dubinsky gave a clever bridging exhibition.

George Green and Al Williams officiated. Williams delivered an illustrated lecture on the art of self defense. He chose a husky corporal from among the onlookers, and used him as a fall guy, claiming that "The bigger they come, the harder they tumble." Then he proceeded to show what ought to be done in a hand-to-hand argument with a German trooper. Al was a bit discomfited once, and the audience was much amused, when the fall guy obtained a lucky hold and piled his instructor up in a heap.

Bly and Sutcliffe varied the programme with ten minutes of tumbling. They subjected themselves to the usual mistreatment, and came through their act without being seriously bent.

Both of these shows in which THE OLYMPIC CLUB athletes participated were staged under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. in roomy tents provided for the purpose.

HUNTER WINS MERRITT RACE

By HERBERT HAUSER

Referee of The Tribune Marathon

THE fifth annual Tribune Merritt Marathon should go down in amateur athletic history as the greatest distance race ever held in the west. We have had hard-fought contests in the past when Oliver Millard held off Harry Ludwig and Walter Jones, but the battle between Charlie Hunter and Harry Ludwig,

best distance men on the coast. His training in the hands of Coach Frank Foster and Willie von Poellnitz brought about the expected results.

Ludwig was again unfortunate and as in every other contest in which he has participated, he made his usual game fight, only to lose out through lack of ability



(Photo by Wm. von Poellnitz)

OLYMPIC ENTRIES LINED UP AT THE START OF THE TRIBUNE MARATHON
Frank Foster in the foreground making camouflage gesture.

both running for THE OLYMPIC CLUB, exceeded anything I have ever seen, barring the sensational five-mile exposition contest between Oliver Millard and Hans Kohlmainen.

Keen-headed judgment and fine condition won the contest for Charlie Hunter. Experience was an important factor. In many of the past performances of the winner, he was considered to be somewhat erratic, though long ago Charlie Minto of the Caledonian Club had made the statement that Hunter was one of the

to finish. Early in the contest, the wise timers, Walter Christie, Dave Brown and Dr. Dietz, riding in the referee's Willys-Overland, predicted that Hunter would win and these three old timers seldom make a mistake. Hunter ran easily, his style being more like Millard's than any man in the race; while Ludwig plodded along in his usual awkward manner.

After the usual delay that is always caused by the movie photographer, Chief of Police Nedderman made his debut and start-

(Continued on Page 23)

A NIGHT OF JUDO

Captain Allan Smith Uses Harry McKenzie's Neck With Which to Demonstrate the Japanese Art

By SVEN PHILIP

TUESDAY evening, September 11th, 1917, was jiu jitsu night at THE OLYMPIC CLUB.

Ju jutsu or jiu jitsu, a Chino-Japanese term meaning muscle science, is the Japanese method of offense and defense without weapons in personal encounter, upon which is founded the system of physical culture universal in Japan.

Historians claim it was founded by a Japanese physician who learned its rudiments while studying in China, but others claim it dates back as far as the seventh century B. C. Originally the nobility of Japan had the sole right to practice jiu jitsu, and guarded it jealously from those not privileged to use it. When later the feudal system was abandoned in Japan, it was taught in schools as in public and private gymnasia. It receives particular attention in the army, navy and police forces. At the beginning of the twentieth century it was introduced in Great Britain and the United States and many schools were established.

There is a sort of counter for every twist, wrench or bend in jiu jitsu, only experts do not oppose such movements; on the contrary they yield to them. When for an example a heavy big man rushes an opponent smaller in size and weight, the smaller man instead of opposing strength to strength falls backwards or sideways, pulling his heavier opponent with him and taking advantage of his loss of bal-

ance to gain a lock or hold characteristic of jiu jitsu.

It is the knowledge of anatomy which is an important factor in jiu jitsu, to find spots in the anatomy, which when struck or pinched cause temporary paralysis of a more or less serious nature. The Adams apple, the ankle and wrist bones and nerves in the upper arm are such places.

Capt. Allan Smith, just arrived from Tokio, holder of the black belt and champion jiu jitsu expert of Japan, gave an exhibition in the club's gymnasium before a large and enthusiastic crowd, and entertained them for fully one hour with holds and positions.

Capt. Allan Smith is on his way to Eastern training camps to teach some of the Sammies a few tricks, where in infighting or trench occupation they can get the better of some of the Huns.

Capt. Smith commenced with a little lesson on "center of gravity" and body position and followed with a few holds and locks, some of which made Harry "Bull" McKenzie's neck feel a little less bully, and followed up with demonstrations of tripping and getting his opponents off balance or as he explained slightly disturbing their centers of gravity. All in all it was a most entertaining and profitable evening and the club wishes Captain Smith all success in his new task and hopes that it won't be long before he will be back in San Francisco again.

LINCOLN JOHNSON COMES BACK

Takes a Close Second to George Schroth in Stockton River Swim

PULLING ahead to first place in the last two miles of Stockton's long distance river swim, George Schroth, the valley giant, beat THE OLYMPIC CLUB's lone entrant, Linc Johnson, by a distance of thirty yards on Sunday, September 16. There was never any doubt as to the ultimate winner, inasmuch as anyone capable of negotiating three and six-tenths miles with a crawl stroke deserves to win.

But the feature of the grind lay not so much in Schroth's victory as in Johnson's defeat. This does not mean that it is a wonderful thing for Johnson to have lost; it means merely that in taking second to Schroth Lincoln put over one of the big come-backs of the present swimming era, and one that will easily rank with the come-back of Mason Hartwell in the Dip-sea race. Had Johnson beaten Schroth the performance would have been nothing less than marvelous; but in taking second to him—be it remembered that Schroth is regarded as the one man who is likely to defeat Norman Ross at the longer distances—he performed, if not marvelously, then at least wonderfully.

Linc has been out of competition of this sort for about the last three years—some people hint ever since the Nile flooded over for the last time—and when the people owning the land adjacent the river lined up in rows four deep to watch the swimmers go by they fairly kicked the dirt out of the levees, they were so pleased. The race was sponsored by a Stockton paper, following the fashion set by a local paper, and the Stockton people worked up some real enthusiasm, garnered a whole slew of prizes from local merchants, and maintained a fair air of respectability in the manner of starting the race, patrolling

the course and properly taking care of the entrants as they finished.

Thirty-three lithe-limbed, leather-chested athletes got off to a good start from Starter Madge's gun. As should be expected the "hum taown boys," knowing the intricacies and vagaries of the trickling sough, set the pace. Close on the heels of Cruse and Stout, the milling city boys, were Schroth and Johnson, swimming stroke for stroke. These positions were maintained throughout the first two miles, when Schroth went into the lead and Johnson managed to breeze by Stout. Schroth led Linc at one time by 200 yards but this distance was cut down, when Linc, with but two miles to go, uncorked a wonderful sprint, overhauled Cruse, and got so close to Schroth's heels that the constant splash annoyed him. The winner's time was 2 hours and some odd minutes, which is pretty fair time.



(Photo by Wm. von Poellnitz)
LINC AND HIS CUP
Note the beatific smile.

SOCCKERITES ARE READY

By EDGAR POMEROY

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious by our boys on football bent.

WITH every toe itching for the first game in the sixteenth annual California Football League competition, the members of THE OLYMPIC CLUB squad, trained to the minute, eagerly await "the day," September 30th. The team is going after the championship in earnest this season.

If the general membership of this club were aware of the high standard association football has attained in California and the fine quality of their own team, they would turn out en masse to the games, and many a gloomy winter Sunday afternoon would be turned into a thrilling entertainment.

Try it, fellow members. The team needs your lungs and moral support. You need the fresh air and stimulant of clean competition.

In spite of attrition by enlistments of our players during the last three years, enlistments that have been a credit to our club and of further volutar enlistments since America entered the war, we have maintained our complement of players and our standard of quality.

Why not back up a team of such enthusiasm?

Several of our enlisted men will play for us each week until their units are ordered out of the district: and substitutes for their places are being trained.

All training camps are not U. S.; THE OLYMPIC CLUB has one. It's at Ewing Field, and its officers are just as keen on turning out men who shall be a credit to the uniform they wear as those at the military camps: and the men respond to it equally.

Come out and enjoy the fun. Here is our part of the league schedule:

ANOTHER "KIDS" NIGHT FOR THE LADIES

Commissioner McLane Announces a Junior-Juvenile Swim Frolic for October 9th

SWIMMING Commissioner Louis McLane, aided and abetted by Sid Cavill, has concocted an enticing program of aquatics for the delectation of The Ladies that is billed to occupy the better part of Friday evening, October 19th, the Juniors, Juveniles and Midgets of the Club supplying the talent.

The Athletic Committee at its last meeting sanctioned the affair and preparations for its staging are now in full swing. "Spec" Lisle, Dug Redell and the other embryo champion divers, under the careful supervision of the aforementioned Mr. Cavill, are busily practicing everything on the calendar from one-and-one-half dives

to six-and-three-quarters dives, and Dick Julien, Barry O'Connor, Buster Tait and Jim Carson are all neck-deep in training for the Junior races.

These last four mentioned boys, by the way, have so won the hearts of the members of the Athletic Committee, by their willingness and ability to do the right thing, as to be given the privileges of athletic members; they are now allowed the use of the club at the times which best suit themselves, and if their past conduct be anything prophetic of what they will do in the future, it is quite certain they will not abuse the favor.

ROSS WINS 440 AND 880 AT WAIKIKI

By LINCOLN JOHNSON

NORMAN ROSS of THE OLYMPIC CLUB came through once again in his favorite distances in the mid-Pacific carnival at Waikiki on September 2 and 3, winning the 440 yard swim in the fast time of 5:36 and the half mile event in the wonderful time of 11:27, breaking the national record for that distance, formerly the personal property of Ludy Langer. Ross entered the 100-yard national race, the 220 yard dash and the 100 yard backstroke swim, placing fourth in the century and second in the other two.

The two-twenty yard race, which was won by Kahanamoku, was undoubtedly the only race where the swimming ability of the Moose had a chance to show itself. The inability of Norman to win this event and the wonderful time made, proved conclusively how equally matched these champions were. When you consider that Norman holds the world's 220 yard tank record at 2:21, nearly four seconds faster than the outdoor tidal record established by Kahanamoku, it would appear that the turns so helpful in a sixty-foot tank were conspicuous by their absence.

* * *

At the recent swimmers' banquet Professor Cavill made known to the world his latest system of producing a champion. The idea is a good one and should be taken up and fostered by all the regulars. The classes of juveniles and juniors are so large that it is physically impossible for Sid to give all of the students individual attention. And so it might easily happen that some star in the making would be overlooked and cause the club a loss thereby. Sid's plan is for each member of the swimming division to take one of the youngsters under his wing (or fin) and

watch out for his present and future development as a swimmer. There are plenty of young speed burners who need fatherly swimming advice and who would be proud as peacocks to be able to tell their folks that Pomeroy or Ross or George Bond was coaching them. Get busy, you swimmers, pick a winner, and start some friendly rivalry, Sid's scheme is too good a one to let die.

* * *

The swimming division by reason of its being the largest body of athletes in the club has furnished the greatest amount of men to Democracy's cause. As should be expected most of these men have enlisted in some branch of the navy, Drs. Horner and Williamson being commissioned lieutenants, Mique Murphy as a corporal in the marines, and Lynch, Kiser, Small and Mitchell as members of the naval reserve.

"Tut" Gardner, who is floating around in a signal corps uniform at Linda Vista, lays claim to a future backstroke championship in the river Rhine.

Duke Morrison, erstwhile water polo player and collector of information about limelight celebrities, is now "biting the leather" in the Olympic battery of the "Grizzlies."

* * *

Buster Tait, the marathon swimmer of the juniors, bids fair to be one of the best distance men in this vicinity. In the 500 yard race at Idora on the 10th of September he brought the spectators to their feet when with two laps to go he overhauled Purcell of Piedmont, and his teammate O'Connor, and all but nosed out Spencer, who was badly beaten by Ross' playmate, Schroth of Sacramento.

HUNTER WINS MERRITT RACE

(Continued from Page 18.)

ed 121 boys off to the tune of the clicking of many cameras. The entire Olympic Club team took the lead with Watson Howden in close proximity. Hunter set the pace throughout most of the race, with the exception of the portion from the Embarcadero to about a furlong from the finish when he spurred to pass Ludwig, finishing freshly a few yards to the good.

Edgar Stout finished a strong third, 36 seconds behind the leader, but could have done better with better judgment in his running. He was pluckily followed by Willie O'Callaghan, who collapsed three yards from the finish, his legs giving out completely. Watson Howden of the Oakland Y. M. C. A., running a fine race, finished fifth, capturing the prize for the first Y. M. C. A. runner to finish. Callaghan won the out of county medal. Albert Pertossa ran his usual fine race and gives every promise of being heard from in the future.

Howard Miller ran the best race of his life, finishing seventh, which gave THE OLYMPIC CLUB the trophy for the organization having the first five men to finish.

The disappointment of the race to many, was Walter Jones, the Stockton "bear," who after pounding his way around the course for half the distance, was forced to quit. Jones is right there when it comes to real cross country hill racing, but he runs altogether too heavily for pavement work and should never attempt events of that kind.

Patrick Purcell, the little red-headed veteran of St. Mary's College, ran an improved race over previous years and earned his gold bar. Among other gold bar winners were Edgar Stout, Jimmy Fuller, Morris Roach, Harry Ludwig, H. A. Anderes and Watson Howden.

SID CAVILLE CALLS A HALT!

(Continued from Page 9)

He then starts his legs in a very mild straight up and down kick, and his arms in a straight, even, steady pull. The purpose of the kick, in the real Crawl, is not to propel the swimmer but merely to keep his feet close to the top of the water so that they will not tend to drag below the level of his body and impede him. The kick also helps to keep the arms moving in a steady stroke, since it helps balance the body.

"Then, if he's got any sort of strength in his shoulders and can learn to save the pull of the stroke until his hands are in the water, and not waste it slashing the air, he'll move along fairly well.

"But as for all this talk about keeping the feet going eight times while the arms take a stroke each, or taking one kick to each stroke, or introducing the scissors kick between strokes—well, it's silly and stupid and worse than that. Go tell it to Baily!"

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP**ACTIVE:**

Bertrand, A. A., seedsman, 616 Front St.
Bianchi, A. B., attorney, Kohl Bldg.

Boardman, Dr. W. W., physician, Lane Hospital.

Shattuck, Chas. H., mechanical engineer, 503 Market St.

Shepherd, Richardson, Appeal Mfg. Co., 1596 Market St.

Kennedy, T. P., insurance, Merchants Exchange Building.

COURTESY:

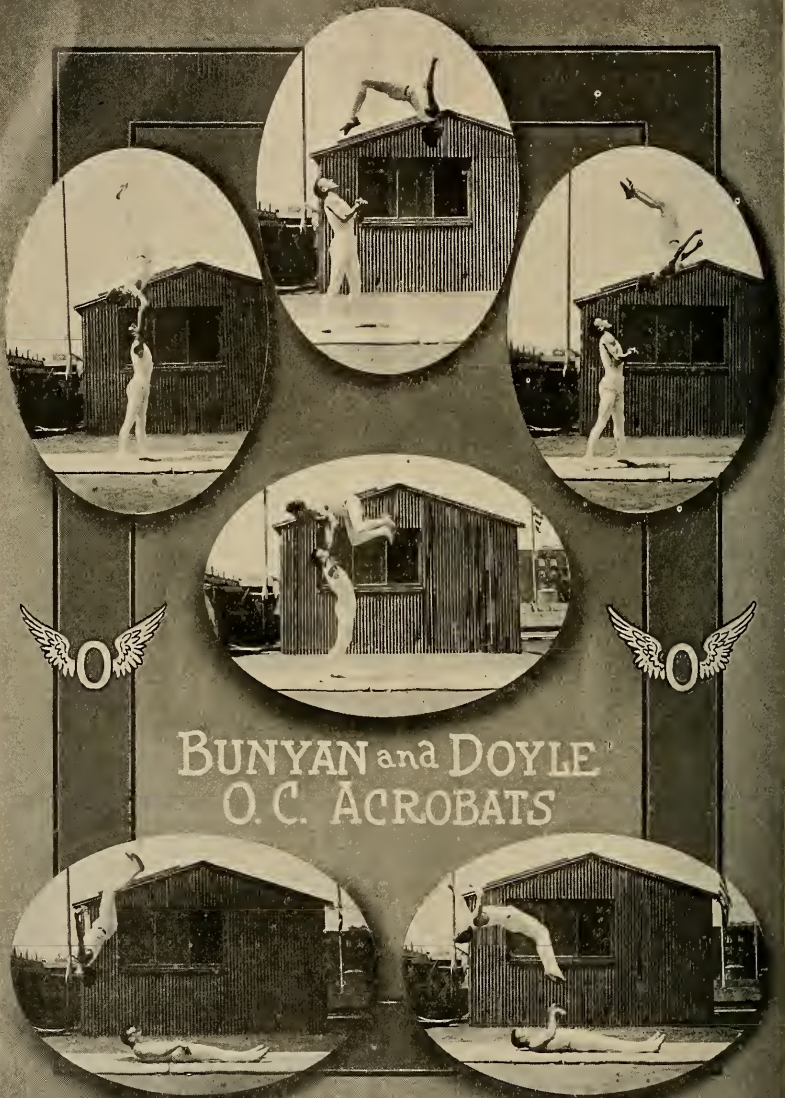
Brent, Theodore, shipping, Fife Bldg.

Salzbrenner, A., artist, Rialto Building.

SERVICE:

Barrett, H. S., Lieut. Infantry, Presidio, San Francisco.

(Continued on Page 27)



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STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

AUGUST 31, 1917

ASSETS

Current			\$ 63,180.90
Cash		\$ 7,207.25	
The Bank of California N. A.	\$ 5,547.25		
The Crocker National Bank.	160.00		
Office Fund	1,500.00		
Accounts Receivable		\$ 34,653.56	
Members	\$ 35,317.31		
Advertisers and others	893.30		
	\$ 36,210.61		
Less Reserve for Doubtful Accounts....	1,557.05		
Supply Inventories		\$ 21,320.09	
Wines and Liquors.	\$ 11,241.44		
Cigars, Cigarettes, etc.	3,663.56		
Groceries, etc.	2,044.32		
Linens	1,886.49		
Stationery	1,523.72		
House	664.08		
Engine Room	270.55		
Massage Department	25.93		
Property and Equipment			\$825,819.40
Real Estate		\$200,000.00	
Building and Equipment		625,819.40	
Building	\$525,264.31		
Equipment	145,560.65		
	\$670,824.96		
Less Depreciation Reserve	45,005.56		
Deferred Charges to Profit and Loss			\$ 5,683.00
Insurance Unexpired		5,683.00	
Total Assets			<u>\$894,683.30</u>

LIABILITIES

Current			\$ 80,583.28
Vouchers Payable		\$ 20,340.08	
Notes Payable		30,000.00	
Payroll		4,971.80	
American National Red Cross		923.40	
Wm. G. Harrison Monument Subscriptions.		598.00	
Liberty Bond Subscription		23,750.00	
Charged to Members	\$ 26,550.00		
Less Deposit on Bonds	2,800.00		
Funded			\$344,700.00
First Mortgage Note		\$200,000.00	
Second Mortgage Bonds		140,000.00	
Club Notes		4,700.00	
Accrued			\$ 2,312.58
Interest Payable	\$ 1,835.00		
Taxes Payable	477.58		
Deferred Credits to Profit and Loss			\$ 287.00
Restaurant By-products		\$ 287.00	
Surplus			\$466,800.44
Balance August 31, 1916	\$425,243.85		
Adjustment of Reserves	711.74		
	\$425,955.59		
Net Profit Year ended August 31, 1917....	40,844.85		
Total Liabilities			<u>\$894,683.30</u>

PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

SEPTEMBER 1, 1916	TO	AUGUST 31, 1917	
INCOME			\$222,779.87
Dues	\$153,049.87		
Departmental Profits	65,805.37		
Visitors Cards	2,512.00		
Purchase Discounts	1,120.25		
Miscellaneous	292.38		
EXPENSES			\$174,339.64
House	\$109,864.52		
Administrative and General	38,223.80		
Athletic	22,596.18		
Special Events and Entertainment	3,655.14		
OPERATING PROFIT			\$ 48,440.23
INITIATIONS			\$ 27,860.00
			\$ 76,300.23
INTEREST PAID			\$ 24,310.77
Funded Debt	\$ 21,927.47		
Current Notes	2,383.30		
NET PROFIT			\$ 51,989.46
DEPRECIATION			\$ 11,144.61
FINAL NET PROFIT			\$ 40,844.85

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP

(Continued from Page 23)

Byrne, James R. (Dr.), Lieut. U. S. Navy, Mare Island, Cal.
 Cagwin, A. D., Lieut. C. A. C., Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.
 Emmons, D. C., Major Signal Corps, Santa Fe Bldg., San Francisco.
 Greaves, V. Ford, Lieut. U. S. Navy, Naval Radio Sta., San Francisco.
 Hanvey, Howard, Ensign U. S. Navy, Postal Bldg., San Francisco.
 Hare, Dr. C. B., Capt. M. O. R. C., Presidio, San Francisco.
 Hayden, James L., Lieut. C. A. C., Presidio, San Francisco.
 Hayes, Harold D., Lieut. U. S. Navy, Customs Bldg., San Francisco.
 Hilton, D. B., Lieut. U. S. Army, Presidio, San Francisco.
 Jacobs, Jay, Lieut. U. S. Navy, Ferry Building, San Francisco.
 Margruder, S. S., Paymaster U. S. Navy, care U. S. S. Buffalo, San Francisco.
 McMullen, J. F., Ensign U. S. Navy, Postal Bldg., S. F.

O'Donnell, Dr. E. W., Lieut. U. S. Army, Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

Roberts, Austin, Lieut. U. S. Army, Ft. McDowell, Cal.

Wilson, R. J., Asst. Paymaster U. S. Navy, Mare Island, Cal.

ATHLETIC:

Bard, W. A., clerk, Flood Building.
 Boldermann, Jr., O., clerk, 26 Bluxome.
 Cleveland, H. B., student, 2804 Bush.
 Greenberg, R. J., salesman, 438 Ninth.
 Jones, Walter H., machinist, Stockton, Cal.
 Perassina, Paul, clerk, 891 Castro St.
 Pinther, Alfred, bookkeeper, 219 Battery St.
 Sibert, Richard, order clerk, 20 Glover.
 Sobota, Frank J., salesman, 252 Market.

JUNIOR:

Jenkel, Walter C., 2374 Howard St.

JUVENILE:

Francis, Edward J., 107—15th Ave.
 Francis, John H., 107—14th Ave.
 Halsted, Eimel P., 178 Sea Cliff Ave.
 Hooper III, Thos. Nash., 1812 Gough.
 McCann, John Walter, 2280 Green St.

STATEMENT OF OPERATIONS FOR MONTH OF AUGUST, 1917

The following figures of the club's financial operations for the month of August, 1917, show that the profit after deducting interest charges and providing for the retirement of bonded indebtedness was \$2,953.51.

Net Departmental Income

From Restaurant, Bar, Cigar Stand, Billiards and Pool, Massage Department, Valet Service, Bowling		\$ 1,120.30
		3,764.04

House Income \$ 2,170.20

Living Rooms	\$2,979.75	
Income	809.55	
Less Labor, Laundry, Linen, etc.....		

Dressing Rooms	1,251.05	
Steel Lockers	331.00	
Taxicab Account (net)	11.79	

\$15,565.65

Other Income

Dues—All Classes	\$13,174.25	
Initiations	2,005.00	
Visitors' Cards	271.00	
Purchase Discounts	115.40	

\$20,449.99

Total Income 13,804.81**General Expenses**

Office and Administrative	1,113.96	
House General Expenses	1,593.98	
Light and Power	623.25	
Water	624.22	
Laundry	658.99	
Maintenance and Repairs	267.28	
House Labor	2,643.55	
House Meals	764.88	
"Olympian" (net)	161.47	
Newspapers and Periodicals	45.41	
Telephone Exchange	198.91	

Total \$ 681.47

Less Members' Switches 482.56

Stationery and Printing	349.24	
Store Room	358.40	
Engine Room	1,398.69	
Insurance	200.00	
Taxes	471.82	
Interest on Current Notes.....	155.00	
Athletic	2,046.79	

General \$1,155.98

Special 890.81

War Expense	80.07	
Bond	33.40	
Library	15.50	

Operating Profit Before Providing for Interest, etc. \$ 6,645.18**Interest, Etc.** 2,025.00

Interest on Mortgage and Bonds.....	\$1,825.00	
Uncollectible Accounts	200.00	

Net Profit exclusive of Current Depreciation. \$ 4,620.18**Memorandum Disposition of Net Profit for Month**

Net profit \$ 4,620.18

Appropriated for retirement of Mortgage Indebtedness 1,666.67

Balance available for General Use..... \$ 2,953.51

We certify that the above statement is correct as taken from the books of The Olympic Club.
SULLY, HOOD & STRONG, Certified Public Accountants.

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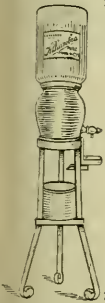
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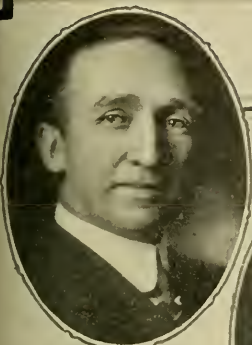
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Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, Thomas Lloyd Lennon.

Associate Editors: Edgar Pomeroy, Soccer; P. C. Gerhardt, Track and Field; A. L. Shannon, Handball; Sven O. Philip, Wrestling; Lincoln Johnson, Swimming; E. Lastreto, Fencing; M. L. Jenne, Bowling; Dr. O. B. Burns, Billiards; Ed. P. Ely, Gymnastics; Louis McLane, Juniors and Juveniles; W. R. Larzelere, Baseball; A. Kemp, Basketball; Dr. Rumwell, Medical Department.

Vol. V

NOVEMBER, 1917

No. 59

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

The quiet effectiveness of reserve was never more clearly demonstrated than when Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Kellogg spoke to a club full of Olympians and their ladies on Wednesday evening, November 7th, in aid of the boxing tournament. Because there is a natural affinity between the cause of Belgian Relief and the cause of the Red Cross, both being dedicated to the furtherance of corporal works of mercy of the most spiritual sort—the general committee felt that a Kellogg lecture might go far in the stimulation of a live interest in the tourney, might go farther, in fact, than any merely commercial advertisement, and the distinguished speakers accordingly were asked to give us the pleasure of hearing them.

Well, we heard them; and it is well that we did. For the Kelloggs, while they unquestionably did much to evoke interest

in the tournament, did a great deal more than just that.

They opened the eyes of many of us, all of us in fact who were not already familiar with the condition of Europe after three years of butchery, to the contemplation of things as they are, and not as we have been pleased to think they are. For a world "soused in sentimentality," as Bonnet has put it, this is good. It is very good. It is just about the best thing, indeed, that could have happened to us.

Some of us, not all of us, thank heaven, have been content for a long, long time to spare ourselves the slight sorrows sympathy must engender simply by refusing to take notice of things and people needing sympathy. We have fallen into the habit of burying our head in the sands every time the caravans of trouble cross our horizon, thinking, with the wisdom of the ostrich, that if we cannot see them they will not harm us. This, of course, is a silly and a selfish view; and it is also the view of the weakling, the view of the man or woman who, to save himself or herself the momentary pangs of worry, without which life would be more useless than it is with them, refuse to have anything to do with things liable to evoke worry.

And when there comes something terrible, something really calamitous, instead of being able to face it, as inevitably they must, these purblind humans avert their eyes, stop up their ears, ignore the issue—and generally are crushed.

And therefore it is well when the Kelloggs and thinkers like the Kelloggs come and make us look into the sorrow and the suffering of reality, make us keep our heads up and see the storm of life just as it is, make us feel the futility of the Pollyanna sort of "gladness," which does

not admit the possibility of rain and as a result gets its feet wet in winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg spoke in the gymnasium, on a raised platform. There was no stage, no decoration of any pretension. And yet, as were the mummers of Shakespeare's time, who without scenery were able to transport audiences to faroff places, they were able to carry us "over there" and show us the bleeding heart of Belgium. There was in their discourse none of the gush of the professional sob-sister; neither was there the brawling and mouthing of the professional hater. If what they had to say was of itself sufficiently moving to evoke compassion for that little valiant people living within the ring of steel forged by Hun cunning and fighting on and on and on against the yoke to which they can never bow their heads—the Kelloggs were willing to let it go at that, and they added no philosophical veneer to make the facts of stricken Belgium behind the lines seem less terrible than they are. Indeed, the very matter of factness of the Kellogg oratory—for despite a lack of actorial flourish and gesticulative abandon the Kelloggs are real orators—is what makes it the compelling thing it is.

Another Letter from
Ernie Smith

Section 114

UNITED STATES ARMY
AMBULANCE CORPS

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Allentown, Pennsylvania,

Oct. 30, 1917.

Mr. Theodore F. Bonnet,

Olympic Club,

San Francisco.

Dear Mr. Bonnet: A friend of mine forwarded to me a clipping from *Town Talk* and I at once recognized your hand.

Thank you very much for the tribute.

I am here in Camp Allentown training with about one hundred other Californians for active service in the Ambulance Service with the armies of the United States in France.

You have no idea what a splendid spirit exists among the fellows here. They are keenly sincere in their efforts to learn the necessary things for efficient ambulance work. Stretcher bearing, first aid work, anatomy—all these and many others are our activities and studies.

And how eager we are to be "over there!" There is no meter to gauge the desire that has spark in our hearts to be where we may be working. In spite of the prosy life of the concentration camp at times I catch a note in the voices of these college chaps that is nearly spiritual. The essence of an unselfishness and craving to be close to real work.

These are all volunteers—these boys—and most of them from universities. What an indication of the infinite adaptability of the young American. They came from laundered sheets and feather beds into the thirsty army blankets; they were epicures at home—here they thrive on beans on a tin plate; and here they wash their own shirts. And the wonder of it is that there is no grumbling. These things come as part of the game—and we are playing the game—and having the time of our lives. Oh! Uncle Sam has muscle and sinews and bone! What a glory to be just one little cog, one little piece of the mechanism of the country. How can young fellows stay in tweeds?

Will you please give to those whom I know at the club my heartiest regards. I think very often of the pool and library—but then I'll be back when the work is done.

Sincerely,
ERNEST MAYNARD SMITH.

THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS

What the Red Cross Is Doing in and for the Stricken Countries of
Old World

THE policy of the War Council of the American Red Cross is to report frequently to the American people concerning the use which is being made of all Red Cross money.

It is important that the American people should know in detail what the Red Cross is doing, why it is doing it and how it is doing it. That is why the work so far undertaken in Europe is set forth herewith, both as to personnel and performance, in considerable detail.

The War Council of the American Red Cross since its appointment on May 10th, appropriated up to and including August 31st, the sum of \$12,339,681.87 for work in Europe, of which \$10,692,601 is for use in France.

The purposes of the over-sea appropriations may be roughly classified as follows:

(1) To do everything possible to assist our Army and Navy in insuring the health and comfort of American soldiers and sailors abroad, and

(2) To relieve destitution and suffering among the armies and needy civilian population of our allies.

THE WAR FUND

In response to the appeal of the President of the United States, the American people during Red Cross Week subscribed upward of \$100,000,000, in order that the Red Cross might meet the extraordinary needs this war has developed. Practically this entire sum was subscribed through Red Cross chapters during the Red Cross Week and upon the condition that the local chapters might retain, for purposes of military relief to be expended by them, not to exceed 25 per cent of the total subscription. In some instances chapters have

not felt the need of retaining any part of the subscription raised through them.

About \$50,000,000 of the subscription made during Red Cross Week has now been paid in. It is at this time impossible to forecast the total amount of the War Fund which will be available for expenditure by the War Council.

The pledging of so large a sum clearly betokened the desire of the American people that the Red Cross should measure up to the extraordinary demand upon merciful effort created by this the most tragic of all wars.

Behind this contribution of money stand the 3,621,000 members of the American Red Cross. The membership is constantly increasing, about 1,000,000 names having been added to the list during the last month. These members, organized into 2400 chapters, are not only ready but are actually doing their part in the world task the American Red Cross has undertaken.

Obviously the great work undertaken by the Red Cross could not be accomplished without such support, and while this statement will deal exclusively with the work in Europe and largely with the subject of appropriation of monies the importance of the making and furnishing of supplies by the women of the country must not be regarded as in any sense secondary. In a subsequent statement it is proposed to deal with this important subject.

The Red Cross has not yet finally determined its complete programme of action, but at all times work which it may be called upon to do for our own Army will have first place in its consideration. Just what the Red Cross may be called upon to do for the American Army here

and abroad cannot be fully determined until camps and cantonments in this country have been in operation, and more of our Army has arrived in France.

The War Council has been impressed with the preparations made by the War and Navy Departments to care for the health and safety of the men composing our armed forces, but the American Red Cross regards it as an obligation to have available at all times a sufficient portion of its funds to enable it to perform any relief or emergency service for our own soldiers and sailors that may be needed.

THE NEEDS OF OUR ALLIES

The need for work among the armies and civilians of our allies is so vast that no definite plans can be laid out pending a complete first-hand report, not of the needs—they are without limit—but of what it is practicable for the Red Cross to do.

By reason of the unique conditions—so far from home—surrounding American Red Cross effort in this war, and of the importance of all Red Cross work being conducted efficiently, economically and with the best American spirit, the War Council has sent to Europe five separate commissions each composed of representative Americans skilled in business administration, in medical and surgical work, and in other lines of Red Cross effort.

By reason of the crucial importance of the work in France, a Red Cross Commission to France was dispatched just as soon as it could be organized after the appointment of the War Council. That commission, which has general supervision over the American Red Cross work in Europe, is headed by Major Grayson M-P. Murphy, himself a member of the War Council, and is composed of fourteen leading experts in special lines of work.

The work and policy of the American Red Cross will be determined and guided by the first-hand inquiries and the con-

sidered judgment of these commissions. Details concerning the commissions and the work already under way will be found in this statement; but information already at hand makes it clear that if the generous impulse behind the Red Cross movement in the United States is to find full expression, work for suffering humanity upon a scale beyond precedent or anticipation will have to be undertaken. This will require funds much in excess of those already pledged, and the situation may become so urgent that it will be necessary to inaugurate, during the Christmas season, another intensive campaign for money.

Questions have been raised as to why work of such magnitude and consequence should not be an object of Government instead of private endeavor. The answer is threefold:

1. The Red Cross, as a volunteer organization, offers the one medium through which the volunteer spirit of the country may exert itself in the war. That volunteer spirit is a very precious asset and it should be guided and directed exclusively as a volunteer effort with enthusiasm, lack of red tape, and unlimited opportunity;

2. Through the Red Cross alone can one-half the nation, namely, the women, effectively serve their country in the war emergency; and

3. Some such medium as the Red Cross, unofficial and unmarshalled by the machine-like processes of government, is absolutely necessary to mobilize effectively the human, the humane and imaginative qualities necessary in alleviating the suffering so inevitable in war.

This world calamity gives to the Red Cross an opportunity to give expression to the best and most characteristic side of American life, and to do it on a scale called for by the immensity of sorrow and distress of mankind.

—AMERICAN RED CROSS WAR COUNCIL.

THE OLYMPIAN

GET BEHIND THE GUNS

A Boxing Revival That Will Kill Many Birds With One Shot

By ROBIN BAILY

“THE noble art of self defense,” as our rugged forefathers called the pastime of pugilism, has suffered much of recent times at the hands of the La Follettes and John D. Barrys of sport.

It is unnecessary to relate the later chapters of the depressing story, readers of THE OLYMPIAN know. But there are symptoms of a change for the better. The great war, catastrophe as it is, has proved a blessing in some respects. Humanity has had to face facts; one of the facts that has been thrown up in vivid prominence, against the dark picture of suffering, is that manhood, in the best sense of the term, is still the most valuable asset of a nation. Without this attribute, none of the other virtues are of much value when the Hun is at the gate.

This is realized by the generals of France and the English-speaking peoples, and they are doing all that is possible to stimulate a revival in boxing, which in the past has done so much to preserve the more rugged virtues among the two branches of the Anglo-Celtic race. All along the Allied front, especially in the parts where English is spoken, the rounds with bayonet and bullet with the German are varied with bouts with the boxing glove among pals from New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Sydney, Toronto, London and other spots where they talk United States and English.

This is why President Billy Humphrey thought of boxing, when somebody told him that the Olympians wanted to add \$50,000 to their contributions to the Red Cross fund.

“Let’s have a boxing tournament with all the champions in the country in action at the Civic Auditorium,” said the Woodrow Wilson of the Winged O’s. He waved a wand, a magic wand, in fact Phil Wand, and telegrams of acceptance began to arrive from all the national champions now in the national armies. The military authorities, recognizing the excellence of the cause, permitted most of the boys the necessary furloughs.

The dates are November 23 and 24, the site, the Civic Auditorium, the spectacle, America’s greatest fighters, the opportunity, a chance to get behind the guns of the “Grizzlies” and spike those of the guy with the spiked moustaches, and lastly to ameliorate, if only a little, the sufferings of the wounded at the battle fronts.

If this combination of factors and circumstances does not make an irresistible appeal to Olympians, the breed is not what they were.

Here are the men who will fight:

108 pounds, bantamweight—Phil Neer, Mult.; Jack Bailey, un.; James Brenton, L. A. A. C.; R. Browne, O. C.; Eddie Kysh, O. C.; Henry Daneniconi, O. C.; Charlie Picca, Vanc. I. A. A.

115 pounds, featherweight—Henry Daneniconi, O. C.; Charlie Davolis, O. C.; H. Aubrey, O. C.; H. Picitti, O. C.; J. Tomasula, New York; A. Mainar, Y. M. C. A.; W. Everett, un.; F. E. Garcia, L. A. A. C.; C. Cournale, O. C.; R. Hughes, O. C.; F. Pautley, S. A. A. C.

125 pounds, special class—L. McFarland,

(Continued on Page 24)

THE GAME OF ZITZ

By PETER P. PETERSON

ONE of the very latest and one of the most enjoyable additions to America's already large collection of sports is the game of Zitz.

Now, as may be inferred from the newness of this jolly diversion, only a few people are as yet acquainted with its nature, aim and purpose. Indeed, so little is the game known, it is the object of this writing to set forth in detail its history and all that appertains to it, with the rules and regulations under which it must be played and the manner of scoring points.

For it would be a most horrible thing if mere thoughtlessness on the part of publishers were to keep the common people of the country from participation in this pastime.

* * *

Zitz was invented by Dr. John T. Brush, an eminent New York veterinary. Dr. Brush, a man of vast erudition, was born to better things than horse-doctoring, but his passion for animals conquered the scruples of his overly-refined and super-sensitive soul, as well as his natural aversion to work, and at the age of twenty-two, according to his autobiographical notes in the "Equine Almanack," he had progressed so far in his chosen profession as to win great fame by concocting a potion of soft-soap and axel-grease which completely cured one of the most stubborn cases of angina pectoris on record.

The delights of veterinarying eventually lost their charm, however, and Dr. Brush and his ever active mind turned to other things. Thus was the game of Zitz brought into being. For the doctor, seeing that the majority of his fellows wore whiskers of some sort, varying in impudence

from cocksure Van Dykes to complacent Burnsidés, determined not to permit such obviously worth-while things to be used always as mere substitutes for collars, neckties, shirts and vests, and with this high resolve electrifying his efforts he set about naming and classifying the different kinds of beard.

The results of his labors appeared in concrete form in a pamphlet entitled "The Detection and Identification of Zitz," only three copies of which are now extant. The pamphlet was printed solely for the eyes of veterinaries, and as a consequence the two thousand of the first edition, with the exception of the three I have just mentioned, were lost in cat-houses, hay-lofts, stables and dog-kennels in and around New York. One of the three remaining copies at present reposes on the shelves of the Vatican library; one is in the possession of Nicholas J. Romanoff, ex-Czar of all the Russias; and the third, the property of the Old Soldiers' Home at Sleptown, Vt., lies before me as I write—through the courtesy of Dr. Bartlett Payre, the Home's Inefficiency Expert.

In this pamphlet Dr. Brush forgets nothing and spares no one. With a deft precision hardly to be looked for in a veterinary he pierces the sham and pretense of whiskers and mercilessly lays bare their fundamental weaknesses. And though in this age of artificiality it is a dangerous thing to call a spade a spade, though one must call it a shovel or bet down as a common gardener, Dr. Brush's bravery is such that he fearlessly says what he thinks. To the pure all things are impure and at times he is crushingly, brutally, frightfully frank. Dr. Brush himself wore no whiskers, it may be remarked in passing, and this ac-

counts, perhaps, for his open violation of that well known rule of conduct which postulates that those who reside in stone houses should not throw glasses around.

Dr. Brush's classification of beards, as it appears in the pamphlet now before me, is as follows: (The italics are his.)

"A chin-beard, and by this is meant any ordinary whisker which covers the upper lip and chin only, shall be known as a *Five Point Zitz*. This class includes the scant *Napoleon*, the more pronounced *Van Dyke*, the unkempt *Thatch*, the stringy *Shabby Genteel*, the senatorial *Bush*, the Hindu *Wisp*, the hen-peck *Shrub*, and a hundred others easily perceived by the trained eye.

"A chin-beard which is long enough to wave in the wind, and by this is meant any extraordinary whisker which covers the upper lip and chin, shall be known as a *Ten Point Zitz*. This class includes the religious *Mattress*, the anarchist *Camouflage*, the Bernard Shaw *Economical* and a host of others. Regarding the Bernard Shaw *Economical* it may be said that it is so called because Shaw, in his youth, was a very poor fellow, being forced to wear the same hat and coat and hose for seven years, and it has definitely been ascertained that he raised his famous *Economical* expressly to save tonsorial expenses. Now Shaw may not relish my saying this, and, indeed, he may actually resent it; but it is the truth, and if Shaw does not like it let him go *plotz!*

"A facial filament extending from a point just above the ear to a point at least a half-inch below the lobe of the ear shall be known as a *Galloway Slugger*, or *Twenty Point Zitz*. This class includes the exuberant *Mutton Chop*, the dignified *Burnside*, the tufted *Fringe*, the crisp *Hedge*, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," the woolly *Ear Muff*, and the wistful, ministerial *Mugget*. Henceforth

Galloway Sluggers will be referred to merely as *Sluggers*, for the sake of brevity and all such as that.

"When Sluggers are found joined across the upper lip by a mustache the resultant whisker shall be called a *Keno*, or *Fifty Point Zitz*. The *Keno* I regard as the most beautiful Zitz known to man. The species is almost extinct, but its rarity adds to its worth. That is the reason for its high point valuation. In the *Keno* class may be mentioned the Sly-Old-Dog *Keno*, the professorial *Wave*, the flamboyant, dauntless *Kentucky Shag*, the calm, well-trimmed Financial *Keno*, the scrawny *Soup-Strainer*, the Founder-of-the-Family *Pampas*, and the No-Fool-Like-an-Old-Fool *Clump*.

"Last but not least numerically comes the *Slogoway Peter*, or *One Hundred Point Zitz*. This positively is the rarest Zitz in the world. Briefly it may be described as a filmy, though sometimes scraggy, whisker, growing *under the chin and not on it*. There are but three kinds of *Slogoway Peters*, to wit: The Dublin *Lace-Curtain*, the Waterfront *Chest-Protector* and the Peter Stuyvesant *Curl*. The value of this whisker has been set at *One Hundred Points* because it is hardly ever seen nowadays except in motion pictures, and even in the pictures the Waterfront *Chest-Protector* is the only species shown.

"Now it occurs to me," says Dr. Brush, continuing his narrative, "that with this vast abundance of whisker at the disposal of mankind, something ought to be done with it towards relieving the inanity of life. Therefore I have formulated a set of rules and regulations under which a most interesting pastime may be enjoyed. I have called this pastime the Game of Zitz, and a great game it is, as you will readily admit once you have got the hang of it, as Lord Justice Jeffries might have said.

"Thus shall the game be played. The

two or more contestants, sex being no factor, shall walk, arm linked in arm, along the thoroughfares of the city, their eyes peeled for any whiskers that may be flourishing on passers-by. Then, as the whiskers are perceived, the one perceiving them first shall point them out to the other, designate them by their proper name and claim points according to their worth. Whichever of the contestants scores fifty-points first shall win the game. In this way ten *Five Point Zitz*, or five *Ten Point Zitz*, or a combination of *Sluggers* and *Five* and *Ten Pointers*, or a straight *Keno* (which counts full fifty points and wins the game of itself) will put a player out. A *Slogoway Peter*, worth a hundred points, will win for its discoverer two games at one fell swoop.

* * *

"It shall be considered very ungentlemanly for one of the contestants not to admit the existence of a *Zitz* called off by his opponent, but at the same time there is a penalty attached for an erroneous score, as when a *Zitz* is called off and is then discovered to be a mirage. In this case the player making the mistake shall be penalized to the amount he would have gained had the *Zitz* been real. The rule does not apply, however, where anything higher than a *Slugger* is called, since a too strict application would tend to injure rather than benefit the sport.

"In order to reduce the possibility of unfairness to a minimum a certain class of *Zitz* shall be known as *Plants*, and this class shall never in any circumstances be scored on. By a *Plant* is meant a *Zitz* which never moves, such as a sixty-three-year-old newsboy with a permanent stand, or a *Zitz* on a storekeeper in his store, or a *Zitz* on a policeman walking his beat, or a *Zitz* on a doctor in his office, or a *Zitz* on a veterinary in his stable. Once a *Zitz* has been scored on during the course

to a game it automatically becomes what is known as a *Temporary* and cannot be scored on again until the game is concluded. The penalty for the deliberate calling off of a *Zitz* known to be a *Plant* shall be the immediate loss of the game then going on, together with a ten point handicap on the next game played. This seemingly heavy punishment is set to checkmate a practice into which conscienceless scoundrels might easily fall, that of leading an opponent to a *Plant* and with it cleaning up a contest.

"When the players call off a *Zitz* in unison the points shall be split between them, except in the case of *Five Pointers*, which shall be thrown out of the game altogether. Because of the constant menace of *Unison-Calling* it is well for players always to have a third person with them to settle all disputes as to the priority and legitimacy of claims.

"In case the question should ever arise as to whether or not a goat's beard may be scored on, I will say here and now, definitely and absolutely, that it cannot, and for this reason. The goat's beard grows on the goat of its own free will, the goat having not a thing to say in the matter, but a human whisker is cultivated with *malice prepense*, and the element of malice is what differentiates it from all brute *Zitz*.

"Beginners at the game of *Zitz* are liable to suffer from a form of nervousness akin to the temporary palsy that often attacks amateur hunters at the sight of a pair of antlers, known, I believe, as buck fever. This nervousness is called *Keno fever*, and it is doubtful if there is a man in America today who will not suffer from it when first he starts to play *Zitz*.

Keno Fever of course should be guarded against greatly, since if a player falls into the habit of losing control of himself every time he sights a *Keno* he will hardly ever manage to win a game."

THE JUNIOR SOCCER FOOTBALL TEAM

By JOHN F. CONNOLLY

Olympic Juniors	5	Alameda	1
Olympic Juniors	3	Invincibles	1
Olympic Juniors	1	Allandale	1
Olympic Juniors	5	Alameda	0
Olympic Juniors	2	Invincibles	2
Olympic Juniors	0	Allandale	0

This is the impressive record set up by our young soccer footballers in their second playing season. The senior team has been encountering great difficulty in staying in the first division, owing to the loss of a large number of players who have enlisted and are learning how to use their "boots" to best advantage against the Kaiser. But not so the juniors. They have, so far, lost only two players and are upholding THE OLYMPIC CLUB'S soccer reputation in great style. They are now tied for first place and though the season is still young it can safely be predicted that when it ends there will be a trophy in the trophy case, emblematic of the championship.

Last year Mr. Pomeroy, soccer commissioner, and Tom Bunyan, our cheerful friend and mentor, hit upon the novel idea of forming a junior soccer team, with the plan of developing some future "greats." Accordingly practice was called one Sunday at Ewing Field and about thirty aspiring lads showed up. They were without equipment and clad in various gym outfits they descended on the field. They lacked knowledge of even the first rudiments of soccer, except a few who were fortunate enough to have been among the wee juveniles Tom Bunyan used to take to Recreation Park on Saturdays to kick a football around.

Well, a team was formed to play against the big team which was out practicing and everybody got in the game. After a few practices a regular team was picked, which was completely outfitted by our generous

Athletic Committee. THE OLYMPIC CLUB Juniors, as they were called, were entered in the Bay Counties Soccer Football League. Under Coach Weeks they progressed rapidly and toward the end of the season were giving every one of the five other teams a stiff argument. They were not what might be called polished or clever players, but they possessed that true Olympian fighting spirit so much feared.

Not until this season when Jack Balmain took them in tow, however, did they show the speed and deftness of real soccer players. Captain Bobby Roberts held practice regularly every Saturday and made the rule that only those who came out to practice got in the game. Young Jack Balmain was always out there ready and anxious to show the boys all he knew. That was the best part of the practice—having Jack show you a new shot, as he possesses infinite patience and is like one of the felloes. Under his tutelage the team developed the two important things they lacked, teamwork and headwork.

The league opened and the juniors started out with a vengeance winning from Alameda 5—1. Much joy was derived from this victory as last year this very same team defeated the juniors 8—0. Next they took the Invincibles into camp to the tune of 3—1. But the real game was with Allandale, last year's league champions. It ended in a 1 to 1 tie and was full of thrills and flashes. The ball traveled from one end of the field to the other with lightning speed, and Allandale was constantly in danger. The juniors really used teamwork and got away with many clever passing rushes. Balmain, who is not very

A LETTER TO ERNIE SMITH

FROM LINCOLN V. JOHNSON

Mr. Ernest Maynard Smith,
Allentown, Pa.

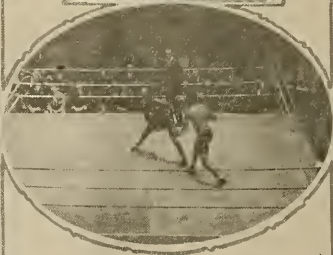
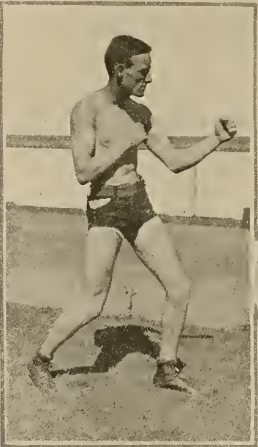
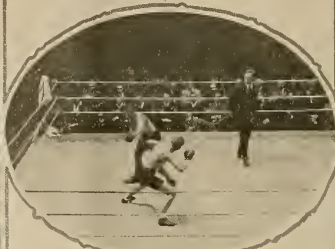
Dear Ernie: Noticed an article of yours that led us to believe that you hadn't entirely forgotten us, so we thought we'd write and tell you about what we are doing out here in the great West.

Had a little meet up here the other night for the kids which was literally a howling success. You remember the kid divers, Lisle, Porter and Riddell? Well, they all did a bit of aerial gymnastics that reflected a deal of credit on old Larry Cavill, the swimming master.

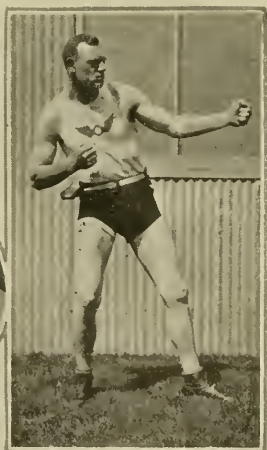
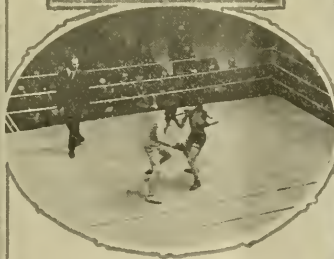
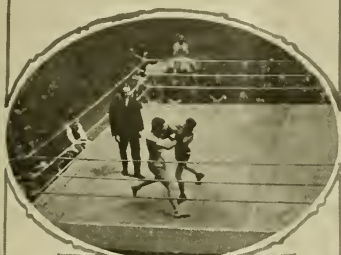
It's hard to believe that such a condition could exist but it is a fact that we haven't any young guys in the swimming division any more, because the other night Larry wanted to dish out some clown stuff to finish up the kids' meet and the only ones he could get to perform were a lot of palsied old bucks who have been incapacitated for pretty near forty years. Imagine "Short Weight" Hanjes all dolled up in a costume trying to act foolish, when he didn't need a clown suit at all, because when he is dressed in his ordinary clothes he's bad enough! Then, too, Sid had old man Baker back in line, which was that gent's first public appearance since he dove off the dam during the Johnstown flood. Then there was Harry McKenzie and Otto Wallfisch, fifty and sixty years old respectively, doing their little bit. Taking it all in all we have to admit that even if all that bunch were retired they must have been doing a lot of camouflaged (hate to use that poor battered word) practicing.

Do you remember how Otto Schulz and Jim Resleure used to scrap every Wednesday night regular as clocks and then de-

cide the argument by picking a water polo team and battling it out? And how Jim would always choose Frank Shaw and Otto would always take Wisenhaven and when Res and Shaw had scored on account of some beef made by Wisenhaven how Otto would get mad and start to crab and how the gang would then take sides with Wisey against Otto and start to give Otto the old raz until Otto got so disgusted and provoked he wouldn't play with us any more? Well, it isn't like that now. There aren't enough fellows now to get up a good sized game of jacks, and as Mr. McLane says he thinks that it will be advisable of a Wednesday night either to move the tank up to the card room or else move the tables down to the tank. Bill McWood has gotten to be such a movie fan and especially such a fanatic admirer of William Hart, the western movie card sharp, that he started in to emulate Hart's screen stuff amongst the fellows and we are telling you confidentially, Ernie, that we think that he ran up against a Tartar in the person of Bert Porter. Bert is still the possessor of that loud guffaw and also of a back one-and-a-half that seems to have gotten George Doughnut Bond's goat, because George can't make the dive and he is a little leary to try because he read an article in the paper by Sailor Lloyd Lennon which said all high divers were weak upstairs and Bond is afraid that if he does much more diving they will put him in the boobyhatch and he doesn't want to go there until after he gets married, which unhappy event he says will happen very soon now. Maybe you read of the long distance swim from Alameda mole into Neptune Beach and how "Billboard" Bond



OLYMPIA'S ENTRIES IN
In the center you will see George Green, Billy Leonard and old Frank Foster. G
George McFarland, Harold



BOXING TOURNAMENT

e: Johnny Stanton, Fred Murphy, Sam Eckstein, Walter Schiller, Charlie Davalos,
and only Rudy Peterson.

got third. Well, that same day three girls swam the same distance, and it touches a tender spot in George's heart when we mention it because all the girls beat George's time, and you know how goatgetting it is when a woman can do something better than you can. George is still the attractively dear fellow he used to be and still dresses in the same natty clothes, but the outfits he wears don't compare with the rags that "Hot Dog" Daly and Roefer pull around in. Oh man! but them boys are showing a world of stuff of late in the line of vestments; pinch back clothes, cloth top shoes, and they chase wimmen and everythin'.

Just the day before Frank Marisch enlisted, a monster celebration was held at Sutro Baths for the benefit of the Allies; they probably had received word Marisch intended enlisting and they took that means of raising money to buy him a uniform, but anyhow they had a pageant or act called Noah's Ark with real actresses and a couple of mermaids with fish-tail dresses on to make use of the water in the tank. There was to have been a show in the afternoon and another in the evening, but during the afternoon show Louie McLane began sweating under the collar and he got so hot that he couldn't hold back from starting the swimming races, which promptly put the show on the fritz; so in the night the actors refused to act unless the swimming races were held back, and to make everybody happy they were accommodated. During the progress of the night show Larry Cavill got into a heated argument with an interned German sailor, who is swimming instructor at the baths, about dye stuffs, and the German had Larry on the run when he said that you couldn't wash German dyes off your hands, which remark Larry poo-pooed, Australian like. (Now for the scandal.) Well, one of the aforementioned

mermaids was trying to get out of the water but was unable to do so due to the fish tail until Larry came to the rescue with his strong hands. The fish tail was dyed ultramarine blue and when Larry lent his gracious aid he promptly got his hands full of blue dye, and the German who was hiding behind the springboard gave him the ha-ha when Larry found he couldn't wash the dye off. That last ha-ha was more than Larry could stand, so with a kangarooish leap he hot-footed it after the disappearing Hun, and Larry won't admit whether or not he got his man.

"Tut" Gardner has been down to Linda Vista for the last couple of months awaiting shipment to France, so if you happen to run into each other "over there," go get a couple of these Bosches for those of us who can't go and for Larry Cavill who lost his only chance at one.

With best wishes from all the boys and piles of luck for "over there," I remain,

—OLD ABE JOHNSON.

ONE MORE CHANCE TO JOIN THE GRIZZLIES

Between one hundred and one hundred and fifty more men are needed to bring California's field artillery regiment, the Grizzlies, up to authorized war strength.

Here is a chance to get into action—and to get into action *quick*. Remember, the men who will be fighting alongside of you are all Olympic Club men, the pick of the West's young manhood.

Sergeant Hatch of Battery B of the Grizzlies is now in San Francisco to get these needed men, and he wants to get back to Linda Vista and the boys just as soon as he can.

If you want to get into the game *right*—if you want to go after Kaiser Bill with a bunch of regular people—see the sergeant at once. He is at 660 Market street.

HOW FRANK "CAMOUFLAGE" FOSTER WON THE FAR WESTERN MEET

By ROBIN BAILY

TRACK STAR OF THE PAST. I've been away, slip me the news.

TRACK STAR OF THE PRESENT. Well, we're at war.

PAST. So they say; club in it?

PRESENT. Up to the eyebrows.

PAST. Have a team entered?

PRESENT. You bet, Artillery; name, Grizzlies; class, bears.

PAST. Poor old Kaiser.

PRESENT. Poor nothing. He started it.

PAST. And we'll finish it.

PRESENT. As usual.

PAST. Anything else doing?

PRESENT. Yes, we won the Far Western Meet.

PAST. How?

PRESENT. Camouflage, chiefly.

PAST. Where's he from?

PRESENT. France.

PAST. Field or track?

PRESENT. Neither, it's a word.

PAST. Word?

PRESENT. Yes; adapted to track work by Coach Frank Foster.

PAST. Why?

PRESENT. War took the champions: Frank Sloman, John Norton, "Feg" Murray and others.

PAST. Poor old Foster.

PRESENT. Then he camouflaged a rustic out of his retirement.

PAST. Who?

PRESENT. George Horine.

PAST. Thought he was dead.

PRESENT. Dead nothing; he's jumping six feet high and writing to the papers.

PAST. The Hamlet he is!

PRESENT. Then Foster camouflaged a high school kid into running 100 yards in ten flat.

PAST. His name?

PRESENT. Jack Melville.

PAST. Any more?

PRESENT. Foster camouflaged Kirksey to forget his feet.

PAST. Kirksey had cold feet?

PRESENT. No; broke one in accident.

PAST. That killed his sprinting?

PRESENT. Should have; but Foster camouflaged.

PAST. And?

PRESENT. Kirksey hopped through the 220 like a flash of lightning.

PAST. You interest me; anything else?

PRESENT. Foster pulled same stuff on Ollie Snedigar.

PAST. What! Is that guy still alive?

PRESENT. He won sixteen points on his lonesome.

PAST. Overwhelming Ollie! Anyone else?

PRESENT. Yes. Stout won the half.

PAST. What! The ice cream absorber?

PRESENT. Same; Foster camouflaged his indigestion away.

PAST. So the Kaiser did not stop sport?

PRESENT. Other way about, old man; the sports are going to stop the Kaiser.

PAST. Show me.

PRESENT. Glue your optics to the Grizzlies.

PAST. Results count.

PRESENT. They'll follow; and here are the Far Western results by way of a beginning:

100-yard dash, final—J. Melville, Olympic Club, San Francisco, first; M. M. Kirksey, Olympic Club, second; G. W. Williams, Olympic Club, third, and W. D. Johnston, University of California, fourth. Time, 0:10.

220-yard dash—M. M. Kirksey, Olympic Club, first; G. Melville, Olympic Club, second; W. D. Johnston, University of California, third; G. Woods, Manual Arts High School, Fourth. Time, 0:21 4-5, which equals Far Western record.

440-yard dash—J. K. Moody, U. C., first; G. Rogers, U. S. Navy, second; G. W. Wil-

liams, Olympic Club, third; R. King, U. S. Navy, fourth. Time, 0:49 3-5. New Far Western record.

120-yard hurdles—V. Murray, Los Angeles A. C., first; G. Gausner, U. S. C., second; Z. Grunsky, U. S. Navy, third; J. E. Drew, unattached, fourth. Time, 0:15. New Pacific Coast record. Former record 0:15 4-5.

Mile run—R. Vellou, Olympic Club, first; A. Forward, unattached, second; A. Gillingham, unattached, third; E. V. Stout, Olympic Club, fourth. Time, 4:31.

220-yard hurdles—V. Murray, Los Angeles A. C., first; Jud Hause, Olympic Club, second; J. E. Drew, U. C., third; R. P. Lucas, U. S. C., fourth. Time, 0:23 4-5. Equals Far Western record.

440-yard hurdles—C. A. Hoenisch, O. C., first; J. Payne, O. C., second; J. Gausner, O. S. C., third; W. Isenhouer, U. S. C., fourth. Time, 0:55 2-5, a new Far Western record, but not allowed as the hurdles were not of standard height.

Five-mile run—Ted Johnson, Deseret Gymnasium, first; E. V. Stout, O. C., second. Time, 30:08.

Hop, step and jump—C. A. Hoenisch, O. C., first; C. Larsen, Brigham Young U., second; W. Hamill, U. S. C., third; M. W. Sterling, U. C., fourth. Distance, 43 feet 3¾ inches.

Relay race—Pacific Athletic Association, first; Southern Pacific Athletic Association, second. Time, 3:30. No points in this event. Winning team—R. C. Kerr, U. C.; G. W. Williams, O. C.; K. Goepfert, U. C.; J. K. Moody, U. C.

FIELD EVENTS

Sixteen-pound hammer throw—J. M. MeEachern, O. C., first; C. C. Gildersleeve, U. C., second; O. F. Snedigar, O. C., third. Distance, 159 feet 4¾ inches.

Sixteen-pound shotput—O. F. Snedigar, O. C., first; R. Bagmoore, Los Angeles A. C., second; U. A. Sheldon, O. C., third; Ray Evans, U. S. C., fourth. Distance, 39 feet 7¾ inches.

Pole vault—B. Wilson, Los Angeles A. C., first; C. Dean, Los Angeles A. C., second; J. W. Johnson, U. C., third; F. Watkins, Los Angeles A. C., fourth. Height, 11 feet 11 inches.

Fifty-six-pound-weight throw—J. M. MeEachern, O. C., first; O. F. Snedigar, O. C., second; C. C. Gildersleeve, U. C., third. Distance, 32 feet 7¾ inches.

Javelin throw—O. F. Snedigar, O. C., first; C. W. Jones, U. C., second; W. K. Ball, U. C., third; G. L. Horine, O. C., fourth. Distance, 164 feet 10 inches.

Discus throw—Roy Evans, U. S. C., first; R. Bagnard, L. A. A. C., second; O. F. Snedigar, O. C., third; V. A. Sheldon, O. C., fourth. Distance, 119 feet 6 inches.

Broad jump—C. Larsen, Brigham Young University, first; M. M. Kirksey, O. C., second; Jud House, O. C., third; W. K. Ball, U. C., fourth. Distance, 22 feet 2¾ inches.

High jump—C. Larsen, Brigham Young University, first; G. L. Horine, O. C., second; R. K. Templeton, O. C., third; W. Beggs, L. A. A. C., F. Watkins, L. A. A. C., and H. W. Kerrigan, un., tied for fourth. Height, 6 feet 2 inches, a new Far Western record.

THE SOCCER SITUATION

By EDGAR POMEROY

ONCE upon a time the competition in the California Football League was between the various clubs therein, including THE OLYMPIC CLUB, but ever since the advent of the Union Iron Works the fight has been narrowing itself down to one between THE OLYMPIC CLUB and the Iron Works, with one or two other teams such as the Burns or Barbs showing up at intervals as possible contenders.

The struggle in 1915-16 left the Olympics with the spoils; the rumpus last season was in favor of the U. I. W.

The preliminary engagement between

the club and the ironmen on October 7th, 1917, went to the latter by one goal, but even so it was anybody's game until the call of time and the men who toil in the big shop almost slipped a rung on the ladder. It is admitted that had Jack O'Connor been placed on the right wing instead of Mather, who had been injured in the Barb game and was lame, the result might easily have been different. In fact the rivalry and even strength of these two most powerful of the football league teams makes the event nothing less than

THE BIG GAME in SOCCER FOOTBALL OLYMPIC CLUB

vs.

UNION IRON WORKS

Ewing Field, Nov. 25, 2:30 p. m.

Rain or Shine Covered Grandstand

For this game the club team will muster its full strength, even if it has to send to the Grizzlies for Jackson and Covell and to Coalinga for the two O'Connors.

The man who misses this contest will miss the fight of the football season.

Our own team was long finding its feet this season, but a glance at its comparative scores will show its steady improvement. Here are the scores against the same teams

made respectively by the U. I. W. and the O. C.:

Sept. 30—Olympic Club 1, Burns 1
Oct. 21—Union Iron Works 3, Burns 0
Oct. 7—Olympic Club 0, U. I. W. 1
Oct. 14—Olympic Club 1, Barbarians 1
Nov. 11—Union Iron Works 0, Barbarians 0
Oct. 21—Olympic Club 3, Thistles 4
Nov. 4—Union Iron Works 6, Thistles 1
Oct. 28—Olympic Club 2, Rangers 0
Oct. 14—Union Iron Works 5, Rangers 3
Nov. 4—Olympic Club 2, Celtics 0
Oct. 28—Union Iron Works 2, Celtics 0
Nov. 11—Olympic Club 8, Argonauts 2
Sept. 30—Union Iron Works 6, Argonauts 2

The last two games played by the club now show the wings to be above par.

Root for the home team on the 25th.

It's up to you to do your bit,

Come out and fan like blazes;

The boys in knicks will go to it,

They'll "shoot" to cut the daisies.

'PASSED BY THE CENSOR

(Note: Navy and army officers, despite all their necessary dignity, don't take themselves too seriously. If they did it might be much more difficult than it is to maintain discipline among their men. Behind their braid and their shoulder straps they are quite human and not without a sense of humor. In verification of this read the following confidential suggestions offered Reserve officers by one of the ones who know.)

CONFIDENTIAL

Inasmuch as Reserve Commissions will be out in about ten days, the following simple suggestions should be taken to heart by candidates:

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS:

1. Be sure and order your suit immediately, for there may be quite a crush at the finish. O. D. uniforms are useful, anyway, raking the lawn and digging potatoes.

2. While in San Francisco over Sunday it is not required that you salute the traffic officer in front of the St. Francis, but it is better to play safe and salute anybody you see in uniform.

3. Never mention to your instructor

that you were formerly in the National Guard.

4. After commissions are granted it will be necessary to use the toilet articles—tooth brush, comb and soap—now used for display purposes at inspections. It might be well to give these articles a course of spring training during the next week.

5. For the next fortnight do not slap your instructors on the back and address them as "Say——." The word now in use is "Sir."

6. Never argue with an officer while in ranks. Wait until after the formation.

7. When the instructor is near by bawl out the nearest man in a loud, raucous

voice. It is a good idea to pick on one squad down near the end of the line where the men are small.

8. As our instructors are smooth shaven it is not good policy to wear immature mustaches. These things should be manicured while in the city on Sunday.

9. In the trenches next week be sure and have a sentry armed with a periscope so that your squad will know when to look busy while the instructors are in the vicinity.

10. Always try to be the first in the mess hall—show yourself to be in a class with Teddy Roosevelt as a natural leader.

11. If you are on K. P. or are serving a sentence as dining room orderly, try and get your work done as quickly as possible and report for drill in the midst of a formation. This will "show up" your predecessors and will make a hit with the instructors.

12. At conference sit near the front, not too near, but just enough to be conspicuous.

13. At conferences always look interested and, if possible, intelligent. Tortoise shell glasses help but this is not intended as a slam at those who wore them at the start of camp.

14. If you find it impossible to reach what you want at the dining table, point to it and call loudly. Great care should be exercised when reaching for bread that some fellow student does not stab you with a fork. A candidate needs all his physical beauty for the dash down the home stretch.

15. Remember that camouflage has become an important adjunct of war. A man with all the phrenological astuteness of a hen's egg can, with the aid of a little hirsute camouflage, look as important as a corn doctor, astrologer or fake genius.

16. If the instructor does not make himself clear in conferences, sit tight;

somebody is almost sure to show his ignorance by asking for an explanation.

17. If you are a company officer be sure and have the boys out in line about ten minutes before the assembly bugle. This shows promptness on your part.

18. If you cannot think of the proper command to give, keep marching and when called, explain that you did not hear the command of your superior. This always gets by.

19. Members of the squadrooms overlooking the street should not fail to throw several dozen cigarette butts out through the windows after the outside policing has been done in the morning. This may get some other fellow fired and increase the general average of commissions among those left.

20. Try to forget the "Sergeant Halls" gags this coming week as they are becoming bothersome to the instructors. The newest comedy is to say "mashin gun" or "ze mashin gun." This goes good and ought to last until commissions are issued.

21. Those who subscribed to the Liberty Loan should be sure and forget to pay for their Chronicles and Examiners when they leave camp. This will help to pay for the bonds to some extent.

22. If your instructor asks you for the definition of "Mark Time," tell him that it means payday in the German Army. This joke ought to go big.

23. In examinations if you are asked what becomes of the commander's map when he is captured, answer that it is sprinkled with kerosene, rubbed in gasoline, placed in a bale of excelsior, burned and the ashes shot from a 13-inch gun into the nearest ocean. If you answer that you merely destroy it, 10 points will be deducted.

Commissions will be issued to one-tenth of those who obey these instructions. The other nine-tenths will be allowed to live.

THE JUNIOR-JUVENILE MEET

By FRANK FOSTER

UNKIND, inclement weather—described and bounded by a lowering sky (by the way, have you ever seen a sky lower?) and punctuated with occasional bursts of very wet rain, prevented the juniors and juveniles from staging their annual track and field melee on scheduled time, to wit, Saturday afternoon, November 10th of this year of grace 1917. So old Tom Bunyan—yep, that's the fella, the big wan over there with the handcuffs and the gun—who is in charge of the kids when they step out athletically, very quietly bided a while and pulled the meet off on the following Saturday, to wit, the 17th. Tom is a pretty wise old bird, he is, despite the fact that he's a detective, and it will take more than unkind, inclement weather to keep him from achieving his purposes, no matter what they be. The meet of course was a success. How could the meet have been anything but a success with Thomas directing it and Larry Cavill helping him while Al Williams and Bob Leando and the rest of the old boys were running around issuing orders just like regular officials? You might as well expect to stop Niagara from falling as expect to beat this bunch once it starts to start something. Sure you might. Everybody entered won something—at least it seems that way. Most of these little fellows are all-fired good in track suits—almost as good as they are in swimming trunks—and they figured, each of them, to gather something somewhere. Bill Von Poellnitz was along with his camera, and he took a hundred thousand pictures, but they won't be ready for the eyes of the readers of this family magazine until next month. Here are the results:

60 POUND CLASS

40 yard dash—Lyons, first; Cussen, second. 6 4-5.

Potato race—Bricca, first; Falvey, second.
Broad jump—Cussen, first; Drake, second. 10-4.

70 POUND CLASS

50 yard dash—Lisle, first; McGettigan, second. 7-4.

Broad jump—Leando, first; Graham, second. 11-4.

Three-leg race—McGibbon, first; Theibaut, won.

Potato race—McGettigan, first; Moore, second.

Partnership race—Gonzales and Lenaris.

80 POUND CLASS

50 yards—Harwood, first; Sullivan, second. 7-2.

Broad jump—Sullivan, first; Harwood, second. 13-7.

Partnership race—Sullivan and Harwood.
Potato race—Gonzales, first; Bunyan, second.

Three-leg race—Brown and Wright.

90 POUND CLASS

75 yards—Mejia, first; King, second. 9-4.
Broad jump—King, first; Brown, second. 14-3.

Potato race—Sudden, first; King, second.
Bicycle race—Moore, first; Weil, second.

110 POUND CLASS

Hellmann, first; Abrahamsen, second.
Broad jump—Giannini, first; G. Martin, second. 15-10.

75 yards—G. Martin, first; Babin, second.
Bicycle race—Harwood, first; Evers, second.

125 POUND CLASS

220 yards—E. Sudden, first; Clampett, second. 26-1.

135 POUND CLASS

100 yards—Newhoff, first; Abrahamsen, second.

UNLIMITED CLASS

100 yards—Sudden, first; De Back, second. 11-2.

Norman Ross who is now at American Lake raising himself to be a soldier is given a great send-off in the December *Sunset* by Robin Baily. Baily treats the Big Moose to a splendid encomium. And in the January *Sunset* there will be a snappy history of the Grizzlies that should prove good reading for Olympians.

GET BEHIND THE GUNS

(Continued from Page 10)

O. C.; L. O'Connor, O. C.; P. Dilo, O. C.; Ed Mahoney, O. C.; C. O'Malley, O. C.; E. Baird, S. A. A. C.; J. Biggo, O. C.; W. Schiller, O. C.; W. Brown, U. I. W.; J. Lobig, O. C.; H. Itrith, Y. M. C. A.; L. Pratt, un.; G. Coates, U. I. W.; Carl Olsen, un.; Bob Harper, S. A. A. C.; C. Sontag, S. A. A. C.; Joe Farrell.

135 pounds, lightweight—T. Murphy, Missouri A. C., Kansas City; C. Dawson, U. S. N.; C. Kelleher, Mult.; J. J. Stanton, O. C.; P. Maroncelli, O. C.; W. Seibert, O. C.; G. Chatwick, Y. M. C. A.; F. Illing, O. C.; S. Eckstein, O. C.; O. Benson, S. A. A. C.; H. Miller, O. C.; G. Riley, U. I. W.; J. Doolittle, un.; R. A. Smith.

145 pounds, welterweight—G. Corkle, I. A. A.; A. Geyer, L. A. A. C.; J. Murrey, O. C.; M. J. Treacy, O. C.; F. Murphy, O. C.; J. Murphy, Stanford Univ.; W. Herzog, O. C.; A. Cohen, Y. M. C. A.; P. Wilson, un.; C. Emmett, U. S. S. Rainbow; E. Tomasello, un.; B. Thomas, Vanc. I. A. A.

158 pounds, middleweight—E. Brosseau, Montreal, Canada; F. Murphy, O. C.; J. L. Barkley, O. C.; H. Emmal, O. C.; P. Towne, O. C.; G. Callicotte, Ft. Mason; H. H. Stout.

175 pounds, light-heavy—P. Towne, O. C.; R. Petersen, O. C.; C. Meacrieff, O. C.; H. Barkley, un.; H. H. Stout.

Heavyweight—R. Petersen, O. C.; V. B. Eubanks, Mult.

Abbreviations:

Un., unattached; Mult., Multnomah Athletic Club, Portland; L. A. A. C., Los Angeles Athletic Club; O. C., Olympic

Club; S. A. A. C., Seattle Amateur Athletic Association; U. I. W., Union Iron Works; Vanc. I. A. A., Vancouver Island Athletic Association; Y. M. C., Young Men's Christian Association.

THE JUNIOR SOCCER FOOTBALL TEAM

(Continued from Page 14)

effusive with his compliments, declared the game to be the best he has seen in many days.

Following this Alameda was again beaten, 5—1. Then the Invincibles held us to a 2 to 2 tie on their home grounds. This was also a good, fast game as Bill Campbell, who refereed, will testify. On Sunday, November 11, we clashed with Allandale for the second time, both teams going scoreless in a fiercely contested game. Bert Aceret, our goalkeeper, made some very sensational stops in this game.

Mr. Pomeroy has on several occasions included juniors in the line up of the Saturday team which fact alone speaks volumes for their ability. Without doubt many of the juniors will be on next year's big team.

The players are imbued with that do-or-die spirit and have set their hearts on the championship. So beware, opponents, beware! In a team in which teamwork is foremost it is hard to pick individual stars but the work of Syd Smith, Harry Alter, Whitelaw and Roberts is worthy of special mention.

The line up follows: Bert Aceret, goalkeeper; Harry Alter and Warsaw, full backs; I. Bardellini, Whitelaw and "Red" Price, half backs; Ebner and Debs, wings; Syd Smith, inside right; "Dutch" Segle, inside left; Bobby Roberts (captain), center forward.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP**ACTIVE:**

Acton, Wm. B., attorney at law, Merchants Exchange Bldg.

Macdonald, L. M., banker, Bank of Italy.

Maher, Rev. Edw., Catholic priest, 1200 Florida St.

McAuliffe, F. M., attorney at law, Nevada Bank Bldg.

Riccardi, C. V., attorney at law, 21 Columbus Ave.

Robbins, Ernest A., insurance, First National Bank Bldg.

Schoenfeld, Dave C., cattle rancher, 3961 Washington St.

Sickinger, Wm., mgr. Garford Motor Truck Co., 56 12th St.

Tinkler, Wm. J., accountant, 833 Market St.

Wood, Frank F., insurance, 408 Clunie Building.

NON-RESIDENT:

Hall, R. V., banking, Hanford, Cal.

Keating, Rev. Patrick, Catholic priest, Tomales, Cal.

SERVICE:

Arnold, C. E., Ensign U. S. Navy, Naval Training Sta., San Francisco.

Carey, Chas. J., 2nd Lieutenant U. S. Navy, Presidio, San Francisco.

Duncan, Hiram B., Lieutenant U. S. Navy, 417 Market St.

Emmal, Frank S., Major Medical Corps, Ft. Winfield Scott, Cal.

Gosnell, E. P., Lieutenant 15th Cavalry, Camp Fremont, Cal.

Gunn, K. B., Lieutenant 63rd Infantry, Presidio, San Francisco.

Hargis, Fred B., Asst. Paymaster Navy, Mare Island, Cal.

Harris, Chester S., Captain Medical Corps, Ft. Winfield Scott, Cal.

Kew, Richard M., 2nd Lieutenant Coast Artillery, Ft. Winfield Scott, Cal.

Malaby, H. E., Asst. Paymaster U. S. Navy, Naval Training Sta., San Francisco.

Maus, Louis M., Colonel U. S. Army, Santa Fe Bldg.

Olsen, Everard F., Lieutenant Coast Artillery, Ft. Winfield Scott, Cal.

Schumann, R. W., Paymaster U. S. Navy, 2007 Pacific Ave.

Wallace, W. L., Ensign U. S. Navy, Mare Island, Cal.

Williams, Robt. B., Captain Medical Corps, Santa Fe Bldg.

Wilson, E. R., Lieutenant Commander U. S. Army, Mare Island, Cal.

ATHLETIC:

Blum, Leon, law clerk, 630 Mills Bldg.

Boese, Herman F., real estate, 141 Sutter St.

Elkington, Ervine, vulcanizer, 399 Valencia St.

Feighner, Howard H., asst. manager, Monadnock Bldg.

Gill, Harold E., price clerk, 235 2nd St.

Lee, Edward, clerk, 4 Montgomery St.

Towne, Gordon B., 68 Sacramento St.

Trobock, Lloyd, student, 1239 Taylor St.

JUNIOR:

Johnstone, Wm. S., student, 1317 Taylor St.

JUVENILE:

Bertrand, Jos. E., 2509 Larkin St.

Bertrand, Raymond A., 2509 Larkin St.

Ehrman, Roger S., Menlo Park, Cal.

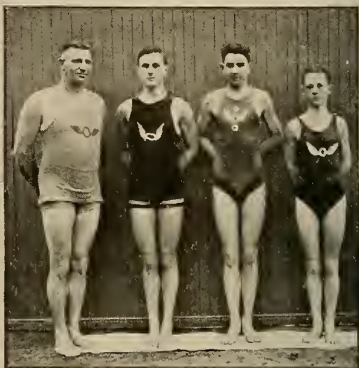
Knowles, Curtis Samuel, 2914 Steiner.

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Phil Patterson

(Photo by Wm. von Poellnitz)

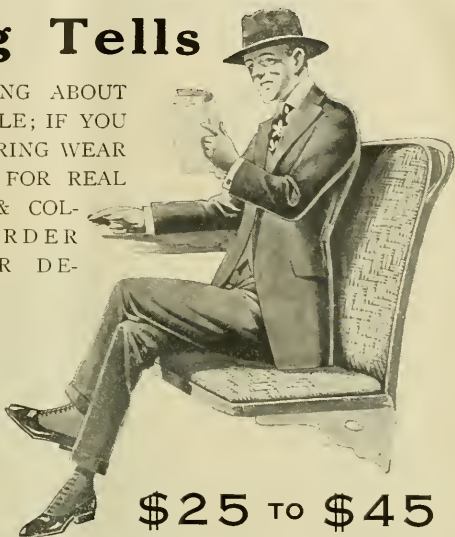
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OCTOBER 1, 1917

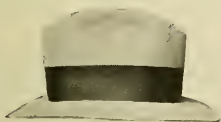
TO

OCTOBER 31, 1917

Income		\$18,096.67
Dues	\$12,834.66	
Departmental Profits	3,348.95	
Dressing Rooms and Lockers.....	1,583.30	
Visitors' Cards	207.00	
Purchase Discounts	102.57	
Miscellaneous	20.19	
Expense		\$16,157.98
House	11,022.10	
Labor	\$3,629.45	
Maintenance and Repairs	1,589.16	
Engine Room	1,537.30	
General	1,170.48	
Employees' Meals	911.15	
Laundry	755.48	
Light and Power	701.50	
Water	679.83	
Library Expense	35.55	
Newspapers and Periodicals	12.20	
Administrative and General	3,561.20	
Office	1,062.50	
Stationery and Printing	671.82	
Taxes	509.62	
Storeroom Expense	437.85	
Olympian	206.61	
Insurance	200.00	
Uncollectible Accounts	200.00	
Telephone	185.55	
War	87.25	
Athletic and Special Events.....	1,574.68	
Operating Profit		\$ 1,938.69
Initiations Received		2,840.00
		4,778.69
Interest Paid		1,790.58
Net Profit		<u>2,988.11</u>
Memorandum Deposition of Net Profit for Month		
Net Profit	\$2,988.11	
Appropriated for Retirement of Mortgage Indebtedness	1,666.67	
Available for General Use.....	<u>1,321.44</u>	

We certify that the Profit and Loss Statement for the month of October, 1917, exhibiting a net profit of \$2,988.11 has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

SULLY, HOOD & STRONG,
Certified Public Accountants.



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To Olympians: Let's get together good and strong; let every member make the success of the tournament his individual affair, so that the sum turned over to the Red Cross will show the Olympic Club's interest in this humanitarian department of the Government, as well as pleasing us all with the magnificent amount received.

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PEUGAS

Vol. (X) V

DECEMBER, 1917

No. 60

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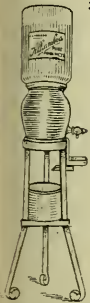
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Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

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PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

Starting from the club at 8:30, proceeded into the McKinley Monument in the Panhandle, and leaving the monument at 9 o'clock sharp, the classic event of midwinter—Olympia's annual run to the beach—will be held this year as usual.

On the beach, where the first swim of the new year will be enjoyed by the participants, there will be singing and a deal of music, plenty of entertainment and plenty to eat. Every loyal Olympian is expected to be on hand for the run, and so that none may be overlooked members intending to participate are requested to sign the roll in the office.

A graceful tribute to one of the country's most distinguished citizens was paid by the directors of THE OLYMPIC CLUB one evening last month on the occasion of a little dinner, when Professor William Milligan Sloane was

*elected to honorary life membership. Professor Sloane is the leading American representative of the international body that has charge of the Olympic games which were to have taken place in Berlin in 1916 but which have been postponed until 1920 when they will be held in Amsterdam. Professor Sloane is famous the world over as the author of a monumental life of Napoleon. He came to this city as the representative of an international committee engaged in raising funds for the benefit of lawyers permanently disabled in the war. It was a happy thought that came to one of our directors during the little dinner that was given in Professor Sloane's honor—the thought of electing him to honorary life membership. This might have seemed but a graceful courtesy had it not been for the impression made by the manner and spirit of its reception. Professor Sloane is a man of deep sensibilities, and deeply was he touched by the tribute of esteem that was paid to him. His manner and emotion as he spoke of his appreciation of the pleasure of becoming a member of the oldest athletic club in America (a fact of which not all Olympians are aware) made it clear that to him his election was a matter that inspired in him a sense of pride. At once it was perceived that in Professor Sloane the club acquired a member animated by the spirit of the true Olympian.

Will the American athlete make good in the Great War? The athletes of the other English-speaking lands have come through. They are not "through" by any means, but they have done enough to demonstrate that the Prussian General Staff made one of its less happy guesses when it calculated that the Great

God Sport had given the Anglo-Saxon fatty degeneration of the spirit.

Olympians do not doubt that the American athlete will not only do as well as his brothers of other allied lands but, if possible, do a trifle better, as he did in the happier wars of the cinder path before the shelling began. One of our reasons for thinking so is "the Grizzlies." An interesting article that is inspired with this view appears in the January *Sunset*. "Wait until this, the regiment of athletes, hits the Hindenburg line" is the theme. It will be well worth reading.

The big Red Cross boxing tournament, held under the auspices of THE OLYMPIC CLUB in the Civic Center Auditorium on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, November 22nd and 23rd, was financially successful to the extent of about \$10,000.

Exact figures on the tourney are not as yet available, as the tabulation of moneys due for certain tickets still outstanding has not been completed. However, William B. Graeble, the club auditor, who is checking the returns, is willing to be quoted as saying that when the final result is known the Red Cross will be richer by at least the sum mentioned, and possibly by two or three thousand dollars more than that.

This, of course, is good news, and news quite likely to be true, coming as it does from Graeble who is a canny fellow and very reticent about venturing predictions. Indeed, it may be that his estimate, undoubtedly a conservative one, will prove to be a great deal less than the actual amount realized, and if this be the case the club will have even greater cause for a just rejoicing in a work well done.

With professional boxing in a most deplorable state locally it was no easy task

for the men behind this tournament to develop an interest in the work of the amateurs so strong as to draw ten thousand dollars to the box office. For a decline in the status and standing of the professional boxer is bound to react against the amateur, no matter what may be said as to the clean line of demarcation separating the two divisions of the sport. And so, from the financial viewpoint, the tourney was a great success. And from a patriotic viewpoint it may safely be classed along with the Old Glory dinners and the recruiting of the Grizzlies. Surely, in these troublous times, Olympia is doing her bit!

The one deplorable phase of the entire affair—and this is almost too small to be worthy of serious consideration—was the slight dispute in which the Pacific Athletic Association officials and the tournament committee became involved. It was a dispute over the question of simon-pure amateurism. The verbal mixup was really productive of nothing more than newspaper talk and no harm was done to anyone by anyone else. However, it will do no harm to observe that some members have indulged in a little criticism, observing that had the Athletic Committee been more active in the management no breach of the P. A. A. regulations would have occurred. This may be true, for the Athletic Committee is well qualified to handle questions of amateurism, and its members who are strict disciplinarians would have prevented friction. But perhaps what happened is not to be seriously regretted since it is well to promote little controversies that quicken our interest in athletic events and make us alert in guarding against violation of the ethics of amateurdom.

Wholesome Criticism

VOLUNTEERING

(Note: In response to the toast "Why We Volunteered," proposed at a banquet at the Hotel Oakland held by the alumni of St. Mary's College in honor of the graduates of St. Mary's who enlisted at the declaration of American hostilities, the following bit of post-prandial oratory was delivered by a young Olympian who is now a Yeoman in the Naval Reserve. At the request of a number of other St. Mary's graduates, who are also Olympians, the speech is reprinted herewith; though somewhat at variance with current notions it may prove interesting, if only for the novelty of its viewpoints.)

IT is rather a difficult task to diagnose correctly the mental condition of the man who voluntarily puts on the uniform of his country in time of war. The difficulty lies in the fact that behind even the very littlest act of our lives there is likely to be a network of motives so complex as to prevent us from pointing directly to one particular influence as its main-spring. When we question ourselves, if ever we take the time, as to why we have done a certain thing, it is not at all easy for us to place a confident finger on a reason and say, "There; that is why we have done this."

And if, under ordinary circumstances when mere trivialities are at stake, it is difficult for us to determine the causes of our actions, so, when circumstances have ceased to be ordinary and our very lives seem to hang in the balance, it becomes doubly difficult. That is why whoever seeks the motives of the volunteer must content himself with speculation.

There is, for an instance, a possibility that a great many of us volunteered because the rest of us seemed also to be volunteering. With close to a million men under the wings of the eagle long before the machinery of the selective draft began to operate it would appear that volunteering was more or less popular among the members of our younger set, despite the assertions of military authorities to the contrary, and that a natural pride, a quite human and wholly understandable desire

to be One of the Ones, led us to a training camp or a recruiting station. And so we may have donned a suit of blues or the khaki of a dough-boy just to Belong, just to be People, just so that no one would have anything on Us.

If we choose to go a bit deeper we may venture to say that some of us, in volunteering, saw an opportunity of realizing ambitions which through the long years of peace have lain forcedly dormant. There may be among us the descendants of fighting clans of mighty men of valor, of steel-thewed Gaels and combat-loving Romans, of heroic Franks and the Giants of the Northlands. It may be that we have heard and answered the battle-call of the ages, the clarion note of the trumpet that shall never sound retreat. It may be in our very bone and sinew to go forth against the Dragon of the Rhine as went forth Lancelot against the Worm of Corbin, as went forth Theseus against the Minotaur. Indeed, if we take this view of the question, we may not have volunteered through motive at all; we may have volunteered through instinct.

And then again, some of us may be going over there not because of any especial desire for fighting but just because we have never been over there before. The hot blood of adventure may be cataracting within us, impelling us to see the biggest things of life and get into the very middle of them, impelling us to deeds of derring-do, should the chance to do

them come our way. "not in power, not in profit, but in the glory of the achievement."

And it may also be, perchance, that there are some of us who even in our so young lives have come to believe this world to be pretty much a world of "knaves and fools," wherein sham and pretense and hypocrisy are not merely tolerated but, as in the materially successful, are often condoned and even glorified. Perhaps we are "perplexed and oppressed by the cruelty and the pain of things." Perhaps we are sick at heart and weary of soul long before we are supposed to concern ourselves with much else besides love and laughter and the plucking of the roses. Perhaps we have begun to think that whatever is is wrong. And perhaps, in this mood, we seem to see the war as an honorable way out of it all. The paths of glory, in sooth, may be inviting to some of us only because the paths of glory sometimes lead to that valley of pure tranquility where peace is, and quiet, and "the ending of a thousand woes."

But what we choose to think is the *real* motive—what probably *is* the real motive

with the most of us—what we like to tell ourselves is the real motive, at any rate—is that we have come under the spell of the Great Illusion, that we have surrendered ourselves to the belief that the cause and object of this war *do* equal in value its cost in blood, destruction and human misery, and that the sacrifice we are willing to make is not to be made in vain.

And if this be the truth, if this be the motive animating the patriotic impulses of the young manhood of America, then must America know in the heart of her heart, as we know in our hearts, that though the battle be bitter and the struggle long in the end the bays of victory shall wreath our brows. For we shall be steadfast, we shall endure; "there is a God, and so the end is sure." And with the ideal of sacrifice beckoning us on, and Liberty Aflame lighting up the wildernesses of this war, we can the more bravely fight our way across the moats and into the courtyards of the Great Evil King, and touch the torch of freedom to the pyre of tyranny. We can the better put forth our little best really to make the world safe for Democracy.

JUNIOR OLYMPIANS SHOW REAL PATRIOTISM

By JOHN F. CONNOLLY

WHEN, immediately after the opening of hostilities, THE OLYMPIC CLUB took the lead in the matter of securing enlistments, stimulating patriotism and interest in the war, and arousing the citizens to a sense of their obligations, little or no attention was directed toward the juniors. The Directors no doubt thought that the juniors would make far better soldiers if allowed to complete their development under the careful guid-

ance of the club's instructors. Such is undoubtedly the truth. But many of the juniors felt that Uncle Sam needed their services much more than they needed the development. With true Olympian spirit they gave up all personal considerations, relinquished their futures at the outset of their careers and joined the colors, willing to give their lives that democracy might not perish.

Their sacrifice is all the more commend-

able when one remembers that these boys are under twenty-one years of age. They had nothing to fear from the draft. Some had one, others two, and still others three years to wait before they would be subject to the draft law. At this moment when some of our less patriotic citizens are endeavoring to avoid the draft and escape military service, the action of these young Olympians should serve as a mighty strong object lesson and awaken these men to the duty they owe their country. No better testimonial of the training accorded the youthful members of the club, and of the ideals instilled in their minds could be had, than the spirit manifested by these boys. Among the juniors who have thus given evidence of having real red corpuscles are:

Stanley R. Smith, one of the best known junior football players in the bay region. Stanley R. (for he declares the R. to be as essential as the Stanley) enlisted in the aviation section of the Signal Corps, with the hope of winning a commission as an aviator. He has just realized the first half of that hope, for he graduated on the 15th from the ground school at Berkeley, ranking one of the highest in his class. The writer, from his knowledge of Stanley R.'s gameness and coolness under fire, predicts even a greater success in the actual flying, for these qualities are of great value in the air. Stan played full back on the junior team, up to the time of his enlistment, and his absence from his old position had a lot to do with the defeat the juniors recently received from Allandaie. He was a stonewall on defense and his long boots to safety saved more than one game. He was never known to draw his kick, and charged into everybody with utter fearlessness. He was selected on the 'All-British team of the Bay Counties Soccer Football League last year, and would have been accorded the same honor this year had he remained.

Stan is also of "Olympian" fame, having written some very interesting articles for it.

William Cupples, better known as "Bill," also enlisted in the Aviation Corps, and completed his ground school training at Berkeley. He left for Egypt and will learn to fly in the land of pyramids and obelisks. "Bill" was a member of the handball team that won the fourth-class championship last year. He was a fast runner and one of the most gentlemanly fellows in the club.

Another junior serving his country is Arthur B. Carfagni. Art departed and was on his way to Europe in less time than it takes most fellows to decide whether or not they going to go. He left here October 20 and sailed from New York for the scene of the conflict about November 24. He was a pharmacist and so enlisted in the Medical Corps. Art was also on the junior soccer team. He was Cupples' partner in the handball tournament. Art's ability to move fast ought to stand him in good stead when he is assisting the wounded on the battle-scarred fields of Europe. It is a peculiar coincidence that both he and Stan Smith, who are the closest of friends, left on the same day each unknown to the other.

"Ed" Kierulff enlisted some time ago in one of the University of California Ambulance Units. He went to Allentown, Pennsylvania, to undergo his training for service and as we have heard no word to the contrary, we surmise that he is still there. "Doc," as he is dubbed by his friends, is truly a product of the club. When he first joined this institution he was a frail, sickly, soft-muscled fellow. But he soon changed. Under the expert tutelage and gentle (?) care of Tom Bunyan and Larry (erstwhile Sid) Cavill he

developed into a fine, strong, deep-chested and hardy athlete. The fact that he was one of the first to volunteer shows that he isn't without plenty of backbone.

Up until two weeks ago William Prince came around to the club with a visage about as cheerful as an undertaker. Sympathetic inquiry disclosed the fact that "Bill" had enlisted in the Signal Corps Reserve and had found out that he would not be called for some time to come. One day, however, he came around with his face alight with smiles. He had been called out and was very elated over the fact. Bill was a basketball player of no little ability and played on one of the club's lighter weight teams.

Oscar Herbst, another junior, joined the Grizzlies at the time the club was asking for men to fill the quota. He is now down at Camp Kearny and showing lots of ability as a plotter. While at the club here he was one of Cavill's star swimmers.

Coy Filmer, now a stalwart son of the sea, won renown as a baseball player on the old invincible junior ball team Tom Bunyan once had collected together. His work with the willow made him particularly disliked by the opposing pitchers. Coy always liked the navy and will no doubt soon be heard from.

Robert Clampett, son of the well known Dr. Clampett, was a junior at the time of his enlistment. Bob joined the Quartermaster Corp soon after the declaration of war. He has recently announced his intention to be transferred to the Aviation Corps, where his brother Fred is now studying. He devoted his attention mostly to gymnasium work at the club.

Jerry Baldwin although he became an athletic member a few months before his departure, is still at junior at heart, having

risen to their ranks from a juvenile a long time ago. He is now in the Engineers Corps and is awaiting the orders that will send his company across the pond. Possessing extraordinary stamina and endurance, Jerry distinguished himself as an all-round athlete. He was an excellent boxer and almost as good a swimmer. He specialized in the distances.

Fred McWilliams is another junior who has become an athletic member in the last few months. Fred left for the aviation ground school at Berkeley on the 15th. He was into everything from a football game to a pinochle game. He was a runner, swimmer and football player. He has played center forward on the junior soccer team for two years. Fred's ability lies in his stick-to-it-ness. For this reason we are expecting him to establish an enviable record at Berkeley.

Last, by no means least, comes Theodore Rethers. In fact he should be first, because he was the first to get "Over There." He has risen from a private to a sergeant and is now attached to General Pershing's staff. No doubt we will soon be hearing of Lieutenant Rethers, U. S. A. He was a swimmer of note and also an expert handball player.

Ere many days this list will be augmented by the names of many other juniors, for they are all intensely interested. The branch of the service each intends to join, its respective merits, how each one intends to become at least a colonel, these, and other military topics are all they talk about in the shower rooms. Several of them are now only waiting to finish high school that they may be the more fitted to become officers. With the young element thus on the Kaiser's trail, Prussian militarism certainly seems doomed.

CAMOUFLAGE

By LLOYD A. MYERS

Ensign, United States Naval Reserve Force

(Note: Since the incorporation of the word Camouflage into the American version of the English language there has been a great deal said and written and thought about it. Two months ago, indeed, the columns of this journal were lightened somewhat by a half-hearted treatise on Camouflage and Kultur, in which the art of the Camoufleur was rather sparsely touched upon. And now comes a man-of-war, an Ensign of the Navy, forsooth, with a word or two of his own about Camouflage.)

O! CAMOUFLAGE, what sins are committed in thy name!

You may have peered into Webster recently and been somewhat disappointed at not finding therein the word "camouflage," which has come to occupy in the conversation of the people of America the same relative position of importance which in the eyes of the reading public is held by the season's best seller. However, in the absence of a lexicographer's definition, camouflage may be said to be making a thing appear that which it is not.

Camouflage of the cruder sort harks back to the days of your youth, if you were a boy, to the time when you put ink on your underwear undeath the hole in your stocking; or signed the John Hancock of a stern parent to a report showing that you didn't know the principal products of Peru or got "P" in deportment for putting Polly's pigtails in your ink-well; or suddenly started weeding the garden from purely philanthropic motives and accepted with ostensible reluctance the anticipated half-a-buck from the paterfamilias. Or mayhap you can see through the gauzy transformation curtain of the years and picture yourself asserting extreme indifference for the very girl with the blond hair and blue eyes to whom but a moment before you sent the large lace valentine, the purchase of which threw you into hope-

less bankruptcy. Or if you were ever at boarding school you can remember the French beds you made which crawled up on one as he got in, or the bucket of water over the transom which fell on the unwary who opened the door, or the eating of cloves after hitting the weed. Maybe you can recall the time when you beat it from chapel and went hunting and the headmaster asked you if you intended to be one of the men he had spoken about that day and you pulled a Brodie and said "Yes"—and if you'd said "No" you'd have been in close bounds for a month. Perhaps you can still see yourself at military school slipping on your uniform over your pajamas to get to breakfast in time to bow your head in acquiescence when the headmaster gave thanks for the daily fare and it consisted of chipped beef and potatoes. (Yes, he was a camoufleur, too.)

If you went to college you may picture the time you took one of the H. W. I. C. (Homeliest Women in College) to some dance so your fraternity brother could corral a few co-ed votes; perhaps you may be able to recall telling all you knew on a whole subject and getting it all in one page when as a matter of fact it didn't answer the question at all. If you'd boned up on it you may even bring to mind the time you put a sticker over on the prof, and asked him a question he couldn't answer and he stalled like the mother of

today whose child asked her who Shylock was, and she said, "Run along, dear, and read your Bible."

All of which is no more astonishing than people thinking of Bolsheviki as a Russian skin infection.

Wearing apparel, too, is a great foil for camouflage. Trying to get by with brown shoes dyed black, and wearing them in a push-as-you-enter street car with apparent unconcern when the sickening smell (not odor) struggles with the law-required disinfectant—it beats the medicated aroma of the Chinaman. Even this has its superlative—did you ever see the yokel with the black straw hat who even trusts himself out during a labor riot? Alas, poor Yorick! he's fallen for Paas egg-dye stuff. And remember when you try to put over that kind of a Hindenburg that your friends know everything you have in clothes and that there's many an individual who is cordially disliked by his friends. "Doesn't he get by well on no pair." "To look at her you'd never know she used rouge."

There's the fellow, too, who couldn't get into any branch of the service but saw the oculist on the day of the draft examination, the same one who's in favor of the volunteer system, "so much more aristocratic," who hates the accusing finger of old Uncle Samuel in the "You Enlist Now" poster. He's even willing to forego the rides in machines with the unsuited girls who camouflage themselves into believing they're self-sacrificial wonders when they take out more soldiers in a day than they've seen men in a month. This rare bird belongs to the same breed as the flying

fish who's a "wonderful dancer"—probably danced himself under the army weight requirement. Both belong to the specie which would even look out of the window of the Cliff House on the night of an eclipse if the waiter (who probably could buy and sell most of us a few times over) is about to show up with the record of the proceedings.

Girls are prize camoufleurs—have been ever since the day when henna was first discovered. Looks, letters, knitting sweaters, drowning in the summer, keeping you waiting when they've been dressed for hours, writing sweet nothings on scented paper, taking an interest in your work—if you're a soldier, in "bombing" and it's ten to one they don't know a grenade from a grenadine and think the latter is the wife of the former. Read Mr. Britling and throw him the first time—oh what a struggle! The same girl probably thinks Thomas à Becket was king of England and that Rasputin is a jelly. Every quotation to her is from the Bible or Shakespeare; she thinks Mary Garden is the best book Hichens ever wrote, and that the "movies beat books any time." And she looks pretty as the devil, and right into your eyes, too, and the first thing you know you're camouflaged yourself and so far as you're concerned the world's series is over, and her father and mother, out behind the portieres, have a big load off their mind.

All the world's one big camouflage and we are merely camoux (own coinage) in it. When Columbus cracked the egg and stood it up on end and said, "That's the world," he knew not how well he spoke.

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG PEOPLE

By THE LOUNGER

EDGAR POMEROY, whose picture is set forth upon the very cover of this magazine, is the Soccer Commissioner of THE OLYMPIC CLUB. Mr. Pomeroy has won for himself the reputation of being one of the hardest working commissioners who ever handled the affairs of an athletic team wearing the Winged O, and that he richly deserves the reputation is attested to most strongly by the record of the teams he has managed.

Perhaps his most notable achievement is found in the victory of the Olympic eleven over the Union Iron Works team, regarded as invincible until our boys took them into camp 2—1 some few weeks ago.

Mr. Pomeroy combed the entire State for the players who composed his team for this game, finding an Olympian here and an Olympian there—most of them at training camps—and made the necessary arrangements with the military authorities to bring them here.

It was his theory that a good amateur team could beat a good professional team should they meet on even terms, and the victory proved him to be right.

The thanks of the soccer fans of Olympia are due Mr. Pomeroy.

* * *

Jack Balmain once was rated one of the best all-round footballers in this State or out of it—at the soccer game, of course. And it is quite possible that today he could don a suit and step out among the boys and show them a trick or two with the foot and the shoulder. But other things have come to occupy his time, principal among which is the active coaching of the juniors.

As coach of the "kid" team Balmain has

proved wonderfully successful, taking hold of things where Tom Bunyan and Mr. Ebner left off and teaching the juniors the finer points of soccer so that now they are ranked as among the very best footballers in the West.



(Photo by Von Poellnitz)
JACK BALMAIN

G. W. Ebner has taken the reins of control over the junior soccer team from the hands of old Tom Bunyan and hence forth will manage the destinies of the younger players.

Mr. Ebner has the enviable record of never having missed a soccer game in which THE OLYMPIC CLUB was represented for the past four years.

Before the advent of Jack Balmain as coach Mr. Ebner actively coached the

juniors, and the increasing success that has been theirs is due in no small part to the advice he has gratuitously handed out to them.

The replacing of old Tom Bunyan doesn't mean, however, that Old Tom is



(Photo by Von Poellnitz)
G. W. EBNER

through. No indeed. The big Celt is still on the job, full of pep and fury and all such as that, and quite ready to lend his assistance to the juniors whenever occasion requires. Tom voluntarily gave up the handling of the team because of the manifold duties that have fallen of late on his handcuffs and his gun.

* * *

This is Hudson, the stalwart who led Pomeroy's team to victory over the famed Union Iron Works soccerites.

Hudson is now a first lieutenant in the national army. He left recently for Camp Lewis, Washington, where he will help

whip the selected men into shape.

Hudson is a natural leader, and it is no far-fetched prophecy to hazard the opinion that before long, if the chance should come his way, he will list his name among those other brave Olympians who already have won fame and honor in the great war.

Certainly the dash and daring he displayed on the soccer field, combined with a most admirable coolness and headwork—that has stood him in good stead in many an emergency, will be of great value to



(Photo by Von Poellnitz)
LIEUTENANT HUDSON

him and his command when the time actually to step out over the top comes, and if he is unblessed by the gods of war with an opportunity to be among the stars of the battlefield then it is certain that, at least, he will never be found wanting in the pinch.

(Continued on Page 18.)

HOW WE BEAT THE UNION IRON WORKS

A Bit of Football Truth More Strange Than Fiction

By ROBIN BAILY

IN the days of the great war, in a land far removed from the smoke and turmoil of the conflict, there flourished a football team. It was a team of extraordinary excellence and was absolutely never—at any rate, hardly ever—beaten.

Only Stars of the greatest possible magnitude were admitted to the exclusive circle of its membership. And to be invited to wear the initials U. I. W. on the breast of a sweater, which betokened inclusion in the team, was regarded as the topmost summit of football fame. These initials: U. I. W. were variously interpreted as representing: "Unbeaten Invincible Wonders" or "Unbeaten Irresistible Winners" or other words to the same grandiloquent effect. But as a matter of cold fact the U. I. W. stood merely for Union Iron Works, the greatest soccer

football team the Pacific Coast has ever seen.

The boom in shipbuilding provoked by the German submarine combined with the fact that men engaged in such work are exempt from military service provided the team from San Francisco's modern home of Vulcan with a glittering array of great players.

The other clubs, with ranks thinned by the call of the bugles, were glad to escape with a defeat of moderate emphasis and a tie sent those who achieved such a half victory to the banquet table. (See history of the Barbarians, page 42, vol. 3.) It was even in those days when the U. I. Ws. were passing on the even tenor of their way to victory that there lived in the same region one named Pomeroy, a man of many years, innumerable tasks and beard-



(Photo by Von Poelnitz)

THIS IS THE TEAM THAT EDGAR BUILT—AND TRIMMED THE UNION IRON WORKS

ed like the pard withal. Like Cassius he was thin and a plotter, and what he plotted boded not well for the Unbeatable Invincible Works. Pomeroy sat up at night and bit his beard, knitted his brows and gnashed his teeth and muttered continually: "I'll beat 'em by the shades of my football ancestors I'll beat 'em."

Then he drank deeply of buttermilk.

Pomeroy thought so loudly that Sid Cavil, the human fish, half-man and half-mackerel, who lives all alone in a cave by the side of the green waters, came up to see what was the matter. Pomeroy told him and Sid Cavill said: "I always use the crawl stroke." Which was true but irrelevant.

At length Pomeroy thought of an appalling plan and began to send telegrams furiously. One went to the O'Connor brothers who lived in the dry hot lands where the oil gushes from the earth. The O'Connors were busy drawing money and

oil when the message arrived but they obeyed Pomeroy's call.

Another went to the Grizzlies encamped on a promontory a league further south. The Grizzlies were as thick with footballers as the Hohenzollern family is with thieves. But, unhappily, they were unable to help.

Pomeroy bit his beard again and by hook or by crook (the U. I. Ws. said it was crook) collected a team together and played the U. I. W. It included a Hollander, who took a decidedly unneutral attitude towards the proceedings. In fact he played centre forward for the Olympics, scored a brilliant goal from forty yards distant and linked his wings with discretion and dash. He plays for the University of California and helped his team to defeat Stanford this year.

There was a sailor from a British warship, named Prescott, who zigzagged down the field as if a submarine was after him.

(Continued on Page 25)



(Photo by Von Poellnitz)

EBNR'S JUNIORS, ONE OF THE FASTEST "KID" SOCCER TEAMS EVER

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 15)

Buster Tait, whose excellent work with the hockey stick makes him a member of the club senior team though he himself is only a junior, has come to be almost as much at home on an ice rink as he is in the water.

This is saying something indeed, when one recalls that this same Buster is just about the most versatile water-dog in these parts.

C. Tiv Kreling, hockey expert, opines that Buster is just as much of a hockey prospect as he is a swimming prospect, and if C. Tiv is right, as he generally is, then a great future on the ice as well as in the water seems in store for the lad.

Sid Cavill doesn't agree with C. Tiv, however, and asserts that it will take a whole lot of persuasion to wean young Tait away from his aquatic class.



(Photo by Von Poellnitz)

Can this be Ernie Smith?

It can. It is.

And where is Ernie now?

Ernie is still at Allentown, Pennsylvania, with the American Ambulance Corps, where he is trying for a commission as a second lieutenant.

Will Ernie get his commission?

Ernie will. Why?

Because aside from being the greatest press-agent in the world Ernie is an a-1 crackerjack fellow, just the sort of a man Uncle Samuel wants to officer his fighting forces, and it isn't within the realms of possibility that Ernie's talent and ability will be overlooked by the military experts who have him under observation.

And if they should overlook Ernie you can bet your buttons they'll soon find out about it—if not from Ernie himself, then from his friends out here.



(Photo by Von Poellnitz)

HANDBALL RULES

Compiled for the Benefit of Lovers of the Court Game

(The Singles Handball Tournament, scheduled for January 20th, 1918, will be played under these rules. Familiarity with them may do much towards expediting the progress of the tourney.)

PLAYERS

The game of handball may be played by two or four players at once, called respectively singles and doubles.

In a game of singles, one player is pitted against an opponent. In doubles, two players compete against an opposing pair.

One player (or pair) acts as server, and puts the ball in play; they score on the opponents' failure to properly return the ball. The opponent or opponents are receivers, and must return the ball according to rules.

HITTING THE BALL

The ball must always be played with the hand—never with the foot or any other part of the person.

The proper way to strike the ball is to make a cup with the palm and fingers, and to strike with an underhand swing of the arm, hitting the ball not squarely with the palm, but between the fingers and the palm, at about the third joints of the fingers, counting from the tips inwards. Either hand may be used, but never both at the same time.

THE GAME: SINGLES

Start. The choice of position is given to the player who wins a toss of the coin. The winner may elect to serve the ball or receive.

Serving. Serving is putting the ball in play.

The server must stand for serving in the space between the inner line and the ace line, but on either side of the court, as he may choose.

The server, while serving, must not step twice in succession over the inner line.

For this he loses the hand (changes places with the receiver).

To serve the ball, the player allows it to drop to the floor, and when it has rebounded waist high, strikes it with his hand against the front wall, so it will rebound from the floor beyond the ace line; that is, from the side of the ace line farther from the front wall.

If a served ball touches the floor inside the ace line, it is called a shortball. The receiver may or may not play on it, as he so chooses. A server loses his hand if he serves three short balls in succession.

He may serve any number of them with full-served balls.

A served ball must hit the front wall before it hits either side wall, roof or floor. To fail in this means loss of hand to the server.

The served ball is sometimes so played that after striking the front wall, it will rebound from a side wall or back wall before touching the floor behind the ace line.

This is not only permissible, but requires very skillful work from both server and receiver.

A server scores an ace every time that he properly sends a ball to any part of the court beyond the ace line and the receiver fails to return it to the front wall.

Every time the receiver returns it to the front wall, the server must recover it (i.e., hit it himself again to the front wall) either on the fly or on a first bound from the floor, or his hand is out and he must change places with the receiver.

The server first stands in the same position as does the server in the same position as does the server in singles, and his opponent farther back in the court.

In addition, the following hinders (fouls) apply to doubles:

(a) If a *served* ball strikes the server's partner (bounding from or touching him), it is a hinder. Penalty, loss of hand.

(b) If a *server's* partner interferes with the ball before it is played by either of the two opposing players, it is a hinder. Penalty, loss of hand.

(c) If a *receiver* (recoverer of serving) strikes the ball so that it touches his partner, it is a foul (hinder). Penalty, a point awarded to the receiving side.

(d) If a *receiver* strikes either of his opponents with the ball, it is a hinder. If *intentional*, at the discretion of the referee, an ace may be awarded to the receiving side.

A ball is out of play after a hinder and must be again served.

Score. The serving side scores an ace (one point) every time the opponents fail to return a properly served ball to the front after one bound to the floor.

An ace is awarded in one or two instances for fouls as noted.

According to the rules of the American Athletic Union for singles, the player who first makes 21 aces wins the game; the number of games that make up a set is determined by a committee.

Officials. A referee and a scorer officiate.

The referee decides upon all questions of service and return of the ball; in other words, he decides whether or not the ball struck in the proper rectangle or court on the floor, struck the proper wall, or was hit properly. He decides when a point, termed an ace, is made, and when the player who is serving is out, termed hand out.

Receiving. After the ball has been served, the opponent, who now receives the ball, may not hit it until it has bounded from the floor, but he must hit it when it has bounded once, or his failure scores an ace for the server.

The receiver may strike it with either hand and should try to so hit it that it will rebound from the front wall to any spot on the floor, on either side of the ace line; but it is to his interest that it should strike the floor as far as possible from the server.

The latter now attempts to play the ball to the front wall before or after the ball has bounded once from the floor. This goes on until one or the other fouls, or fails to knock the ball back to the front wall.

If a served ball drops within the rectangle formed by the ace line, side walls and front wall, the receiver, if he so desires, is at liberty to play the ball after its rebound; but he is not obliged to do so, and his failure to do so does not count an ace for the server.

If the receiver fails to return the ball back to the front wall, the miss counts as a point, or an ace, for the server.

If the server misses, he is out, termed a *hand out*. The receiver then becomes the server and the former server receives.

GENERAL RULES AND POINTS OF PLAY

Hinders. Each player must attempt to keep out of the way of an opponent when that opponent is running towards, or about to play, the ball. Any such interference, if unintentional, is termed a *hinder*, and the ball must be served again. If such interference is intentional, a foul is called by the referee. If the server interferes intentionally, he is out; but if the receiver intentionally interferes, a point (ace) is awarded the server.

A server after having been retired must be given time to prepare to receive the ball; in other words, the incoming server may not jump to place, serve the ball, and catch unawares the outgoing server, who is about to receive.

Fouls are

- (a) To use the foot to strike the ball.
- (b) To strike the ball with both hands.
- (c) To touch the ball twice in succession when batting it.
- (d) To stop a ball going to the front wall.

If any one of the above is committed by the server, the penalty is the loss of hand; that is, hand out or end of opportunity to serve; if committed by the receiver, a point or ace is awarded to the server.

Doubles. When partners play against

an opposing pair, the partner who does not serve usually stands next to one of the receivers, midway between the front wall and the ace line, both players turning their backs to the left wall.

Scorer. Keeps track of the number of aces made, has co-jurisdiction with the referee in deciding hinders (interference with the progress of the ball) and fouls (failure to return the ball to the front wall, or a transgression of rules).

The referee, when appealed to, should decide promptly and his decision is final. To disobey the order of a referee or scorer is punishable by disqualification.

HOW "JAWN" MCGREGGOR SEES US

By LINCOLN JOHNSON

A CERTAIN "mon," Jawn McGreggor by name, an officer in one of Canada's famous kiltie "track-pants" regiments, stopped over at the club while en route to Camp Kearney where he is destined to instruct the Grizzlies in the gentle art of ducking bullets. Being keenly enthusiastic about swimming and personally acquainted with Britannia's star swimmers, Hatfield and Hodgson, and a fervid admirer of a "guid game o' water ba'" it was no wonder that he should attract attention when off by himself in the natatorium gallery he yelled like a fiend over a game of water polo between two of Olympia's best teams. He was heart and soul in the game and did not realize I was seated beside him until he struck me with his hand while trying with all his hypnotic and magnetic powers to move a ball, thrown by Steiger, through the goal posts, the ball persisting, however, in not moving. Of course, he begged my pardon and then started a conversation by saying, "D'ye ken tha' lad Steeger herl tha' ba' jist noo?"

I agreed with him that Steig was a good heaver and was going to tell him how much better a flinger Mark Lee was when I was interrupted by his saying, "Ye've a treecky bairn ye ha'e in that auld bauld laid mon oot foorit."

I judged he was talking about Otto Schulz playing forward but his remark about his being "bairn" I couldn't quite comprehend because I know for a fact that Otto passed that age a long time ago. McGreggor went on to say, "Whist, ha' that leetle Bond lad a bit o' Scotch in him?" and I came very near retorting with that old saloon joke, but restrained myself and said that I believed all the Scotch Bond had in him came from the time his great-granddad got hit in the back with a fiery cross when supeing in one of Walter Scott's plays, and I inquired why he asked about Bond's lineage. His answer was that, "The little beastie moved sae queeck," and I supposed he meant that Scotch people are quick movers, or good dodgers, or something.

(Continued on Page 25)

WITH THE BOWLERS

THE bowling team is preparing for a very busy season and some very interesting games are scheduled for the next few months. Games have been arranged with the San Mateo Elks and the Alameda Elks, both of which teams are now among the best in this vicinity, and some closely contested games are in store for our members. The bowlers would appreciate a good attendance at these games. Other matches are to follow, notices of which will be posted as to the dates and so forth.

* * *

On Tuesday nights of each week the alleys downstairs are kept busy. Several new additions to the ranks have put in an appearance. Any member who likes the game of ten pins is welcome regardless of his ability, and a pleasant evening is assured.

* * *

Notes of the Alleys

Dr. Harris, the pride of our navy, is "some" bowler and the way he hits that head pin bids trouble for the Kaiser. "Doc" has been shooting some good 200 scores of late.

* * *

Our own Capt. Jenne is always steady and continues to show the boys how to "go get 'em."

* * *

"Runt" Ledley is little but oh my! how he has been hitting them of late.

* * *

Irwin and Bush, two of the best bowlers in this country, continue their victorious career, and recently journeyed across the bay and defeated the best bowlers in the bay counties in two tournaments, winning the two-man championship in both.

Bill Kewin bowls just like he drives that "Silent Knight," always steady and "there" in a pinch.

* * *

Wayne Davis has his "hook" going just where he wants it, so look out for him.

* * *

Pete Varellas has been out of the game for a few weeks but it did not seem to bother him. Pete is still "clicking them."

* * *

Jerry Pezzolo has the old speed ball going. Enough said.

* * *

Jerry and Louis Baudoin are two examples of the different styles of bowling.

* * *

Louis a firm believer in the slow ball. He gets the wood too.

* * *

Why not give our bowling alleys a little attention? You will find the bowling game both enjoyable and healthful and will save many doctor bills.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER

LETTERS from Olympians with the colors will be gratefully received as the war progresses. Here are two from Olympians we all know well and admire for the qualities that fit men for athletics and the service the country needs:

CAMP MEADE

NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C.

November 28, 1917.

My Dear Editor:

A month today I joined the colors, and reported to Fort McDowell.

Arrived here on November 22nd and leave for — December 1st, 1917.

Several companies left camp today under heavy marching order never to return. Several San Francisco boys, friends of mine, went along. It's sure hard to see a good pal march away from camp. But we're in the army now, and have to expect this.

Camp Meade is a very pretty place—12 miles square, consisting of 1500 buildings; now housing over 50,000 soldiers. About 30 miles from Washington, D. C. We drill and hike 8 hours per day. Yesterday snow started to fall for the first time, and it's still falling. We drill and hike just the same, so you can imagine how anxious Uncle Sam is to get us well

trained. We all have complete winter outfits, and sure do need them.

Jack Partridge from THE OLYMPIC CLUB is first lieutenant here in the regiment. He is a very popular officer, and all the men in his company just swear by him. They will certainly follow him over the top any time he starts.

With best wishes to you and all my friends in the club, and good-bye, promising to write soon as I reach the other side, I am

Sincerely,

FRANK MARISCH.

Company D,
23rd Engineers.

OLYMPIC PATRIOTS

ASIDE from doing its bit in a pecuniary sense THE OLYMPIC CLUB has made a splendid contribution of man power to the Allies' cause. Herewith is a list of men who have gone into the service since November 1, 1917. A complete list will be compiled for the next issue of THE OLYMPIAN:

ACTIVE

Bell, Amory F., drafted, American Lake, Washington.

Boldermann, E. L., enlisted, Naval Training Camp, San Pedro.

Butler, Dr. Edmund, Naval Training Camp, San Pedro.

Conlisk, R. F., Lieutenant Signal Corps, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.

Conlin, Wm. H., enlisted, Naval Training Camp, San Pedro.

Eastland, Jos. L., Captain Aviation Corps, Washington, D. C.

Ghirardelli, Louis, Naval Reserve, Naval Training Camp, San Pedro.

Grubb, D. Hanson, 2nd Lieutenant Infantry, Camp Fremont, Cal.

Heynemann, W. E., enlisted, American Lake, Wash.

Lacombe, Rev. Geo., Chaplain, American Lake, Wash.

Luther, R. S., Ordinance Dept., American Lake, Wash.

McMurtry Jr., L. B., Private Aviation Section, American Exp. Forces, France.

Murphy, John D., Yeoman Naval Reserve, 471 Market St., S. F.

Perata, John M., drafted, American Lake, Wash.

Roos, Robt. A., Captain Infantry, American Lake, Wash.

Stillman, Dr. S., Medical Reserve Officer, ordered to France.

Tupper, Dr. R. B., Junior Medical Officer, Navy Base Hospital No. 2.

* * *

NON-RESIDENT

Runyan, S. M., drafted, American Lake, Washington.

Hays, J. E., drafted, American Lake, Washington.

ATHLETIC

Andrews, W., 23rd Highway Engineers, U. S. Army.

Brodofsky, Max, drafted, American Lake, Wash.

Brown, Earl B., drafted, American Lake, Washington.

Burke, Bart B., drafted, Engineering Corps, Washington, D. C.

Charlton, Trafford, enlisted Naval Reserve, U. S. S. Great Northern.

Derdivanis, N., drafted, American Lake, Washington.

Jensen, H. C., drafted, American Lake, Washington.

Johnstone, H. W., Signal Corps, Austin, Texas.

Kern, E. F., 1st Lieutenant F. A., San Francisco.

McAbeen, L. G., drafted, American Lake, Wash.

McGrath, J. F., Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.

McVey, Wm. D., Co. B, 316 Engineers, American Lake, Wash.

Millikin, R. C., Co. 3, Engineers, Ft. McDowell, Cal.

Morrison, Robt., Battery A, Grizzlies, Linda Vista, Cal.

Munson, Robt., drafted, American Lake, Washington.

Murray, D. J., Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.

Rierner, H. R., Ensign Naval Reserve, San Diego, Cal.

Sisson, W. F., Sergeant 2th Engineers, Washington, D. C.

Sobota, F. J., 144th F. A., Linda Vista, California.

Tallant, C. H., 144th F. A., Linda Vista, California.

* * *

JUNIOR

Cupples, Wm. H., Aviation Corps, Foreign Service.

Prince, W. K., Signal Corps, American Lake, Wash.



(Photo by Von Poellnitz)

HERE THEY ARE!

Olympia's clowns, all smeared in the paint and panoply of their trade

HOW "JAWN" MCGREGGOR SEES US

(Continued from Page 21)

"Ay, an' thae mon Waltenspiel ye ha'e in goal 'ee appears to ha'e inherent powers o' stoppin' throws, wis na' he's auncestor's wearers o' thae tartan plaid?" He had me guessing when it came to knowing why "Speed" was so good at stopping them but in regard to the plaid question I have seen "Speed" crawl out of the tank many a time after a rough water polo game with red, black and blue marks all over him but I never knew that was what was meant by the tartan plaid his folks wore and I still believe that if such is the case "Speed's" folks were Irish.

"D'ye ken tha' bandy laiged mon," he next inquired, pointing at a specimen I recognized and whom I told him was Bill Lynch, U. S. N. R., "aweel 'ee cudna be na mair like Donal' Korne of Glesca." By way of suggestion I offered that maybe Korne might know Bunyan, our dismantled house detectiff, but it would have taken a shoe horn to get that wheeze into his Scotch "haid." He next launched out along a different line by saying, "Ay verra queer thing haipen yisterda' when I met a laddie by th' name o' Masten. I di' swim wi' him an' 'ee laift me tae keep an appointment. Aifter 'ee got 'is kilts on I kenned him walkin' doon th' mezzanine tae gae oot. 'Ee had na mair gang fra' my sight when oot 'ee comes fra' th' shower bath raidy tae gae swimmin'. I didna sae a wurrd but I went an' got a wee drap o' wusky."

I saw how he had been fooled and I explained that amongst the swimmers were the brothers Masten and that the Masten he met was twins. It pleased him to know that he wasn't in as bad a condition as he thought, but what pleased me was the fact that contrary to all his Scotch traditions he offered to treat me to a moistening in the throat moistening department. After the first treatment he wanted to

know if we ever heard from that great swimmer Ross. I told him that so far as we knew Ross was still at American Lake and that the only person around the club who ever heard definitely was Mr. Louis McLane, and that—

"Ye dy'e na mean Louie McLane of—" he said, "why 'ee's a hielander o' th' first watter an' 'ee an' I oared a' — back in 18—"

Nothing would do then but that I find Mr. McLane and after I had done so and united the two old pals I "laift th' tae o' them jaibberin' most awfu'."

HOW WE BEAT THE UNION IRON WORKS

(Continued from Page 17.)

and then shot as if the goal were a periscope. Also, in command, there was First Lieutenant Charles Hudson, who gave the enemy a demonstration of how the American army acts when it is in a hurry. Swede Anderson did five men's work without being distressed. In fact it was the opponents who were distressed—very. Further there was Veteran Middleton at full back, as good as he ever was and how good that is only old football fans know. In goal, Carl Shafor, the best man the University of California ever turned out for his position, was unpassable.

The result was Olympics 2, U. I. W. 1.

There is a moral to this story—a football moral. When the captain of a rival soccer team hears that Pomeroy is biting his beard he had better wire for help at once. He will need it.

The Olympic eleven who administered the first defeat sustained by the Union Iron Works football team in 1917 was composed of Shafor, Davidson, Middleton, Anderson, Hudson, Burleigh, Weekes, Prescott, Ankersmith, W. O'Connor and J. O'Connor. Its picture adorns another page of this publication.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP**ACTIVE**

Boyd, Harold J., secy. C. E. Bickford Co., 104 California St.

Chidester, Drew, with Trans-Oceanic Co., 310 Sansome St.

Cooper, R. H., mgr. Independent S. S. Co., Pier 17,

Field, Andrew, merchandise broker, 214 Front St.

Hartmann, Martin M., automobile dealer, 1062 Geary St.

Holden, Harold E., leather manufacturer, 1600 Fairfax Ave.

Hunt, J. H., canner, 112 Market St.

Jung, Fred H., grand secy. N. S. G. W., 414 Mason St.

Kennedy, W. R., shipping, Mills Bldg.

Metson, Wilfred G., student, 523 Balboa Building.

Palmer, E. H., manufacturers' agent, 693 Mission St.

Schneider, Geo. W. E., furrier, 257 Grant Ave.

Simpson, T. M., secy.-treas and mgr. Building Material Exhibit, 77 O'Farrell St.

Stacy, Geo. B., genl. mgr. York Calif. Const. Co., 832 Folsom St.

Steiger Jr., Geo. J., attorney at law, Monadnock Bldg.

White, Wm. T., lumber, 5th and Brannan Sts.

NON-RESIDENT

Bush, Duane, mining, Tuscarora, Nev.

Drennan, Ryland, master mariner, Pacific Mail S. S. Co., S. F.

SERVICE

Clark Jr., Edw. H., Lieutenant 62nd Infantry, Presidio, S. F.

Clarke, William, Lieutenant 2nd Field Artillery, Presidio, S. F.

LeCompte, J. D., Ensign U. S. Navy, 206 Postal Bldg.

Cornell, C. W., Ensign U. S. Navy, U. S. S. Rainbow, Goat Island, Cal.

Cummings, J. M., Lieutenant U. S. Army, 845 Sutter St.

Etcheverry, M. H., Captain M. R. C., Presidio, S. F.

Kilgore, Eugene S., Major M. R. C., Presidio, S. F.

McCulloch, G. S., Lieutenant 62nd Infantry, Presidio, S. F.

Patterson, J. Neil, Lieutenant Signal Corps, 302 Postal Bldg.

Pearce, Edw. H., Captain U. S. Army, Santa Fe Bldg.

Robinson, Wm. C., Lieutenant 62nd Infantry, Presidio, S. F.

Sears, Howard W., Lieutenant 62nd Infantry, Presidio, S. F.

ATHLETIC

Bening, Carl, clerk, 701 Insurance Exchange Bldg.

Chinn, Bolling R., optician, 120 Geary.

Comstock, G. F., engineer, 602 Sheldon Building.

Ehritt, Frank A., clerk, 65 Market St.

Hall, George, advertising, 461 Market.

Hamill, James, clerk, 360 Fremont St.

Hartley, Victor W., clerk, 131 Leidesdorff St.

Howard, Wm. J., salesman, Shreve & Co.

Hunter, C. Nelson, clerk, 1238 Van Ness Avenue.

Hunter, W. O., teacher, 998 Devisadero.

Lioltos, Jas., machinist, 1690 Bryant.

Jacobs, W. E., Battery B., Oilfields, Cal.

Pratt, Leslie, asst. mgr. Gore Imp. Co., 320 Market St.

Sawyer, A. L., switchboardman, 140 New Montgomery.

JUNIOR

Caroe, Richard P., 191 5th Ave.

Ciprico Jr., Edmond S., San Rafael, Cal.

JUVENILE

Duenas Jr., Francisco, 3580 Caly St.

Jaffe Jr., Chas. E., 2396 Pacific Ave.

King, Thos. I., 175 Delmar St.

Plant, John Rowland, Stanford Court Apartments.

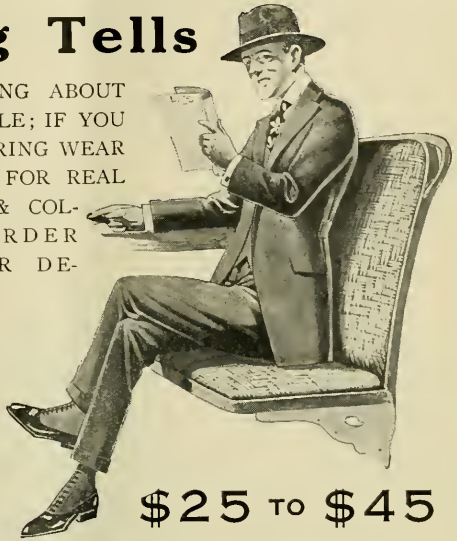
Schnaittacher Jr., Sylvain, 3513 Jackson St.

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A SOFT SINGLES HANDBALL TOURNAMENT

to determine the club champion at the court game will start on January 20th. Entries are now being received at the office. Entries will close on the 10th of January. Get in and train for this tournament. Only the man in shape can hope to land a winning.

PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

NOVEMBER 1, 1917

TO

NOVEMBER 30, 1917

Income			\$15,877.63
Dues		\$12,845.76	
Department Operations		2,691.68	
Visitors' Cards		146.00	
Commissions		122.86	
Discount		71.33	
Expense			\$18,580.48
General Club		7,848.04	
House	\$4,777.91		
Engine Room	1,623.06		
Electricity	663.00		
Water	631.67		
Library and Periodical	152.40		
Administrative and General		2,898.60	
Office Salaries and Expense.....	984.79		
Administrative Salaries and Expense....	586.40		
Taxes	471.82		
Miscellaneous	229.18		
Telephone	226.41		
Insurance	200.00		
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00		
Other		7,833.84	
Special Events	4,634.76		
Interest Paid	1,547.83		
Depreciation	925.00		
Athletic Activities	471.25		
Donations and Subscriptions	255.00		
Operating Loss			\$ 2,702.85
Initiation Fees			1,815.00
Net Loss			<u>887.85</u>

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

We have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of November, 1917, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement exhibiting Net Loss for the month of November, 1917, of \$887.85 has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,
SULLY, HOOD & STRONG,
 Certified Public Accountants.

HOLIDAY HAT ORDERS



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from
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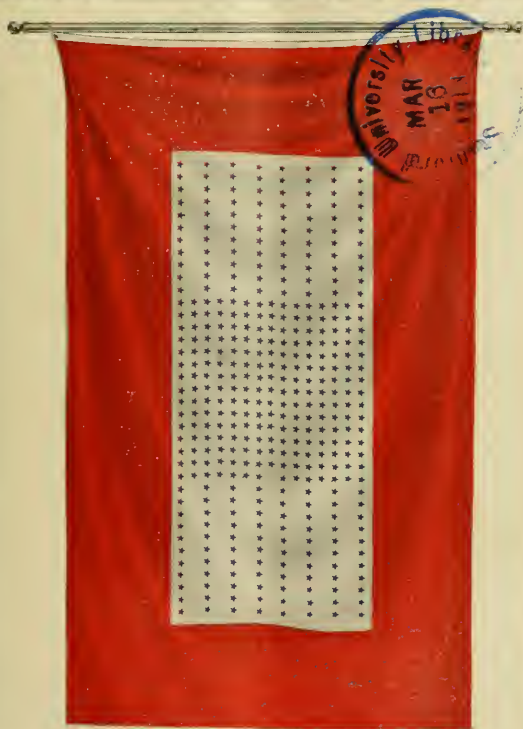
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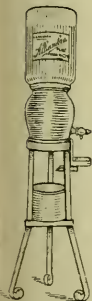
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Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, Thomas Lloyd Lennon.

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Vol. VI

JANUARY, 1918

No. 61

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

Every sincere lover of athletics in their finer phases must have been genuinely gratified upon reading in the public prints the other day an announcement by President Humphrey declaring the athletic policy of THE OLYMPIC CLUB during the war.

President Humphrey's views, which were quite definite and decisive, set at naught the fears of those who saw in the disintegration of our teams through the enlistment of champions a possible temporary cessation of our activities in major sports.

It appears to be President Humphrey's belief that champions are not essential to winning teams, or even good teams, that athletics are of more import and interest than champion athletes anyway, and that the Winged O will therefore continue to compete in every branch of sport regardless of how immature Olympic teams, at first, may be. This unquestionably is

the belief of every other Olympian blessed with amateur ideals.

The very idea of a team, implying as it does coördinated effort and harmonious endeavor, is quite opposed to that school of athletic philosophy which would place the star before the team from the viewpoint of club value.

After all, when the question is looked at practically, stars are made by and do not make teams. This is not generally believed to be the case—yet reflection will prove that it is the case, and that the greatest stars of all times have been the product of team competition is matter of fact beyond dispute.

Just as a heady, well-balanced boxer can get along easily and successfully without a pile-driving punch so can a heady, well-balanced athletic team get along without stars; often, indeed, can get along more easily without stars than it can with them. This is not to say that champions are not desirable assets to any team; it is merely to say that the boys who disport our track suits and football suits are going to keep on winning championships while the champions are away at war.

Olympians are shortly to decide on the advisability of adding a golf course to the Club's athletic equipment.

A Golf Course for Olympia The San Francisco Golf and Country Club will leave its present quarters at Ingleside about the first of February for its new home and golf course located about two miles south of its present quarters. Its old golf course is owned by the Spring Valley Water Works, but the club house and appurtenances are the property of the club. The Spring Valley Water Works has offered to lease the course to The Olympic Club for five years, terminable at any time within that period on sixty days notice, in consideration of

the payment of the annual taxes levied against the property, estimated at about \$1800.00. Further, the golf club offers to lease its premises and equipment for a period to be determined on the continuation of the lease with the Spring Valley Water Works, at a yearly rental of \$1800. Therefore the monthly rental of the club house, its equipment and the golf course would approximate \$300.00.

When this proposition was considered by some members of The Olympic Club, others at once suggested the advisability of inquiry respecting the Lakeside Country Club, which is located about a mile and a half south of the old Ingleside course and about a mile inland. About \$195,000.00 has been expended in the construction and maintenance of the club house and golf course. When a few Olympians examined this property it occurred to them that it was ideally situated as a country place for The Olympic Club. The valley surrounding Lake Merced is sheltered and protected from winds and high fogs. It is really the only sheltered place in that section of the peninsula. It affords a radical change from the San Francisco climate and it seems an inviting place for handball and tennis courts, practice baseball and football fields. On the whole it could be easily converted into a general athletic grounds and at the same time it could be used for trap shooting. One hundred and eighty-nine acres are included in the Lakeside Country Club under a permanent lease for a period

of twenty years. At the western extremity of the grounds, which is the low water mark of the Pacific Ocean, is a beautiful cove that is attractive for ocean bathing.

Fifteen members of The Olympic Club, including some of our expert golf players, met at luncheon recently to discuss the merits of both places. They were agreed that neither proposition should be considered if it involved The Olympic Club in the assumption of any liability or required the investment of any capital. The Ingleside course seemed to present some advantages, not the least of which is that being two miles nearer The Olympic Club it is less remote than Lakeside. However Lakeside is a newer and better golf course and affords facilities for a country home. Its club house is more modern and more inviting, its features are enhanced by the additional charm of surf bathing. The objection that it is remote is trifling because of the feasibility of establishing a bus line from the end of the new municipal tunnel line to the club house.

The meeting adjourned without any definite action save that it was resolved to acquire options on both places on the best possible terms and to submit the same to the Board of Directors for its recommendation. It is understood that final action will be taken after a vote of the club. One point is definitely settled—no money will be invested, no liability assumed except for operationg and maintaining the properties selected.

THE GREAT GUNS OF ENGLAND

By LORD DUNSANY

The great guns of England, they listen mile on mile
To the boasts of a broken War Lord; they lift their throats
and smile;
But the old woods are fallen
For a while.

The old woods are fallen; yet will they come again,
They will come back some springtime with the warm winds
and the rain,
For Nature guardeth her children
Never in vain.

They will come back some season; it may be a hundred years;
It is all one to Nature with the centuries that are hers;
She shall bring back her children
And dry all their tears.

But the tears of a would-be War Lord shall never cease to flow,
He shall weep for the poisoned armies whenever the gas-winds
blow,
He shall always weep for his widows,
And all Hell shall know.

The tears of a pitiless Kaiser shallow they'll flow and wide,
Wide as the desolation made by his silly pride
When he slaughtered a little people
To stab France in her side.

Over the ragged cinders they shall flow on and on
With the listless falling of streams that find not Oblivion,
For ages and ages of years
Till the last star is gone.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH TRIP

By JOHN F. CONNOLLY

WHILE Easterners were perhaps vainly trying to clear the snow and ice from their streets, three hundred stalwart Olympians, young, middle-aged and old, jogged through the park on the annual run to the beach on New Year's Day!

A record crowd turned out for the classic midwinter event, as if to show the world that all the war's inroads had not weakened Olympia's indomitable spirit one mite. And never was the weather more in accord with the occasion. The well known sun shone forth from a cloudless sky and there was spice and tang in the nipping air that made the blood tingle. Due to the tireless energy of President Humphrey and his equally indefatigable partners in the pace making, Judge Tim Fitzpatrick, Stanley Fay, Chief of Police White and Louis McLane, the hike was more of a run than anything else. As usual "Fat" Larue enlivened the journey with his inimitable antics and for once he did not have to urge the stragglers on to better efforts. For there were no stragglers present; it was one big, peppy, light-hearted bunch though "Fat" and Harry McKenzie had almost to wreck Fred Carfagni's "high-powered racer" in pulling George Bond out of it. George had just come from welcoming young 1918 at the St. Francis and would much preferred to have ridden; but he ran.

As they turned into the Great Highway the president and his cohorts led the band in a sprint down the beach and, according to immemorial custom, no one was allowed to win, all finishing in first place. In spite of the fact that the surf was running unusually high with a cold north wind sweeping the beach, two hundred of the hardiest braved the cold for a dip in the

creamy foam. It is said the surf was the heaviest in years and the swimmers were admonished not to venture far from shore.

While the bathers were thus disporting themselves in the breakers, "young" Tom Bunyan was putting his shoulder to the wheel in a most realistic manner. Tom had charge of the various paraphernalia belonging to the Directors, which was to be taken out to the beach in a Ford. The Ford was feeling pretty stubborn and after spinning the engine for about twenty minutes Tom decided the best way to get it started was to push it down the slight hill it was standing on. He had to repeat the performance so many times, however, that if he could have carried all the luggage he would have walked out to the beach rather than push that Ford around. Tom finally did arrive at his destination, though a bit ruffled and exhausted.

When the call for breakfast sounded the Olympians, warmed and expectant, descended on the feasting place, prepared to eat with a vengeance. And in this they were nobly assisted by a hundred odd more Olympians who had come out especially for this purpose. The hearty breakfast served was entirely catered by the club itself, which fact alone testifies to its excellence. The juicy steaks of tradition were missing, it being meatless Tuesday, but as there was a fearful mortality in the rabbit family the day before no one seemed to mind this in the least. The usual steaming hot coffee was right on hand, as well as clam chowder and real army beans. It is needless to remark, the keynote of the breakfast was Hooverize. For Hooverize the eaters surely did: there wasn't even one bean left on the plates!

(Continued on Page 25)

FOUR OUT OF SIX

Winged O Trackmen Clean Up the Prizes in the Cross City Race

By FRANK FOSTER

EDDIE Stout, winner; Jimmy Fuller, second; Harry Ludwig, third; Chas. Hunter, fourth; and Washauer, sixth—three in the money and two more right behind them—that's the way the boys finished in the 1918 New Year's Day Cross City Race.

Stout didn't break old Oliver Millard's record, and nobody expected that he would under the weather conditions, and neither did he equal Bobby Vellou's time, but in leading Fuller and Ludwig to the tape and the three big prizes of the race he helped establish a precedent it would be a good thing for all future Olympic teams to follow and more than did his bit in establishing a record for persistency and determination that is quite singular in itself.

Stout figured on form to win this race. Those of us who have watched him for the past seven years have always felt that if an even break were given him he would justify our faith in his ability. You can't beat gameness, and Eddie Stout is as game as a Belgian—though he runs like a Belgian hare, which isn't supposed to be game, in the virtuous sense. Well, he got his even break this time, and he came through like a major. If there's an Olympian alive who isn't proud of Eddie Stout he ought to be made to run the course himself.

* * *

Notes of the Race

Athletic coaches at the great army camps will tell their pupils how Eddie Stout won the seventh Bulletin race—when they know the story. The United States Government, in molding a mighty military machine to smash the Kaiser, has

spent many millions of dollars on the most elaborate campaign to promote general participation in athletics in history in order to give the soldiers and sailors the manly virtues of resolute determination and physical stamina.

By a drastic display of these qualities Stout achieved his success.

The tale begins seven years ago, when the first Bulletin race was run. Stout was on the mark, and he finished, but it was several places further down the list than the goal of his ambitions. Each year since then Stout has been in action. Once he was ninth, that was his worst failure. On another occasion he crossed the line seventh. Many think he should have won then. It was twelve months ago. He took it into his head to break-fast gloriously, a half hour or so before the pistol was timed to go. Result: A physical wreck by the time the Panhandle was reached and he only contrived to finish by supreme effort of will power and physical endurance.

His most successful previous attempt was a second to Oliver Millard. Second to such a runner is almost as good as first. To an athlete with less of the spirit of a champion than Stout, second would have sufficed. But a man with a national championship at his belt aims at the topmost rung of the ladder every time he starts, and wants nothing less.

All the experts were agreed that Stout possessed the physical equipment of the great runner. Coach Frank Foster, who has done so much for Stout, claims that he has the finest pair of long distance legs in the country.

It was Stout's temperament that pro-

voked dark doubts. He is as electrical and uncertain as a grand opera prima donna. Even his friends were beginning to advise Eddie to quit. Persistence carried to excess in sport is apt to cause scornful smiles.

The victory will silence the critics and should prove an encouragement to the many athletes of sterling worth, who do not achieve success at the first, second or even the third attempt.

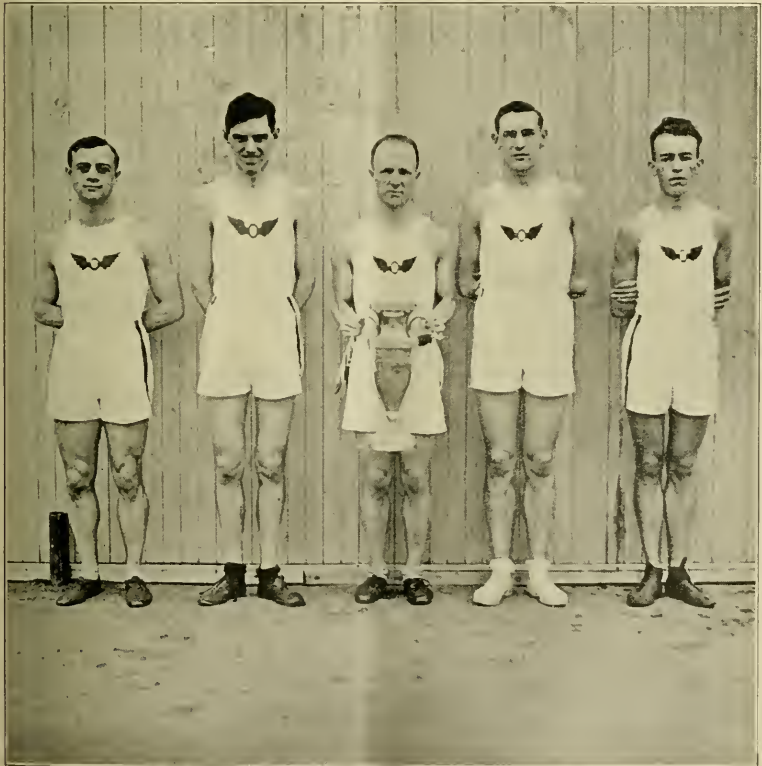
The old, old adage is still true:

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

* * *

When President Humphrey of THE OLYMPIC CLUB introduced the club team who took the first four places and the sixth, to the hundreds of fellow members at the beach luncheon, somebody shouted: "What was the time?"

"About quarter to eleven," answered Fat Larue, and all ammunition aimed at his head missed.



(Photo by Von Poellnitz)

THE GREAT CROSS CITY TEAM

Fuller and Ludwig fought out a desperate duel for second place. Fuller finally went ahead, after six changes of places, near Stow Lake.

* * *

Warsaur of the Olympic soccer team was a surprise to his clubmates. They gave him fifteenth or twentieth. He took sixth, beating out Andrews for this position by a fine sprint in the last 100 yards, winning by inches.

* * *

Jimmy Fuller, the second man home, is a Mission boy. A lot of old Mission men among the Olympians were not slow to mention this.

* * *

In an old tweed hat and weather-beaten overcoat, unnoticed by any one but the paid observer, at the finish, was one Oliver Millard, three times winner of the race. The crowd ignored him. The memory of old champions soon fade.

* * *

Bobby Velou and Basil Spur, who have run in most of the previous races, made the course in automobiles. Spur said: "I never kept my wind so well before."

* * *

Stout, if one gave heed to the frank statements of other years, was not endowed with the finishing capabilities of those fellow clubmen who had already a list of victories to their credit. Of a gameness unquestioned, Eddie was for some reason or other unable to turn in the kind of a race for which his coaches had been led to hope.

That in the face of six successive defeats, some by narrow margins, but all of them decisive, he should have persevered until he, too, might share in the laurels of victory only goes to prove how indomitable was his will, and how unshaken his faith in himself.

"I know I can win that race," Stout confided in the days leading up to that first cross-city event of seven years ago; just as he also found occasion to reiterate it within the last few weeks.

The temptation is to summon every superlative in this analysis of Stout's win—and yet, the simple outstanding print is that he won. He finished ahead of a field that compares favorably with those in any other parts of the nation.

And strange as it might appear (or do you deem it significant?) Eddie won at a time when nothing, unless it is the master stroke of the battle front, counts as much as high resolve.

Drinking in that picture of the creamy breakers spilling their silver froth upon the shore, the clear, cold sky—and that trio of athletes, with Stout sprinting away from Jimmy Fulæler and Harry Ludwig—there was that thought, well—what of future races? Will the men be here to run them, or, must America answer, as have the other nations, with the flower of its youth?

Rapidly the athletic ranks of the country have dwindled until there is scarce a team throughout the nation that is not represented in some branch of the service.

The cross-city race had for its primary object the development of a sport that had been allowed to languish and die. Up to New Year's Day six races had been held and each had produced its own dramatic story. The 1918 struggle, however, held triumph of Eddie Stout ground for thought. However long, however difficult was the career of Eddie as a distance runner, he had clung to his original hope Velou, Millard and Wyckoff there was cause for cheering, there was in the a different theme. If in the victories of—until he had won. Is not that inspirational enough?
—R. C. B.

KING SPORT VERSUS THE KAISER

(Note: In the *Sunset Magazine* for March, obtainable February 15, Robin Bailly has written a tribute to the part played by the American athlete in the war, with special reference to *The Olympic Club*.)

By ROBIN BAILLY

THE Prussian military caste, prior to the war, had a profound contempt for a number of the amenities of civilization, and they especially abhorred sport.

Sport they deemed one of the less serious but unmistakable symptoms of degeneration. It was a form of playing at life, and these astute, Teutonic students of human nature decided that the United States of America, Great Britain and the young lion cub nations, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, were weakening and no longer fit to sit with the lords of the jungle.

"Such players about with bats and balls will be pie for the Prussian Guard," they wrote in their secret documents.

It is possible that the three years of fighting has imparted a different impression to the Potsdam philosophers and generals.

They are not overwhelmingly original, these Teutons, but they are shrewd observers once the business begins and not unready borrowers and adapters. They have therefore probably realized by now that sport was not such effeminate foolery as they imagined. The Anzacs of New Zealand and Australia, every man an athlete of some shade and most of them skilled in half a dozen forms of sport, stood up to the world renowned warriors of the Turkish Sultan tolerably well. Readers who would know how well should read Masfield's *Galipoli*. Sometimes the cheery giants from southern seas were afforded an opportunity of displaying their speed and they were not running away either.

One of them, Bernard Freyberg, three years ago scoring goals for the Olympic water polo team, swam nineteen miles in the submarine and mine infested waters of the Dardanelles. Later he led the victorious attack on Bullecourt, completing one of the most daring exploits of the whole war though he staggered in the agony of seventeen wounds. They gave him the Victoria Cross and made him brigadier general for this and sundry other similar feats.

The French call him "The young blue-eyed Napoleon from Frisco;" we'll forgive them the Frisco just this once!

Even a fat, sluggish, snobbish fool of a Prussian officer must admit that Freyberg is a useful sort of person to have about a camp in time of war. Well, from the tips of his muscular hands and nimble feet to the top of his cool resourceful head he was built up, taughened and stressed and polished by the great games, by King Sport, the only real democrat among the monarchs, the clear-eyed, apple-cheeked old gentleman who retains his joy of youth all down the ages and inspires his subjects to respect each other for high qualities of courage, stamina, speed, skill, good fellowship and generosity to friend and foe alike—by this real king, not a strutting poppingjay with a different uniform for every half hour and a press bureau to keep mention of his short comings out of the newspapers. And it was this great-hearted fellow, dauntless in combat, tender to the weak, of genuine use to humanity, that the Kaiser, poor nut,

(Continued on Page 24)

THE GRUELING GRIND

Two Versions of the Same Great Race

By GEORGE JAMES

THERE is an old theory that if you can inculcate the spirit of competition in youth even Father Time cannot eradicate that spirit in after years. True, the muscles may not be as resilient as they were in youth, but the spirit is still there. However, that is not telling the story of the match race to Dipsea between two effete athletes: Dudley Sales and Ned White.

It all came about after a discussion of the relative performances and merits of different athletes.

Tom Smith boasted that he could produce an athlete, over the draft age, who could beat any two habitues of the round table. Pete Gerhardt, with all the exuberance of a school boy, placed chips on the shoulders of Dud Sales and Ed Cunha and defied Tom's champion to knock them

(Continued on Page 23, Column 1.)

By AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER

SATURDAY, December 22nd, 1917 witnessed the Round Table Classic, the Dipsea cross-country run, between Dudley D. (Truckhorse) Sales and Ned (Flash) White.

The runners were called to the marks by Referee Bob Long and Starter George James at 3:08 p. m. promptly one hour after schedule, after the Mayor and Common Council of Mill Valley had deliberated through a stormy session whether a permit could be granted without violating the Walker-Otis Race Track Bill. The permit was eventually issued on a showing that neither entrant was to carry a jockey.

Assistant District Attorney Ed Cunha was also entered for the event but was scratched on a charge of professionalism.

Pete Gerhardt, the trainer of Sales, when interviewed before the race, said:

(Continued on Page 23, Column 2.)



(Photo by Von Poellnitz)
THE RACERS AND THEIR ATTENDANTS AND ADMIRERS PREPARING TO START

A PLEA FOR THE LAND-SAILOR

By JOHN TARR, U. S. N. R. F.

I WEAR a sailor suit.

But I will tell the world and all, fair, that I do not know the difference between a lanyard and a mizzenmast.

I will admit without squawking that I have never seen a bosun tight, or loose, and that I cannot distinguish a rear-Admiral from a front-Admiral, and that as far as I am concerned, if I am concerned at all, a chiefly pettish officer with his little conductor's cap is just as good a man any day as a Janitor's mate who has gold cuspidors on his sleeves.

I will not stoop to deny that I cannot keep my neckerchief tied—my dear, dear neckerchief, which I am told I wear in honor of the naval heroes of years ago—~~and~~ that if an order should be piped by the coxwain for me to mount the main-deck and fall in I should probably risk court martial by refusing because I cannot swim.

I will confess, right freely, that my flappy pants are very much to the goulash and that I have a bloody lot of bally trouble keeping my little thirteen in their places and that when I go out at night without a muffler my long, oot neck feels very cold and self-conscious.

In short, I stand ready to agree with anyone who chooses to call me a damned poor sea-dog.

Still—this is the marvel of it—I wear a sailor-suit!

How shall one account then for the fact that though I am in the navy—in it up to my ears—I am at the same time quite woefully ignorant of navy life and customs and things?

How shall one?

Here is the answer in words that fear not the truth: I know nothing about the business of sailing because I am a land

tar, one of those rollicking, robustuous sailors who have never seen the sea.

Now I am not the sort of a bird to open wide the screech-whistle every time somebody takes a crack at me; I do not squawk often.

But there are enough of us land-sailors in the United States Naval Reserve Force to keep the Hof Brau musicians playing "Over There" until they drop dead from too much patriotism, and in behalf of these, my brothers in suits of blue, I must tear off the gag and shoot the piece.

Shoot the piece at what?

Shoot it at the fatheads and the nin-compoops who have been making a loud rumble-bumble hereabouts to the effect that Naval Reservists have a pretty easy time of things and aren't really doing their share, as compared to what the regulars do, in the winning of the war.

I've got to begin by denying the truth of the statement that we are having an easy time. That statement is just loam from good old Bunker Hill.

And after that I've got to add that not only are we *not* having an easy time but we *are* having a tough time.

And to prove I am not selling Horses I will tell, briefly, of the routine and the rules and the work that is done, not in all the departments of the Reserve, but in *One Department Only*. Let the scoffers and the purveyors of balderdash look upon this and then let them continue shouting poppycock and slobber-gabble.

In this department there are about fifty men and twenty officers. They are, of course, selected men drawn from every walk of life. (In one watch, for instance, there is a prosperous wine-merchant, the purchasing agent of a

Olympia cannot help but take a great pride in the willingness with which her sons gave their services to their country at the declaration of American hostilities. And every reminder of that willingness and the men who manifested it brings a thrill to the heart of every clubman



Photob. "Vest" photo



loyal to his comrades and the nation. Here, in fanciful arrangement, are some few of the great many who are now under the wings of the Eagle in defense of that which all men know to be the right. With them are club directors and members of the athletic committee.

A PLEA FOR THE LAND-SAILOR

(Continued from Page 15)

big oil company, the publisher of a highly successful magazine, two lawyers, a number of telegraphic experts, an architect, a professor of history and an ex-prize fighter.)

Most of them commanded fairly good salaries before their enlistment. An average of their civilian earnings would run close to two hundred dollars a month.

Where they are now they average about sixty-two dollars a month.

This department works at all hours. This means that there is always a force of at least a dozen men on duty day and night regularly, Sundays and holidays included, without exception. The watches are worked in six hour shifts. The men are replaced at noon, at six at night, at midnight and at six in the morning.

So that there may be an equal division of discomfort the watches rotate, the hours of each man changing every two weeks.

The nature of the work is clerical, stenographic and tiresome.

That is where one element of hardship comes in, for it is a difficult task for a man who had a stenographer or two of his own in civilian life to take stenographic orders from a petty officer who himself might have been one of those stenographers—difficult because there is a natural element of pride in the soul which rebels at such situations.

However, if a man has a sense of humor he laughs—gets a good laugh, in fact—and does the work.

If he hasn't a sense of humor he merely does the work.

It is not permissible to go into details as to the inner workings of this department. It is not even permissible to speak of its purposes and objects. Shiver my timbers, I won't even tell its name!

But belay the yardarm and splice the gib! I will say that it is no luxurious joint, no birthday party.

Everybody has to step out at breakneck speed; there seems always to be just a trifle more work every day than a man can get done in a day, and each watch, though it tries its best, is always forced to turn over some unfinished business to its successor.

There is no such thing as an hour out for garbaging. Eating on duty was once permitted but is now prohibited. There is no such a thing as a day off except the regular day off, which comes to every man once in two weeks; there is no such thing even as a walk around the block in the fresh air when the office begins to sicken. Once on the job there's no going off the job until the next crew arrives.

But what is perhaps the toughest phase of it all is the night work.

Instantly somebody is going to crack that this shouldn't be a hardship at all, since the most of us are already expert sun-dodgers who are quite used to staying up at night. To this there is but one reply: There is a very great difference between staying up all night and between staying up all night to *work*.

So then, taken by and large, shore duty in the Naval Reserve is not the sweet, sweet life some critics would make it seem. It isn't all roses and honey and monkey-bites.

Therefore, when you see a land-sailor on the street, saluting in a somewhat lackadaisical manner, his hat soft of brim and a blue sweater showing where a white shirt ought to show, don't pass him a laugh, and don't figure that he's one of those lucky stiffs who gathered in a soft job for himself; he may be just coming from work, tired like a fish-wife, or he

(Continued on Page 24)

BUBBLES FROM THE AQUARIUM

By LINCOLN JOHNSON

A LONG period of dry winter heralded its approach by days of snappy, sharp, clear weather

The fish in THE OLYMPIC CLUB tank seemed to realize that such unusual conditions were not conducive to any red-blooded activities and so they sulked about the dark corners of the tank only flashing out now and then to snap at a bubble carried in by the constantly circulating water.

The aquarium keeper seemed to be as affected as were the fish. The constant feeding of small pieces of bread would not warm up the friendly feeling that had once existed. To resort to common slang of the street, or better still, to a colloquialism, the expression would be that the fish had no "pep!" The persistent refusal of the fish to eat with their old zest led the keeper to forget himself and mutter that "hever since they lawst their bloomin' plymates they 'aven't been feelin' bloody well right."

Then I realized to what he was referring.

Since time immemorial the tank has always been full of fish of all different shapes, sizes, colors, breeds. There have been skinny ones, short fat ones, husky ones, sick ones, pretty ones and ugly ones, and taking them by and large they were as playful and as good an assortment as could be brought together in one tank.

Then the Museum of Fish in the land far away was destroyed. Public interest required that more fish take the place of those that had gone. With the magnanimity characteristic of California we spared of the fish that had made our tank the best of all to look upon. There was no holding back with the best we had, know-

ing that others would enjoy looking upon that which we could enjoy and revere in a pleasant, fond memory.

So out first of all came a big Barracuda we knew as Raas. He was quickly followed by a small-sized bottle-nose Shark, who by his hardy tactics with the other fish made their lives full of ginger. This fish we called Gardner in honor of the captor.

Then there was a small, slow-moving fish—but a fish exceeding wise. More wisdom had he than the other fish gave him credit for. Oftimes this Morrison Shad got away with things that even the professor in Aquariumitis seemed somewhat puzzled over.

The wily, clever Erniesmith Trout next followed in the foamy path of his brethren. A number of elongated and beautiful flying fish of the Jensen and Ross family joined the constantly-increasing and augmented gathering. A slender and eel-like Pickerel out of Mr. Booth's household followed because the swirling suction of the outrushing water permitted of no other procedure. Dog Salmon Kiser, the largest fish of all, performed a usual salmon spawning feat by leaping from the home tank out into the new vessel that was to be his temporary home. A small, wheezy Flounder, representative of the Irish population in the fish kingdom, in his coy and coaxing manner wheedled us into allowing him to go along with the stronger fellows. Nothing would do when Flounder Lynch left but that the Electric Cat-Fish Small should go too.

It hurt to see all these fish go but still a few remained and the best of these a Masten Sturgeon, a Horner Gefulte fish and a Williamson Kippered Herring were

thrown in so as not to, be left at home friendless.

* * * * *

Three months later brings us to the day of the beginning of our story.

On this day an addition to our depleted tank was expected and its arrival was keenly awaited. Its coming had been shrouded with the greatest of secrecy. Not the vaguest, small intimation imaginable had been allowed to seep forth.

But at last "it" came.

And it was something different from anything that that we had ever laid eyes on and upon examination proved to be one of the strongest and most beautiful of all the Hawaiian fish.

After pluming itself for a few moments so that its soft, silky appendages had rid themselves of all kinks and twists, this Butterfly fish proceeded to show how a perfectly good Hawaiian fish could swim. After dashing up and down the pool a few times with never tiring wiggles the few remaining fish hanging around the dark corners began to edge forth and see what the great unknown had thrown into their midst. Here was a newcomer wearing an awfully fancy regalia busting around their tank just as if he had a fee simple estate in it. And on re-considering the first thought he might not be a bad scout after all even though he was all dressed up and had no place to go. The next stage of getting acquainted proved to be easier than was expected. The stranger seemed glad to meet everybody and held himself out to them as being the possessor of a name that went something like Cabaris A. Walker. So Wall-Eyed Pike Murphy, acting as spokesman for the pack of Mullet of junior rank, introduced Butterfly Fish Walker to Perch Narinian, Pomeroy the Golly fish, Sucker Daly, Tarpon Herrington and Stingaree Resleure.

After the formalities were over and the prevalent feeling of strangeness had been done away with, Fish Walker proceeded to demonstrate the wherever, whenever and wearever of his crawl stroke. All the onlookers agreed that newcomer Butterfly fish Walker would have been better named Wolf-Fish because he ate up the efforts of swimming in a manner to be wondered at. The onlookers also were unanimous in acquiescing that after having been for such a long time in a closed tank they had lost the natural incentive of swimming long and fast. It was also thought that possibly having such a willing and powerful swimmer as Butterfly Walker to practice with it might happen that some of those who had so long been regarded as gone would stage a remarkable comeback.

WRESTLING FOR THE SOLDIERS

AL WILLIAMS, wrestling instructor, and young Herbert McNamara, his coming champion, put on an exhibition of the art of grapple in the Knights of Columbus Hall at Camp Fremont on Thursday evening, January 17th, and there wasn't a soldier or civilian among the eight hundred spectators who failed to enjoy it hugely.

Williams lectured on wrestling as an art of self-defense and as a mode of hand to hand trench fighting.

He called on various members of the audience to cope with him on the stage and showed the dough-boys how a man who knows wrestling can out manoeuvre a man who doesn't. He took guns away from charging bayoneters, pulled off flying mares and raised old ned in general.

Following the lecture Williams and McNamara "wrestled" and after a grueling time of it the youngster got a head scissors on his mentor and turned him over for the fall.

THE SINGLES HANDBALL TOURNEY

THE singles tournament for the handball championship of the club commenced Sunday morning, January 20th.

Three prizes in each of the four classes will be contested for.

Neither Joe Cereghino nor Inyo Russ, last year's champion and his runner up, are entered this year. Interest, therefore, seems to center around the performance of J. Doyle in the first class, who ran second to Cereghino a year or so ago and who, in the opinion of many, could give Joe a tough time of it were Joe in the tourney just begun.

The work of young Joe Rafael, in the third class, is also attracting considerable notice. Rafael won his opening match from D'Arcy Quinn 21—6, 21—11, and he'll prove a keen disappointment to his friends if he doesn't gather some sort of a cup for himself.

The other results of the first's day's play follow:

Fred Sherry beat J. C. O'Connor 21—13, 21—18, and L. Ryan beat T. J. Lydon 21—11, 21—20 in the first class.

Preston Sieger won from Bill Pyne 21—3, 21—10; H. B. Nowland beat W. E. Dunning 21—7, 21—9; M. D. Green won from Bill Larselere 21—17, 15—21, 21—13; and George Thomas (most of the front porch gone since he joined the Naval Reserve) measured H. R. Welch 21—7, 21—15 in the second class.

A. M. Kidd beat Chas. H. Gray 21—6, 21—12; and Joe Rafael won from D'Arcy Quinn 21—6, 21—11 in the third class.

A. M. Eskridge won by default from G. C. Sahlender and A. Kroger beat Leon Straus 21—6, 21—9 in the fourth division.

The tournament will be conducted on the following lines, viz:

Any team losing two matches will be eliminated.

Players must stay within the short line when serving; otherwise the referee will call a foul.

Three fouls will constitute a handout.

The server's partner must stay within the short line with his back to the wall until the ball is served.

The server must not attempt to catch a ball when he has served a short ball.

Players must give their opponents plenty of room to strike the ball; otherwise the referee will call any infringement of this rule a "block" or "hinder."

Should the ball strike the server's partner when returning from the front wall and in play it will be considered a point against that team.

The referee's decision on all points must be final.

Players must be on hand to play when time is called, and if they are not on hand fifteen minutes after time has been called they will lose the game by default.

All players must wear uppers and running pants.

Players must return the ball to the referee when through playing.

The tournament will be conducted as follows:

Winners play winners and losers play losers.

This rule will be followed throughout the entire tournament.

By order of

THE HANDBALL COMMITTEE.

* * *

List of Entries

First class: J. Doyle; A. Doyle; Alex Elliott; T. F. Watson; A. Pinther; J. C. O'Connor Jr.; J. T. Ryan; J. Donovan; Homer Rippon; Geo. Bond; V. A. Sheldon; H. H. Cosgriff; H. C. Hellwig; L. Ryan; T. J. Lydon; C. J. Keane; Fred Sherry.

Second class: John Cournale; Chas.

Cournale; W. R. Larzelere; M. D. Green; E. P. Antron; C. M. Fickert; Mervin Cowen; H. B. Nowland; W. E. Dunning; Geo. H. Thomas Jr.; J. McLaughlin; Paul T. Carroll; W. C. Steers; Wm. L. Pyne; O. Baumbaugh; Fred Schroeder; Geo. Maloney; H. R. Welch; P. M. Steiger.

Third class: H. Domeniconi; R. L. Blake; T. D'Arcy Quinn; F. P. Murphy; Roy Gallagher; A. B. Harrison; Ed Morrissey; Nick Prendergast; Steve Guerin; Leon Strauss; S. J. Girard; Ed Norman; Chas. H. Gray; Frank Loney; J. Friedman; H. H. Hart; R. L. Marx; A. Washauer; Louis Ferrari; J. W. Rafael; A. M. Kidd; A. B. Korbel; Dick Julien; F. W. Roth.

Fourth class: A. M. Eskridge; B. H. Wilbrand Jr.; Ted Wehr; C. Anderson; G. S. Garrissere; Harold W. Johnstone; Roland Roberts; Bob Laddon; Chas. Davalos; W. A. Bard; V. S. Showell; Jim Carson; Geo. Gavin; W. E. Doaling; F. Shea; O. Wallfisch; Ray Harwood; Bert Larkins; J. E. Tracy; S. H. Norton; Jos. H. Pyne; Chas. Hunter; Harry Ludwig; Alfred Joseph; Harry L. Clapp; A. Kroger; G. C. Sahlender; D. Righetti.

A TALK WITH THE DOCTOR

THE other day the medical director was in the hot room and one of the well known members of the club, in discussing the matter of exercise, spoke as follows:

"Doctor, some three or four years ago it occurred to me that I was not going right. On sizing up the situation I clearly saw that my business was not in proper shape, my men were not up to their work, things were not turning over. Personally, I was not giving it the right kind of attention. Propositions that were laid before me I'd sidetrack and turn over to

someone else. I could not concentrate on my work. I had no pep. So I went to see a doctor. During our talk he suggested that perhaps I was not taking enough exercise.

"His suggestion appealed to me. I found that I was thirty pounds overweight and in rotten shape. I joined the business men's class and have kept it up ever since. My weight went to normal. I began to take an interest in life, my interest in my business became keener and its organization and activities improved; in other words I came back, and I attribute it to exercise and getting and keeping myself in proper shape."

This was a voluntary statement of one of our members, a man of large affairs, who figured it out for himself and who went to it and made good. It is food for thought.

The function of the medical department in the club is not essentially medical; it is an adjunct to the athletic department. This is an athletic club. Athletics in their highest role do not seek to smash records or to build up enormous muscles, they carry out their highest function when they put a man in proper condition to meet the ordinary hardships of life and to meet them and overcome them at no sacrifice to his well being.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB offers this opportunity in a manner not equaled by any other institution of its kind in the world—a pretty broad statement but a true one—and the medical director is on hand to talk over the physical condition of anyone wishing to grasp the advantages offered by the club toward getting himself fit.

The hours of the medical director of the club will be in the future as follows:

Wednesday: 12 m. to 1 p. m.

Friday: 8 p. m. to 9 p. m.

Saturday: 12 m. to 1 p. m.

THE GRUELING GRIND

(Continued from Page 14, Column 1.)

off. After a lot of camouflage betting and much more talk the articles were signed.

As the day drew near, however, Ed Cunha backed out and left Sales to battle alone. Hereby hangs the tale: Gerhardt, himself a quandom athlete, tried the Jeffries comeback stunt and agreed to train Sales. Thus, while the flesh may weaken, the spirit never dies. White, who is an ardent deer (or dear) hunter is nearly always in good condition.

I had agreed to start the contest and on the appointed day the men toed the mark close to the scheduled hour. I had a pistol, to make the match appear even more like a regular contest than ever, and with the pop of the gun both runners raced away, accompanied by their trainers; Gerhardt with Sales and Harold Maundrell with White.

Through the valley it was nip and tuck but as they started the climb it was evident that White's deer-hunting experiences stood him in good stead, for he stretched out like a mountain goat at sunrise, and by the time they reached the top of Ben Johnson he had passed out of sight. Sales stuck on tenaciously but could not overtake his opponent, however, and from there on it was a matter of hearsay with the rest of us—Bob Long, Tom Smith and myself leaving to be at the finish.

Dame Rumor has it that Dudley started to sprint, although cautioned by Gerhardt not to go too fast. Sales, being unfamiliar with the trail, got lost and had to wait for his trainer to come up, and it is said that he lost considerable time as Gerhardt had exhausted himself.

Pete's mind seems to have been temporarily wandering, as he became obsessed with the hallucination that he had seen the other runners get into an auto-

mobile. The cause of this mirage was afterward found to be a herd of ibex grazing on the hillside.

White finished the race, strong, in one hour and twelve minutes with Sales trailing in twelve minutes later. Sales, with his usual magnanimity complimented the victor and admitted that the better man had won, but Gerhardt was still inconsiderate and inexorable and insisted that he had seen them in the aforesaid auto.

In fact it was not until we all sat down to the love feast that Pete began to listen to reason and the match became a victory for all concerned. Others present at the now historical event were: Chas. Boas, Kenneth McDonald, George Hatfield, Bob Long, Tom Smith, Harold Maundrell, Dudley Sales, Ned White and Gus Tiscornia. And Tiscornia beat somebody in.

THE GRUELING GRIND

(Continued from Page 14, Column 2.)

"Sales is in the pink of condition. He just imbibed a quart of soup."

To confirm this Sales pranced up and down the breakaway, eliciting admiring remarks from the small boys and young ladies of the village.

When interviewed after the race, Gerhardt said:

"I did not say Mr. Sales was in the pink of condition. What I meant to convey was that he had the 'pinks.' If I said he had some soup in him, I was mistaken. It seems he was in the soup. If he did drink soup the soup was drugged. In fact, Dudley drug it over five miles himself. But I am still satisfied that he can beat White, if given a fair handicap for over hang. He was poorly advised, anyway. If he hadn't been, he'd never have run at all. We serve notice here and now that we challenge White to meet us at any time and place convenient

to himself in an indoor aviation contest for altitude."

When told he had consumed almost three hours in covering the course, Sales said: "I don't see how that could be. I was going all the time."

Interviewed after the race, White said: "I don't want to seem unchivalrous to a vanquished rival, but candor compels me to admit that he's a bum. Just because I beat him fair and square by leaving the trail by taking a short cut through the woods, he's beefing around that he was only running to reduce, anyway. If this is the case he ought to be sent to a reduction plant."

KING SPORT VERSUS THE KAISER

(Continued from Page 13)

imagined he was going to kill. Make no mistake about it. If the remorseless gang now fooling and running Germany succeed in their plot to run the world sport will sink to a degrading position among human activities.

A little gymnastic work to the voice of a drill sergeant. Swimming confined to the breast stroke, because it is best adapted to military purposes, and kindred muscle-forming exercises. But sport, as the Olympians know it, teaching men to concede their opponents a bit more than a even break if anything—well, the answer to any doubts on the subject is Belgium.

But with all his sedulous preparation and alleged foresight the Prussian is as blind as a bat when confronted by the vaster perspectives of the human story. The Kaiser has as much chance of killing sport as he has of frightening the marines. Instead, King Sport is going to kill the Kaiser. THE OLYMPIC CLUB has made a modest contribution of half a thousand at present. The stars are being sewn on the service flag so fast that the number will

be probably out of date by the time this article is in print.

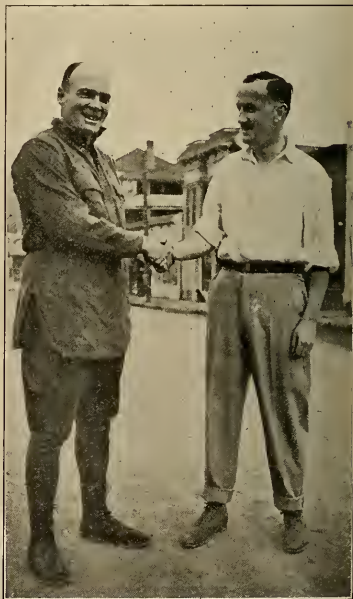
But in any case, if five hundred is not enough there are five hundred behind them and another five hundred after that, ready to step into line.

The Olympics have never had the slightest use for a kill sport-kill joy. They are now after the greatest kill-sport of all history.

A PLEA FOR THE LAND-SAILOR

(Continued from Page 18.)

may be just going to work, and very much bothered with the thought that while he is laboring industriously for his country the girl who persists in telling him she loves him is out kicking the foot with some collar salesman.



(Photo by Von Poellnitz)
CONGRATULATIONS

THE TWENTY-FIFTH TRIP

(Continued from Page 9)

Of entertainment there was no end. Harry McKenzie and Otto Wallfisch, dressed in the costume of Dutchmen, carried on a conversation that kept the assemblage roaring with mirth. Willie Kidd Nelson sang in his sweetest tones and was greeted with round after round of applause. Of course the inevitable song sheets were there and everybody gave vent to the satisfaction they felt by singing every song. A patriotic thrill was sent through everyone present when these sons of Olympia, four hundred strong, rose to their feet and sang the Star Spangled Banner with all their hearts and the full power of their lungs.

Next Professor Walfisch took the chair ready to answer any scientific questions Harry McKenzie might ask him. He explained several phenomena that have been baffling the scientific world, much to the amusement of the crowd. When interrogated as to how several well known places came by their names, the noted pedagogue fully explained them to the satisfaction of all.

President Humphrey then addressed his fellow clubmen and extended them his best wishes for a very happy and prosperous New Year. He spoke of the uncertainty of the club's future athletic policy and referred to the actions of so many of our citizens in finding fault with the conduct of the war, the present administration and all the President's actions. He said that we have the best possible man now in office and that every true Olympian ought to constitute himself a committee of one to discourage even petty disloyalty and defend the Man of the Hour. He warmly told them to be Americans first and critics when the war is over.

Following the President's address, Louis McFarland, George Green's boxer, proved that he is even a better singer than he is

a mittman. Which is saying a good deal for Louis' voice.

After a few more songs were sung the President adjourned the meeting and the Olympians went their different ways. One purpose animated them and that was to regain some of the sleep they lost on 1918's account. Those Olympians who were unable to extricate themselves from the arms of Morpheus, at least in time for the breakfast, missed one ripping party, as everyone voted this one the best of all the twenty-five.

LIBRARY BULLETIN NO. 1

The following volumes are missing from the library:

Vols. 3, 7 and 14, works of Guy de Maupassant: St. Dunston Society Edition, 1903; Accession Nos. 958, 962 and 969.

Vol. 1, works of Daniel Defoe: Cripple-gate Edition, 1907; Accession No. 1096.

Vol. 1, the Italian Novelists, translated by W. G. Waters, privately printed and numbered: "The Water Color Edition," 1901; Accession No. 1220.

They "went over the top" in a night raid; they can't be killed, being immortal, but they may be mutilated or severely wounded, and now wandering aimlessly in "no man's land."

If discovered please lead them into the library.

Recapture or information as to their whereabouts will be appreciated.

LIBRARIAN.

E. SCHMIDT

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Owens, Chas. H., Lieutenant 63rd In-
fantry, Presidio of San Francisco.

Randall, Albert E., Major U. S. Ma-
rine Corps, Mare Island, Cal.

Shreve, Lieutenant 63rd Infantry, Pre-
sidio of San Francisco.

Wolcott, Lester O., 1st Lieutenant Eng.
Reserve Corps, 1012 Santa Fe Bldg.

Leager, Captain 2nd F. A., Presidio of
San Francisco.

ATHLETIC:

Alpers, Herman J., furrier, 476 Geary.

Britt, Horace, musician, 3166 Clay St.

Blakeley, G. C., elec., 1534 7th Ave.

Chapman, Victor H., clerk U. R. R.,
58 Sutter St.

Dunne, Arthur B., student, 3905 Clay.

Ferretti, Martin J., iron worker, 1215
Montgomery St.

Isaacs, Frank S., naval draftsman, 112
Market St.

King, Henry T., shipping clerk, 1128
Mission St.

Macaulay, Donald S., machinery drafts-
man, 981 Valencia St.

McNamara, J. Emmett, graduate mgr.
St. Mary's College, Oakland, Cal.

Noon, Frank P., sports writer S. F.
Call, 555 Clayton St.

Righter, F. L., chemist Standard Oil
Co., Richmond, Cal.

Sahlender, G. C., attorney, Nevada Bank
Building.

Sarras, Theodore, machinist, 1111 Mar-
ket St.

Schaumer, Ad., clerk Tubbs Cord. Co.,
Kohl Bldg.

Shea, Frank, machinist, 1035 Folsom.

Walker, Carbis A., clerk Bank of Italy,
Market St.

JUNIOR:

Maclean, Donald B., 166 22nd Ave.

Dunn Jr., Ritchie L., 1369 Hyde St.

JUVENILE:

Merle III, Peter V., 2424 Union St.

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PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1917

TO

DECEMBER 30, 1917

Income		\$13,969.07
Dues	\$12,578.16	
Department Operations	1,065.88	
Visitors' Cards	163.00	
Commissions	58.71	
Discount	103.32	
Expense		\$15,221.79
General Club		8,000.40
House	\$4,436.31	
Engine Room	1,937.00	
Water	678.86	
Electricity	670.25	
Library and Periodical	277.98	
Administrative and General		3,112.07
Office Salaries and Expense.....	1,383.74	
Administrative Salaries and Expense.....	527.08	
Taxes	471.82	
Miscellaneous	217.32	
Telephone	200.62	
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00	
Insurance	111.49	
Other		4,109.32
Interest Paid	1,772.26	
Depreciation	925.00	
Special Events	809.06	
Athletic Activities	333.00	
Donations and Subscriptions	270.00	
Operating Loss		\$ 1,252.72
Initiation Fees		2,040.00
Net Profit		787.28

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

We have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of December, 1917, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Profit for the month of December of \$787.28 has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

SULLY, HOOD & STRONG,
Certified Public Accountants.

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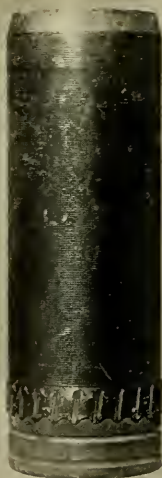
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In the fact of increased prices for practically all automobiles, Saxon "SIX" still is selling at the same price as last year.

Owing to the increased cost of materials, the scarcity of automobile factory mechanics and the continued freight congestion throughout the East, it is doubtful whether the Saxon Motor Car Corporation will be able to maintain the present low price level of Saxon "Six."

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Tom Wilkinson, Billy Plant, Louis Straus, Allan Harwood, Paul Theibaut, Leo Kline, Gerald McGibbon, Robt. McGibbon, Stuart Kerrigan

BOTTOM ROW FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

James Turner, Chas. A. Vance, Jas. Cussen Jr., Frank Carroll Jr., Billy Drake, Robert Sewell, Arthur Falvey, Chas. Griffith



Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, Thomas Lloyd Lennon.

Associate Editors: Edgar Pomeroy, Soccer; P. C. Gerhardt, Track and Field; A. L. Shannon, Handball; Sven O. Philip, Wrestling; Lincoln Johnson, Swimming; E. Lastreto, Fencing; M. L. Jenne, Bowling; Dr. O. B. Burns, Billiards; Louis McLane, Juniors and Juveniles; W. R. Larzelere, Baseball; A. Kemp, Basketball; Dr. Rumwell, Medical Department.

Vol. VI

FEBRUARY, 1918

No. 62

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

For many years THE OLYMPIC CLUB has been talking of an Outside Grounds, and many times we seemed

Golf: almost on the point of getting just what we wanted.
Once a Game, Perhaps it was well that
Now an we were slow about the de-
Obsession sired consummation. Per-

haps it was well that we remembered experience. At any rate it seems well that we waited until the coming of the proposition that we have now under consideration—the acquisition of Lakeside. Accompanying this proposition is exceptional enthusiasm, which is due in a large measure to the fact that Lakeside is especially the choice of golfers. In the old days we knew nothing of golf and therefore we gave not a thought to the game which has become an obsession. Some folks now think of nothing else but golf. Everywhere the tyranny of the game is visible, and Lakeside though more suitable to golf than anything else is also quite suitable to al-

most any kind of outdoor pastime, including swimming. Wherever one goes these days one meets golfers who would not journey twenty miles from their homes unencumbered with clubs. You find these clubs in motor cars, on street cars and at all railroad stations. The pursuit of the little white pill is universal, and the study of its characteristics has become an indoor, as well as an outdoor, pastime. The game itself is undertaken in a spirit of solemn sacrifice. You may laugh between holes but never as you reach the green. There laughter, even conversation, halts and even the onlooker is required to observe a religious silence between strokes. Only after the stroke is the ban lifted, and then you may roar or blaspheme as much as you please. Such is golf, the favorite topic of conversation wherever golfers meet. Here is a game with an inexplicable charm that puzzles doctors and reduces their income. Nobody with four limbs escapes the tyranny of golf. It is at once a grim and a most enjoyable pastime, conducive to health as well as to good and bad nature and therefore a fine exercise for all the parts. Like Scotland the States of the Union are mapped out into golf links. It looks as though THE OLYMPIC CLUB must be conquered.

The Lakeside Golf and Country Club offers to lease to THE OLYMPIC CLUB its club house, links and adjoining properties, including a bathing beach, for the period of two years without charge or rental other than such profits as may be made in the operation of the leased properties, with the privilege to THE OLYMPIC CLUB of acquiring all the property owned by the Lakeside Club and of continuing in possession thereof for the unexpired term of the lease—

about sixteen years—on THE OLYMPIC CLUB'S agreement to pay all its profits for the extended portion of the term with a minimum guarantee of \$500.00 per month. All the profits and payments made, either during the first two years or for the extended portion of the term, shall apply on the purchase price of four acres of land owned in fee by the Lakeside Country Club, and its house, links, accessories and beach property, which purchase price shall be fixed by arbitration within the next thirty days.

By this agreement THE OLYMPIC CLUB is authorized to expend such money as it desires in improving the golf links and beach property and in erecting handball and tennis courts up to \$25,000.00, which sum will be repaid to it by the Lakeside Country Club if, at the expiration of two years, THE OLYMPIC CLUB does not desire to continue in possession of the property. If it be the wish of THE OLYMPIC CLUB to continue for the balance of the term of fourteen years, then it shall pay to the Spring Valley Water Company for the extended term the annual rental of \$3,750 fixed by the terms of the lease made between the company and the Lakeside Club. It will not be required to pay any part of the indebtedness of the Lakeside Country Club nor of the interest thereon. During the time THE OLYMPIC CLUB is in possession, the present members of the Lakeside Country Club will be permitted to enjoy the privileges they now have; but, unless they are also members of THE OLYMPIC CLUB, they shall not enjoy any of the improvements made to the demised premises except such as may be made on the golf course or in the club house.

Against this proposition, the Spring Valley Water Company offered THE

OLYMPIC CLUB the old Ingleside golf course for the annual taxes, approximating \$2,000, and the San Francisco Golf and Country Club offered to lease its club house for a monthly rental of \$150. It was the unanimous judgment of the committee considering both propositions that the Ingleside property could not be used for any purpose other than a golf course, and that while its upkeep would be as much as the Lakeside properties, there would be the additional burden of \$300 a month for taxes and rental. Therefore the committee recommended that the Board of Directors accept the Lakeside proposition. The experience of two years should enable the directors and the members of the club to determine whether it would be advisable to exercise the option for the further use of the property. While the present members of the Lakeside Club will have the privilege of the golf course and club house as at present, THE OLYMPIC CLUB will have full charge and control of them and of their operations.

The Lakeside Country Club is at present indebted to the Anglo & London Paris National Bank in a sum of money approximating \$110,000.00, which indebtedness must be paid by its members. As the president of THE OLYMPIC CLUB is a director of that bank, he felt a delicacy in leaving the decision between the Ingleside and the Lakeside properties to the club directors. Therefore twenty members representing various activities in THE OLYMPIC CLUB were invited to consider both propositions and to advise the directors thereon. On a vote of these members the choice was made. The president of the club insisted that the members be advised of his association with the Anglo & London Paris National Bank in order that they might be informed fully of all the circumstances before this matter was

finally decided. Although it was the unanimous opinion of the directors and of the committee of members called in consultation in this matter that it was through the influence of the president that the Lakeside proposition was made so inviting as it seems to them, nevertheless, in deference to his wishes, a report on the entire matter, signed by members of THE OLYMPIC CLUB, will be forwarded to all Olympians and final action thereon delayed for ten days after mailing the same in order that any objections may be made known to the Board of Directors so that they may have the benefit of all information before finally considering the contract to be embodied in that report.

Meanwhile the members of THE OLYM-

PIC CLUB are requested to visit the properties of the Lakeside Country Club in order that they may become familiar with the same. For this purpose cards may be obtained at the office of THE OLYMPIC CLUB.

If the operation of the Lakeside Club is taken over an automobile bus will be run between the terminus of the tunnel line of the municipal railway and the Lakeside club house on a half-hourly schedule.

Prominent professional golfers see in the Lakeside course possibilities for the very best course in America. And they believe the property suitable for trap-shooting and rifle ranges and for a fine bathing beach to add further to its charm.

THE YOUNGEST IN THE WORLD

Olympia Boasts the Smallest Team of Baseball Players on Record

By J. F. C.

IF one happened to venture into the library of the club about ten on any Saturday morning, he would be startled to hear young voices emanating from the swimming tank and shouting such things as "Hold your base," "Throw it over," "Ball three," "He was out a mile," etc., amidst the splash of water.

If, wondering what connection these baseball expressions could have with the natatorium, he walked over to the balcony to investigate, he would be indeed surprised. For lo and behold! he would see the tank converted into a perfect diamond, with four bases, an infield and outfield, nine men in their positions; in short, all the requisites of the national pastime.

But if was surprised to see the tank thus

outfitted, he would be compelled to gasp for breath when he saw the size of the players. At first glance he would probably be reminded of some picture seen of Pygmies, but the lustiness of the vocal demonstration would soon dispel the Pygmy idea.

These players are none other than the famous Whites and Reds battling for the Indoor Water Baseball Championship of the Midgets. They range in age from eight to twelve years and weigh not more than sixty pounds a man. But how the play! One would think the world's championship depended on the outcome of each game. When some wee small fellow makes a home run (I should say a home swim) the noise and excitement that r

sults is worse than that of even the final game of the world's series.

A series of three games have been played and one has but to glance at the scores to see how hotly contested they have been. The Whites emerged the victors, winning two of the three games, as the following scores indicate:

Whites	3	Reds	2
Whites	2	Reds	5
Whites	4	Reds	1

The zip and polish of these youngsters and the way they handle themselves certainly speaks volumes for the training and development they are receiving.

L. M. Hoefer, vice-president of THE OLYMPIC CLUB, would undoubtedly be pleased to see his small grandson, Albert Vance, hit the ball between first and second bases and, seeing himself suddenly confronted with the ball while swimming to first base, dive under water and come up inside the base (a life buoy), safe!

Stewart Kerrigan, son of the appellate judge, always causes a shiver of apprehension to run up the opposing pitcher's spine whenever he gets up at bat.

Both the McGibbon boys, though they are on rival teams, are full of "pep" over the game. Frank Carroll Jr. sometimes doesn't hit anything but the air when he takes one of his healthy Ping Bodie swings, but when he does land on the ball it's a certain home run. Naturally with these and many other stars there is often such brilliant exhibitions that even Tom Bunyan gets excited.

The teams as they line up are as follows:

Whites (champions)	Reds
C. Griffith	Gerald McGibbon
Bill Drake	Wilkinson
Frank Carroll	W. Plant
Sewell	Straus
Theibault	Stewart Kerrigan
Cussins	Falvey
Bob McGibbon	Albert Vance
Taitam Turner	Harwood
Kline	Henry McKenna

Besides the Midgets, two teams have been formed in the under-one-hundred-pound class and also two teams in the intermediate class (over one hundred pounds).

The Whites won the championship of the latter class after some mighty fierce battles. The personnel of the teams are:

Whites (champions)	Reds
R. Murray	Weil
P. McGettigan	Kepner
Lisle	Herrington
King	C. McGettigan
Moore	Conlan
Evers	Leland
McWilliams	Griffith
Von Ahnden	Achard
Kelley	Sullivan

Appended are the rules of the game:

1. Nine players constitute a side. 2.

It is a far more exciting and thrilling sport than polo because the inexperienced swimmer having just as much chance as the champion, whereas in water polo only the season swimmer can stand the pace. The most conclusive proof of its popularity is that it takes considerable persuasion to get fourteen players to play water polo, while everyone is ready and eager to play water baseball.

Bases to be life buoys anchored not less than twenty-five feet apart. 3. Pitcher not less than twenty feet from home plate.

4. Ball: regular water polo ball; bat: twenty-four inch regulation. 5. Each

game to consist of from four to six innings. 6. Pitcher cannot tag player. 7. Player must be tagged with the ball. 8.

Three strikes or three foul strikes constitute an out; three balls allow batter to take base. 9. Stealing bases under

water is permitted. 10. Strike consists of ball thrown between top of head and water. 11. Ball consists of a ball thrown

over the head or not up to the plate. 12. Foul ball same as in regular game of baseball. 13. Umpire takes full control of

game and his ruling is final.

THE SHAVIAN METHOD

By T. L. L.

TO many unconscious worshippers of paradox as exemplified in the literary work of George Bernard Shaw it may seem a sort of heresy to say that the flip Irishman's success as a writer is mainly due to his amazing genius for self-advertisement.

Still, regardless of how it is viewed, the fact remains.

Shaw's literary genius really is not genius at all; it is just talent, like that of Gilbert Chesterton or H. G. Wells, for if it is more than talent then what are we to term the intellectual machinery that produced the Shakespearian dramas and the Divinia Comedia and the Homeric tales?

This word genius has about lost the best part of its original meaning anyway; if a man makes a million nowadays we call him a financial genius, if he produces a pretty motion picture we call him a photodramatic genius, if he writes a book full of vulgarity and outlandish verse construction we call him a poetical genius.

And most of the middle-aged gentlemen who draw down bank presidents' wages for coaching college football teams are known as geniuses of the gridiron.

Now all this of course is very silly and laughable. In justice, however, we cannot blame ourselves for it. It generally is put over on us by unscrupulous press agents and philistine publishers and half-cocked journalists who need the money. And sometimes it may be traced directly to the smug conceit of individuals, as must be the case with the more "popular" writers of the day, one of whom, the author of Six Volumes of Pish-tush for Adolescent Females, has permitted his printers to placard the country with

quarter-cards stating under his picture that "his secret is the same God-given secret that inspired Shakespeare and upheld Dickens."

But in the case of G. B. S. the thing is done quite differently. In the first place Shaw is far too clever a man to entrust his advertisement to anyone less clever than himself; and in the second place Shaw really is not at all conceited. At times he strives mightily to appear conceited, and he often makes the appearance seem real, but this is merely a part of his general scheme of publicity. And the Shavian method of making Shaw a success is beyond cavil a greater success than is Shaw.

G. B. S. evolved it while he was earning thirty dollars a week writing dramatic criticism under Frank Harris on the London Saturday Review. He has faithfully followed it ever since; and it has made him a comparatively rich man. Briefly it is worked thus: Shaw writes an essay in which he tears some recognized masterpiece to tatters. Throughout this desecration he slyly hints that because he can do this it follows that he possesses a genius equal to if not greater than that of the man who wrote the masterpiece. Someone bites the bait and arises to defend the masterpiece and demolish Shaw. Shaw thereupon sticks his tongue in his cheek and replies that he was joking when he hinted that is a genius and that even though he is a genius he didn't mean to say so in just that way.

"My chief diversion," he announces, "is showing off."

This, of course, is more bait on the same hook. And in a few hours a third party pokes his pen into the quarrel and

brilliantly suggests that the fact of the matter is that if Shaw was joking it was not when he hinted he is a genius but when he said he was joking when he hinted it, and that therefore he undoubtedly is a genius of the very first rank.

By this time quite a number of people are reading Shaw's stuff; and the money moves his way. In fewer words, Shaw, after concocting the myth that he is a genius, has so subtly and so unwaveringly insisted on it, aided and abetted by worshipful reviewers, that he has pretty nearly carried the point.

The Shavian method of exploiting Shaw does not confine itself to written advertisement, however. If a story already gone the rounds be true, G. B. S. is as full of tricks as a cold Bridge deck.

The tale ran thus: When Shaw wrote "Mrs. Warren's Profession," one of the first of the mistakenly-called "sex" plays, he is said purposely to have included in

it a batch of rank vulgarisms. The play was then submitted to the British Censor who promptly refused to permit its performance until the vulgarisms were deleted. Shaw thereupon advertised the fact that "Mrs. Warren's Profession" had been condemned. He then deleted the offensive portions, which were not at all essential, and re-submitted the play. The censor passed it this time and Shaw put it on. But he did not advertise the fact that it had been altered. Of course it drew capacity houses and G. B. S. laughed in his whiskers.

Incidents of this nature are so easily exaggerated, however, that one must take them well-salted. Shaw really may have been and probably was quite innocent in the matter, though he hardly would admit this dereliction if questioned, but it is possible to say that if he was innocent of the ruse he was so only because it did not occur to him to perpetrate it.

WAR LETTERS

HEADQUARTERS 347TH FIELD
ARTILLERY

CAMP LEWIS, AMERICAN LAKE, WASH.

February 9, 1918.

Mr. William F. Humphrey,
President Olympic Club,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Bill: Harry Mulcrevy and the County Council of Defense are going to give a big ball for the benefit of the 347th Field Artillery after Lent. The 347th is entirely a San Francisco regiment and up to date San Francisco has done nothing for us. We expect to leave for the front about the middle of April. Your experience with the Grizzlies has shown you the need of a fund to meet emergencies for which the Government makes no pro-

vision. Many of the boys are Olympians and feel that the club in loyalty to them will back up this movement. So I appeal to you as an Olympian and as an old friend to indorse this fund, to give it wide publicity and to make it worthy of the brave lads who are so soon to face the submarines and then share in next summer's drive. Tell Jim Woods, Sam Rucker and Frank Foran, who have always been so kind to me, that this is one more opportunity to show how far they will go for a friend.

Tell John that I am in such wonderful shape that I could beat the holy trio,—Sullivan, Walsh and Humphrey,—twenty-one to nothing in any handball court in the country.

If you would have Jack Bonnet give the bill a writeup in THE OLYMPIAN it would be the finest kind of publicity.

With best wishes to yourself and John,
I am

Sincerely your friend,

GEO. LACOMLE,
Chaplain 347th F. A.

Camp Kearny, Cal.
January 23rd, 1918.

Frank O'Kane, Esq.,

Olympic Club,

San Francisco, Cal.

My Dear Frank: I have just received the draft forwarded by you for the purpose of offering trophies for our athletic contests here.

I can't begin to express to you how much the regiment appreciates it. All of us who have participated in athletics in the past know that it is next to impossible to work a little of the life necessary into athletics without giving the men who participate something to work for. The gift, therefore, fills a long-needed want, and is the most appropriate gift we have ever received.

Won't you express the thanks of all of us to all those who contributed to it, and assure them of our gratitude.

Very sincerely,

ARCH JOHNSON.

SAN FRANCISCO CHAPTER
942 Market Street

February 7th, 1918.

Mr. William F. Humphrey,

President The Olympic Club,

San Francisco, California.

Dear Mr. Humphrey: I have your favor of the 1st inst. enclosing check for \$12,235.40 as a contribution of THE OLYMPIC CLUB to the San Francisco Chapter of the American Red Cross as the gross result of the International Amateur Boxing Tournament held under

the auspices of the club. I enclose herewith the receipt of our treasurer covering same.

It is difficult for me to find words to express to you and to your club our thanks for the magnificent contribution you have made. I do not believe even you realize the great aid that such an amount of money will be to us in the preparation of materials for the protection of our boys across the water. This action of your club is merely another one added to its already splendid score in which it has interested itself for the benefit not only of San Francisco but the Nation at large.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN A. BRITTON,

Chairman San Francisco Chapter.

Call Field, Feb. 14, 1918.

John F. Connolly,

Olympic Club.

Dear John: Well, old man, I am soloing (flying alone) now and it is the most wonderful experience I ever went through in my life. You can't imagine what a feeling it is when, after about five hours' dual instruction work, you see the instructor climbing out and realize that it is up to you to take the big bird up and bring it safely down again. Then when you are about a thousand feet up, you look contemptuously down on the little round earth, but nevertheless with a secret hope that you will light on same intact. It is the most interesting game in the world, John, though it's no life of ease and joy. But who wants it different? Not me.

At our field the motto is absolutely, "Safety First," and the cadets live up to it or are let out. The U. S. has the safe

and sane method of teaching her airmen to fly. We have had but one fatality since the field has been open; whereas Fort Worth, the Canadian Aero Training Camp, has had several. The law of average backs up the supposition that some one will get it, but this is minimized by the cadets being compelled to exercise every reasonable caution.

We have some miraculous escapes at that though. Only yesterday a cadet named Mollineaux could not straighten out of a spiral, got into a tail dive and fell fifteen hundred feet. Some of the boys saw the drop and came rushing in certain he was dead. He fell almost out of sight, so that they could not see that he fell in the only tree in Texas and got off with only a broken nose and a few abrasions. And that boy was game. The ambulancce took him to the hospital where they bandaged him up. Five minutes later he walked right out on the field and saluting the flying officer of the day, said: "Sir, may I have a machine?"

The captain was very much taken aback, but quickly replied, "By God, that you may," and gave him the next ship that came in.

Last week a boy from San Francisco, Bastow by name, got into a side slip seventy-five feet up and dived to the earth nose first. The plane was a total wreck but Bastow was unhurt save for a small cut over the eye. We have lots of planes and so the wrecking of one does not retard our progress, though it is mighty expensive. They sent Bastow up again the next day. That's the system. If a fellow has a fall they send him right up again and if he should show fear and refuse to go, he is very promptly released. I have yet to see a fellow refuse to go up. Most of the time they are refusing to stay down.

The field here is about six miles from town and is the usual type of temporarily built army post. The buildings are low and flat, the only large ones being the hangars, of which there are several. Each hangar holds four planes. There is also a complete machine shop, carpenter shop, hospital, separate barracks for the cadets and enlisted men, officers' quarters, officers' club, etc.

There are many flying officers here and they are all men. They have to be, as it takes men to handle this game. I am beginning to realize that one will have to be a man to stay in it. There are about six majors, all young and all J. M. A.s of course. How we aspiring young cadets eye that insignia on their manly breasts and wonder if we will ever wear it. They are princes and absolutely fearless. Will allow you to do anything in the air, so we are all very anxious to get up with them, as the regular instructors are very careful.

At present there are two hundred and fifty of us cadets here. We have a cadet major and four captains for the four companies, with the usual complement of lieutenants and sergeants. These cadet officers are responsible for our discipline and take our names for offenses. Each night a sort of court meets, composed of the cadet officers and two cadets chosen at random from the whole battalion. These two cadets are changed every night so as to give every cadet a chance to see the workings and to insure fairness—and I must say the board is absolutely fair. The sentences are fatigue duty and the more serious offenses are referred to the lieutenant in command of the cadet detachment. In these cases he generally rules that the week-end be forfeited and sometimes two of them must be spent in camp, which is fierce as you sure do

THE YUM-YUM SPEAKS ITS MIND

Little Tiv Kreling of Mikado Fame Discusses the Minstrelsy of Olympia

By PETER P. PETERSON

TIV KRELING, the delicious little Yum-Yum, leaned back into the comforting folds of a lounge in the Red Room.

"Dammit," said Tiv, in a sort of listless discontent.

"Can it be," asked the Lounger trying to be funny, "that the recent expose of your youthful indiscretions has caused you a spiritual illness? Did your picture in the paper the other day as the sweet and succulent Japanese wench of musical comedy fame affect you mentally somewhat as does a kick in the posterior? I understand you didn't know Salazar had that picture, that you thought it was locked in Bill Lynch's safe, and that when The Call flashed it you were so surprised you had to fall back on old stuff and alibi an out by saying you gave it to Salazar yourself."

"Don't be a damphool," said little Tiv, sighing, "don't talk like a newspaperman."

"Now see here," replied the Lounger, "you've got no kick to make at the members of the Fourth Estate, have you? It seems to me they've been pretty good to you. Ever since young Tom Lennon pegged you for a reformer and used enough of your junk in The Examiner to chase the professional wrestlers out of town you've been getting almost as much publicity as Judge Graham and Phil Wand. You should be crabbing at the newspapermen!"

"There are two ways to get publicity," said the Yum-Yum wisely. "One is to write your own stuff and send it to the papers, as some of our politicians do, and the other is to keep shouting that you

don't like to see your name in print. I follow the latter plan, though some people think I use both.

"Now take this Yum-Yum stuff in The Call for instance. That's good stuff—some of the best stuff that anybody's had yet, in fact. It's better even than the Judge Graham-Mrs. Pollock swimming match. It's as good as Gus White's golf serial. They threw a picture of me for three columns and Salazar wrote enough about it to wear out a typewriter ribbon. Oh, don't worry, I appreciate the publicity I get."

"Well, if you're not sore at Salazar, what is bothering you then? Why the drowsy eye, the droopy head, the terrible ennui?"

"I'm thinking of the things that used to be"—there was a plaintive note of sadness in the voice of little Tiv—"in the good old days. That picture of the Delicious Yum-Yum has conjured up for me a mindful of memories clustered about the old-time minstrels of Olympia who could put on and get away with anything from a circus to an opera. And I'm wondering why we haven't just as much talent in the club now as we had then.

"I don't mean to say that we haven't any talent at all in the club these days. Don't get me wrong. I know very well that we have talent of an order just as high as we ever had. Otto Walfisch, Schultz, Harry McKenzie, the new Jazz band and the water clowns are as funny and as entertaining a crew as ever wore the motley.

"But what I bemoan is the lack of talent in great numbers. Do you think we could get up a circus today of the size

and pretension of the great indoor circuses of the past? Right out of our own membership in those days we could put on a real three ring affair as good as the best professional show in the country. Our minstrels were famed far and wide for the class of their entertainment, and we traveled the State and out of it giving exhibitions. Could we do that today?"

"We could, I think, if we had the time," said the Lounger, "but who wants to travel the State giving minstrel shows these times, with the price of butter what it is and the baby and the mamma needing new shoes costing thirty-nine dollars a foot?"

"Well, do you think we could put on a circus, right here in the town, then?" asked the Delicious Yum-Yum, a trifle belligerently, "do you think we could?"

"We could if someone would suggest it."

"Well, I'm going to call you on that," the Yum-Yum waxed more bellicose, "I'm going to suggest that we get up a great indoor carnival the performers all to be Olympians and the proceeds to go to the Red Cross, to give it a wartime flavor. And if I find more than twenty men willing to get behind it I'll buy you a pink shirtwaist just like the one I wear."

"I'm not one of those birds who is always shouting about what used to be; I'm old enough to be doing that, but I'll stake my little wad against your little wad that the days when such a thing as the Mikado and the Delicious Little Yum-Yum were possible are gone forever."

No longer apathetic he walked away, leaving the Lounger wondering whether Little Tiv's natural pep and fury would really produce something worth-while or whether he was just talking, just wrestling, just selling horses for want of something better to do.

HANDBALL TOURNEY NEARS ITS END

By A. L. SHANNON

THE handball tournament is about at that stage where the wise ones are beginning to make their forecasts. This is a very peculiar tournament, however. It is exceedingly difficult to predict the winners, because a majority of the entrants are comparative strangers to the courts. This decided change in the personnel has caused a great deal of interest to be taken in this tournament.

The present contest is significant of the popularity of the game. There are few games, requiring such a degree of skill and vigor, that can boast of so many various kinds of athletes as its devotees. In this tournament almost every branch

of the club's athletic activities is represented. There are boxers, wrestlers, swimmers, track men, baseball players, basketball players, football players and even golf players, and a good many of them are expected to carry off prizes.

Furthermore, even from the stately halls of legislature the good old game lures its admirers. Assemblyman Prendergast, whom we all call Nick, has forsaken his dignity and cast his toga into the ring. Nick is a contender for third-class honors. He has been wading right through his class, and if he continues to dispose of the tough youngsters

(Continued on Page 18)



FARM INSURANCE CO. OF
 THE STATE OF NEW YORK
 CAPITAL PAID UP \$1,000,000
 RESERVE FUND \$1,000,000
 ASSETS \$1,000,000
 TOTAL \$1,000,000
 NEW YORK, N. Y.
 1924

FOUR CLASSY TEAMS WEARING THE

Left, top, 145-pound basketball squad: (standing) Gavin, Kroger, Schumer, Kemp, Freed, (sitting) Rafael
 Top, right, 130-pounds: McLoughlin, Welch, Sweitzer, Jatta, Donovan, Friedlander, Kennedy and M
 Weeks, Marlow, Balmain, Pike, Burleigh, James, Washauer. In the



No 11322
 May 10 1918
 PENIA
 - 42255
 FIVE DOLLAR CHECK
 To Thompson



CAND WINNING GAMES FOR IT
 u Helling. Left, bottom, 120-pounds: Schneider, O'Callaghan, Dunning, Newhoff, Sweetzer and Manchur.
 ot n, right, Pomeroy's soccerites: Segel, Tapella, Middleton, Shafor, Ankersmit, Anderson,
 roction of the check sent to the Red Cross as the result of the boxing tourney.

in this division according to his past performances, the first prize in this class is his.

Most of the veteran soft ball players are conspicuously absent from this tournament. We shall all miss the old rivalry between Cereghino and Russ, neither of whom has entered. These two boys have fought for first honors in many tournaments, but this time Russ is fighting for different and higher honors. He has enlisted in the navy and is already in active service.

The first class will be keenly contested. There are a number of youngsters in this division who are making it hot for the veterans. Tommy Lydon and Charlie Keane have already been put out by the insurgent youths. It is quite likely that the fans may see the finals in this class played off between the two Doyles, and if they do they will witness a good brand of play. A dark horse is on the horizon, however. One Pinther, a track man of the shot-putting variety, has been annihilating his opponents with some very well directed shots.

At the time of this writing it is impossible to dope the second class. Any-

thing may happen yet. Bill Larzalere is still in. Bill has already shown in this tournament that he has not yet fallen into that rapidly increasing class of effete handball players. Charlie Cournale, one of the club's lightweight boxers, is making a good fight for first prize in this class. It is very likely that his left hand will win it for him.

The third class is full of that turbulent element made up of basketball players. The game is always fast with these boys, and they never tire. Prendergast cannot afford to relax one moment if he wants to win this class. He will be hard pressed at all times by Schaumer.

The club's juniors have been allowed to participate in this tournament, and the fourth class is largely made up of them. It is probable that whoever wins this class will have to beat Ray Harwood.

The committee is now arranging for the trophies, which will be beautiful in character and design. The bare honor of victory is a source of great pride, but the tangible evidence of it is more dear to the victor who desires to hand it down to his handball descendants.

THE JUNIOR JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

By S. R. S.

TO the interested visitor, one of the most wonderful features of THE OLYMPIC CLUB is the boys section. To see half a hundred or more sturdy lads romping around the gym or spilling in and out of the tank, forms a picture not easily forgotten. For after all it is the human element that counts. Superb gymnasiums and natatoriums second to none in the country, count but little

unless the spirit and enthusiasm is to be found.

In the boys division there is certainly no lack of enthusiasm and spirit. That intangible quality known as "pep" seems to have permeated every boy in the section from the youngest to the oldest and left an indelible mark on all their doings whether playing ball or carrying on a minstrel show.

From the way this section has fitted into the club, and the ease which it found its sphere and became an integral part of the club body, the fact that it has existed but little over five years seems very remarkable.

The present junior-juvenile department of the club may be said to have originated with the new building in 1912. With the institution of these two classes of membership began a noteworthy experiment in boys work.

It had long been the desire of the club to develop the majority of its athletes. While the system then and now in vogue, of admitting athletes of a more or less established reputation, worked satisfactorily, it was thought that there would be more of an *esprit* among young men who had received all their athletic training in and from THE OLYMPIC CLUB.

With this as the predominant idea the two boys departments were founded. The standard of admittance was made rather high, but in spite of this the sections filled rapidly. To the juniors or elder boys six periods of attendance were allowed per week, while the juveniles were content with three afternoons a week.

The athletic work was started carefully, for it was realized that a sure and firm foundation must be built, if the hopes of the club were to be fulfilled. As the classes progressed and the boys became more proficient and sure of themselves, competitions were held in the various branches. Handsome medals were given as prizes, which made a powerful incentive for the boys to train and compete in earnest.

In swimming this system has met with phenomenal success. Under Sid Cavil, who looks after them with what almost might be termed a fatherly interest, the majority of the boys have become very fine swimmers. The fact that a junior-

juvenile swimming team from THE OLYMPIC CLUB has never met defeat speaks for itself.

Into the gymnastic work the boys plunged eagerly—boxing, wrestling and that great delight of circus-going youth, acrobatics. Go into the gym some time when the youngsters are there and ask Professor Leandro what he thinks of the boys. If he doesn't point out half a dozen boys who in his opinion will give Donald Day a "rub" in a year or so, Tom Bunyan will.

While baseball has never been a major sport with the juniors a team have been organized that played and beat nearly every semi-pro team in this part of the country. Once a junior team wound up a great season by almost taking THE OLYMPIC CLUB "big team" into camp, losing however by a 5-4 score. There are limits to even the juniors.

A letter has been received by Tom Bunyan from Jerry Baldwin who is "Somewhere in France" with the 20th Engineers. Jerry says he happened to come across a San Francisco paper and it was the most welcome sight he has seen since he arrived "Over There." In it was some news about the Grizzlies and he eagerly read every sentence. Jerry says his only regret is that he did not wait and join his fellow Olympians in licking the Kaiser. He further states though, that he likes the work and life fine.

* * *

News comes from Arthur B. Cartagni, also "Somewhere in France," that he is doing more work every day than he formerly did in a week and reports that the strange thing about it is that he likes it. He says that Uncle Sam is a fine fellow to work for and that when you are just about all in the realization of who and what you are working for, in-

stills new "pep" into you and you attack your work with fresh vigor. "Art" is in the Medical Corps and according to his letter is attached to a field hospital just behind the lines.

* * *

Duke Morrison is again in our midst. Duke has been with the Grizzlies since their inception and was in line for a pro-

motion when he was overtaken by a tough siege of sickness. He had articular rheumatism, German measles, a high fever and he almost contracted pneumonia. When Duke first arrived home he looked worse than he felt, but after being in the healthy and invigorating atmosphere of the club a few weeks, he is looking himself again.

AN IMPOSSIBLE CONVERSATION

Characters: Shade of MRS HUMPHREY WARD, shade of MR. OSCAR WILDE, shade of MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, shade of MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Scene: THE OLYMPIC CLUB library.

Time: Dawn.

The library is small, its size mutely testifying to its unimportance as a club adjunct, and the upholstering is too inviting to have been designed for the promotion of rigorous study. Two or three windows on the left afford a light sufficient to read by, though not sufficient to arouse the few sleepers whom nature aided by the books has lulled to slumber.

The gentle rustling of a leaf attracts attention to the northeast corner of the room, and there, ensconced in a capacious arm chair is discovered the shade of Oscar Wilde, reading. The book is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Closing the book disappointedly the shade speaks to himself thus:

WILDE (*dejectedly*): This is desperate. I'm not sleepy in the least, yet that book never failed me before. Talking to oneself is in such abominable taste, and besides it induces inattention to what I'm saying, and that is fatal to expression. (*Petulantly.*) Whatever shall I do? Why does not someone introduce Shaw to the

club? He is almost clever enough to understand me: the others are merely clever enough to agree with me, and that is bad for my ego.

(*Voices are heard in the outer hall leading to the library.*)

WILDE (*expectantly*): Ah, here comes my wakeful antidote. Now for the sleep of death. (*He pats "Uncle Tom's Cabin" affectionately and proceeds to apostrophise Mrs. Ward.*) That woman is the great soporific of the age. She puts more people to sleep than all the clergy of the world.

(*Door of library opens abruptly and shade of Mrs. Humphrey Ward enters magnificently, followed by shade of bearded stranger, not yet recognizable in the uncertain light.*)

MRS. WARD (*gushingly, glad to find Wilde still awake*): There you are, Oscar. I thought we might catch you up. (*Presents her companion who proves to be shade of G. B. S.*) Allow me to introduce Mr. Shaw. I'm sure it will be a pleasure for you to know each other. (*Wilde and Shaw bow slightly.*) We met at the Columbia tonight and he insisted upon coming here to explain the philosophy of your plays.

WILDE (*sceptically*): How d'you do?

SHAW (*genially*): How d'you do?

MRS. WARD: Where is Richard?
(*Meaning shade of Richard Harding Davis.*) Not home yet? (*uttered deprecatingly.*) I suppose he went behind the stage after the performance to get some local color for his new novel which, he tells me, is going to deal with the sub-conscious passions of vegetable life.

WILDE (*testily*): Let us hope he does not bring the local color home with him. (*Catching Mrs. Ward looking hard at him.*) I never could stand flowers in my study.

(*They are all comfortably seated now in the northeast corner.*)

MRS. WARD (*changing the subject with the tact of one of her own heroines*): There was a jolly crowd at the Columbia tonight, and they laughed so at your play, Oscar.

WILDE (*surprised*): My play?

MRS. WARDE: Why yes, "The Importance of Being Ernest." Didn't you know?

SHAW (*his publicity microbe shocked out of decorum by this display of indifference—aside*): Is this high art, or deep simulation? Or both?

WILDE (*freezingly*): Indeed, madame, you surprise me. (*To Shaw.*) It is always a matter of wonder to me; I never made any serious pretensions to humor in my life and today my name is a laughing stock throughout the world. (*Plainly.*) Sometimes I could wish my plays had never been performed.

SHAW (*in all seriousness*): They never are. That is why you are so popular. You have solved the problem of dramatic fame by the simple expedient of making your plays impossible.

WILDE (*brightening perceptibly*): That is so very elucidating. You must have

been reading my works. Do you ever write plays, Mr. Shaw?

MRS. WARDE (*interrupting*): Write plays? Why, no. Mr. Shaw is a dramatic pamphleteer; the first of his kind. You must understand that Mr. Shaw is a man with a purpose.

WILDE (*his artistic perceptions shocked*): Really? No.

MRS. WARDE (*warming up*): Yes, indeed. He is a social reformer with ideals beyond his day. He is also the inventor of the superman, but his patent is still in dispute.

WILDE (*completely disinterested*): Ah yes, I see.

MRS. WARDE (*enthusiastically*): He and I, between us, have almost succeeded in making the Anglo-Saxon think.

WILDE (*absently, and unimpressed by the achievement*): Think. What is thought?

MRS. WARDE (*heroically, and with true romantic clarity*): Thought is the bridge that spans the infinite.

SHAW (*genuinely*): Thought is the eye of a slumbering universe.

WILDE (*remotely*): Thought is the art of the unthinkable.

MRS. WARDE (*delightedly*): Exquisite, all of us, and how remarkably alike.

(*There is a noise in the hall of someone coming and Mrs. Ward goes to the door in time to admit the belated shade of Richard Harding Davis. Meanwhile Shaw and Wilde meet each other's eye and exchange a flash of real esteem.*)

R. H. DAVIS (*entering exuberantly*): Hullo, everybody. Keeping late hours again? (*Seeing Shaw.*) Hullo, George: how d'you do?

SHAW (*affably*): How d'you do?

(*Davis draws up a chair, and the slight noise made in the process elicits a re-*

sponsive snore from the nearest mortal. Mrs. Ward resumes her seat and cautiously enjoins silence upon her shadowy companions for a few seconds.)

R. H. DAVIS (*whispering apologetically*): Awfully sorry I'm so late; but after the show I went off in quest of—er—local color for my er— (*Meets Mrs. Ward's all conveying smile and comprehends.*) Ah, you told them about it. Well, anyway, I met Nat Goodwin, in the flesh, you know, and he insisted upon introducing me to his wife. I forget her number but she's a charming creature. And y'know how excessively sentimental I am—well, I nearly expressed the pious hope that this one would turn out all right. He's made so many mistakes, poor chap.

WILDE (*in an undertone*): And married all of them. What man can do more?

MRS. WARD (*catching him up and philosophically over-reaching herself*): We are all the creatures of our mistakes.

R. H. DAVIS (*missing the philosophy and accepting the joke*): Ha, ha, ha. Well, y'know, if one tries long enough he may succeed at length, and nothing succeeds like success.

WILDE (*with crushing lightness*): True. And nothing exceeds like excess.

MRS. WARD (*strictly moral*): I think men marry their mistakes in the hope of retrieving them.

WILDE (*quietly ironical*): And women in the hope of repeating them?

MRS. WARD (*impressed but unconvinced*): That is scarcely a charitable view of the situation. Come, Mr. Davis, you are more of an altruist than to follow such a lead.

SHAW (*while Davis plans an epigram*): Altruism, like charity, begins and generally stays—at home; that is why I'm an egotist.

(*Wilde blinks himself back into wakefulness.*)

DAVIS (*comprehending slowly*): Ye—yes, very clever, no doubt; but you must spice your philosophy with sentiment, gentlemen: otherwise the world will be impossible. (*With determined vacuity.*) After all, sentiment is one of the eternal verities of life. There is no gainsaying that.

(*Mrs. Ward nods earnest approval of this attitude but remains silent.*)

SHAW (*uncompromisingly*): There are no eternal verities, excepting those specifically set forth in my books. Sentiment has a definite date line in history just like Queen Anne or George Washington. Personally, I think it came in with Pontius Pilate and I fancy I see it going out with Rudyard Kipling.

MRS. WARD (*laughingly*): Won't you please explain the relations of Pilate and Kipling.

SHAW (*quoting himself blithely*): I never explain. It is altogether too confusing.

WILDE (*enjoying it thoroughly*): I shall attempt to bestraddle the riddle. He means that Pilate, in taking the life divine, condemned himself to that worst of deaths, life everlasting; and that Kipling, in seeking the life everlasting, is but boring the present day to death.

(*They all laugh heartily, forgetful of the mortals, one of whom wakes with a start, looks at his watch and makes for the door. The disturbance awakes the other three mortals who also elect in favor of home. The shades are surprised into utter confusion. Mrs. Ward flies to the niche reserved by Wilde, and R. H. D., mistaking his route, melts into nothingness among the still unsubstantial shades of the American humorists. Shaw, in making hasty exit, passes clear through the body of first departing mortal, who,*

it was later ascertained, developed such an aggravating vein of repartee that his wife was accommodated with a decreed nisi in record time on grounds idly specified as "incompatibility of temperament.")

WILDE (alone once more, gazing regretfully after Shaw): Incomparable

shade. I wonder if I should hate or love him best. (Glances wistfully in direction of his niche, now occupied by Mrs. Ward, and realizing that he is in for an all night watch, he picks up "Uncle Tom's Cabin" resignedly and sinks back into his seat, reading profoundly.)

(Curtain.)

A WORD OF PROTEST

By L. V. J.

THE war has brought about a peculiar condition amongst the different divisions of club athletics. Take for instance the swimming division. It is possible to divide the swimming division into four classes. These four classes consist of the active class, or those swimmers who uphold the honor of the entire division in all meets; the inactive class, or those swimmers who have passed their very active day and deserve to be carried on their past records; the younger members who have not yet developed into active competing material; and last of all the Spanish athlete class who gain admittance to the club by showing enough stuff to pass the requirements and then go to sleep on the job. It is to this parasitic class that this article is directed.

A common example of what this "drag" class does is illustrated every Sunday at any of the Alameda beach resorts during the summer season. The star swimmer possessing the record-breaking material is generally a quiet, modest chap not averse to some publicity, and who, when asked, is generally willing to show what he can do. Put the Spanish athlete in a race with the swimmer of the active class and there never is any doubt as to the possible outcome of the contest. After the said Spanish

athlete has been drubbed the active class swimmer retires from the limelight unobtrusively and seeks the quiet back-ground.

Then the parasite comes into his own. There is generally enough willing ears left after the race into which he can pour his tale of woe. After some consolation our "Spanish gentleman" begins to think he is not so bad after all and begins to strut around chicken-chested, braying like a mule and having the same air of self-consciousness that is possessed by a dolled-up Filipino just off a transport. Unknowing onlookers when bound to look at such conduct cannot do otherwise than form a poor opinion of our hard-working swimmer of the active class.

This condition has been greatly emphasized by the war. All the good healthy record-breakers are enlisted and the task of holding up the past honor of the swimming division has devolved upon every member of the division, share and share alike. The active class need no advice, because their able aid is always forthcoming, but those of the Spanish athlete class are requested to buckle down and help those that are actively competing. Cut out the grandstand stuff, if only for the period of the war!

WAR LETTERS

(Continued from Page 13)

like to go to town for the change and relaxation.

They have just finished a new range and every day I go out and practice with the Lewis machine gun. I must have shot five hundred rounds yesterday. I think I am getting a fair proportion of bulls'-eyes too. It is great fun and beats shot-gun shooting a mile.

The "eats" are great, John, and you know of what paramount importance that is to me. Would not want them any better. For breakfast this morning we had eggs, steak, shredded wheat, corn flakes, coffee, oranges, apples and prunes. We are some capable trenchermen at the table too. We have to run a mile every morning before breakfast in place of calisthenics, and that run is the best appetizer I know of. Try it a couple of times. For supper we have soup, roast beef, mashed "spuds," corn, peas, dessert and coffee. Not so bad, is it?

The boys down my end of the barracks have a new sport—namely cutting off mustaches. They have confiscated ten already and Hig and I were getting very apprehensive lest ours should meet a similar fate. But the committee solemnly visited us and the unanimous verdict was that it would be no sport in removing our hirsute appendages. Hig and I don't know whether to be insulted or not. We still have our "Zits," however, and that's everything.

All of us have chipped in and got a piano, and oh! how some of these fellows can tickle the ivories. It is better than a tonic to sit there in the evening, listening to the music, relaxing and forgetting all about aviation for a little while.

Last Saturday night I went to my

usual entertainment at the Majestic Theatre. The program consists of a bush league musical comedy as well as moving pictures. It was excellent too or else I have lost my taste. The first time I saw it I thought it was the bunk, but after nine weeks I am strong for it.

Well, John I have to go to mess now, so much hurriedly close. Be sure and remember me to Tom Bunyan and all my old friends at the club.

Your o'd pal,

STAN SMITH.



FRANK MARISCH

Who enlisted in an engineering unit at the outbreak of the war and is now the top sergeant of his company. A top sergeant has a tough job, but nobody doubts Frank will fill it.

OLYMPIC SWIMMERS WIN

By LINCOLN V. JOHNSON

THE English are given credit for being the ones who, if something does not appear to them to be the proper thing, remark "That it isn't being done, you know!" Probably that is why our forefathers shoved off from the nether shore and the reason why we decided to hold a swimming meet in the middle of winter.

The most likely looking opponents were a team of aviating fish, coached, tutored, nursed and captained by the greatest swimmer of this day and age, Moose Ross.

Larry Cavill, majordomo of our fleet, by doing a great deal of reciprocating, "horsing," sweating and manipulating managed to get together the remnants of a once great combination, now a mere aggregation, and formed them into quite a respectable home guard which had all the earmarks of swimmers capable of defending the home fort.

And so on the chosen night the enemy fleet swooped down upon us!

The first line of defenses consisting of a fifty-yard dash was not bothered by the attacking fleet, making it easy for "Ace" Steiger, closely followed by John Russell Postelwaite, to romp home an easy winner. John Cardiff Daly, another club entrant, would have been in the money had he not given a fine exhibition of swimming on a false start.

In the next race Pilot Ross came into his own. The way he broke the record for the 500-yard swim proved that he was on such good terms with the lengths of the tank and the stop watches that he reminded one of Solomon in all his glory.

Jim Resleure and "Bus" Tait were con-

testants with Ross in this race but as Jim afterward said, "My intentions were never serious."

Ross swam this race in the remarkable time of six minutes and four seconds, breaking his previous record made in the East by one and one-fifth seconds. Gott help the Germans when a speedy bird like Ross comes a tearing after them coupled up to a two-hundred horsepower Liberty motor!

The two-twenty, century, plunge and back-stroke were all repetitions of the five hundred, Ross coming first in all of them, the only difference being that the second and third men differed in each race. Gilman Robertson swam a heady race in the hundred and pressed the Moose closely. Had he not missed his last turn he would have been on even terms with Ross at the finish.

The club warriors went one, two, three in both the diving and breast-stroke events. Dick Julian, the junior member and high school phenom, beat his fellow members to the tape in the breast-stroke, Nauman placing second.

A prominent junior by the name of Patterson did himself proud by running away with the diving. Donald Day was second best choice with the late George Bond coming in third.

The relay, as is usually the case with relays in local swimming meets, proved to be especially put on the programme for the club to win. Our contingent consisting of Daly, Postelwaite, Murphy and Steiger, each swimming a lap a piece, had at the end of the four laps gained a lead of three-quarters of the length of the tank.

ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY

THE library has just received from Chicago the 49th edition of the Rand McNally Co.'s commercial atlas of America. It is just off the press and includes the latest official data as to population, transportation facilities, post offices and other valuable information.

The work is a notable evidence of American enterprise and will be found invaluable by the shipper, traveler and student. The maps are clear and intelligible although covering a mass of detail. It contains large scale maps of the several States, the British possessions, Mexico, Central America, the West Indies and South America, which give information of the several counties, cities and subdivisions. It also embraces general maps of Europe, Asia, Africa and Oceania.

The railroad and interurban electric systems, express and steamship lines, together with post offices and telegraph stations, are clearly delineated on the large scale maps.

The atlas also contains alphabetical indexes, distance tables and other convenient statistics in accessible form, which make it a great time saver and busy man's aid.

Members facing an annoying problem in their shipping departments over routing or delivery of goods, in or out, may by reference to this atlas find a solution.

It is now on the library table for ready reference.

* * *

From F. Emerson Brooks: Old Age and Other Poems, by the donor.

From F. C. Hatch: Florida Enchantments, by Dimock.

From the Academy of Sciences: Collection of printed papers covering recent scientific discoveries and research work.

SOCCER NOTES

By EDGAR POMEROY

BY defeating the Sacramento football champions in the State championship competition (elimination) on February 3rd THE OLYMPIC CLUB soccer football team is on its way to the semifinal.

In the meantime the Barbarians disposed of their opponents and the Thistles and Union Iron Works and Burns eliminated their respective rivals.

The Celtics, Argonauts, Rangers and Sacramento are now out of it.

Los Angeles' teams did not feel strong enough to enter, nor has San Diego entered, but as all the southern teams have been well whacked by our Battery B team they would hardly take a chance anyway.

On February 24th, the Thistles and Burns clubs met and on March 3rd we are to meet the winners of that contest.

On March 10th the Union Iron Works meet the Barbarians, and, if we are victors on March 3rd, we meet the winners of March 10th on March 17th.

It is the desire of the commissioner of THE OLYMPIC CLUB to then match our Battery B (144th Field Artillery) team against the winners of the State championship whether it be our present club team or some one else.

* * *

Everywhere our mean are in the army or navy they are recognized as leaders in soccer football.

* * *

Fred A. Browne, Olympic rugby and soccer football player and good athlete, left some time ago for New Zealand to enter an officers' training camp. He made good and is now in England for final training. He will be in France in six weeks.

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TO

JANUARY 31, 1918

Income			\$13,968.87
Dues		\$12,410.34	
Department Operations		1,278.63	
Visitors' Cards		144.00	
Discount		71.29	
Commissions		64.61	
Expense			\$14,518.30
General Club		7,583.69	
House	\$4,521.46		
Engine Room	1,545.62		
Electricity	715.75		
Water	687.01		
Library and Periodical	113.85		
Administrative and General		3,769.05	
Office Salaries and Expense	1,411.31		
Miscellaneous	777.20		
Administrative Salaries and Expense	573.73		
Taxes	477.82		
Telephone	211.24		
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00		
Insurance	117.75		
Other		3,165.56	
Interest Paid	1,798.67		
Depreciation	925.00		
Donations and Subscriptions	264.75		
Special Activities	177.14		
Operating Loss			\$ 549.43
Initiation Fees			2,535.00
Net Profit			<u>1,985.57</u>

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

We have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of January, 1918, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Profit for the month of January, 1918, of \$1,985.57 has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

SULLY, HOOD & STRONG,
Certified Public Accountants.

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Vol. VI

MARCH, 1918

No. 63



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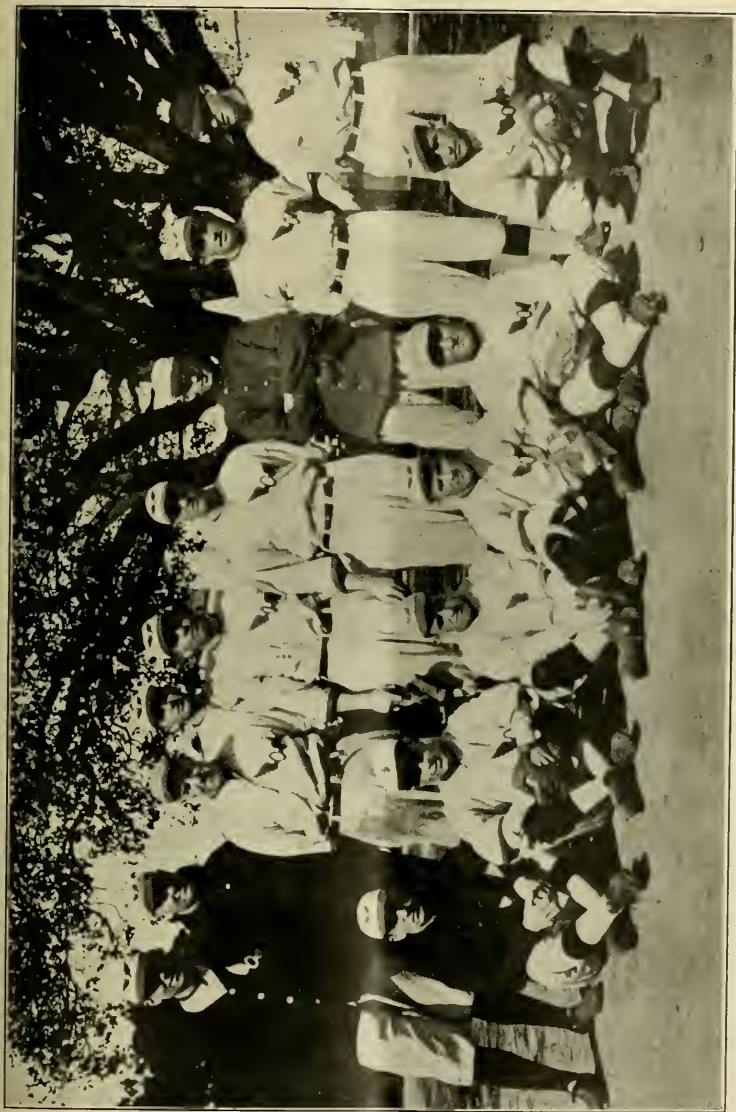
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Vol. VI MARCH, 1918

No. 63

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. J. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

Upon the suggestion of the authorities of the Government, the Board of Directors of THE OLYMPIC CLUB has decided that it is inadvisable to serve liquor, not only to men in uniform, but to any of their guests. In consonance with this decision no liquor will be served in any room occupied by any member of the army and navy of the United States of America.

**A
War
Regulation**

It is hoped that all Olympians will join in aiding the Board of Directors in enforcing this rule.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB now has the golf fever; we are bitten with a passion for the pursuit of the white pill, and the game will presently be the object of our most ardent athletic devotions; how fortunate in the circumstances that we waited till this year of our Lord to acquire an open air field for our diversions! Through the years we have been

very eager to get a suitable site for "outside" grounds, and more than once we were on the point of making what seemed a satisfactory deal in real estate. What a big mistake we might have made in the days when we had no particular thought of golf as an outdoor pastime! We might have bought a park and outgrown it. Like the characters in the play called *Milestones* which tells the story of the advance in shipbuilding from the days of wooden hulls to the days of the steel liners we never dreamt of the coming of a game that might even temporarily become more popular than baseball or handball or football. Not knowing the future of golf how should we have known that we ought to possess a fine stretch of land suitable for golf that would at the same time enable us to have space for other games? What we now require are the facilities afforded by Lakeside for games of all kinds not to mention an ocean to swim in. Lucky, indeed, is THE OLYMPIC CLUB which, according to Mr. Raynor, the famous designer of links, who is interviewed on another page, has a golf course that will be unsurpassed anywhere. Furthermore we are to have this course at comparatively little expense, such are the natural advantages of the site.

The advantages of golf as a game have been told so often and are so well known that it is supererogatory to talk about them. It is a game for body and mind. It is a great game for many reasons. Priceless lessons of good temper and self-reliance have been learned in other games such as football and handball, but in neither is skill of hand and eye more satisfactorily cultivated than in golf. Here is a game for which unlike other field sports there are no appropriate times and seasons. There are

**The
Noblest
of
Games**

months when certain pastimes are nothing more than a pleasant memory. Not so with reference to golf. Further, there is a period after age steals on when the hero of a thousand contests becomes only a spectator. Were it not for golf life for some men would cease to stimulate them to worthy achievement. For the man whose arteries have hardened golf is the only field of accomplishment at which he may renew his energies. At no age is the golf player inefficient. Golf appeals to the boy as well as the man and takes us all out of boredom. It furnishes a career even for the septuagenarian and gives him aspirations at a time when his mind needs diversion, when indeed he is threatened with the disaster of realizing that grave thoughts are beyond his control. On the golf field men forget even the war and life is renewed almost at the pearly gates. As a matter of fact golf is almost the whole duty of man. Truly has it been pronounced the noblest game that ever the ingenuity of man contrived.

Ways of rendering service to our country are multiplying right along and Olympians never grow weary. From that memorable day months ago when our club president and directors called on us to assemble in the gymnasium for the fatal Preparedness Day parade down to the present moment there has been no sign of slacking in THE OLYMPIC CLUB. We organized our athletes for war, we dipped into our treasury for war, we got behind every movement started in Washington

for the advancement of our interests in war, and now we are dispensing War Savings' Stamps at our secretary's office for the purpose of helping the Government. Officially we are in the business of selling these stamps. Not only that; Olympians are very actively engaged in stimulating the sale of these stamps. The near-athletes of the card room, most of whom are doing their bit in the ways most suitable to their energies are making a kind of game out of these war stamps. The game is more profitable to Uncle Sam than to any "kitty" purring in this vicinity. And we are preoccupied with Uncle Sam's interests these war days. A passion for war stamps has been developed in the club. Olympians have found the war stamp a profitable means of investment.

Fraternal spirit is a great thing. It pervades even the life of a great army where discipline is the be all and the end all of everything and tempers that discipline with a kindness that makes it less bothersome than pleasing. Witness the letter of

He
Must
be an
Olympian

Stephen Heinrichs, a young Olympian now with the colors, to Judge T. I. Fitzpatrick which appears on another page.

We don't know who the colonel he refers to is anymore than he does; we don't know whether he is a member of THE OLYMPIC CLUB or not; but it does appear as if he is quite well imbued with the ideals of Olympia and that if all other colonels are like him the boys in France are not going to be so terribly bad off after all.

SETH J. RAYNOR

The World's Most Distinguished Golf-Course Designer Talks of Lakeside

By THEODORE F. BONNET

"H E'S a good sitter." This was the verdict of the photographer who made the picture for the cover of this month's magazine.

Nobody had asked him for his judgment. Nobody cared what he thought of Mr. Seth J. Raynor's qualities as a poser in front of the camera. He was only a volunteer, this photographer, a man of more than three score years, who doubtless judges all men in terms of his profession. He was not interested in Seth Raynor as a designer and builder of golf courses, but he appreciated the man's patience and the ease with which he did precisely as requested. In truth he knew nothing of Mr. Raynor's profession. It never occurred to the photographer that Mr. Raynor has other marked characteristics as, for instance, reticence. Here is a man of whom you might say if ever you knew Seth Raynor that he could play golf all day with John D. Rockefeller without either one of them provoking a fizzle. He's a good deal like John D. in temperament.

So while the photographer appreciated one salient quality of the man's personality I lamented another; for fancy interviewing a man so reserved that like a person with a passion for a shut-in life he seemed deliberately concealing the best part of himself lest I might get something out of him. In truth I was eager to get something out of him, something about the Lakeside golf course which Mr. Raynor came to San Francisco to reconstruct. I was in a hurry too, for Mr. Raynor was on his way to a transcontinental train. This was to be a hurried interview, but I'd like to see the man able to hurry this designer and builder. One needs a cork-

screw to penetrate Seth Raynor's shell.

"I suppose," said I by way of inducing him to loosen up on a subject in which he was interested, "I suppose you play a lot of golf."

"No, not a great deal," he said in a tone of indifference, and then he straightened up in his chair as though about to defy me to extract the slightest bit of information.

I paused, bewildered, but presently I suggested that doubtless he had had a world of experience at golf before becoming an expert designer and builder of links. As this observation involved no inquiry Mr. Raynor by his manner gave me the impression that he was not going to make a reply. In desperation I asked him bluntly how he came to take up the business.

"Well, you see," he said, "I'm a civil engineer and Mr. C. B. McDonald hired me to lay out a course at Southampton." By dint of prodding I learned that sixty men joined a club and contributed a thousand dollars apiece to build a golf course. After writing all over England and Scotland for suggestions and for opinions as to what were the best eighteen holes individually considered and getting quite a collection of models and maps and profiles, they selected a course for the National Golf Club which Mr. Raynor was employed to duplicate.

"Since then I have built sixty golf courses," he said. And then he volunteered the information that in recent years people's ideals in golf have been revolutionized. Presently Mr. Raynor found himself discussing Lakeside, and he was quite eloquent for a little while.

"The beauty of Lakeside," he said, "is

that Nature has done so much for it. Conditions lend themselves so, to the kind of improvements that may be made, that THE OLYMPIC CLUB can get a great deal for very little."

"How does it compare," I asked, "to other courses you know of?"

"In some respects," he said, "it is like the Lido Club links chiefly in the matter of soil, and that course is considered an ideal course for golf. In my opinion Lakeside can be made the equal of any course that I know of anywhere, abroad or in this country."

Mr. Raynor is a man with imagination who already has the new and finished Lakeside in his mind's eye. Indeed when he left here he was prepared to sit down and make his maps. The holes he sees precisely as a musician sees the notes as they are written in the sheet of music though there is no sheet before him.

"That first hole," he said, "I'd leave as it is now with some alteration in bunkering. The second hole as I plan it will be like the eighth at the National Club, a hole that Hilton says is the best short hole he ever played." Not to know Hilton, I suppose, is to be like one benighted or at least to be pitied for lack of the knowledge that every man ought to possess.

Urging Mr. Raynor I extracted a dissertation on Lakeside and its potentialities.

"The third hole," he said, "will be an Alps hole like the third at Prestwick, the most famous golf hole in the world. The fourth will be a drive and pitch hole across a ravine, similar to the seventeenth in the National course, the Leven Hole." My education in golf was getting on.

All through this discourse as it progressed was interlarded golf history. Mr. Raynor was always looking far into the distance at other links that he knew of, and of which he was reminded by the

landscape at Lakeside which seemed so restful to his mind's eye.

I learned that on the Lido course at Long Beach is a hole that must be reproduced out here—they are so much alike. Now that is a prize hole; that is to say, it won a prize in a contest held under the auspices of England's *Country Life* in which the contestants submitted designs of what they regarded as the best golf holes.

As designed by Mr. Raynor the sixth is a short hole—160 yards—an exact reproduction of the eleventh at St. Andrews, the most famous short hole in the world. The seventh is a 540-yard hole to be bunkered according to the character of the ground. The eighth and ninth are drive and pitch holes of decided character; the tenth a 440-yard hole, a fine two-shot hole to carry from the tee taking you across the road that runs up to the Club House. The eleventh is a drive and pitch hole "like the eleventh at Piping Rock—a Knoll Hole." The twelfth is a two-shot 420-yard hole right in front of the Club House. "This is one of the best two-shot holes I know of," said the famous artist in links.

Mr. Raynor became really ecstatic when he reached the fourteenth hole on the ocean bluff. "A punch-bowl hole with fine possibilities," was the way he described it. "The fifteenth hole—a 220-yard hole—along the ocean bluff is a duplicate," he said, "of the famous Baritz hole in Scotland. In order to get a similar hole the Lido Club went to great expense, paying as high as \$160,000 for the land required."

Again Mr. Raynor grew enthusiastic when discussing the seventeenth hole a reversed Redan, which has been constructed in many courses. The eighteenth hole he told me is to be one that lends itself in bunkering to the model of the

THE BASEBALL TEAM

By JOHN F. CONNOLLY

OLYMPIA is fortunate this year, in spite of the war, in possessing one of the classiest baseball nines that has ever represented it. But any special rejoicing in this respect must now, of necessity, be short lived for some of the very best players on the team leave about the twenty-fifth of this month for San Pedro.

The departure of Bart Burke, just before the season opened, for active service in the army left a mighty big breach that was not easy to fill. However, Hugo Poheim, the well known ball player, was called upon to take over the managerial reins and he soon proved that he was more than equal to the occasion. Devoting his time unselfishly to the team he rapidly collected one of the hardest-hitting aggregations seen around here for some time. Mr. Poheim's fair and square methods and his tactful manner quickly won him the respect and admiration of all the players and as a consequence the team this year has been like one big sociable family.

The results of games played so far this season are as follows:

Olympic Club	... 2	Santa Clara	 1
Olympic Club	... 2	Sperry Flour	 1
Olympic Club	... 6	Stanford Univ.	.. 5
Olympic Club	...13	U. C.	 5
Olympic Club	... 2	St. Mary's	 6
Olympic Club	... 0	Stanford Univ.	.. 6
Olympic Club	... 4	St. Mary's	 5

At first glance this record does not seem particularly impressive, they having won four games and lost three. However, they were decisively beaten only once and then early in the season by St. Mary's. Ted Brandon was in fine form and the club got only two runs, while the collegians gathered in six. The second time they met, the club almost

brought home the bacon. The score was 4—1 at the end of the eighth in favor of the club. The ninth was featureless, but in the tenth two errors were made and St. Mary's won the game 5—4. The boys were sadly disappointed in not winning this game as it would have been the first time in some years that the O. C. beat St. Mary's.

On the day of the second Stanford game, less than half the regular players were able to go down to the "Farm" and Poheim had a difficult job in getting a full team together. As a consequence the club did not play anywhere near its usual game and was beaten 6—0. The rest of the games were all nip and tuck affairs, with the club's fighting spirit pulling them through the victors in each instance.

Among the slab artists, Medcraft has been pitching remarkably good ball. He has been in top notch form all through the season. Lorigan, last year's high school "phenom," pitched a two-hit game against the Sperry Flours, which is testimonial enough, while Rives, the other pitcher, saved the Stanford game when it was apparently lost. In the receiving department, Ritchie has been catching a great game. He is now trying out with the Seals, which fact speaks for itself. Both Anfinson and Varni have been starring behind the bat and in the U. C. game Varni startled the college boys with two home runs.

The infielders have been doing great things with the willow. At U. C. Hynes hit a home run, which is said to be the longest ever seen over there. Eddie Benn, at third, is absolutely a star, and his departure for San Pedro will leave an awful hole in the team. J. Kennedy, the

old-timer, after a three months' lay off, came back and hit Brandon, St. Mary's star, for two two-baggers. Among the younger players Maloney, Morrissey, E. Kennedy and Kelly look like mighty good league possibilities.

Mr. Poheim has expressed himself as being well pleased with the team's showing and with the individual playing of the fellows. He says they are a fine bunch to handle and are the best-natured collection he ever saw.

He has written to Del Howard for a game with the Oaks but as yet has received no reply. It will be remembered that the O. C. played the Oaks to a standstill last year and Poheim was expecting to do as good or better this year.

However, the loss of so many good players will probably prevent any such occurrence. A return game is scheduled with U. S. Saturday.

As mentioned before the team will soon be weakened by the loss of several players who have enlisted in the Naval Reserve. Those who have gone or are about to go are George Maloney, Steve Norton, Bert Larkins, Anfinson and Eddie Benn. They all intend to make a stab at commissions down at San Pedro.

Pitchers: Medcraft, Lorigan, Rives.

Catchers: Ritchie, Anfinson, Varni.

Infielders: Norton, Maloney, J. Kennedy, Rippon, Barsotti, Benn, Morrissey.

Outfielders: Kelly, E. Kennedy, Bailey, Larkins, Hynes.

J. DOYLE VICTOR IN HANDBALL TOURNAMENT

By A. L. SHANNON

THE handball tournament came to an end just two months after it started, and the weary contestants all breathed a sigh of relief when the grind was over. A handball tournament is indeed a grind. There is something about it that preys on the mind of the participant. If you don't think so, try it once.

You make up your mind that you'll enter this tournament just for the fun of it. You won't care whether you last to the finals or not; you'll just play for the exercise. As soon as the entries are in you look over the list and begin to figure your chances of winning your class, and to pick out the tough ones and the soft ones. You draw a tough one for your first match. A day or two before the game you commence to plan the style of play you will use. Should you play him out or play him in? How shall you return that nasty serve? You argue you

should beat this bird; haven't you done it time and again in practice? Well, by the time the match comes off you find you're pretty much interested in the tournament. You win the match, and from that moment you're in the tournament for fair and dead set on winning a cup, that coveted trophy for which you have striven for years and never attained.

From now on the tournament has you roped and hog tied. You develop a peculiar kind of insanity. You are in every sense of the word a monomaniac. You continue to win your matches, which only aggravates your condition. Nothing occupies your mind but handball. Your business affairs, your domestic affairs and everything else go to the devil. In the day time you sit in moody silence brooding over the coming match next Sunday morning. On your way to lunch when you think you're unobserved you put

down an occasional imaginary kill against the side of some building to test your stroke. At night you cannot sleep. Your mind is full of visions of scenes in the court. You see yourself in the midst of a succession of kills from the back wall. You hear the great shout from the gallery as you put an end to a long, fierce rally with a beautiful kill.

You begin to grow a little bit fine; you have lost some weight; you tell yourself you had better quit smoking. Next Sunday morning before the game you can eat very little. You begin to wonder if you are right. Five minutes after the match starts you find that you are not going to be able to play your game; your stroke is gone, and your eye is bad. You tire at the end of the first game, and from then on your opponent makes short work of you.

You explain to yourself that your condition is bad. For the next week you steer clear of all sorts of dissipation, including the rose wood. But when the next match comes off you find you are still in the slump. You can't get going, and before you know it you have been handed your second defeat, and for you the tournament is over.

Condition did it, you argue. Too many cigarettes, not enough exercise before the tournament, your wind didn't seem to be so good. You're wrong. You worried yourself out of the tournament. You went mentally stale thinking and planning and fretting about handball and nothing else. Where was the greatest relief when it was over it; in your tired muscles? No, it was up inside of your head where your poor brain lay gripped in that awful perturbation. What a comfort it was to know that you were not obliged to play any more! What freedom and peace pervaded your mind! It was a great satisfaction to know that you were once again

sane.

Equally relieved over the ending of the tournament are Andy Gallagher and John Jaunet. Their relief comes from the long needed rest of cramped and tired muscles. Andy and John were the official referees of the tournament. Night after night and Sunday after Sunday they sat in that uncomfortable gallery ever with their eyes on the ball. They are ideal officials, and without doubt their interest and efforts in connection with the tournament are greatly appreciated.

J. Doyle must now be recognized as the softball champion of the club. He won first prize in the first class without losing a match. Pinther defeated A. Doyle in the semi-finals, thereby earning himself the privilege of playing J. Doyle in the finals. The first, second and third prizes in the first class were won by J. Doyle, Al Pinther and A. Doyle respectively.

In the finals of the second class Chas. Cournale was first beaten by Steiger and compelled to play him again for the final decision, in which match he was the victor. The winners in the second class are: Chas. Cournale, first; P. M. Steiger, second; John Cornale, third.

In the third class F. W. Roth was hard pressed by Ad Schaumer, but the latter failed to spoil Roth's unblemished record of no defeats. The third class winners are: F. W. Roth, first; Ad Schaumer, second; A. B. Korbel, third.

Al Josephs succeeded in beating Ray Harwood in the fourth after Harwood had made a strong fight for first prize. The fourth class winners are: Al Joseph, first; Ray Harwood, second; Burton Larkins, third.

The silver cup trophies are now being engraved with the names of their winners. The committee is making arrangements for the usual dinner at which the cups will be awarded to the various recipients.

THE TIES THAT BIND

By J. ELLIS McPHOO

IT is relatively safe to assert that every man at some time in his life has been seized with a strong longing to throw off the shackles of Conventionality. There is none who has not experienced the pulsing of the desire to do as he pleases. The craving is quite natural—the meanest of serfs dreams of emancipation—and its existence is most firmly founded in fact. Rarely, however, does one come across the man who has really succeeded in freeing himself; he is as rare as he is brave. And when one does meet him his inherent power cannot but be immediately felt. In such a presence one becomes conscious of his own weaknesses, his own obvious inferiority, and one looks up—for indeed he that has conquered Convention resides on a plane higher than that of the ordinary mortal—and admires, and secretly envies.

And when one crosses the path of this More-than-Human being spontaneously there spring into his mind the pictures of his own pitiable failures to secure his own freedom. Like grim ghosts of dire shame they confront him, leering. There comes, for an example, the startlingly clear remembrance of that incident that occurred just last summer, when, with a firmly set will and a damn-me-eye bravery he had determined nevermore to don the idiocy of a vest. At that time his vest had appeared to him, and who knows but that it rightly so appeared?, as nothing less repugnant—it may have been more—than a useless, unnecessary, uncomfortable, heat-gathering instrument of torture of a close relation to the rack and the iron maiden and designed by the Devil to torment men; an article of apparel fit only for stable boys, people who neither knew nor deserved any better, and bill

collectors. He had added the bill collectors to the damning litany because it was sometime around last summer that he had made the interesting acquaintance of a number of them and taken particular notice that they pulled the bills of the previous December out of *vest* pockets before the clearing of the throat and the customary apology.

After thus riveting his will to his purpose he had unbound himself from the offensive vest, carried it into the darkest corner of the cellar, and deposited it in the dustiest section of the oldest trunk the while his eyes gleamed with a noble light and his throat buzzed with a softly hummed tune. When he had closed the trunk there had crept over him a feeling of nice security—he became self-sufficient, proud. For an hour thereafter he walked on air. He was free—exhilaratingly so—free from the tyranny of the most terrible and tyrannical tyrant that ever hurled his unspeakable and abominable commands over a world of peoples!

Thus far it is pleasant for one to remember—almost as pleasant as was the original of the picture. These are deeds of which any man may justly be proud. But one hesitates about going further. One balks at recalling the conclusion of this glorious sally into the realms of liberty. The picture of one's cowardice—of the fall of one's pride—is hardly ever agreeable to look upon.

It was the dining hour of that same day. One had dallied in the wash room, fussed over a bow tie, and fooled around in front of the mirror. One felt very cocky and pert. Finally he had descended into the living room. The family was there. Mother was reading her Maeterlinck by the center table. Father

was reading the want ads in search of vacant houses in the city. The dear sister was at the piano desecrating the keys with poor ragtime and worse playing. Leopold, the dear sister's easiest and latest mark, was balanced on the edge of an armchair. One had surveyed the scene—and Leopold. Leopold was all dressed up in honor of the dear sister. He was arrayed in his neat and tight see-more coat, his neater and tighter see-less pants, and his neatest and tightest chest-choking vest. He looked like a bandaged thumb. When one had finished presenting the Jack and Gill to the young man he had commenced to say something smart and sarcastic about his attire. He had started to tell him what a fool he was to wear a vest. But the dear sister had turned around and seen him.

"Clyde," she had said, "Clyde, you have forgotten your vest!"

One had begun to explain that one intended never to wear a vest again—and then one had caught sight of her anguished expression. One had then and there capitulated. There had been another trip to the cellar, and the vest had been brushed and put on. It was the end. And one remembers how, even while slipping through the arm-holes, he had bemoaned the fact that the dear sister needed the dear brother's vest to keep her half-nelson on Leopold. And he had reflected how it is that Convention doth make cowards of us all.

But that is only one incident in the life of one man. It is an isolated case, chosen but for the purpose of hitting off an idea as to the real feelings of an inferior individual in the presence of the superman who has broken the bonds. Think of the countless other revolts in the lives of other men against other articles of wearing apparel. Think of the million uprisings against the collar, the innumer-

able revolutions against the sock, the myriad attempts to annihilate the necktie, and the thousand-thousand visions of the destruction of the dress shirt! It would sorely tax the mentality of the average man were he to attempt even an estimate of the uncountable declarations of independence his brothers in the slavery of dress have made.

Now there have been hues and cries raised recently in tones of wondrous breadth anent the slavery to which man has bent woman through all the ages. The short-haired ladies who shout reform and the salient jawed females who lustily refuse to bear children or so much as look upon that brute and beast the Lord of all Created Things are persistent in their demands for liberty of sex, and liberty of love, and liberty of almost everything that strikes their fancies. They ballyhoo loudly about their rights and their privileges and their need of more freedom and their natural hatred of any sort of restraining bonds. They would throw off all the ties that bind them to womanhood—they would wear trousers and smoke bull durham, and tell juicy stories in the back rooms of saloons. And perhaps they are right—perhaps their cause is a just cause—perhaps they should be allowed the free run of all the world—perhaps marriage should be done away with and children begot in incubators supervised by the government—in all these things perhaps the women are asking only for what is theirs by all the laws of Justice. But is their quarrel opportune? Should not greater evils be eradicated before minor evils are even attacked? Is it not easier to kill the cub bears when the mother bear is dead than when she is alive and fighting?

A close consideration of the question of fashion and Conventionality cannot but

WAR LETTERS

France, 11, 4, '17.

My Dear Mr. Foran: Just a few lines to let you know I am O. K. Have received several copies of THE OLYMPIAN since being over here and enjoyed reading them immensely.

Frank Sloman, the sprinter, dropped in to see us the other day. Gave him your name and requested that he tell you the news. Presume he has reached dear old S. F. by this time.

Met a great friend of Willie Kidd Nelson's not long ago. He is in this same regiment but in a different company. His name is McCord.

The rain has set in and have had bad frost lately, too, so no more ball games. Our regimental team was going strong and won every game played. Quite a few games of football being played now but the mud is fierce.

Will leave it to Sloman to tell you the news, as the censor's rules are pretty strict.

With best wishes and regards to you and Mrs. Foran, and also to my friends at the club, I am

Respectfully,

Pvt. M. B. MENSING.

Co. B, 18th Engrs., Ry., U. S. Army,

P. O. Box 705,

A. E. F., France via N. Y.

P. S.: Won 85 francs on the Sox when the series was on. That is equal to about \$15.00. The Giants seemed to be the favorites around this camp at that time.

* * *

San Francisco, Cal.

March 11, 1918.

Mr. William F. Humphrey,

Care Olympic Club,

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sir: I am just in receipt of a

letter from Bruce Ffoulkes or rather Dr. Bruce Ffoulkes, who is an Olympic Club member, and joined the Medical Reserve at the declaration of war on Germany and was commissioned as a captain. He was then sent for instruction to Fort Riley in Kansas, and after his three months' training was sent to Camp Funston, and as a captain he organized the 314th Sanitary Train and was put in command of it. Shortly after he was promoted to a major, and last week after an inspection of his camp he was highly recommended and was transferred from the Reserve Army to the National Army and promoted to a lieutenant colonel. He is the first officer of all the officers (medical) that went to the training camp to receive this appointment.

The above is a short synopsis and if it is interesting to yourself and you consider it worthy of mention in THE OLYMPIAN, the writer will be very pleased to give you any additional information upon request.

Yours very truly,

HUBERT J. TRAYNOR.

* * *

San Diego.

Feb. 13th, '18.

Judge T. I. Fitzpatrick,

Care Olympic Club,

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Judge: You will undoubtedly be surprised to receive this letter from me, but I feel that I'm indebted to you to a great extent for favors shown me. I am now in the aviation section U. S. A., stationed at Rockwell Field, San Diego. I surely appreciate being a member of your club and will relate a little incident, which happened a few days after joining and being stationed at Angel Island. I was standing talking to some other soldiers,

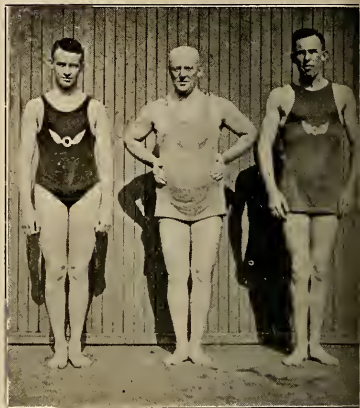
(Continued on Page 18)

LITTLE TH

ERNIE GISIN

When Ernie Gisin was 'actively engaged in running races for THE OLYMPIC CLUB he won for himself the title of the Champion Second Place Man of the World.

Ernie could take second to almost anyone in almost anything; he could sprint, pole-vault, put the shot, broad jump, high jump and even run the distances. Ernie's tendency to do everything right behind the champions won many a meet for THE OLYMPIC CLUB track team, and it is doubtful if any other man (with the possible exception of Ollie Snedigar) has as large a total of points as has Ernie. He is now with the Grizzlies.



THE THREE TAITs

This picture ought to start a great deal of speculation and camouflage betting. Is or is not John Tait a better looking athlete than his two sons; could Buster Tait, on his father's right, really outswim his Dad if his Dad got the notion that he could outswim Buster; could Jack Tait Jr., the third of the trio, really outswim Jack Tait Sr. if Jack Tait Sr. made up his mind not to let him?

There are a few questions for the steam room athletes who do not believe in either side of the come-back theory to consider about. Tiv Kreling, for instance, really believes that if John Tait wants to, he can dish up a mighty sweet brand of ice hockey, even, for Tiv argues that a man who can climb hills and rush around a ranch the way John Tait does at El Lomond doesn't have to come-back because of the reason that he has never been away.

However, both the Tait boys are pretty nifty in their respective lines of sport and it is doubtful if ever John Tait will so easily be able to outshine them therein.



ABOUT BIG PEOPLE



GEORGE THOMAS

Two months ago George Thomas was known as the Best Seller of Good Shoes all the Mission District of this fair village. His Wear Well Booterie used to be so crowded with pretty girls on Saturday afternoons that George got fat just in kidding them, as the saying is; and he made so much money he kept Jack Birmingham underweight running around Crocker safe deposit vaults looking for cubby holes for George to hide it in. Now George Thomas is a sailor in the United States Navy, and not quite so fat though this picture would seem to indicate that the life of the well known money tar agrees with him. But the money is still coming in, for though George doesn't know where he'll be tomorrow or how far away from there he'll be the day after that he's got a little brother who is determined to be a better kiddier than George himself is, and the pretty girls are still crowding the store. When George returns from over there he ought to be a millionaire, and nobody wishes otherwise.

EDDIE AND WILLIE

The war has weakened every athletic team in the country by the absorption of stars (though athletics are just as strong and as popular, if not more so, than ever they were) but some few stellar lights remain through force of circumstance.

There's Eddie Stout for instance. Eddie has tried to enlist in every branch of Uncle Sam's fighting forces—Army, Navy, Marine Corps and the various branches of all these. And by each and every he has been rejected. Eddie (this ought to be worth a laugh) though he is one of the best distance runners ever developed in California, has flat feet!

Willie O'Callaghan is another long distance star who will be wearing the Winged O for a while yet. Willie is too young for military service, and Frank Foster will use him and Stout as the main props of our track team in the summer.



WAR LETTERS

(Continued from Page 15)

when a colonel (I did not learn his name) came along and noticed the club pin which I wore on my uniform coat. He called me aside and asked me if I was a member. Upon telling him that I was, he asked me if I had blankets enough and was being treated alright. I assured him that I was; he then said: "If you are not treated right over here just let me know." Some encouragement, wasn't it? I wish to thank you again for past favors and hope to see you again when we get through with the Kaiser.

Wishing you and the club prosperity and success, I remain,

Your friend,

STEPHEN HEINRICHS.

183 Aero Squadron,

A. S. S. C.,

Rockwell Field, San Diego.

P. S.: Kindly notify the club of my present address.

* * *

U. S. S. NORTHERN PACIFIC

Friday, March 15th, 1918.

Dear Dick: Have just received THE OLYMPIAN from my mother and it sure felt good to hear all about the doings of the club. Read about the handball tourney and I guess that by now Father Doyle has the championship belt hanging midships. That is real sea going talk which I am slowly coming to use; every now and then I forget that I am a sailor and rave about up and down stairs or the roof, and my shipmates then ride me unmercifully as the crew is composed of about four hundred of which three hundred and fifty are regulars and old timers. Will now give you a few pointers on life in the U. S. N.

In the first place WORK is the word. I put in nineteen to twenty hours per day, but when one considers the cause it is

being done for he regrets that he is unable to do more toward it. Have become used to going without sleep but have become accustomed to sleeping on the deck, in a chair, or any place that one happens to hit for a few minutes. 5:00 a. m. is reveille and "I can't get him up" etc., sounds anything but cheerful. We bum around until 7:00 at which hour we have breakfast; at 7:45 I turn to, am attached to the pay office and work on the commissary end, keeping track of the amount of food that is issued for mess, incoming and outgoing.

This is rather interesting and keeps one thinking anyway. At 12:00 we lay off and put on the bag again; eating is pretty good when you consider that close to 3000 people are being fed, and one always receives enough.

They also have a canteen on board where one can purchase any sweets, etc., that is desired.

Go back to work at 1:00 and keep it up until 5:00 when we have supper. At 7:00 we swing hammocks; have become quite proficient at this. Our hammocks are swung about six feet off deck and one must get a good hold of the beam and swing, landing either in the hammock or on his neck, but after one is in why sleep comes easy as they are very comfortable. At night with two other yeomen I stand communication watch and captain's yeoman; this is divided into three watches starting 4:00 p. m. to 8:30 p. m. one night, next night one takes a later watch from 8:30 p. m. to 1:00 a. m. and the third night from 1:00 a. m. to 5:30 a. m. and so on; this is great especially when one is sleepy. Well, that goes for the routine; have also become an expert at sewing and washing clothes which one does when he is off duty such as between 5:00 and 7:00 in the morning, etc.

We are allowed one bucket of fresh

water per day and one must be on the constant lookout to see that he hangs on to same as salt water is very hard to clean anything in. Officers and crew are a great bunch and we have lots of fun joshing and kidding in the few spare moments that one has to himself.

Have been having all sorts of climate. Left for Seattle where this packet was in dry dock about one month ago; here it was quite cold and in fact several mornings it snowed. From here we went back to Frisco where I was lucky enough to get a few hours of liberty which I spent in getting a swim and with my folks; from here we headed south with the weather continually becoming warmer until we shifted into whites and then to undershirts and pants. Have a great sunburn but some of the crew blistered badly. Made Panama in one week and proceeded right thru the canal. This piece of construction is beyond my vocabulary to describe but without hesitation I will state that it was the greatest sight I have ever witnessed.

It required about seven hours to pass and this is very fast time considering the size of this vessel. We docked at Colon for oil and water but no one was allowed shore liberty. The next morning we hit the Atlantic, or rather the Atlantic hit us, and the old ship sure did start to go thru fancy motions, but up to date I have managed to hold my own, at which I feel quite proud, this being my first ocean voyage; but many fell by the wayside. Our next stop was Norfolk and this is sure a busy place; and in passing up Hampton Roads was a very impressive sight as this is headquarters of the Atlantic fleet and there was quite an array of vessels of all sizes and description. Tomorrow we make New York and I am looking forward to seeing this great metropolis and may challenge some player

of the New York Athletic Club if the opportunity presents itself as I am feeling fit as a fiddle and am in the pink of condition.

Well, old friend, I guess this will be about all, and will let you know all about my first trip around in the near future as from preliminary preparations it sure is going to be some exciting journey.

With best wishes to you and the round table, I remain

Your friend,

INYO A. RUSS.

P. S.: Any news will reach me care Postmaster, N. Y.

THE TIES THAT BIND

(Continued from Page 14.)

reveal the fact that its problem is a problem of a vaster import to all mankind than any such trivial thing as the rights of woman. When a man gets his own rights, then he is in a position to grant the more easily the rights of others. And at present he himself is serving a slavery far more irksome than any ever served by woman. The Bonds of Dress are the Ties That Really Bind—the laws of King Convention that have decreed such things as vests and collars and hats and socks and shirts and neckties and all the other useelss paraphernalia that go with twentieth-century living. These are the shackles that must be broken, these are the wheels that must be turned. And until the emancipation of man in this respect is secured, and secured so firmly that no social revolution, however sweeping it may be, can reestablish the conditions against which all men now cry out, the female of the species and all her aches and pains and woes should be stilled and stifled and sat upon. Let men be given their rights and *then* let women be given theirs.

GRIZZLIES LOSE ONE OF BEST SOLDIERS BY THE DEATH OF OSCAR HERBST

Patriotic Junior Olympian Mourned by Hosts of Friends in The Olympic Club

By J. F. C.

WHEN the war is brought home to us by the news that some friend or acquaintance has fallen in a fierce encounter on European battlefield, while fighting for his country, it is indeed very sad, but when we learn that one of our best friends has met a tragic fate without even having had a chance to get in his lick at the Kaiser for Democracy's sake it is most disheartening and depressing.

So it is that the untimely death of Private Oscar Herbst, Battery B, 144 Field Artillery, the first member of the Grizzlies to succumb, leaves us with a feeling of loss and emptiness. His death was due to internal injuries he received, when, on Saturday, March 2, 1918, while his battery was executing some manoeuvres, his horse slipped on the wet ground and rolled over on him.

He was one of the first to respond to the club's call for men to fill up a complete battery of Olympians. He was with them at their stay at Tanforan, later going south with them to Camp Kearny. He was well liked by the men of the entire battery and they will no doubt miss him as we do. Oscar was a member of Tom Bunyan's championship junior baseball team that came so near administering a defeat to the big team one Sunday morning. He was also a good swimmer having been one of Larry Cavill's most

apt pupils. In fact he was an excellent all-around athlete.

In the words of Tom Bunyan:

"Oscar Herbst was one of the most likable fellows I ever had under my change. He was a true sportsman in every sense of the word. Both on and off the field he was a perfect gentleman and was always in the game with his whole heart and soul. Possessing a very strong character he would have made one of our best citizens. His death comes as a personal blow to me, for he first came under my care as a wee juvenile and since that time I have watched him grow and develop until he matured into a full-fledged man. The pride he took in his membership in THE OLYMPIC CLUB was apparent at all times and he always conducted himself in a manner that reflected honor upon the club."

Funeral services were held at Camp Kearny under military auspices. A delicate compliment was paid to THE OLYMPIC CLUB by the attendance of Commanding General Strong, as this is the first time that a commandant has ever attended the funeral of a private. Among others who attended were Captain Gregory and Captain Peter B. Kyne. From Camp Kearny his body was escorted to San Francisco by a guard from his battery. Respects were paid to his remains at an undertaking parlor in the Richmond District of this city.

GOLF COURSES SHOULD BE WELL TRAPPED

No One Will Ever Learn to Be a Good Golfer Until He Practices the Art of Carrying a Distant Obstacle and Every Course Should be Well Bunkered

By HARRY VARDON in the Golfers Magazine

(Six Times British Open Champion)

PEOPLE have often asked me what type of golf course I regard as the ideal, both as a test for the good player and a training ground for the beginner. There are various kinds that might be called excellent, some hilly and others comparatively flat, some beside the sea and others on the heaths and commons of hinterland; but, as a general principle, I would say that no course would be considered good unless it had hazards to be carried from every tee (except, perhaps, at the holes of 500 yards or more) and well-guarded putting-greens with the flag-pin situated nearer to the bunkers in front of the green than to those behind it.

The latter part of this expression of opinion calls for explanation. Unquestionably it is proper to have bunkers of some form of punishment at the back of the green so that an over-strong shot shall not escape lightly, but I am all for encouraging bold approaching—that is, the banging of the ball right up to the hole instead of the scuttling sort of shot which the player despatches with no very definite idea about it except that he hopes it will pitch and run so far and no farther.

I would have the bunker behind the green about fifteen yards from the hole. Whatever may be the virtues of playing short through the green, when your discretion gets the better of your valor and tells you that if you attempt a carry of the heroic order you will only finish in difficulty, there can be nothing good in playing to stop short of the hole when there is a chance of reaching it. The

adage "Never up, never in" deserves to apply as much to approaching as to putting. Yet on a course where the bunkers in the rear of the green are within seven or eight yards of the hole—as is not infrequently the case—there is encouraged a pawky, ultra-cautious kind of approaching in which the player tries for nothing more than to sneak over the hazard in front and stop short; he is apprehensive all the while of the hazard behind.

That is not true golf. He should have the incentive to hit the ball up to the hole if there is a chance of reaching it, and when he has a little space behind (say, from twelve to eighteen yards) he will attempt it. In the fullness of time, he will learn more and more about the art of putting stop on the ball and will not need so much space, but if you make him excessively cautious at the outset, he will never obtain the confidence that means so much in golf, as in other things.

My reason for suggesting that there ought to be a hazard calling for a carry from nearly every tee is that I think that nobody will ever develop real skill at the game unless he acquires the gift of getting the ball well into the air instead of making it fly low and run. The boom in American golf synchronised with the period when the cross bunker was under a cloud. For some reason which I and the majority of British professionals have never been able to understand, two or three prominent amateurs suddenly decided that a hazard stretching across the

course was an out-of-date, unfair institution. Their idea was, I think, that it all depended on the direction of the wind as to whether the moderate player would get into it from his best shot or carry it.

Whatever their line of reasoning, they moved heaven and earth to discredit it, and to a large extent they succeeded. The belief that the cross bunker had been found out as a wicked imposition spread to America, and it figured in the architecture of very few courses that were then being constructed in the United States. That, doubtless, is why the majority of American courses strike one as being under-bunkered, and why the prevalent shot in the United States is that which has a low trajectory and a long run—the shot which is more perilous than any other in the game.

The cross bunker can now claim to have broken down the wall of prejudice which was consolidated against it. Its right to be regarded as a worthy feature of the golf course has been freely admitted during the last few years, and I hope for the sake of the standard of the play that it will be appreciated in America. The person who endeavors studiously to make his tee shots fly low (he is sure to try it when there is nothing to stop him because such drives travel a little further than those which are hit up in a plain, straightforward manner) never learns to execute his iron shots properly.

In its fundamental principles, the golfer's swing is the same for all strokes. Its length varies from fullness to shortness according to the distance that has to be covered, and the disposition and movement of his feet are governed by the same consideration. But, while he stands in a much more stable way for the mashie shot than for the drive (the feet planted firmly on the ground all the while in-

stead of that rise on to the inside of the left foot which is necessary to accommodate a full swing), his actual method of wielding the club does not vary in a manner of which he is conscious. By that very token is it certain that, if he plays the flat, running tee shot, he will produce the same effect in his iron shots and little pitches, which, as often as not, will run to perdition.

This is the fault which can be cured by the architecture of golf courses and the introduction of the cross bunker. It is very encouraging to receive sometimes from unexpected quarters a tribute to the quality of the shot that flies boldly into the air instead of stealing low over the ground and scooting along the turf at its fall. I remember an engaging conversation after taking part in a match at Houston, Texas, during my last tour in the United States.

On the railway station in the evening, a workingman came up to me with the introduction: "You're Vardon, the golfer, aren't you?" The platform was crowded, and as papers which the people there were reading contained columns about our tour, I thought the simpler way to avoid a fuss would be to say, "No," which I did.

"Oh, yes, you are," he declared emphatically. "As a matter of fact, I watched you play, and I know you, though you're changed out of your short trousers." He was referring to the knickerbockers which I had worn on the links. "Well, all I can say is you were unlucky to be beaten by the record for the course." I had won the match easily, but had taken seventy strokes one worse than a long-standing record for the green. "Real hard luck it was because you hit the ball up in the air every time. I figure that the fellow that beat you had a fluke—and a lot of flukes. One of my friends tells

me that he was knocking the ball along the ground all the while."

It was stimulating to have this praise of the unsophisticated, high-flying shot, although I have often wished that my friend had understood that, having won the match, I was not really beaten because somebody had gone round in a stroke less a year or two previously. However, he was determined to be sympathetic, and as he seemed to know the right sort of shot when he saw it, I could only feel grateful for having met him.

There is a manner of playing which will do very well in one set of circumstances, but which will fail in almost any other. I remember once being on a visit to the private course of an English duke and engaging in nine rounds with a professional who, during recent years, has greatly distinguished himself on occasions when neither wind nor hazards called for special consideration. One of the holes—guarded by a river and a large bunker in front and commanding straightness by virtue of big chestnut trees on either side—called for a carry of fully one hundred and ninety yards. My friend and rival, having been trained on a course where cross hazards were unknown, did not once reach the green with his drive. He could not carry far enough. As an indication of the value of the right kind of practice, it may be remarked that I reached the green with eight of the nine tee shots.

What has become all too obvious is that, in the absence of cross hazards on the course, there is encouraged a manner of playing which is largely a matter of subterfuge. The golfer is easily led into practicing the insidious, long, low, far-running drive. Then, when he has to hit a ball boldly into the air in order to get over an obstacle, he is nonplussed. He simply cannot do it.

It is by the ability to play this latter shot that the possibilities of the promising golfer are to be estimated. And unless he has hazards to carry from the tee, you cannot expect him to develop the methods which are of even greater importance in shorter shots than where the drives are concerned.

My personal fancy is for the diagonal bunker. It is quite true that if you have a hazard stretching across the course at right angles to the line of play, a heavy head wind may result in a really good shot being just trapped. If you have the bunker so close to the tee as to preclude any such inequity as this, it is calculated to be fairly easy to carry under normal circumstances, although I submit that it is still a good point that there should be something to induce you to make the ball rise and to punish a half topped shot which, in the absence of obstacles, will sometimes run almost as far on hard ground as a well hit drive will carry.

But the ideal is the oblique bunker. The short driver will try to get over the part that is nearest to him; the swiper will go for the farther end of it. Or, at any rate, he will be called upon to use his judgment to "bite off as much as he can chew." To incite him to do this, the bunkers guarding the left and right of the green must be so arranged that the tee shot which carries the remoter end of the first hazard will leave the player in a direct line for the pin, whereas the more modest drive which is aimed over the nearer part of the hazard involves the executant in approaching from an angle with possibly some of the putting-green wing bunkers to take into consideration.

This principle of construction is admirably exemplified on the Prince's course at Sandwich, England, which is the finest

links I have ever seen. Where, however, the scheme of the diagonal hazard cannot be put into operation, I would still see to it that the cross bunker exercised its influence on the player's game. No person will ever learn to be a good golfer unless he practices the art of carrying a distant obstacle. To do this, I would recommend the novice to start practicing his driving at a distance from the hazard which he knows he can carry (say, 120 yards), and as he gains confidence, steadily to go back farther and farther until at length he can accomplish the carry which is wanted for successful golf—a matter of 180 or 190 yards. It will pay him to realize that he is trying to do something besides cover ground. It gives one great confidence to be able to carry a distant obstruction and it is important to do so many times during a season.

The advantage of proper cross bunkering is that, except in a most extraordinary gale, some part of the hazard can always be carried, and the man who can carry the farther obtains his due reward. There is need for thought and skill and power and, indeed, all the qualities that made golf so great a game in the time of the gutta-percha ball, and which have been threatened with extinction by the advent of the rubber core.

SETH J. RAYNOR

(Continued from Page 9.)

eighteenth at Lido, which was one of the prize holes of the *Country Life* contest.

The Lido course, by the way, which is what Lakeside will be like eventually cost \$1,350,000. But that is wholly an artificial course. The hills were imported on trains. Even the fairways were not native to the site, and the soil, which is the same as the soil the ocean swept into Lakeside in the course of centuries, was

pumped out from the depths at Long Beach. No wonder the course cost more than a million. And how agreeable to learn that Lakeside may be made equal to the best courses at a cost not to exceed \$25,000, which sum will be repaid at the end of two years if we conclude not to exercise our option.

Mr. Raynor made known to me at the wind-up of our interview by way of summary that we have four short holes ranging 130 to 220 yards; six drive and pitch holes ranging 310 to 375 yards; eight full shot holes ranging 400 to 540 yards. This division of a total of 6,200 yards is what Raynor pronounces an ideal arrangement; especially so, he said, considering that both nines end at the Club House and that there are three different ways of playing the nine holes.

This course as planned by Mr. Raynor would lend itself to the average golfer's playing as well as to the expert's. In its construction he plans to cut out all unnecessary climbing by following the contour of the ground, and also to eliminate all blind holes.

SAN FRANCISCO

By D. E. D.

Twice built, this city by the sea
Makes mock of all calamity;

Twice born, it jesteth with the Fates
As lightly as before those days
When, wrathful of its happy ways,

They hurled the measure of their hates.

O noble city built of men!

Destroyed by Fates in sudden ire,
Undaunted thou didst rise again,
A balm unto our eyes again,

A Queen of fair attire;
Assuming queenly guise again,
To win the laurel prize again,

Mistress of quake and fire.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP DURING MONTH OF FEBRUARY

ACTIVE:

Battelle, H. T., accountant, 827 Pacific Building.

Brunn, Harold, surgeon, Butler Bldg.

Bryan, Lloyd, physician, Butler Bldg.

Chipman, Miner, efficiency engineer, 582 Market St.

Day, Donald W., draftsman, 424 Custom House Bldg.

Dixon, J. E., sales agent, 530 Monadnock Bldg.

Farwell, Frank C., salesman, Mark Lally Co.

Fitzpatrick, W. J., machinery manufacturer, 182 Fifth St.

Gillman, George, bacteriologist, 506 Pacific Bldg.

Gordon, Louis D., mining, 1 Montgomery St.

Handley, H. W., lumber, Fifth and Brannan Sts.

Hilliard, C. J., manufacturer, 19th and Minnesota Sts.

R. J. Kilbey, traffic manager, 60 California St.

Krone, F. W., manufacturer, 920 Merchants Natl. Bank Bldg.

Loupe, Lester G., salesman, 79 Post St.

Milburn, E. W., automobiles, 2050 Van Ness Ave.

Moore, Herbert T., dentist, 391 Sutter Street.

Rucker, H. B., salesman, 677 Mission Street.

NON-RESIDENT:

Straub, Geo. F., surgeon, Honolulu, T. H.

SERVICE:

Adams, Wm. L., Lieut. M. R. C., Letterman Genl. Hospital, Presidio.

Angonnet, C. A., Lieut. (j. g.) U. S. Navy, Goat Island, Cal.

Bacon, R. R., Lieut. 62nd Infantry, Presidio.

Barth, A. C., Ensign U. S. Navy, Goat Island.

Brown, Chas. Wm., Lieut. (j. g.) Naval Reserve, Sheldon Bldg.

Campbell, Stephen, Lieut. M. R. C., Fort Baker, Cal.

Cavero, Salvador M., Consul of Peru, 510 Battery St.

Chamlee, Robt. H., Lieut. Q. M. C. N. A., Fort Mason, Cal.

Commagere Jr., J. A., Lieut. C. A. C., Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

Cunha, Jas. A., Lieut. D. R. C., Camp Fremont, Cal.

Edwards, Jesse C., Lieut. M. R. C., University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

Giles, Clark R., Lieut. Base Hospital No. 30, 1963 Oak St.

Goddard, Malcolm, Lieut. Base Hospital No. 30, University Club.

Markley, C. L., Lieut. 63rd Infantry, Presidio.

McDonald, L. E., Lieut. 63rd Infantry, Presidio.

McLaughlin, Donald H., Lieut. 63rd Infantry, Presidio.

Miller, W. Raymond, Lieut. C. A. C., Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

Padgitt, Ross, Lieut. Ordinance R. C., Monadnock Bldg.

Powell, Gregory S., Lieut. 63rd Infantry, Presidio.

Stockdale, Frank A., Capt. M. R. C., University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

Svaren, Carl, Capt. C. A. C., Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

Tibbetts, John P., Lieut. Naval Reserve, Room 6, Ferry Bldg.

Townsend, Ray W., Ensign Naval Reserve, 1278 34th Ave.

Washburn, Wm. W., Lieut. M. R. C., Base Hospital No. 30, S. F.

Willis, John S., Lieut. Com. U. S. N., 411 Sheldon Bldg.

ATHLETIC:

Wilson, H. R., executive Boy Scouts, Oakland, Cal.

Hyland, Frank W., student, Santa Clara University, Cal.

Ankersmit, H. T., student, Berkeley, California.

Ludwig, Harry, clerk, 520 Haight St.

Burg, Edw. A., bond clerk, 405 Montgomery St.

Fitzpatrick, Jas. P., lawyer, 454 Phelan Building.

Swigaert, Theo. E., petroleum technologist, 343 Sansome St.

Mack, Ross L., 606 Phelan Bldg.

King, Walter, 354 Phelan Bldg.

Abrams, Jas. D., with Shell Oil Co., 343 Sansome St.

King, Bert C., elevator operator, Phelan Building.

Riscol, J. G., electrician, 443 Bush St.

Raab, Frank J., clerk, 1150 Shotwell St.

Newhoff, Fred L., clerk, 314 24th Ave.

Schneider, Sam A., U. S. civil service, Camp Fremont, Cal.

Meyer, Geo. I., marine insurance, 302 California St.

Maurehan, J. E., clerk, 322 Lexington Avenue.

Friedenberg, Mervyn, student, 1939 Broadway.

Smith, Robt. J., salesman, 595 Mission Street.

Curtin, Jas. F., insurance, 971 Mission Street.

Wilson, R. St. C., bookkeeper, 445 Sutter St.

Anfinson, E. N., clerk, Rialto Bldg.

Pyne, David W., clerk, 200 Bush St.

Benn, E. J., bank clerk, 1st Natl. Bank.

Ritchie, P., auto driver, 1031 Greenwich St.

Rawling, Edward, student, 1220 Pine Street.

Courbale, Chas., bank clerk, 400 California St.

O'Callaghan, Thos., clerk, 445 Sutter Street.

Schweitzer, B. G., clerk, 1001 3rd St
Walsh Jr., L. F., salesman, 242 Montgomery St.

Norman, Julius, auto demonstrator, 1701 Van Ness Ave.

Connelley, T. E., salesman, 45 Ecker Street.

Kruger, Fritz, draftsman, 39-A Franklin St.

Tinker, S. D., accountant, 140 New Montgomery St.

Cribbin, Thos. P., clerk, 228 Brannan Street.

Hollister, E. A., student, 792 Elizabeth Street.

Gordon, Walter, riveter, 2408 Howard Street.

Mulligan Jr., E. J., yard clerk S. P. Co., 71 Girard St.

Bailey, Jack, stock clerk, 16 Flood Ave.

Heino, Emil, tailor, 111 New Montgomery St.

Kuhn, J. E., clerk, 440 Post St.

Lalanne, L. J., student, 1061 Washington St.

Durr, De Vere D., 85 Waller St.

Schmidt, H. E., engraver, 830 Market Street.

Bell, Ernest J., salesman, 125 Clay St.

Nathan, Manual J., journalist, The Chronicle.

Holland, John F., clerk, 966 Mills Bldg.

Dunning, James, bank clerk, Federal Reserve Bank.

Hunter, Chas. F., shirt cutter, 729 Mission St.

JUVENILE:

Beatie Jr., Walter C., Sausalito, Cal.

Howard Jr., Chas. S., 2801 Broadway.

Howard, Lindsay C., 2801 Broadway.

Law, Ward, 6 Presidio Terrace.

Potter, Sheldon E., 15 Cherry St.

Stafford, David D., 2178 Pine St.

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Income			\$13,998.98
Dues		\$12,220.74	
Department Operations		1,476.41	
Visitors' Cards		142.00	
Discount		84.68	
Commissions		75.15	
		<u> </u>	
Expense			\$13,892.67
General Club		7,325.67	
House	\$3,992.08		
Engine Room	1,863.42		
Electricity	748.50		
Water	657.62		
Library and Periodicals	64.05		
Administrative and General		3,181.60	
Office Salaries and Expense.....	1,318.80		
Administrative Salaries and Expense....	475.78		
Taxes	471.82		
Miscellaneous	351.85		
Telephone	245.60		
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00		
Insurance	117.75		
	<u> </u>		
Other		3,385.40	
Interest Paid	1,798.67		
Depreciation	925.00		
Athletic Activities	358.58		
Donations and Subscriptions	303.15		
Operating Profit			\$ 106.31
Initiation Fees			2,025.00
Net Profit			<u>\$ 2,131.31</u>

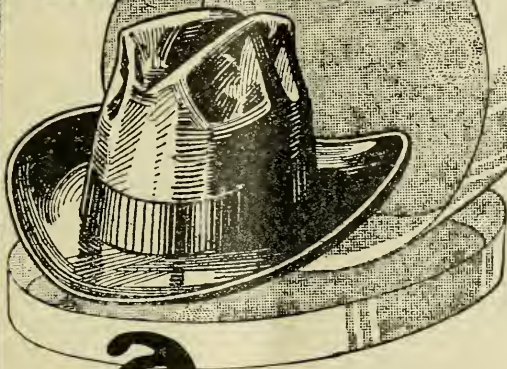
CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

We have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of February, 1918, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement exhibiting a Net Profit for the month of February, 1918, of \$2,131.31 has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

SULLY, HOOD & STRONG,
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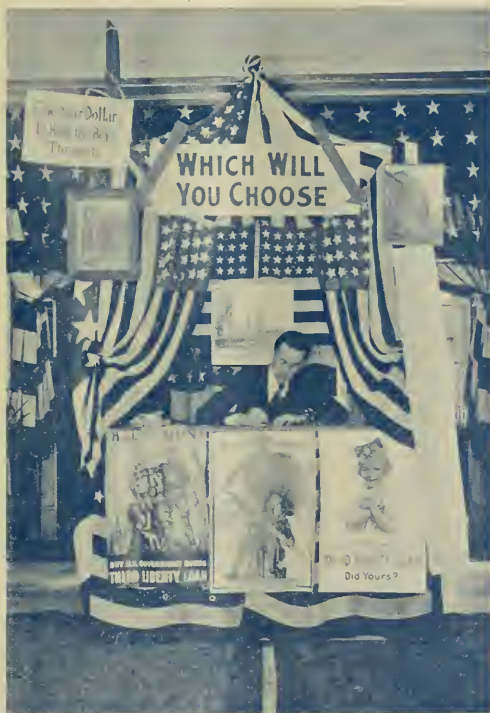
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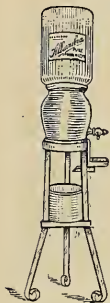
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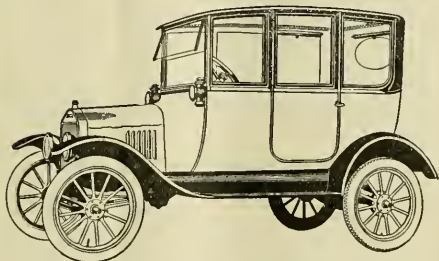
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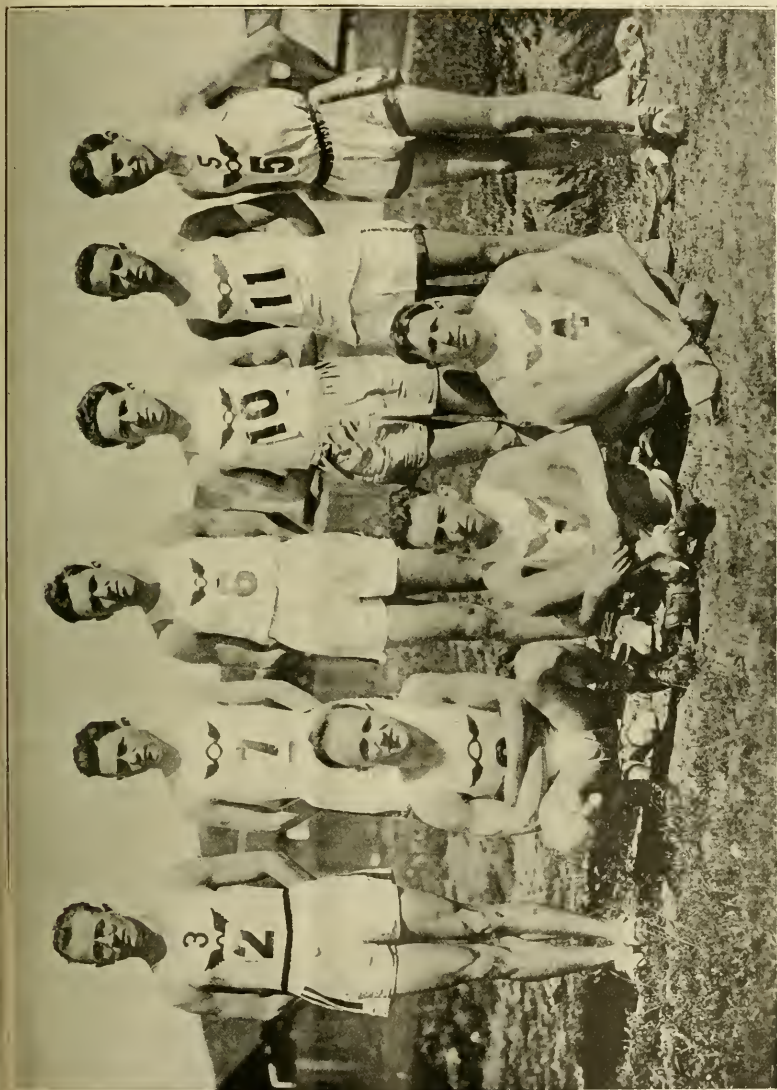
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OLYMPIA'S TRACK TEAM STARTS A WINNER



Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, Thomas Lloyd Lennon.

Associate Editors: Edgar Pomeroy, Soccer; P. C. Gerhardt, Track and Field; A. L. Shannon, Handball; Sven O. Philip, Wrestling; Lincoln Johnson, Swimming; E. Lastreto, Fencing; M. L. Jenne, Bowling; Dr. O. B. Burns, Billiards; Louis McLane, Juniors and Juveniles; W. R. Larzelere, Baseball; A. Kemp, Basketball; Dr. Rumwell, Medical Department.

Vol. VI

APRIL, 1918

No. 64

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefer, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

Great will be the expansion of THE OLYMPIC CLUB in the near future; so great there will be nothing like it in all the country, nothing like it, indeed, anywhere.

Our Lakeside Annex We are not making a prediction for the mere pleasure of enthusing on what we regard as the immediate destiny of our club. Nor are we thrilling ourselves with a beautiful day-dream. We are looking into the seeds of time without the magnifying aid of a glass, for what is visible is so near at hand that all who run may closely inspect. For a long time we have been talking of enlarging the club, enlarging its home, enlarging its objects and activities and inevitably increasing its membership. In this connection we have considered architectural plans and specifications and we have visited grounds and strolled over inviting landscapes in near-by counties, all with the intent and purpose of providing space and equipment

for athletes and for athletic games and of obtaining sites for modest country homes. We have debated and enthused over divers alluring projects but many of us were never quite satisfied; never until the Lakeside proposition was considered and accepted. Here is the finest proposition ever submitted. Such is the testimony of all who have gone to Lakeside to view the lands and club house that we purpose possessing. In the general opinion of members who have visited Lakeside here is the ideal annex,—an outside ground or park that may serve many purposes and fill every void that an Olympian may imagine. Primarily a golf links, Lakeside is much more than that. It is in a sense the ideal site of a country club, but where is the country club that boasts of such a variety of physical features adaptable to the tastes of so many individuals? The lake for boating may not be unique. Artificial lakes are not impossible in broad acres, but the ocean itself is a feature of Lakeside and there is a nice sheltered cove within sound of the murmuring and the thundering waves where cosy houses may be built. There is also space to be utilized for trap-shooting and space for handball courts and for lovers of all kinds of outdoor athletics. We waited a long time to get what we wanted and now we have it and it is within easy distance of our Post street home—fifteen minutes by automobile and not much longer by street car. Of course applications for membership will come rolling in, and naturally the directors will raise the initiation fee. So the slight additional cost of the acquisition will be easily borne by the club. And as a consequence of this new enterprise the enlargement of our Post street home will necessarily be a matter of the near future.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB passed its allotted quota of \$100,000 on Thursday, April 18.

The Liberty Loan Goes Over Mark On Saturday, April 20, the total was \$114,450, with many days to go. This record was made possible by one of the breeziest campaigns the club ever conducted. It is not necessary to enter into the details now. The results speak for themselves. It may be said merely that all officials and the individual members put heart and soul in the campaign and exercised their ingenuity in stirring up the liveliest sort of interest. The booth in the lobby, with its wisp of broken barb wire and its many flags, was a great help. President Humphrey made many stirring addresses in the dining room and his talk on Ladies' night brought practical responses. The final total promised to go far beyond the mark reached April 20, for the clubmen by no means were content to quit when the quota had been passed.

It's good to hear occasionally from our friend and fellow-Olympian, Major-General Leonard Wood. It was good to hear from him when, ahead of the whole army, he was preaching preparedness; it is good to hear from him now that we are in the campaign for the third Liberty Loan. General Wood is a man of candor and common sense who recognizes the prowess of the enemy and earnestly desires us to cherish no illusions regarding the size of the job before us. On the eve of the anniversary of our entering the war he delivered an address in New York during the course of which he said:

"This is a war against efficiency, a degree of efficiency such as the world has never before witnessed. Do not under-

estimate the strength of the enemy you are sending your men against. He is skilled in war, trained in arms, wonderfully well led and also brave and enduring."

General Wood is given neither to pessimism nor braggadocia. Neither does he blink at the facts.

"The responsibility will be great but we are equal to it," said General Wood.

"We must give all that we have, and every man, woman and child must do his or her best. This is a war that is going to test all that is in us. But we can stand the test and we can win the war." Continuing General Wood informed his audience that the German people were not exhausted or on the point of defeat. "They have an army," he said, "well fed, confident and well equipped." Moreover: "They are brave, enduring and wonderfully well led." All the more reason when you come to think it over why THE OLYMPIC CLUB should be putting forth its utmost efforts to pile up the money in Washington that is needed not only to feed our soldiers and keep them supplied with ammunition but also to shake the morale of the enemy. The country has called for three billions of dollars and it will get every cent that it wants. The Treasury is not going to be let run dry of war funds at a time when our soldiers are being battered over the blood-soaked hills and valleys of northern France. The response to our country's call has been quick and country-wide and the club of the winged O has been in the van of clubdom as usual giving the always desirable object lesson of patriotism. At this time we are not talking of these Liberty bonds as an investment pure and simple. We have been talking of the loan only as a national need which must be satisfied and a public duty which must be performed by every loyal American with the same earnestness and

enthusiasm with which every stout-hearted youth shoulders the rifle. It is all part of the business in hand, the business of putting down and out the mad brute who is trampling down civilization. With our soldiers going over the seas to shed their blood, for us that remain there is fortunately one thing to do, and that thing we may do with all our heart.

The opening of the spring athletic season finds Olympia the home of conquerors just as in years past. This is

War quite as it should be. What
and is spring without the sight of
Athletics the athlete in his scanty garb?

On the track, victories already have been won. So in baseball, and the outlook is rosy. The tennis enthusiasts are predicting a successful year and a lot could be said of the way the golfers are getting in trim by practicing in the squash handball court, where an indoor "rig" has

been set up for the hefty drivers to try out their steam. It is true that the war every week is taking more of the stars, but the gaps are being filled as well as can be and the teams and coaches do not permit themselves to be discouraged. They are glad that they have the sort of men that Uncle Sam wants. It seems to us a mistake even to think of giving up athletics because of the war. Athletics have developed many of the sturdiest fighters that have been sent forth by this country and those who are left behind should keep themselves in shape, the old combative spirit up and going. They'll make the better warriors later on. The proof of the part that athletes are playing in the war is shown by the host of those who have gone from THE OLYMPIC CLUB. The season is opening auspiciously for the "Winged O" color bearers who are still at home and they should be encouraged to the good work.

"AU REVOIR" TO ANOTHER CHAMP.

Ollie Snediger Latest Olympian Star to Depart.

AFTER 12 years of record smashing, Ollie Snediger has decided to quit throwing javelins, discuses and the like and try his hand "Over There." He started out the spring plowing up the turf with his weights just as he has been doing these many years and showed the same form that won him the title of all-coast champion at Fresno in 1914.

Like many another Olympian, however, he found the call to service strong, and arranged to leave about May 1, his destination France. Ollie will go as a sort of athletic instructor for the Y. M. C. A.

In the meet with California Varsity March 30, Snediger was first in the discus and javelin throws; second in the broad jump and third in the shot put.

He also was in trim against the Stanford Cardinals the following Saturday,

capturing the broad jump and discus events and finishing second in the shot put and hammer throw.

So it's not because his athletic prowess is waning, that Snediger has decided to shift his attention from javelins to Huns.



OLLIE SNEDIGER.

SAN PEDRO IS A PLACE

By T. L. L.

(NOTE: *Thomas Lloyd Lennon, who used to put the Olympian together every month, is now at San Pedro training for a try at a commission in the Naval Reserve. He was stationed here in the Cable Censor's office, where he worked as a land sailor for five months, but the monotony of office work caused him to secure a transfer to the southern camp. What he has to say of San Pedro may be of interest to Olympians.*)

I CAME to San Pedro by water. The Admiral Dewey, twenty years old if the ship's bell tells the truth, rode the roll of the Pacific for thirty hours and,—except for the constant nagging of the following sea-gulls, which are wicked little birdies,—we made the trip without mishap.

A beautiful woman who was going south (long before I met her) afforded me the pleasure of her company. She suffered from insomnia and a too-kind heart. Now if Charity really does begin at home I must oppose my humble self to the cynics and assert that it doesn't always end there. For this quiet intriguing *fille de joie* was charitable enough to shame a regiment of Turks. It may have been that because of my sailor suit she thought I was a sailor; but after all the motive makes no difference and the point is I reached Pedro in a delightful ennui.

Now let me say that Pedro is a Place. It is unlike any camp military or otherwise I have ever visited or read about. There is an atmosphere of satisfaction surrounding Pedro; its air is the air of contentment. Literally, its climate is a marvelous mixture of sunshine and sea-breeze, in which it is difficult not to be happy as well as healthy.

I have been here only two days and yet from even the very little I have seen I am emboldened to venture there is no training station in this country or out of it that is more ideally located or where the men are more decently treated and comfortably quartered.

I found Niel Kelley on duty in the mess-room. He was skillfully peeling a potato. "How do you like it?" I bromided.

"It is a great life," replied Niel, "providing you weaken. As you see I am now a spud-barber, first class. After a suitable time, for the Navy is very methodical, I may be given an examination and made an oculist. Then I can take the eyes out of the spuds. Join the Navy and learn a trade."

Niel has been here sixteen days. His head is still waiting for his hair to return (they sent it far away with electric clippers) and he looks more sea-going than Steve Norton, who has been here longer than Niel and is now a bosun's mate.

Niel has made a name for himself from a military viewpoint. When his company steps forth to drill, as companies *sometimes* do, Niel is the first petty officer, the file-closer, the lad who keeps 'em in step and shouts "Hep! Hep! Hep!" at the marchers!

This is really a desirable position, on parade days an important one, and Niel explains his appointment with a modesty that is quite characteristic.

"I have found," he declares, "that in the Navy Merit is quickly perceived. Hard work never goes unrewarded here. Eventually I will be made a Janitor's mate in charge of the garbage cans, and I shall then have my evenings as well as my mornings and afternoons to myself. Join the Navy and see the world."

(Continued on Page 24)

LADIES NIGHT IN GYM BIGGER SUCCESS THAN EVER

By JOHN F. CONNOLLY

WEDNESDAY Night, April 10, the gymnasium was the scene of one of the most interesting and entertaining exhibitions offered to the members and their lady friends for some time. A large and enthusiastic assemblage was there and the performers, ranging from the tiny midgets to the indefatigable professor himself, kept the audience alternately breathless and amused. Professor Robert Leando always has displayed the happy faculty of getting his exhibitions perfectly balanced. but on this occasion he outdid himself.

The show opened with some rapid-fire forward somersaults from the leaping board, in which Professor Leando demonstrated to the satisfaction of everyone that he is not half as old as some people think he is. The side horse was then run through his paces by a group of Bob's cleverest midgets. The McGibbon boys, Bob McGettigan, D. Drake, G. Linares and John Bunyan displayed particular ability in the exercises on this piece of apparatus.

Walter King, Jr.—displacement about seventy pounds—attired in a regular naval uniform favored the audience with some original ideas, in song, relative to the Kaiser's fate in the very near future, after which the juvenile class gave an exhibition of club swinging. The feats on the parallel bars were especially good, the gymnasts going through their exercises with great snap and agility. Clarence Head followed with some unusual balancing stunts.

Then suddenly, from somewhere, came Professor Leonard leading, what at first glance appeared to be several pair of boxing gloves on a leash. Closer inspection, however, revealed that these boxing gloves were tightly clasped by a flock of the most diminutive boxers in the world.

Their important air of dignity was not at all commensurate with their size, however. The bouts which followed were highly amusing and not a little real skill was in evidence. The young "pugs" would lead off with their lefts, holding their rights in readiness for the opportune moment to bring over a "haymaker" and their surprising familiarity with jabs, hooks and the science of blocking was really surprising. These little fellows were very popular with the ladies and their thrilling slugging rallies brought oldtime fighters and fight fans to their feet, yelling wildly more than once. The best bout was that of Speck Lisle and Bob McGibbon, who literally slammed each other all over the ring. The Leando boys put up a good exhibition as did Frank Carroll and Bob Sewell, and Ryder Hanify and J. Hurst. The stage was then given over to the adults, the gymnasts performing some mysteries on the Roman rings. Incidentally Messrs. Miller, Illing, Sutcliffe, and HERNIC exhibited some unusual muscular development.

President William F. Humphrey then spoke on the Liberty Loan campaign. He expressed his conviction that the Liberty Loan would be oversubscribed, but added that only through everyone giving his utmost, unstintingly, could it be made certain. More important than the actual money itself, he said, was the sentiment back of the issue. "We must show the boys that we are behind them and are doing our all to help them win," he said. He then spoke of THE OLYMPIC CLUB's part in the campaign and of the \$100,000 mark set. "Every Olympian ought to buy a bond," he declared, "even if it is only a \$50 one, and of course ought to buy it through the club that our record may be

made as enviable as possible." The president was interrupted several times by outbursts of applause which fairly rocked the spacious gymnasium.

Then Willie Kidd Nelson topped off the sentiment with his high C's in "What are you doing for the boys?" The Sweet Singer of Olympia was in perfect accord with the occasion and was encored again and again.

After a lightning exhibition of double tumbling by Maurice Bunyan and Wm. Doyle came the event of the evening. Count Itche Scratche (Otto Wallfisch) essayed to demonstrate, with the assistance of his pupil, Prince Eta Bowla Hashi, how the best known Ju Jitsu holds are executed by members of the Japanese nobility. The prince's very appearance set the house in an uproar of spontaneous laughter and when the instructor, suddenly and unceremoniously hurled the Prince over his head by way of demonstration the crowd's mer-

rimint knew no bounds. The strangle hold came next and no skilled physiognomist was required to tell that Prince Eta wasn't enjoying the show one bit. Otto, the ferocious, further initiated Prince Eta into the science of Ju Jitsuism by upsetting his comfortable person with a few mysterious wrist holds.

At this point Prince Eta Bowla Hashi thought that he was far enough advanced to try some tricks of his own invention. Accordingly without making known his intention, he disturbed the Count's "center of gravity" with his foot, much to Otto's surprise and displeasure. This little breach of etiquette put an end to the lesson and teacher and pupil then engaged in a Ju Jitsu "do as you please" contest. Who the victor was has not as yet been ascertained, but it is authoratively stated that at the end the Prince was seen chasing the Count off the mat with a hatchet.

Audrey Moore, a twelve-year-old Juvenile, followed with a bridging feat, in which he supported without the least difficulty a man weighing 150 pounds. He also went through some difficult neck contortions. Professor Williams staged an exhibition wrestling match with John Maurus and a selection from the Olympic Orchestra concluded the program. Incidentally this newest addition to the club, the Olympic Orchestra, bids fair to be one of the most popular attractions. Mr. Paul Fay is responsible for the idea and its popularity is a fitting testimonial to Mr. Fay's thoughtfulness.

No one who witnessed the affair can fail to have been impressed with the proficiency of the Juvenile nor with what wonders Professors Leando, Leonard and Williams are accomplishing in the development of these young sons of Olympia. It certainly augurs well for the club athletic future.



(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

CATCH AS CATCH CAN'T ON LADIES' NIGHT

Count Itche Scratche (Otto Wallfisch) and Prince Eta Bowla Hashi (Harry McKenzie) go the limit.

OUR TENNIS POSSIBILITIES

By NELSON G. WELBURN

THROUGHOUT the nation the uncompromising hand of war has reached forth and left its depleted marks on the athletic ranks of the country. Every athletic element has been visibly effected by this call to arms for God and Humanity! Strenuous effort to refill the gaps is proving a task beyond the ability of any one man.

In the field, in the ring, on the mat and court, younger and undeveloped talent is struggling for recognition and fame. The process of development is slow, uncertain and gives not much hope for startling revelations. Time is the only factor to be reckoned with. Until it has had its play, we must withhold all comment and hope.

A victim of the foregoing conditions, THE OLYMPIC CLUB today finds itself apparently unable to swing a formidable tennis team into the third annual interclub competition which got under way on Sunday, April 21. The life of that hope was snuffed out when "Bill" Johnston, formerly national champion, "Peck" Griffin, Clyde Curley, John Strachan, William Marcus, Leon Strauss, Fred Pritchard, and Nelson G. Welburn responded to the call of their country. The present situation finds the club talent not sufficiently strong numerically to dent the progress of their worthy adversaries. Strong in spirit, capable in ability and execution are those on hand, but sadly lacking in number, making therefore efforts that are nil.

A survey of the club talent at present shows a flicker of hope in the players of Roland Roberts, Elmer Griffin and Frank Isaacs. But, at that, its only a flicker. A flicker due to the fact that it is physically impossible for these three Olympians to perform what is required of six. A com-

parison of the court ability represented in the competing teams stamps futile any effort made at this time by THE OLYMPIC CLUB to try to duplicate its brilliant court success of last year. That trick was accomplished by one of the strongest formations that has ever pranced over the local courts in actual competition. The club's participation this year really could only result in the retention of its identity as a tennis element. At that, it would require six capable players. Three we have, but where the others are to be found is a problem that begs solution.

At the present time of writing the situation indicates that the final teams combating for the much coveted prize will be the Golden Gate Club and the Oakland Tennis Club. Both clubs are presenting seasoned veterans. In the former club the players are under the draft age while the latter club finds its players over the draft age. THE OLYMPIC CLUB suffered because its players qualified for the draft.

In a resume it may be incontrovertably stated that the competition this year will never match in brilliancy or competition that of last year. The Olympians scored one of the greatest court victories last year when they brought home the bacon after weeks of brilliant competition. Now today they are being called upon to duplicate that victory, and in desperation are counting noses in the hope that sufficient talent can be mustered from within the folds to reflect credit upon them and the organization which they are proud to represent.

W. S. S. HABIT—THE CLUB HAS IT!

By W. H. G.

MR. W. S. S.—that new war initial which has taken abode with all loyal American citizens—sauntered into THE OLYMPIC CLUB a few weeks ago, searched out the best seats in reading, library and card rooms and enunciated quite brazenly:

"Buy me!"

Olympians received the visitor with the greatest politeness and as he bore insignia of the United States government, they scarcely needed an introduction. They bought him—many of him.

In less than a month, it was announced that more than \$3,000 in War Savings Stamps had been sold by the club. This is a showing that any similar organization in the country will have to extend itself a lot to beat.

The record is more striking, too, when it is taken into consideration that there was no organized campaign. At first, not even a banner in the club rooms proclaimed the fact that stamps were for sale. But still the procession came to the cashier's wicket and the clubmen went away with the stamps and a happy feeling.

By word of mouth, the news was spread. One or two of the members started it. "Buy a stamp," they told their fellow clubmen, almost as casually as they might have said "Nice day," under other circumstances.

Sometimes, the remark was accompanied by a pamphlet.

A. O. Harwood is given the highest credit by the club for his untiring efforts.

Olympians might buy thrift stamps—yes. But the clubmen, it was decided, could afford more than that, so only the war savings stamps were laid in stock. As a result, the sales soon mounted to \$600 to \$800 a week.

When the "Liberty Bond Trench Hut,"

decked in flags, appeared in the club lobby and the red, white and blue light globes along the building's front made of that part of Post street a "Liberty Causeway"—all heralding the start of the third Liberty Loan campaign—the W. S. S. habit was well established among Olympians, and the total promises to grow much larger as the weeks go on.

In the dining room and everywhere else throughout the club, the slogan "Save!" has found a ready response. Wheat products have been tabooed for some time. And the Olympians are buying W. S. S. in a way that shows they like it.

"Save" is a slogan that has taken hold. Ante-bellum days, it was principally a topic for fireside whisperings or mutterings that accompanied a headache or a moral lesson for that growing boy of yours.

Saving was your own business—no-body else's. With San Francisco's manifold entertainments, you probably thought your money well spent, your reward sufficient. At any rate, saving wasn't a topic for your club, nor for gatherings with your friends.

There's come a change. Saving is a legitimate theme anywhere today. And there's a mighty big reason back of the change, Olympians point out. For now, you are saving not just for yourself and your immediate dependents, but for all the country.

Saving is patriotism. When it comes to practical demonstrations of patriotism, the Olympic clan has been in the forefront.

Saving in this case does not mean hoarding. Far from it. War Savings Stamps have taken hold for this reason, the club members say.

It's one of the habits that isn't to be broken very soon.

TRACK TEAM OFF TO A GOOD START

Eddie Stout Rambles a Bit and Olympians Know the Answer.

By W. H. G.

SPRING in the track men's shoes—and in Ollie Snediger's biceps!

Enough of the heroes of other years have been left to Olympia that the track team has started off the season winning. The showing so far made promises well for the meets of the spring and summer, and though the war is taking more men every day, there remain enough athletes to give any opposition a hard run.

The record of the first meets of spring is shot through with the showing of Eddie Stout. Like Ollie Snediger, Eddie is a perennial. He has the first place habit. Doesn't make a whiffet of difference how many races Eddie may start in an afternoon, he just has to show his heels to the other fellows.

The first tournament of spring found the O. C. athletes pitted against their ancient rivals, California varsity. Mournful is the tale—for California. The hopes of the university men were shattered to the tune of $98\frac{1}{2}$ to $36\frac{1}{2}$. It was a jubilee event for THE OLYMPIC CLUB.

The initial meet was March 30. The following Saturday saw one of the prettiest contests track enthusiasts could desire. Stanford varsity furnished the opposition and the lads from Palo Alto have a bunch of athletes this year who can shape up with the best. When the meet closed for the day, the Cardinals headed the Olympics by two points, 64 to 62. And the final decision rested on the javelin throw, which it was announced would be held later.

Eddie Stout did things in those two weeks that seem little short of miraculous. In the team debut March 30 against the California varsity, he won the half, the mile and the two miles. His time for the

half was 2:03 3-5; for the mile 4:35, and for the two miles—the time unfortunately seems to be lost. Maybe the timekeepers weren't able to keep up with Eddie's speed.

Eddie was also on deck the following Saturday against Stanford. He captured the mile and the half mile, his time for the mile being 4:34 1-5—4-5 of a second less than that of the preceding week, and in the half he lopped off a couple of seconds, making the 880 in 2:01 1-5.

Just to show how trifling were such jaunts about the oval, Stout stepped out the following day and won the annual Pacific Association cross-country. His time was 43 minutes and 32 seconds and the distance was about six miles.

Ollie Snediger starred, too, just as he has done for the last 12 years, and O. C. mourns the loss of this athlete who leaves for "over there" May 1.

Here are the results for the first spring meets and the cross-country:

March 30—Olympic $98\frac{1}{2}$; Cal. Varsity $36\frac{1}{2}$

120 high hurdles—Won by Pyne (O); second, Odell (C); third, Bassett (O). Time, 0:17.

440 yards—Won by Moody (C); second, Hayward (O); third, Walters (C). Time, 0:15 4-5.

One mile run—Won by Stout; second, Haskell; third, Fuller. Time, 4:35.

100 yards—Won by Melville (O); second, Pyne (O); third, Johnston (C). Time, 0:10 2-5.

220 yards—Won by Melville (O); second, Pyne (O); third, Johnston (C). Time, $\$$:22 1-5.

Two miles—Won by Stout (O); second, Ludwig (O); third, Coles.

220 low hurdles—Won by Hartley (O); second, Packard (C); third, Bassett (O). Time, 0:26 2-5.

880 yards—Won by Stout (O); second,

Moody (C); third, Raisner (C). Time, 2:03 3-5.

Hammer throw—Won by McEachren (O); second, Lambert (C); third, Bihlman (O). Distance, 147 ft. 11 in.

High jump—Won by Templeton (O); second, Sahlender (O); third, Don (O) and Frandy (C) tied. Height, 5 ft. 11½ in.

Pole vault—Won by Stafford (C); second, Gram and Irving, both (C). Height, 10 ft. 9 in.

Field Events

Shot put—Won by Bihlman (O); second, Dooling (O); third, Snediger (O). Distance, 43 ft. 3½ in.

Broad jump—Won by Templeton (O); second, Snediger (O); third, Meredith (C). Distance, 22 ft. ½ in.

Discus—Won by Snediger (O); second, Jacobs (O); third, Peterson (C). Distance, 116 ft. 6¼ in.

Javelin throw—Won by Snediger (O); second, Dooling (O); third, Bacon (O). Distance, 166 ft. 7 in.

April 6—Meet against Stanford

Score—Stanford 64; Olympic Club 62

Without the Javelin Throw

Mile—Won by Stout (O); Colgalzier (S), second; Wilson (S), third. Time, 4:34 1-5.

Hundred-yard dash—Won by Melville (O); Dinkelspiel (S), second; B. Davis (S), third. Time, 0:10 3-5.

High hurdles—Won by E. Davis (S); Hartley (O), second; Bassett (O), third. Time, :16 4-5.

440 yards—Won by Maynard (S); McCloskey (S), second; Mudoon (O), third. Time, :52.

220-yard low hurdles—Won by E. Davis (S); Bassett (O), second; Glikbarg (S), third. Time, :26.

Two miles—Won by Chapman (S); Ludwig (O), second; Samis (S), third. Time, 9:47 4-5. This set a new record for Stanford and California.

220-yard dash—Won by Dinkelspiel (S); Melville (O), second; Maynard (S), third. Time, :22 3-5.

High jump—Deaver and Heath, both Stan-

ford, tie for first; Son (O), third. Height, 6 feet.

Pole vault—Won by Hutchinson (O); E. Davis (S), second; Winham (S), third. Height, 11 feet 6 inches.

Hammer throw—Won by McFachern (O); Custis (S), second; Snediger (O), third. Distance, 145 feet.

880—Won by Stout (O); Teitsworth (S), second; Horn (S), third. Time, 2 minutes 1 1-15 seconds.

Shot put—Won by Bihlman (O); Dooling (O), second; Snediger (O), third. Distance, 44 feet 11 4-10 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Snediger (O); Lyon (S), second; Newhoff (O), third. Distance, 21 feet 11 inches.

Discus—Won by Snediger (O); Wood (S), second; Dooling (O), third. Distance, 116 feet 7 inches.

Annual P. P. A. Cross-Country

The annual cross-country run of the Pacific Association was held over a new course, which made a favorable impression on the contestants. Through Visitation Valley, over the hills back to Raymond and San Bruno avenues, the runners sped their way. The distance is about six miles. Stout was a handy winner. His time was 43 minutes and 32 seconds. All but one runner finished.

The runners as they finished and their time follow:

Eddie Stout (O. C.)	43:32
A. Pertosa (Un)	43:47
Jim Fuller (O. C.)	44:22
A. Washauer (O. C.)	44:35
M. Roche (Un)	44:37
Sam Millard (Un)	44:42
A. Miller (V. V. A. C.)	45:32
H. O'Neil (O. C.)	45:32 2-5
A. Ahern (O. C.)	47:31 4-5
H. Ludwig (O. C.)	47:54 3-5
J. Woodside (O. C.)	48:45
D. McCauley (O. C.)	50:27
J. Lobig (O. C.)	50:32 2-5
H. Anderes (Un)	50:41
A. Lamourgux (Un)	51:55
W. Haazing (Un)	52:47

OLYMPIA DIN

By

ON Monday, April 8, Olympia wined and dined her Olympic handballers, that is; those who took first, second and third places, in the four classes.

To them, she was host, and besides winning and dining them, she entertained them; and several of Olympia's favorites sang for the much-feted handball champions.

Judge T. I. Fitzpatrick assumed the role of toastmaster pro tem. Willie Kidd Nelson, the little golden-voiced song bird, sang several songs of the serio-comic variety, which are very appropriate at this time. At the conclusion of one of the "Kid's" songs, the cheering lasted several minutes.

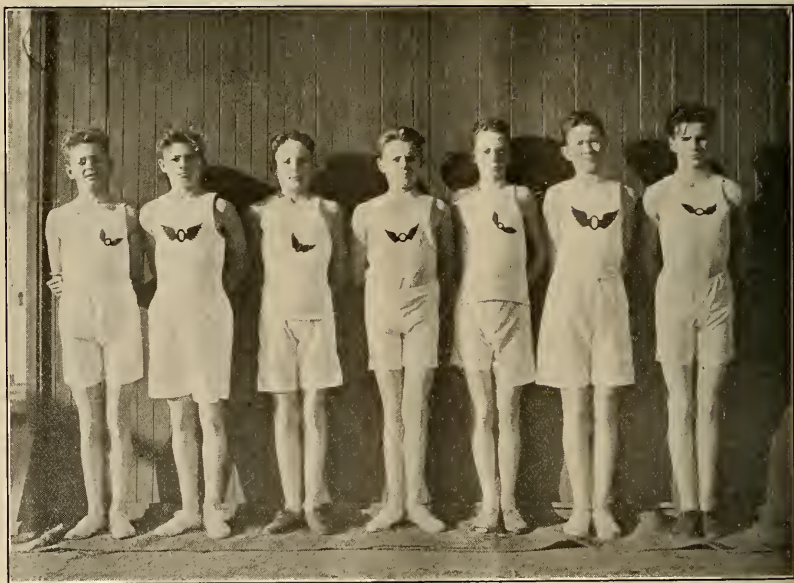
It was only after "our own" little Wil-

lie had inhaled his little menthol "cigar" that he consented to return and sing one of the latest songs, about the Liberty drive.

George James, of Dipsea and Pullman palace car fame, blushing remarked, in the course of the spacious repast, the number of fair San Franciscans whom he had become acquainted with since he undertook to conduct a Dipsea trail for girls exclusively for the San Francisco Call.

When pressed for further information George was non-committal. This was the incentive for a bombardment of questions from "among those present."

One of the notables at the dinner was A. A. Doyle, the champion of champions



INTERMEDIATES—A BUNCH

From left to right, the boys in this picture are J. Wyman, B. Johnston, D. Graham, J. Von Ahnden, F. King, W. Welch, J. McWilliams.

OLYMPIANS

ON

Among THE OLYMPIC CLUB handball players.

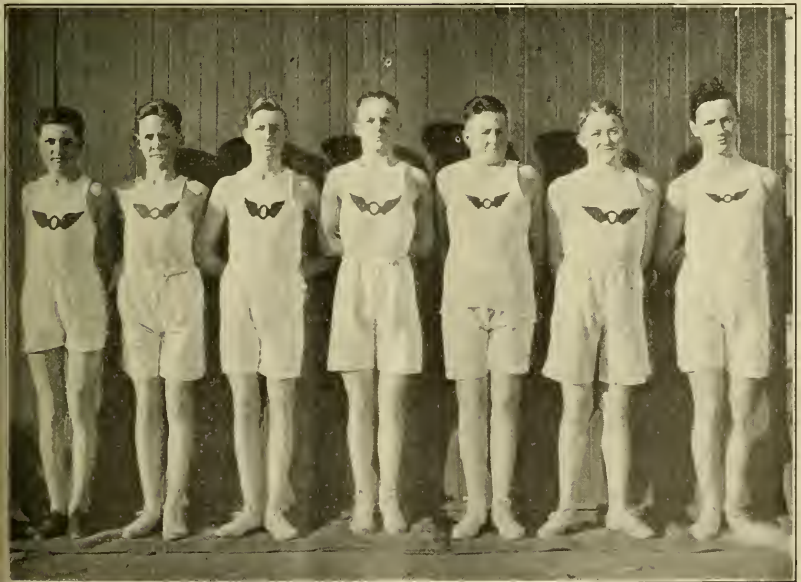
"Mr. Doyle, throughout the dinner kept a watchful eye on a newspaperman, whom he had reason to believe was likely to "report" too much. His fears were unfounded, and later on, he became more communicative, and before the "hostilities" ceased was one of the jolliest of guests at the banquet.

Brief addresses were made by William ("Fat") Larue, A. A. Doyle, Nat Messer, and briefer ones by W. R. Larzelere, George James and Willie Kidd Nelson.

The Olympic orchestra, which requested that it be termed a "jazz" orchestra, ren-

dered a number of "jazzy" elections, under the direction of Walter King.

Among those present were: Al Joseph, S. Domeniconi, Andrew J. Gallagher, Judge T. I. Fitzpatrick, A. Pinther, A. S. Goggin, H. L. Clapp, William Medina, William L. Larue, Otto Wallfisch, Willie Kidd Nelson, Stephen Guerin, George Stonewall James, Preston M. Steger, Johnny Cournale, Harry Ludwig, Roland Roberts, Hugo Poheim, John L. A. Jaunet, W. R. Larzelere, George Bond, Joseph A. Watts, J. D. Mahoney, James A. Snook, D. S. Macauley, Dr. Vincent Brown, Nat T. Messer, A. A. Doyle, Walter King and Frank P. Noon.



YOUNG TRAINED ATHLETES.

From left to right, P. Bancroft, K. Emery, R. Murray, G. Evers, E. Collett, McClure Kelly, S. Leland.

A WELL DESERVED TRIBUTE

HUGO G. Poheim, an honored member of THE OLYMPIC CLUB, earned for himself the lasting gratitude of Olympian fans and ball players by gathering and managing a bunch of players last summer who called themselves a league, doing business at Ewing Field on Sunday mornings.

During the Christmas holidays the boys showed their appreciation for all the favors Hugo had showed them as their coaching manager, by giving him a surprise banquet at a down town restaurant attended by more than two score Olympians, who presented him with an Olympic Club emblem studded with diamonds, as a lasting proof of his uniform patience and enthusiasm in bringing out youngsters and skill, judgment and business ability in coaching and managing the affairs of the league.

The presentation speech was a rare oratorical gem, which through the modesty of speaker and recipient and the absence of a stenographer was lost to fame, but its influence penetrated to the Board of Directors of the club, who three days later elected him Base Ball Commissioner.

This office became vacant when Bart Burke stepped to the front at the call of his country, and is now fighting somewhere in France, with the United States Engineers.

Mr. Poheim at once assumed his duties and organized THE OLYMPIC CLUB nine, which is the finest aggregation of ball players on the coast, with every prospect of establishing a record worthy of the best traditions of the club. It is well known that scouts are now after two or three of the team to sign up as Major League players.

WHAT THE ARMY HAS DONE FOR NORMAN ROSS

By LINCOLN JOHNSON

IT has given him, up to date and the battle is not yet over, eight new records, varying from those of tank-town size to World's records.

As Tom Bunyan quite seasonably remarked, "By Yiminy, the young faller he bane ay fine swimmer."

When Ross was graduated from the Berkeley aeronautic school it was whispered around that his chances of swimming and breaking records would be curbed during the war, not only because he would have to buckle down and become the captain of a "ship" but mainly because that portion of Texas to which he was going was as dry as the top of a red hot stove

and consequently water was a nonentity.

But Norman fooled 'em a bit! He wasn't in Texas long enough to lose his stroke or to get out of condition and as a result when he hit the water in Chicago the memorable night of April 4th he went through it like sand through a tin horn. Probably the etiquette of his Chicago hosts was such that they desisted from making his stay unpleasant by allowing him to win and to make records, inasmuch as we did the same for McGilivray when he was out here last year to compete in the 50 yard national.

My candid opinion is that Norman had his speed bennies on. That is all there is

to it. When Norman feels like rooting a record out of place that record is going to go. Before the digression, we were orating on what he did when he hit the water the first night in a special race for 300 yards.

So far as the meager telegraphic reports go our veteran friend, Perry McGilivray, of the Illinois club, was an opponent. Perry evidently did not offer much opposition because at the 200-yard mark, Ross was given credit for breaking his first record in the astounding time of 2:06 4-5. Continuing on to the double furlong, commonly spoken of as the 220, he smashed the standing world's record for that distance by 3-5 of a second. The previous record for this distance of 2:21 was made by Ross in our own tank last year and up to the time of his creating a new record of 2:20 2-5 the old record stood as a world's mark.

Leaving the 220 mark in the offing he raced his propellers on to the 250 yard pole where he deprived Harry Hebner of another American record and created a new mark of 2:41 1-5 for the distance and not satisfied with wrecking the cobwebby records of his Eastern mermen brothers, he finished the race 3:16 3-5 after he had started, breaking the World's record for this distance by ten seconds thus showing how army life puts the pep in a swimmer.

On the same evening the 50-yard National had a place on the program and our energetic clubmate, the "Moose," entered same. Norman fared not so well this time, as he did not place. The time in which this race was won was .24 4-5 seconds. Many a time the old "Moose" has ripped off this distance in .24 seconds, one noteworthy occasion being when he beat Geo. Cunha at Neptune Beach.

On the 10th of April, the 500-yard National was pulled off in the same Windy

City and our cadet aviator friend was on hand to do his bit but as the results afterward showed "he bit off an awful hunk"! The best the East could offer against Ross in this race were two mediocre swimmers, Wallen of the Hamilton Club and Laubis, formerly of St. Louis, now at the Great Lakes Naval Training School. Evidently neither of them got in Ross's way because at the 330-yard mark he broke the existing American record and replaced it by one of 3:45 1-5, dashed madly on to the 400-yard point and kissed the rope at that point for 4:38 2-5 or approximately thirty-one seconds better than a record made by Langer for the same distance at Sutro Tank.

Still he did not hesitate burning up the water over the 440-yard point and created a new World's record of 5:08 4-5 or nine seconds better than the long standing and internationally famous mark of 5:19 created by the great Australian Kieran.

This mark has stood the test ever since 1905 and for the first time in the long period of thirteen years which it was recognized as the target for all champs to shoot at, our own clubmate and above all a San Franciscan, created a new mark which for years to come will be the cynosure of the eyes of swimmers. The new quarter-mile record did not give the satisfaction that two records would give and so when Norman continued on to finish the race he even accelerated his speed a trifle more and by so doing, at the 500-yard mark and finish, had established another World's record in the marvelous time of 5:53 2-5. The former record for the distance was held by Hatfield of England, time 6:02 4-5. This means at one fell swoop Norman Ross of The Olympic Club in San Francisco gathered one World's record from the Anzacs and one from the British Tommies.

WILL WOMAN ATHLETE ECLIPSE MAN?

By GEORGE JAMES

THE Woman's Cross Country Race over the Dipsea Trail has demonstrated the fact that women are earnestly going in for athletics and to me the day is not far distant when women will excel men in competition—particularly in tests of endurance. When I first originated the Golden Gate Swim for women I was told that it was impossible, as a woman could not stand the exertion. When I suggested the Cross Country Hike I met with considerable opposition—but from my own observation, I believe that a woman, equally trained, and in the same physical condition as a man, is more game,—more tenacious, and has greater power of endurance. The race over the Dipsea trail has always been considered the classic event in California athletics and then consider that one hundred and seventy-one girls started and one hundred and forty-eight finished—also take into consideration that men wear only light running suits, compared with the extra clothes a woman must wear. To me it was a sight to re-

member, seeing these young ladies in the flower of youth, with clear eyes, cheeks flushed a picture of health, coming down the stretch, some strong while others began to wobble but all game to the core—a fitting tribute to a clean life and outdoor athletics and as Judge Frank Deasy and Ed Cunpa said its just such gameness that gives one the thrills. The winner Miss Edith Hickman is a trained athlete—from the start she was never headed and when she reached lone tree was six minutes ahead of her nearest competitor and from there on she took things easy, finishing the course in one hour and eighteen minutes. Incidentally the first Dipsea Race in 1905 was won by John Hassard, a high school boy, in one hour and thirteen minutes. Both modest and unassuming Miss Hickman's victory was a very popular one, particularly with her sister members of the Center Club. The second place went to Mrs. Vivian Black, in one of the gamest finishes I have ever seen.

THE GRAND HANDICAP IS NEXT

John Cunningham Admits He's a 2 to 1 Favorite.

By GARDEN FAN

SOME day we are going to do it in spite of John Cunningham, Tom Powers, George Thomas and Mr. Cunningham's brother-in-law. Though they may be interesting enough in their way—and doubtless the Grand Handicap will be the leading event of the season—we must persist in our learned treatise on methods of resisting artichokes.

We bring in this scientific investigation of ours to explain why we were abroad a

Sunday morning on a recent date, studying the vegetable garden out near the golf links. The delicate symmetry of a cabbage was just absorbing our attention when suddenly the murmur of excited conversation diverted us.

"If you knew my brother-in-law, you wouldn't look on this matter so lightly," someone was saying. "It's a very serious matter."

"More and more serious," replied the

other, and as I caught sight of the puny and sickly form I recognized Tom Powers. "After sixteen more miles, John, we take a brief rest, to devour a wheatless cracker."

"Very well, if you say so," returned the first speaker, whom I now recognized as the famed athlete of the cross-country, John Cunningham. "But you know my brother-in-law is serious in this affair, and I'm giving him just a bit of a handicap."

"A month's training, John, and you

ought to be able to beat him with a two-year old."

This was from the third member of the party and from the sailor's garb and swagger, we knew it was that gallant seafarer, George Thomas.

"You don't think that I'm being unfair to my brother-in-law, do you, George?" asked Cunningham.

"No, John, I guess not," said George.

"You see the bet's this way—I say that



COLUMBUS CLUB HAS FINE BUILDING

When Olympians visit Columbus, O., they are extended a cordial invitation to drop

I can take my seven-year-old daughter, start at Twenty-fourth and Guerrero streets, walk to the M. & M. and to the beach and beat my brother-in-law."

"Look's fair enough, John," said Tom Powers, "providing you get the practice."

"I'm out to win," said Cunningham. "Did you notice that I've cut out the elevators at the club? Climbing stairs is great for the wind."

"What did you say was the bet?" asked George.

"Why, a dinner for all the boys in locker room 328. My brother-in-law makes a good host. You know Bill McCarthy likes to entertain."

"You're a pretty good host yourself, John," murmured Tom Powers.

"Not this time, not this time," replied Cunningham. "Let's put on a little speed. I don't want to keep any wheatless crackers waiting."

And they passed on—but the Grand Handicap was revealed in all its startling reality. It's a real wager, and the distinguished trio mentioned hiked from the golf links, by the vegetable garden and on to Uncle Tom's Cabin this Sunday morning in question to give Cunningham the workout. His trainers say his form is immense. Bill McCarthy has yet to be heard from.

YOUR CLUB IN THE FIRST YEAR OF WAR

By W. H. G.

A YEAR has passed since the entry of the United States into the whirl of war.

Wars test people. They also test institutions. What is the verdict of observing Olympians as to the part their club has played? Has its place in the affection and popularity of its members been enhanced or swerved away by other things?

A club is home to many men. It is a place of amusement as well as comfort; of changing and pleasing association as well as relaxation. But a club, like a home, should have just one sort of human heart in common.

From THE OLYMPIC CLUB have gone 500 men to the colors. Olympians are mighty proud of every mother's son of them, as proud of the sturdy young privates and seamen as of the colonels, majors and captains, the naval lieutenants and ensigns. To be an Olympian—that is enough.

The big service flag is a throbbing thing of life to the band of Olympia.

The third Liberty Loan is on. Olympians hope to surpass their previous record of \$100,000 and that they will do it became apparent after the first few days, when the tally in the Liberty Loan Trench hut in the lobby showed \$70,000. The total will go far and away above that.

War Savings Stamps have become a theme for Olympians every day. More than \$3,000 were sold in a month.

To the Red Cross, to every other charity that appealed, the members have responded in the self-same spirit.

The aim has been to make the club typify service now, a comradeship in service as it represented a commonalty in play in the days of peace.

And as the member approaches the building and is greeted at nights by street

lights blazing red, white and blue, he knows as he crosses the threshold that this is not a place of wasted time, unfruitful effort, but an institution which has never lagged in this mighty work.

"Give 'til it hurts," is a real slogan. It means something.

And Olympians are enthusiastic—many minds sometimes make nimble thought—to exercise every ingenuity to do just that—and after it hurts to keep on giving and giving, helping and helping. It's something that's owed to the club's own boys "over there."

MASTERING THE CLEEK

IF it may be said that a golf club has a gender, the cleek must belong to the feminine portion of the golf weapon family. There are no halfway measures where this Scottish creation is concerned; it masters or is mastered, as the case may be, and golfers find it either the most docile of servants or a hard taskmaster. To the average player, this club is just about the most useless ever invented. Unlike the other instruments, which he becomes sufficiently well acquainted with to play the proper stroke once in a while, the cleek remains a mystery and it is foolish for such a golfer to carry it in his bag.

On other hand, all the great golfers of the world swear by it. Chick Evans, James Braid, Harry Vardon and Edward Bay have great confidence in the cleek and use it every time the occasion offers and in their cases they are well repaid for the confidence which they repose in it. A 200-yard cleek shot to the green was the turning point in Evans' match with Ned Sawyer during the western amateur championship at the Kent Country Club a few years ago, and this weapon has figured thousands of times in tournaments which have made golfing history.

A club possessed of such striking individual characteristics is certainly worth considering. In the first place, the cleek should be used for a long shot and more distance can be secured with it than with

any other iron club. There are three styles of weapons used for this purpose—namely, the driving mashie, the driving iron, and the cleek. Some golfers swear by one and some by another but the fact remains that many yards more can be got from the proper manipulation of the cleek than from either of the contemporaries.

There is cause for everything in the world, and the reason for this greater distance is to be found in the shape of the blade. A clubhead must not exceed a certain weight, or it becomes too clumsy for a player to handle, and consequently the factor lies in how this weight is distributed. The driving mashie has a short, deep blade; some weight has been saved by shortening the blade, but this is not sufficient to make up for its depth, and the thickness of the blade where the ball is struck has to be reduced. The driving iron is really a midiron with less loft on the face. The blade is long and fairly wide, and to secure this width it is again necessary to reduce the thickness of the blade. The cleek blade is about the length of the driving iron, or in some instances it is a wee bit shorter and much narrower; this enables the maker to concentrate his weight back of the hitting face of the club.

This concentration of the weight back of the point of contact gives a solidity to the stroke not found in the other clubs.

The greater distance is due partly to this fact and partly to the fact that by concentrating the weight the maker has been able to make the head slightly lighter. The player can swing the lighter club faster, and as a golf stroke is a speed, not a pound, hit, a longer ball is bound to result.

SAN PEDRO IS A PLACE

(Continued from Page 9.)

Niel has a message he wants delivered to Bill Dennis, Harry Stafford and the rest of the boys who banqueted him before he entrained.

"Tell them," says he, "that I am forever done and through with the banality of their existence. Tell them I am a new man mentally and two or three new men physically. Tell them that in the few days I have been here (how I wish I had come sooner!) I have learned the worth of effort and the value of endeavor. Tell them I pity them in the dusty city, with no place to go but everywhere and nothing to do but everything. They have to eat steaks and such strange foods; they have to ride in automobiles, and, if I remember aright, they have to swim in the club tank and stay up late at night and in bed in the mornings. But with me there is none of these things. I am up at five-thirty every morning, I am hard at work all the day through, I eat beans and wholesome soups and coffee that is without sugar and therefore strengthening. At nine o'clock I go to bed and sleep the sleep of the honest laborer. What boots it if occasionally I have to clean a lavatory or wash a dish or do four hours guard duty from midnight on? When all is said and done mine is a carefree life dedicated to a noble cause. Tell them I am proud of the uniform I wear and the uniform is prouder of me. Tell them—oh, tell them I would rather

be a pebble on the Pedro beach than the statue of Kruegas. The Navy, by Peter, shows the way!"

Now if Niels means what he says, and there is no good cause to doubt the old boy, it is difficult to conclude he is anything but happy (even as a microbe in goof camp, which is a way of saying a rookie in detention).

And if he is happy now what will his mood be in three months when after grinding, gritty, drudging study and drilling and discipline he is braided with the gold of an Ensign and sent forth against the Hun? Surely there'll be a piping time in 'Frisco when Niel Kelly's home on leave.

Cliff Martin, Joe Rafael, Harry Parker and Mac McPhee are some other Olympians who are here in the goof camp. There must be many more over on the ship, however, in among the fifteen hundred of the crew.

Martin says all the gang would be down here if they knew what the life is like. Even Rube Blake, says Martin, would be willing to give up his slippered ease and take a chance in a suit of blues if he knew how much more satisfied he'd feel.

That may be saying a great deal, but it's pretty near the truth. In this wild old world today when the German wolves are at the gates it's better to be a microbe in a uniform than a bank president in a Packard. At the very least you can't fall out of the uniform, even if you want to.

Curious to Hear

Judge Fitzpatrick—"You wish your trial postponed, prisoner, because your counsel Harry Stafford has been taken ill; but since you were caught red-handed and have confessed the theft, I don't see what your counsel could say in your favor."

Prisoner—"That's just what I am curious to hear, your Honor."

TWO MORE JUNIOR SOCCER PLAYERS LEAVE

By J. C.

THE present German offensive is doing more than gaining ground in Flanders. It is proving a mighty powerful recruiting stimulus and the soccer players are never last when it comes to offering their services. The Junior team naturally has not suffered anywhere near the losses of the Senior team but one by one the members of last year's team are enlisting in the service of Uncle Sam and if things keep going at the present rate Commissioner Pomeroy and Tom Bunyan will have to hunt an entire new team for the next season.

The latest players to enlist are Paul Bradley and Jimmie Hamill. "Brad," as he is familiarly known, accepted the Hun's challenge and enlisted in the infantry where he would be sure to get a chance of meeting a few of them personally. He wants to see just how well Fritz likes the cold steel. "Brad" is an oldtimer as far as soccer goes, for he has been with the Junior team since its inception. He was recently rewarded for his efforts by being made an athletic member.

Jimmie Hamill chose another branch of the service, for he has long had a desire to be a radio expert. So he quickly seized the opportunity to serve both his country and himself. Jim enlisted in the Navy and expects to be sent back to Harvard to undergo his preparatory training, on the completion of which he ardently wishes to be put on a torpedo boat.

It Was Only Yesterday That—

France was thought to be a nation of lecadents.

Wrist watches were considered effeminate.

The only thing against the Huns is their rotten manners.

A person who saved money was a tightwad.

Only one woman in eleven hundred and seventy-five knew how to knit.

A regular army of one hundred and fifty thousand was held to be too large.

Nine people out of ten didn't know where Belgium was.

Small-navy advocates declared that the United States was certain never to have another war.

Germany was making us believe that she was the only nation that could make chemicals, drugs and dyes.

To be a pacifist was nothing to be ashamed of.—"Exchange."

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP IN THE OLYMPIC CLUB, MARCH, 1918 ACTIVE

Austin, Dorr, public accountant, 625 Market St.

Bacon, Chas. A., merchandise broker, 417 Montgomery St.

Bell, Arthur F. L., chief engineer Associated Oil Co., Sharon Bldg.

Bradley, Chris M., attorney, 525 Market.

Brown, Carl G., insurance, Mills Bldg.

Cleary, Geo. J., secretary Whitney Estate Co., 133 Geary St.

Dandy, Wm. G., manager Pacific Nash Motor Co., 1529 Van Ness Ave.

Demartini, John M., merchant, 125 Clay.

Fulton, Alexander, sales engineer, 811 Rialto Bldg.

Hart, Geo. E., v. p. and manager Farnsworth & Ruggles, 109 Davis St.

Hayes, Allan J., insurance and shipping, 244 California St.

Keller, Albert J., Catholic priest, 349—25th Ave.

Kleiser, Geo. W., advertising, 273 Valencia St.

Knapp, W. B., importer-exporter, 210 California St.

Marsino, Ray, designer, 450 Gough St.

McDaniel, Geo. T., dentist, 133 Geary.

Miller, Chas. H., manufacturer, 76 First.

Moir, H. P., cashier Balfour-Guthrie Co., 350 California St.

Moore, Du Val., shipping, 212 California St.

O'Connell, Robt. E., dentist, 162 Post.

Pinney, John S., manager American Type Founders Co., 822 Mission St.

Riley, Henry, capitalist, Stockton, Cal.

Romey, Gordon, dairyman, 2001 Grove.

Schroder, A. E., contractor, 207 Sharon Building.

Smith, Grant M., advertising, 534—20th St., Oakland.

Splivalo, Adrian W., 2736 Broderick St.

Sresovich, John H., commission merchant, 447 Front St.

Stafford, Wm. M., attorney, Grant Bldg.

Thomas E. J., insurance, 704 Market.

Van Bergen, Edgar, capitalist, 1118 Mission St.

Ward, Edw. Butler, cashier Tobacco Co. of California, 1 South Park.

White, Jack F., student U. of C., San Rafael, Cal.

Woods, Wm. W., banking, care Bank of Italy.

Wright, C. C., asst. sec'y Firemans Fund Ins. Co., 401 California St.

NON-RESIDENT

Blue, Hugh, food administration Grain Corp., 343 Sansome St.

Vath, C. J., bottler, San Jose, Cal.

SERVICE

Boughton, R. W., Major Q. M. C., Presidio of S. F.

Clough, Huron W., 2nd lieutenant, C. A. C. R. C., Fort Scott, Cal.

Deas, H. Alston, 1st lieutenant, 63rd Infantry, Presidio.

Dennis, John J., 1st lieutenant, Dental Corps, 2130 Market St.

Hodgson, H. S., capt., Q. M. C., Presidio of S. F.

Lusk, John C., lieutenant, U. S. Navy, 3650 Penniman Ave., Oakland, Cal.

McKeever, Geo. V., 1st lieutenant, 319th Engineers, Camp Fremont, Cal.

McKinley, Howard M., lieutenant, Naval Reserve, 401 Sheldon Bldg.

Oberlander, Theo. A., capt., 63rd Infantry, Presidio of S. F.

O'Connor, Thos. A., ensign, Naval Reserve, U. S. S. Golden Gate, S. F.

Reinstein, Arthur H., capt., M. R. C., Ft. Winfield Scott, Cal.

ATHLETIC

Blinn, R. E., clerk, 510 Battery St.

Campbell, Robt. C., engineer, Hotel Stewart.

Dunbar, T. N., electrician, 86 Otis St.

Eltingham, R. L., elec. engineer, 211 Underwood Bldg.

Greenan, George, 28 Prescott St.

Kelly, J. Walter, 900 Fife Bldg.

Laub, Marcus, M., 1388 Ellis St.

Rives, Loran V., drug clerk, 50 First.

Roach, Harry F., clerk, 33 Clementina.

Shackelton, Wm., bookkeeper, 1 Sansome St.

Sullivan, John, student, 1214 Page St.

West, W. L., tailor, 2304 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Whitman, Walter F., student, 1104 Ellis.

Wuori, Immo, tailor, 111 New Montgomery St.

JUNIOR

Brizzolara, Louis M., 1241 Taylor St.

Deamer, Wm., 2117 Broderick St.

Kleiser Jr., Geo. W., 1810 Jackson St.

Woods Jr., Wm., Stanford Court Apts.

JUVENILE

Brandenstein, Richard, Atherton, Cal.

O'Sullivan, Terence, 2518 Union St.

Shorthall Jr., Thos. J., 1805 Nason St., Alameda, Cal.

Sresovich, J. Dolphin, 2434 Union St.

Woods, Richard, Stanford Court Apts.

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MIRRORS—Plain or Bevelled, Framed or
 Unframed, Installed at Your Home at a
 Nominal Cost

PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

MARCH 1, 1918

TO

MARCH 31, 1918

INCOME			\$14,769.51
Dues		\$12,325.98	
Department Operations		2,130.06	
Visitors' Cards		204.00	
Commissions		70.23	
Discount		39.24	
EXPENSE			\$14,422.85
General Club		\$7,373.79	
House	\$3,880.99		
Engine Room	2,151.65		
Electricity	696.75		
Water	555.77		
Library and Periodicals	88.63		
Administrative and General		\$2,871.92	
Office Salaries and Expense.....	\$1,231.67		
Administrative Salaries and Expense...	494.44		
Taxes	471.82		
Miscellaneous	205.00		
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00		
Telephone	151.24		
Insurance	117.75		
Other		\$4,177.14	
Interest Paid	\$1,774.39		
Depreciation	925.00		
Athletic Activities	823.46		
Donations and Subscriptions	654.29		
OPERATING PROFIT			\$ 346.66
INITIATION FEES			\$3,985.00
NET PROFIT			<u>\$4,331.66</u>

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

We have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of March, 1918, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Profit for the month of March, 1918, of \$4,331.66 has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

SULLY, HOOD & STRONG,

Certified Public Accountants.

LIBERTY BONDS or PRUSSIAN MILITARISM. BUY THE ONE OR PERISH BY THE OTHER.

The Third Liberty Loan Campaign is now in full swing. Every American must subscribe liberally. "Over there" others are sacrificing their lives that we may live in comfort and security and enjoy the money and property we possess. Are their lives less precious than our money?

We know all Olympians have subscribed to the First and Second Liberty Loan and probably to the Third. But THE OLYMPIC CLUB as an institution must subscribe and the members must help. This is a time of sacrifice. If you have subscribed through other agencies subscribe also through THE OLYMPIC CLUB. Subscribe through the Club for at least a fifty or one hundred dollar bond. Last week we opened the campaign in the Club. Today our total subscriptions amount to \$115,600 with only 620 subscribers. Are you on the list?—if not, subscribe now. With a membership of over 3,000 THE OLYMPIC CLUB subscription should pass the two hundred thousand dollar mark. Be a loyal American and a staunch Olympian and subscribe through the Club.



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Hundreds of golf clubs to select
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By the Big Red Clock and the Chimes

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That IAN MacDONALD (of Scotland)

IS GIVING

GOLF INSTRUCTION, AT OUR INDOOR GOLF COURSE
HE CAN IMPROVE YOUR GAME AT EVERY DEPARTMENT
LESSON APPOINTMENTS MADE BETWEEN 8 A. M. AND 6 P. M.

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VENTILATION AND LIGHT ARE PERFECT

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In buying the Bread the public shall eat,
 It behooves you to buy where it can't be beat.
 By trading with the Parisian Bakery you'll find
 You'll get Bread and Rolls like mother made

SO BEAR THIS IN MIND

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OUR MOTTO—Courtesy, Attention,
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or

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BUY THE ONE OR PERISH BY THE OTHER.

The Third Liberty Loan Campaign is now in full swing. Every American must subscribe liberally. "Over there" others are sacrificing their lives that we may live in comfort and security and enjoy the money and property we possess. Are their lives less precious than our money?

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YOU no doubt have!
BUT have those about also done their duty.
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The advertisement is enclosed in a decorative border. At the top, a banner reads "EXCLUSIVELY" on the left and "FOR MEN" on the right, flanking a central oval logo. The logo features a crown and the text "THE Edwin Clapp SHOE". The main text in the center reads "Everything That's Correct in PUTTEES and ARMY SHOES". Below this, it says "The DAVIS SHOE COMPANY" and "27 and 29 KEARNY STREET SAN FRANCISCO". At the bottom, another banner reads "HIGHEST GRADE ONLY". The entire border is framed by two torches on the sides and two decorative elements at the bottom corners.

EXCLUSIVELY

THE
Edwin Clapp
SHOE

FOR MEN

Everything That's Correct
in
PUTTEES and ARMY SHOES

"Exclusively for men"
The DAVIS SHOE COMPANY
27 and 29 KEARNY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

HIGHEST GRADE ONLY

THE OLYMPIAN



NORMAN ROSS—"THE FLYING MOOSE"
Famed Olympic Swimmer Who Returned for Spring Racing Here.
He's Now an Aviator.



MEUGAS

Vol. VI

MAY, 1918

No. 65



DAMORENUS

LINCOLN V. JOHNSON

WITH

BALDWIN VALE PATENTS

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PURE SPRING WATER
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The Leader of the Popular Price Motor Cars

Designed and built to meet the wants of the every-day man.
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SEE, EXAMINE AND BE CONVINCED

A full line now presented for inspection and approval.

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**Five Passenger
Touring Car
Sells for \$1235 in San
Francisco**

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Near California

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FOUR WORTHY CLUBMEN WINNING LAURELS.



THREE IN ONE FAMILY

The single picture above is of "Bob" Clam-
pett, who is in an engineer corps. The
central picture is of Rev. Frederick W.
Clampett, chaplain of the "Grizzlies" and
Lieut. Frederick Clampett, son of Chaplain
Clampett and brother of "Bob," who is
a lieutenant in the aviation corps.

LIEUT. "STAN" SMITH

First Olympian to return with coveted in-
signia of junior military aviator.

(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)





Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

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Vol. VI MAY, 1918 No. 65

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

While it now seems certain that Lakeside will be turned over to The Olympic Club sometime in June, consummation of the deal waits on a decision as to the property value and the conclusion of details of the contract between the two clubs.

Realizing the eagerness of Olympians to know just when the fine club with its golf course, swimming and boating facilities, outdoor handball courts and other attractive adjuncts, would be in their possession, the Directors have been hurrying plans as much as possible. Sometime in June members will receive a circular putting to a referendum vote two schemes for conducting the acquisition and absorbing the expenses. One proposal is to run the Lakeside club as an Olympic annex, with separate dues and privileges. The other is to conduct it as a country club for all the members of The Olympic Club with the golf feature more or less

incidental. To do this it will be necessary to raise the dues one dollar a month, under which plan all members of the downtown organization would enjoy the privileges of Lakeside. The Directors desire it understood that no decision will be taken on a close vote. The plurality must be overwhelming one way or the other before the board will view it as final. The vote is to be advisory to the Directors. The circular will present to the members the estimated cost of operating the Lakeside annex together with the cost of a bus service which it has been determined to install from the end of the street railway line to the club house. It has been decided to proceed immediately with the construction of traps for the trapshooters and of a pistol range. This will be a big feature of the outdoor addition to The Olympic Club.

"Visualize the conditions 'Over There.' In water-soaked trenches, on wind-swept and devastated fields, with the sky their only shelter, the stars their only light, men are fighting, dying that our loved ones and our property may be spared for our enjoyment and comfort. The wounded and maimed need medical care and attention, while the destitute sufferers, victims of the merciless Huns, need succor and aid. The American Red Cross—the sorrowing mother of the victims of war's ruthless slaughter, the ministering angel of 'Our Boys' who may be injured in battle—calls not for your life or property, but the cheapest thing you may give to the worthiest cause—MONEY. Let our response be ready and liberal."

With these words, President Humphrey touched the chord which is expected to vibrate through the Red Cross campaign until The Olympic Club has made its most

notable contribution to causes connected with the successful carrying on of the war. A concert in the club rooms opens the drive. This entertainment is a bit out of the ordinary for Olympia but club members may expect many novelties in the next few months, for the officials are determined to exercise all their ingenuity in putting into every club effort the necessary enthusiasm. A glance at the list of artists assembled for this concert, on Tuesday evening, May 21, is sufficient to show the care taken in the preparations. Among those who graciously volunteered their services are:

Miss Clementine Curry, Mme. Johanne Kristoffy, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Eddy, Mr. James R. Gallet, Mr. G. St. McManus, Mr. Benjamin Moore, Mrs. M. M. L. Myes, Mr. William Kidd Nelson, Mr. George Sterling, Mr. Antoine de Vally, Mr. Herbert Riley, Mr. Hother Wismer.

It was announced that only members and ladies accompanied by Olympians were to be admitted. After the concert, supper was to be served. Apart from the contributions the individual Olympians may make to the American Red Cross campaign in the week from May 21st to May 27th—The Olympic Club, as an American patriotic institution, expects to donate at least \$7500 to this world's wonder humanitarian organization. Individual Olympians are expected to underwrite the club's subscription.

As war bore camouflage, so it has brought death to persiflage. The use of wordy jungles to adorn language and dim the light of thought was bound to suffer, decline and fall away. How could any pretty intricacy of words describe the myriad sacrifices, daily feats of hero-

ism? Man in that horror of mud cannot be petty. He is transformed. It is not an adventure; it is a DEED. Any service for the Government in these days is praiseworthy. Everyone cannot get into the trenches, but we are thrilled with the news that our friends are among those who would make the supreme sacrifice. The eagerness of Olympians to be in the thick of it fills with pride those who are left behind. Every day brings the story of those who have given up the softer life in certain branches of service to be "fighting men." Among the latest of those to forsake other service for the fighting units is Ernest M. Smith, and a letter to Secretary Foran of the club tells that he has just been graduated first in the officers' training school at Camp Meade, Maryland. "Ernie" Smith, as he was better known to fellow Olympians, joined the University of California section of the United States army ambulance service last August, expecting to go direct to France. When fortunes of the service stranded the boys of the ambulance division in a Pennsylvania Dutch town through the winter, he decided that this was not the life for him and after a shy at "army paper work" to while away spare movements—incidentally raising him from private to sergeant—he was among the 50 of 4,000 applicants from the camp to be chosen for the officers' training school. His great success in the school will be a source of gratification to all Olympians, who can understand the red-blooded impulse that makes the best of our young men want to be in the midst of things "over there." "Ernie" Smith's unrest in the little Dutch town is just an indication of the way so many others of the boys feel.

It's
Service
Olympians
Are
Seeking

Mr. Smith in another letter to Secretary Foran makes a suggestion that everyone ought to heed.

Make "Camp Meade, Maryland,
Every "May 7, 1918.
Letter "Dear Mr. Foran:
to "I received your bully letter
Boys while I was in New York City
Full with my wife spending a precious
of fifteen-day furlough, and it was one
Cheer of those letters that a fellow likes
to get. I thank you.

"May I make a little suggestion for the subject of a comment in the editorial columns of The Olympian. The men in the training camps have some trying times adapting themselves to the new plane of existence and one of the straws that sometimes nearly breaks the rookie's spirit is a sob story from home.

"WRITE CHEERFUL LETTERS TO THE MEN IN UNIFORM!"

"A cheerful, glowing letter from 'home' will act on a man's morale like a cup of hot coffee does on his physical condition when he's on guard on a rainy night. It is real live pep that oozes out of every happy phrase in a letter into a man's heart. It is the most wonderful, warm, beautiful thing in the world to see the transformation that comes over a lonely, just-a-bit-homesick fellow when a fat letter of love and CHEERFULNESS unfolds in his lap:

"A cheerful letter is a rap at the 'unspeakable.'

"This is an actual, fine way that the folks at home can help mix the concrete of Americanism.

"Very sincerely yours,

"Ernest M. Smith."

WILLIE RITCHIE TELLS HOW HE TEACHES 30,000 "SAMMIES" TO UPPERCUT THE KAISER

(The big benefit boxing exhibition held in San Francisco brought Willie Ritchie, popular Olympian and former lightweight boxing champion of the world, back from Camp Lewis on a furlough. It also brought to the city Benny Leonard, the present holder of the title. Both of the clever fighters are boxing instructors for the national army. Leonard was the guest of The Olympic Club while here and naturally Ritchie was about his old stamping grounds. These men are putting into their work with the army all the "pep" that brought them to the fore in the roped arena. Olympians may be interested in hearing from the lips of their fellow member, Willie Ritchie, just how every man in America's Liberty army is being taught to "put up his dukes and use 'em.—Editor's note.)

By W. H. G.

"PLEASE get exactly what I mean. The point is right here: We try to put into every man's man of 'em—and every man in that army is proving himself a man—the spirit of confidence. When he gets 'over there' and a big bruiser of a Hun comes at him down a slope, even if the Sammy be the smallest man in the regiment, he'll not feel daunted but he'll say to himself: 'I'll feint and I'll parry and I'll get you—you big bum.'"

It was Willie Ritchie speaking, one of the cleverest little ring generals in the game's history, and there was that timbre in his voice that showed the keen interest

he is taking in his new work, boxing instructor for the 30,000 men of the 91st division at Camp Lewis, near Tacoma, Wash.

If Uncle Sam deems it important that every man in his army of democracy know how to box before he goes into the trenches, there must be something in it. The men at the head of that army realize that kind of training will help a man battle for his life in No Man's land.

"Picture 1,000 men in a battalion going through a shadow boxing drill," said Ritchie. "There's the left hand lead to the face—it's the equivalent of the left

hand thrust with the bayonet. Then the left hand uppercut—it's like the upper thrust with the gun butt. Then a right cross—same principle as the 'butt strike high.'

"Co-ordination of hand and eye-balancing—in two weeks, the men learn the correct disposition of their arms and feet. They are taught nine fundamental blows,



Sammy to the Hun: "I'll Get You, You Big Bum!"

That is the spirit Willie Ritchie says he tries to instill in soldiers at Camp Lewis.

foot movements, sidestepping, feinting, parrying."

Of course, it would be impossible for Ritchie to give personal instruction to every man of the 30,000. He is the only boxing instructor at the camp and this is how his teaching reaches every soldier:

"One hour twice a week I give instruction to 700 men," he said. "They come in groups of from 50 to 100, one commissioned officer with each group, one to four non-coms and the rest privates. They are given elementary instruction that enables them to go back to their companies and put the others through their paces.

"At present every man in the 91st division is given 30 minutes boxing drill a day, in the morning, as setting up exercises. It is a form of shadow boxing in cadence, to regular counts. The instructors say: 'On guard, ready,' and the drill begins.

"After setting-up exercise, the men are taken in squads and put through some real boxing. Twenty to twenty-five set-tos will be staged at the same time, in three one-minute rounds.

"I have an automobile and carry about with me two dozen sets of boxing gloves. To help out, I staged three shows at the Liberty theater at the camp and raised \$1,000, with which we bought nearly 200 pairs of boxing gloves.

"There is a lot of enthusiasm among the men who are picked for assistant instructors. They have the personal desire, first, to be good boxers and they learn the advantage that it gives them to know how to handle themselves.

"It is interesting to watch the men cringe when you first come at them with a glove if they are not used to boxing. They will close their eyes and turn away, even if they be the biggest men in the camp. It's the mental hazard that causes

(Continued on Page 26)

TRAPSHOOTING AT LAKESIDE

By TRAP SHOOTER

THE Board of Directors has promised that Lakeside will be taken over in June. Trap shooters of The Olympic Club and bay cities are keenly interested in this move and a committee from the club has already been appointed to start in on plans for a shooting field so badly needed in San Francisco.

Since the old Ingleside days there has been no trap field in or near San Francisco. Enthusiasts in the past few years have combed the peninsula for a desirable place to shoot but without result. They have had to go to Alameda, San Jose and other places to indulge in this alluring sport.

At last it seems that we are to be favored with not only a good spot to shoot but the best—if experts are to be believed—on the coast. The club contemplates selecting a well-known expert who will supervise the placing of the traps and afterwards will devote his entire time to instruction, management, handicapping and in other ways develop trap shooting among the members.

The field selected is on the north side of the grounds facing the lake. The spot is sheltered and has a magnificent sky line. It is believed that two or three traps will be installed through June and will be opened for shooting daily with weekly contests Saturday and Sunday.

The New York Athletic Club some years ago started a trap shooting annex on Travers Island. At first the club could muster

but a dozen or so men who were interested. Today this feature is highly developed and it is not unusual to have a hundred or more face the traps on Saturday and Sunday. Their yearly event for the Amateur Championship of the United States is a classic and is attended by shooters from all parts.

Perhaps in the future The Olympic Club will become as famous in this sport as it is in others. With this in mind the club is anxious to develop shooters as it is developing champions in other activities. Hence it asks its advanced Juveniles and Juniors who are inclined toward the shot gun to give their names to Mr. Bunyan. It also requests other members of the club who are interested to sign their names to the roll at the club or send in their names to the Trap Shooting Commissioner.

The army is teaching this game to its soldiers in France and in various parts of this country. Uncle Sam realizes that with boxing and other athletic activities trap shooting should be combined to make a perfect physical man. This sport calls upon every brain-cell, nerve and muscle in the body, as it demands good physical condition and great mental concentration.

When our soldier boys return there will be a new impetus to shooting as anyone who has ever handled or used a gun is loathe to leave it alone.

The Olympic Club, ever abreast of the times, will be in a position to foster this spirit.

MARTIN HARTMANN VICTOR IN GRUELLING DIPSEA CONTEST

By JOHN F. CONNOLLY

SEVERAL old-time athletes, seated at the Round Table, were discussing the really wonderful showing made by the girls in George James' recent Cross Country Run over the famous Dipsea trail. The alleged incorrectness and absurdity of George James' theory that a woman, equally trained and in the same physical condition as a man, is gamier, more tenacious and has greater power of endurance than the male biped was being argued with considerable fervor.

Suddenly Ned White ceased speaking in generalities and boldly came forth with the statement that he himself, with just a little training, could beat the time made by the girl who won the race. Ye Knights were taken unawares and gave vent to their surprise by indulging in a hearty laugh. Then, without hesitating a moment, Martin Hartmann fairly startled Ye Knights with the following retort: "Yes, and I will bet I can beat you." The bet was immediately taken and the Knights all put their heads together to fix up the arrangements.

Billy von Pollnitz was chosen Hartman's trainer and Eddie Stout his adviser and pacemaker. Pete Gerhardt agreed to look after the conditioning and advising of White. George James was elected starter. The two contestants further agreed that whoever won would turn his winnings over to the Red Cross. Both started training immediately and as the day for the race approached the warriors were seen to be taking some intensive workouts. Interest in the race grew and grew until the sole topic of conversation at the club was who the winner would

probably be, how they would stand the pace, etc. All sorts of bets and camouflage bets were proposed and taken. Charges, counter-charges and every known variety of verbal explosives were exhausted by and in the interest of these fleet-limbed Knights.

Finally the day of days arrived. Spectators galore were present and not a small number of the arm chair brigade journeyed all the way over to watch the test of speed and stamina. George James got them on the mark and set them off to a fair start. White straightway took the lead and maintained it for about two miles when he began to weaken. Then Marty, who has long been familiar with the most intimate secrets of the jackrabbit, began

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(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

"Monty" HARTMAN

Upholds superiority of mere man athlete.

BASEBALL SEASON OF 1918 IN REVIEW

By JOE POHEIM

WITH the close of the baseball season of 1918 Olympic clubdom bids "adieu" to a collection of ball tossers who have served our club well. The record for the four months is seven wins and six losses and five of the losses were by a one-run margin.

In this regard it is well to remember that our team is composed of men occupied in business throughout the week and contesting each Sunday with such teams as the University of California, Stanford, St. Mary's, Santa Clara, Pittsburg, etc., composed of men schooled seven days in the week by big league coaches.

We have been handicapped further by loss to the service of a score and a half of our ablest players, resulting in the personnel of our team varying at every game. These conditions as compared to those of our opponents have not been conducive to team work nor batting eye—notwithstanding these conditions the club team scored impressive victories over the university teams, as well as the "invincible" Pittsburg nine managed and captained by Bill Stein, recently of the San Francisco Coast League Ball Club, which we defeated April 27th in a twelve-inning contest; score—5 to 4.

Too much credit cannot be given our mainstay in the box, Wyndham Medcraft, who has at all times, on or off the field of battle, given us his best. Nor should

we overlook the consistent work of Jack Kennedy, Eddie Benn, Homer Rippon and Steve Norton and Sidley and Hynes representing the older players, backed up by lately developed players such as Morrissey, Ed Kennedy, Tom Kelly, Bapotti, Varni, Malony, Larkins, Lorigan and Rives, Ritchie, Anfinson and Bynes and Manning.

While the above-mentioned have represented the club as a first team I herewith wish to call attention of our club members to the existence of The Olympic Club regular league, open to all members of the club, which meets every Sunday morning of the year, weather permitting. This league is composed of "never wasers," "has beens" and "sore arms," intermingled with members of the first team, the net result being spirited contests of athletic and conversational ability. Good fellowship reigns supreme. This league was organized some three years ago and has been the means of schooling and developing players who are now factors in carrying our banner to victory. To date more than one hundred players have availed themselves of the privileges of this league.

The writer will at all times be pleased to assist any club members toward personal pleasures along these lines and welcomes all co-operation to sustain our national pastime as one of the major sports of The Olympic Club.

FORTY-SIX—COUNT 'EM—CLUB SOCCERITES IN SERVICE

By L. O. B.

SOMEbody is invited to rhyme the fact that the soccerites are soaking the Kaiser.

Unfortunately, prose is our limit but the fact remains.

Forty-six—count them—Olympic Club soccer players have joined the colors. This branch of athletics is hardest hit of any. Ninety-seven per cent. of them have enlisted. Edgar Pomeroy, football commissioner, has listed the members, juniors and others, who have answered the call, and here they are:

1. Anderson, C. A., 1918, National Army, Camp Lewis.
2. Benthien, R. W., 1918, National Army, Home—Rejected.
3. Berndt, B., 1917, Nat'l Army, C. Lewis.
4. Coulter, Wesley, 1917, Aviation (?) (?)
5. Covell, Sidney, 1917, 144 F. A. (Corp.), Camp Kearny.
6. Dwiggin, Jay, 1917, Aviation, San Diego?
7. Gloor, Ernest, 1917, Aviation, 30 Squadron, Texas.
8. Hudson, C. D., 1917, 1st Lieut. 13th Inf., Camp Fremont.
9. Jackson, Geo. B., 1917, 144 F. A., Camp Kearny.
10. Montieth, D. W., 1915, American Ambulance, France.
11. O'Connor, J., 1918, Canadian Aviation, Vancouver, B. C.
12. O'Connor, Wm., 1918, 144 F. A., Camp Kearny.
13. Marlowe, Geo., 1917, Ambulance Co. I, Camp Fremont.
14. Pike, Chas., 1918, Canadian Army, Vancouver, B. C.
15. Dyke, Wm., 1914, Staff Sgt., 185 Div., British Army, France.
16. Karstenson, A., 1917, National Army, Camp Lewis.
17. Shafor, Carl G., 1917, Aviation, San Pedro, Cal.
18. London, John, 1917, 13th Inf., Camp Fremont.

19. Norbury, Walt., 1917, Corp. 13th Inf., Camp Fremont.
20. Connolly, Tim, 1917, Sgt. 8th Inf., Camp Fremont.
21. Ebro, Domingo, 1917, 144 F. A., Camp Kearny.
22. Welch, Geo., 1917, Corp. 63rd Inf., Camp Fremont?
23. Browne, F. A., 1916, New Zealand, France.
24. McGee, Jas., 1917, U. S. Navy, France.
25. Behring, T. H., 1917, U. S. Navy, France.
26. Davidson, Geo., 1915, British Naval Reserve, Pacific Ocean.
27. Prescott, Frank, 1915, British Naval Reserve, Pacific Ocean.
28. Segel, J. H., 1917, U. S. N. Gunners Mate, Goat Island.
29. McWilliams, F. S., 1917, U. S. Aviation, San Diego.
30. Price, Geo., 1918, U. S. Ordn., Goat Is.
31. Smith, Stanley, 1917, Pilot U. S. Aviation, Texas.
32. Hammil, Jas., 1918, U. S. Navy, Harvard.
33. Bradley, Paul, 1918, U. S. Infantry, Philipines.
34. Sheehan, E. A., 1917, British Army, France.
35. Barrett, D., 1915, British Army, France.
36. Rattray, Jas., 1917, Coast Artillery, Presidio.
37. Patrick, Dave, 1916, Canadian Army, France.
38. Donohue, Geo., 1918, Canadian Army, Canada.
39. Higgins, A. W., 1918, U. S. Aviation, Wichita Falls.
40. Rafn, J., 1918, Nat'l Army, Camp Lewis.
41. Erb, Art., 1917, National Army (Lieut.), Camp Lewis.
42. Leigh, Robert, 1917, British Cavalry, France.
43. Carfagni, Arthur, 1917, Medical Corps, France.
44. Couples, Bill, 1917, Am. Aviation, Egypt.
45. Kieuruff, Ed., 1917, American Ambulance, France.
46. Bandwin, Gerald, 1917, U. S. Engineers, France.

OLYMPIC CRACK SHOTS HONORED BY UNCLE SAM

By GEORGE E. FRAHM

ONCE more Uncle Sam has looked through the membership of the Winged "O" club for material with which to establish a "Small Arms Firing School for the instruction of Officers and Enlisted Men in Rifle and Pistol Shooting" but he did not have to look very far for among the members of the Rifle and Pistol Team he found the very man he was looking for in the person of Claude W. Linder and promptly commissioned him a captain in the ordnance corps with instructions to present himself at Camp Perry, Ohio, May 15th.

All can rest assured that the military authorities made no mistake in the selection of Mr. Linder, for his past records with the military rifle prove him to be the proper material for an instructor and to prove to him that this was the opinion of his team-mates they tendered him a farewell dinner at the club.

After dinner and the swopping of a few funny stories, in the art of which old Doc Millikin proved himself the strongest, the president of the team, Dr. R. O'Connor, presented Mr. Linder with that all necessary article, the wrist watch, and extended to him the best wishes of those present.

The rifle and pistol team has suffered much by summoning of into the military ranks but managed to scrape up enough good shots to win the pistol team championship of the United States. It will have to look around for new members now as there are others of the present team being considered as instructors at Camp Perry. Through the courtesy of Major Green, rifle instructor at Camp Fremont, we have been extended the use of their rifle, so if there is any member of The Olympic Club who wishes to expert himself in the shooting of the military rifle we will be only too pleased to coach them.

OLYMPIAN TELLS OF THRILLS IN AVIATION

"PRES" B. Wand, who was at one time a junior member and later a service member of The Olympic Club, has written several interesting letters to his uncle, Phil Wand, telling of his work as a flying cadet at Rockwell field.

Here is one:

"Imperial Beach,
"April 4, 1918.

"Dear Phil:

"This is a great old game and though I have been rather slow to get it I am at last doing better. When a person first starts going up he does not exactly know where he is but it comes to one very suddenly. The points in flying are keeping the ship straight and making good landings.

"This sounds simple but one has a lot to do and until we get the feel of the thing we can only do one thing at a time. You must watch the ship, the ground, your instruments and keep a sharp lookout for other ships all at the same time. I thought I would never get it and have been rather slow but at last have it. Now I fly by instinct and do things unconsciously. I see why it is necessary to have that sense of balance as they call it for when you are hit by a puff of wind or the air is bumpy your senses tell you what to do. You must keep your head, however, at all times. While a person is learning it is essential to keep in good condition. Imagine coming toward the earth at eighty miles per hour. It takes quick and accurate judgment. Very few fail here and it seems the men are well qualified for their work. They are some boys and believe me some day we will prove ourselves."

In the following letter he tells his experiences as a "solo" flyer:

"I had a little better luck in my first solo work. I have finished in the minimum number of hours and tomorrow go to Otay Mesa where I take my second solo course of two weeks. Soloing is flying alone. It is quite exciting here at times as I see a good many smash-ups. I believe it better to take things slow as I did in my dual work for it counts in your solo flying. I had a good instructor in my dual work and my solo flying showed it.

"We do have our thrills, however. Twice my motor has stopped on me when I was out over the ocean. I obeyed orders and was within easy gliding distance of the island and made successful landings. The other day a machine apparently out of control headed for me and got uncomfortably close but I dove out of the way. Yesterday my helmet was too large and whenever I would look out from the cowl it would slip down and blind me. I had to go round three times before I could land and then made a poor landing but nevertheless the terra firma felt good."

"STAN" SMITH RETURNS WITH COVETED AVIATION INSIGNIA

By J. F. C.

STANLEY R. Smith, better known around the club as "Stan" Smith, the soccer player, sprang an agreeable surprise on the fellows a short time ago, by walking in on them in the uniform of a lieutenant in the aviation section of the Signal Corps. He wore on his breast the silver wings which are symbolical of the Junior Military Aviator. He had written that he thought he was not going to get a furlough so he took everyone unawares.

"Stan" looked the picture of health and vigor, in spite of the fact that he says the Texas weather as compared with temperate old California is not what one would exactly call pleasant. He remarked that lucky mortals who live here do not appreciate California until they go and live somewhere else a while. Then they can't get back quick enough. "Stan" has the distinction of being the first Olympian to return to the club wearing the R. M. A. insignia and the fellows were justly proud of him.

Tom Bunyan was so overjoyed at seeing him that he insisted on embracing him

(not with a brick, however, which is Tom's usual method). Syd Cavill, the renowned sleuth, expressed him as being entirely pleased with the lieutenant's appearance and accomplishments. In fact he said so in no uncertain terms.

"Stan" says he and Bob Clampett meet with little opposition down there when they declare that The Olympic Club is the finest athletic club on God's green earth and this in spite of the fact that most of the boys are Easterners. Some of the members of the I. A. C. and the N. Y. A. C. argued the point sometimes but Smith and Clampett with the aid of every Westerner down there always succeeded in convincing them of their error.

"Stan" is heart and soul in his work and if the impressive record he set up down at the flying school counts for anything, General Pershing will soon have a mighty efficient aviator aiding him in a short time. And if "Stan" gives as little ground to the Boches in an aerial encounter as he did while playing fullback on the club's team, then some of those 'uns are in for a mighty bad time.

BY-PAT

THERE'S a little excursion that Olympians can take with profit without packing a lunch or loading gasoline for the journey. They do not have to worry about punctures or blisters. (However, "Jack" Cunningham is authority for the statement that the latter can be out-grown.)

The trip in question should be filled with the joy that delights the explorer, even for some of the veteran members of the club.

How many ever have stopped to enumerate the features of the club?

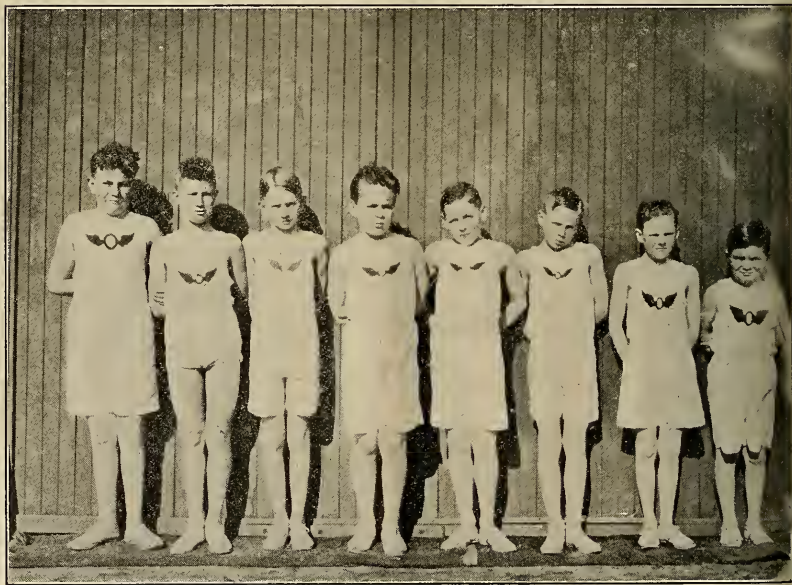
It may be said with safety that only a

small percentage are aware, for instance that Olympia possesses one of the finest set of bowling alleys in the country.

How about a little excursion, then through your own home? And we won't escort you into any dark recesses of attic or store-room to drag out weepy relics. We intend to visit only the ready-for-use departments.

How many have whiffed the aroma of combat in the shooting gallery? Few of us? Well, then—

There are five hand-ball courts in the club. Perhaps a majority of the members



(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

SOME OF TOM BUNYAN'S PI

Reading from left to right—John McDonald, Allen Harwood, Reg. Rumwell, Stuart Kerrigan, Bob McGibbon, Gerald McGibbon, Jack Cussen, Jack Plant.

LYMPIA

know only of the two on the fifth floor, where a fair-sized gallery usually can be found when lovers of the Irish game are exercising.

The hard hand-ball court on the third floor is so large that the two on the fifth could be squeezed in it and enough space left for "Andy" Gallagher to get up a sweat. Here the simon-pure handballers, whose horny hands never twinge when they come in contact with the pesky little solid rubber ball, have some hair-raising recreation.

There are two more courts above the

running track, reached by a little stairway that escapes the eyes of most. One of the courts is about the same size as those on the fifth floor and the ventilation is superior. Then there is the squash court, which at present, however, is utilized by the golfers.

Training for the season on the fine links which the club plans soon to possess, the members have rigged up a driving rig in the squash court and there they can swing to their hearts' content.

Off the opposite side of the running track is the fencing room. The club pos-



WINGED STARS—ALL AROUND STARS

Reading from left to right—Albert Vance, Billy Burke, Frank Wulzen, Jas. O'Connor, Francis R. Hani y, Billy Plant, Jack Rawlins, Robt. B. Taylor.

sesses some of the finest fencers in the country and the equipment is the best obtainable. It is well worth watching a pair of sword-wielders trying conclusions.

The shooting gallery is on the basement mezzanine floor, off the swimming pool gallery. Four targets, with a range of from 20 to 25 yards, afford the space for the club experts to practice their aim. The club has a team of world champion shots, too. Nothing larger than a 22-caliber weapon is permitted to be fired in the gallery.

All Olympians probably know of the steam and hot rooms off the swimming pool but few are aware of the many other features close by.

A complete set of electric baths, with experts always in charge, is there to "live-wire" any member who feels the need of a little more "pep." A few steps away is the hydrotherapeutic apparatus, where one can get water from all directions at every speed, water, water, more water. Some only try it once but others proclaim it the "only dope."

The tub baths, fresh and salt water, are in abundance to care for many members at

once. The salt water tub baths are recommended for "breaking up" colds and are said to be just the thing to take the "soreness" out of anyone who has been doing some unaccustomed exercising in the gymnasium.

William A. Poelnitz, who celebrated in May the anniversary of his fifteenth year since coming to The Olympic Club, is "first aid" expert and many a youngster is given speedy treatment after a strain or hurt.

Tom Bunyan hustles his youngsters into Poelnitz and they are fixed up in a jiffy.

Poelnitz also is the club photographer and he is urging all of the athletes to come to him for their photographs so the picture gallery will be complete.

There are small private steam rooms on this floor, also.

A chiropodist is in attendance at regular hours.

The bowling alleys—two dandy courses—are in the sub-basement, with pin-setters always in attendance.

These are just a few of the features that many Olympians miss.

LIBRARY NOTES

By U. T. K.

A California Novel

THE club has just received an author's presentation copy of the second edition of the popular "Romance on El Camino Real," by Hon. Jarrett T. Richards, L. L. B. of Santa Barbara.

The author, a Nestor of the bar in Southern California, has practiced law at Santa Barbara for half a century and is personally known to many of the older members of the club. Like many another eminent member of the legal profession who in youth reveled in the strain and stress of law and politics, he has in later

life found delight in literature and religion.

The novel presents a fascinating picture of a period that is rapidly fading into the haze of oblivion. The chief scenes of the story are laid at St. Agnes, a typical Southern California town near the site of a flourishing Mission. To one familiar with the region a strong resemblance if not identity with early Santa Barbara will suggest itself, but here as in the chapter on "San Francisco in the Sixties" it is the portrait of a well remembered dear friend who has passed away never more to be seen on earth, save in fond memory's dreams.

The novelist has caught the spirit of the age that gave the charm to that period of California history between the ancient regime and our modern times, the transitional stage between a pastoral age and a commercial epoch of land booms, town sites and colonizing schemes. His pen has preserved the fragrant essence of the bygone days and stored it up in permanent form, to delight and edify after generations, who can here taste the flavor of an elixir that has been spilled but whose memory can not die.

"Like flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still
lives sweet."

Before taking a motor trip through Southern California, read it and every turn of the road will conjure up the care free spirits of a romantic past. Each cañon become an enchanted vale of mysterious possibilities, peopled by cavaliers returning from a fiesta, or mounted highwaymen in pursuit of easy money from passing travelers; the outstretched plains and far away azure mountain peaks will gain new charms: as this newly discovered world unfolds before you you discover a panorama that will fire the imagination and brand into the memory a never fading picture of wonder and delight.

Native Sons may here drink from the cup their fathers tasted and gain a truer appreciation of the historic land marks that possess such lively interest to every citizen of the state.

Native daughters can here read the traditions of their ancestors and learn the folk lore for nursery tales to store the minds of rising generations with a veneration for the past.

If one would know the winsome story of "life in the open" in Southern California "before the Gringo came" that life of daily

pleasure and adventure, nightly feasting and gay dancing, sufficient unto each day without a thought of the morrow, that drew to itself the choice spirits of youth, and charmed all within its enchanted circle, read "Romance on Camino Real."

Elbert Hubbard's Little Journeys

The Library has acquired the Memorial Edition of Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys to the Homes of the Great."

The fourteen volumes are fine examples of the binder's art done in stamped "Buffing Leather" by the Roycrofter's East Aurora New York. The set is a fit monument to commemorate a work which took fourteen years of the author's prime and now ranks as his masterpiece.

The brief but characteristic autobiography of Elbert Hubbard found in volume one, and a filial tribute by his son Bert in volume two, together with several references to the origin and purpose of the Roycrofters; the genesis of the famous Message to Garcia; the loss of the original MS. of the Mozart "Little Journey"; give personal touches to a work that will appeal to all admirers of the Martyr on the "Lusitania."

The biographical monographs are grouped so that each volume embraces the lives of eminent men and women in some special sphere. The author has left us his yard stick, with which he measured up his heroes, in the opening life of Rousseau, where he answers in detail, "Who is the great men?"

Each "Little Journey" while harmonious with the general plan is complete in itself, and interests the reader like gazing on a life portrait of one of the world's famous personalities, executed by an old master. Scattered through them all are crisp aphorisms, pointed phrases that stick in ones memory like a thorn under the skin, suggestive allusions throughout the whole

field of literature, that makes the reader feel when he has finished a biography that he has just returned from a vacation trip abroad, where he met old friends of the subject, saw his birthplace and read his epitaph. Taking these little journeys with the author, is almost equal to a liberal education, and certainly spurs to increased endeavor to make our own lives worth while.

A Trip Through the Netherlands

A finely illustrated volume by Arnold

Bennett "From the log of the Velsa," is the gift of Mr. Malcolm Niebuhr.

The book describes a yacht voyage through Belgium, Holland and Denmark and along the French and Flemish Coast, taken just before the opening of the present war.

The peaceful tranquility which reigned throughout these regions when these voyages were taken, is in marked contrast with the deadly terrors which now make the mined waters of these ocean lanes, a veritable inferno.

HOW ABOUT THE "COME BACK?"

Two More Sporting Experts Give Their Opinions on Much-Argued Question.

By "A YOUNG SPORT"

IT was with no design of horning in on any privileged sobriquets which might be claimed by Bill Larzelere and some other esteemed fellow members that we chose to sign this bit of keen analysis "A Young Sport." At one time, we had the matter of sporting blood up with our old hookah friend, "Tag" for short, but better known in sporting circles as "the sage and sad Rabindranath Tagore." Right at the start we'll admit that it was a tough proposition getting "Tag's" mind off the subject of "birds." After the seventh shot of "inebriating goulash"—a dish which our old pal dearly loved—we felt emboldened to touch on weightier matters.

"We'll all admit that as a chicken fancier you can't be beat," we began. "But getting back to the comeback, do you believe that Jeffries was a fair sample? Now—"

"Tag" reached over and tapped us on the knee with a long finger-nail.

"Stray birds of summer come to my window to sing and fly away," he soliloquized.

"I know. I know," we soothed. "I

read that. It's the first thing in one of your books. That's why I read it. But if you'd tried teasing them with a little classy millinery, they might have stayed. You may know all about poetry, Tag, but what do you think of Jim Jeffries—"

"I think of other ages that floated upon the stream of life and love and death and are forgotten, and I feel the freedom of passing away," he replied.

It was our play to warn him:

"That's all very well but if Andy Gallagher heard you, it's likely you would pass away quicker than you want."

Our olive-skinned friend cupped his long face in his lean hand.

"Are you too proud to kiss me?" the morning light asks the buttercup," he reflected.

"I suspect that you've been roaming through Golden Gate Park after night-fall," we said.

"I shall die again and again to know that life is inexhaustible," he went on.

"Be a good sport and give us your views on the 'come back,'" we urged in despair.

To tease him, we bought.

"I'm a rattling good sport all right," he said, slapping his knee as he buried that delicate chin of his in the inebriating goulash.

"Now you're talking," we encouraged. "You'll follow the boys over there and make a great hit."

"Call for Mr. Tagore! Call for Mr. Tagore!" sang out a page.

Our friend was handed a note.

"Pardon me," he said politely as he opened the envelope.

"Sure, Tag," we replied.

Our eyes were on him and we noted that his ripe-olive face changed to a bottled green; his delicate chin buckled and his dreamy eyes had some sort of a hideous nightmare.

"Out, out, from this place," he whispered in wild panic. "Look, look."

"What's the row?" we asked, peeking at the note. The "black hand" was quite discernable.

"I think me room beats my company," muttered the great poet and beat it. Evidently he was not quite ready to "pass away" after all.

That is why I cannot give his views on the "come back." One thing is certain, Tag never came back and over there in Asia we'll bet he's drowning his sorrows in the "inebriating goulash."

The really valuable light on the "come back" was given by Frank O'Kane, and the evening *Bulletin* had an exceedingly interesting dissertation on the subject. O'Kane said that the "come back" had only one big effort in him. O'Kane is an Olympian with good common sense and he ought to know. We were asked to give our opinion and that is why we have written this article.

In conclusion, as our contribution to this discussion, we can only quote what Capt.

Bort in 1730 said about the Inverness car:

"The wheels, when new, are about a Foot and a half high but are soon worn very small: They are maid of Pieces of Plank, pinned together at the Edges like the Head of a Butler Firken, and the Axle-tree goes round with the Wheel which having some Part of the Circumference with the Grain and other parts not, it wears unequally and in a little Time is rather angular than round which causes a disagreeable noise, as it moves upon the Stones."



(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

BART B. BURKE

Former baseball commissioner, now with the engineers in France.

EACH OF THESE HELPED

Nearly 1,000 Subscribers to The Olympic Club's Third Liberty Loan.

THERE was no let-up in the drive by the club for subscriptions to the Third Liberty Loan after the \$100,000 mark had been passed. Until the last minute of the last day, the Liberty Loan kiosk was a lively place and the final total was \$155,000.

A list of subscribers is given here. It is believed to be complete although of course omissions are always possible in such a large record.

The club officials are well satisfied with the amount raised and are preparing for even a more vigorous drive when the fourth loan comes along.

A

Adams, G. W.
Adams, R. D.
Alderson, H. E.
Ayers, G. P.
Alton, Thos.
Ash, C. S.
Asher, Chas.

Ankersmit, H. J.
Armstrong, W. W.
Ackerman, L. S.
Andrews, Geo.
Antron, E. P.
Auston, M. O.
Ahern, A.

B

Boeckman, Fred
Brady, J. G.
Buchanbuch, C. W.
Bruman, A. K.
Boas, Ben
Bullion, A. H. Jr.
Bliss, P. P.
Brandenstein, C.
Broy, D. M.
Boas, Nat
Bone, R. H.
Brown, C. G.
Bileman, G. H.
Bourdette, G. H.
Bonifield, H. S.
Berger, S.
Broy, G. L.
Brune, E.
Brandenstein, E.
Bunyan, M.
Barnard, Dr.
Bach, C.
Britt, H.
Bender, C. G.
Butler, W. J.
Bulotti, C. F.
Barnes, L. E.

Barneson, J. L.
Barsocchini, F.
Bunyan, John
Britt, J. E.
Brizzolara, S.
Boardman, W. N.
Burgers, F. W.
Blinn, A. E.
Baum, A. T.
Berry, W. A.
Bricca, C. R., Dr.
Brown, Vincent, Dr.
Brandenstein, M.
Bonnet, Theo.
Bowman, J. P.
Bacour, M. G.
Bartlett, U. G.
Bacigalupi, L. D., Dr.
Barrett, J. J.
Breen, P. A.
Bernard, M.
Brinker, W. B.
Byrne, Angelo
Brennan, J. F.
Blake, S. I.
Bell, J. C.
Boldeman, Oscar

Baker, S. A.
Burden, F. A.
Black, J. J.
Bescey, Roland
Bones, S. W.
Bell, J. P.
Burton, G. A.
Burford, E. A.

Braddock, H. P.
Bain, Fred.
Burn, O. B., Dr.
Beadon, Chas.
Bowles, A. C.
Baron, C. A.
Blue, Hugh.

C

Cereghino, Jos.
Carrier, C.
Cummins, W. T., Dr.
Cofer, E. M.
Crilly, J. E.
Coleman, T. J.
Chase, W. J., Dr.
Choynski, H.
Chinn, H. F.
Collins, O. V.
Curtis, F. V.
Carroll, F. E.
Coffe, C. Wayne
Clampet, F. W.
Collins, R., Rev.
Choynski, E. W.
Cofer, L. R.
Catton, A. A.
Clark, E. A.
Chase, J. M.
Cosgriff, H. H.
Chapman, N. A.
Cannon, J. F.
Cahill, A. B.
Connolly, John F.
Cohen, H. A.
Cordes, W. F.
Chappell, Wm.

Chiappari, A.
Carlson, O. W.
Coughlin, J. J.
Cunha, E. A.
Campbell, R. C.
Crawford, C. T.
Curti, E. P.
Curran, J. S.
Cauwet, H. N.
Clark, T. A.
Craig, T. J.
Casey, H. M.
Copello, D. U.
Chambers, H. E.
Costello, J. P.
Costello, F. J.
Coggins, H. A.
Cleary, A. J.
Cole, J. R.
Collins, A. W.
Caroe, P. M.
Coen, C.
Clar, L. H.
Carfagni, F. R.
Cunningham, J. F.
Cunco, C. P.
Coleman, J. P.
Cumbertson, P. T.

D

Dixon, J. E.
Dunn, W. F.
Doyle, P. E.
Duff, J. E.
Devlin, F. J.
Derham, J. E., Jr.
Drew, F. C.
Dean, G. B.
Dolman, P., Dr.
Doble, R.
Doc, A. B.
Denegan, Ed.
Dibble, O.
Dandy, W. G.
Doyle, W. A.
Daly, I. R.
Dunn, R. L.

Dole, R. W.
Doyle, J. J.
DuBroy, F. L.
Deasy, F. T.
Doherty, J. C.
Drake, F. B.
Drake, W. M.
Day, C. A.
Demartini, J. M.
Dowling, J. P.
Deering, J. H.
Dole, Walter W.
Degen, Thos.
Dempsey, H. H.
Davis, B. L.
Duibury, A.
DeWolffe, C.

E

Eckcart, W. H.
Esberg, M.
Elliott, John

Eisenberg, J.
Elliott, Al.
Eastin, L. H.

Employees
Ewing, J. C.
Eskridge, A. M.
Erskine, W. C.

Erlin, Geo.
Elkus, Al.
Ebey, H. H.

F

Fowler, F. H.
Faymondville, B.
Fay, C. A.
Franz, C. L.
Frahm, G. E.
Foran, F. J.
Field, A. J.
Fried, A. R.
Falvey, A. J.
Farley, J. F.

Ferrari, L.
Farwell, F. C.
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Friedman, I.
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Fitzsimmins, J. C.
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Fitzpatrick, T. I.
Fay, P. J.

G

Granfield, L. J.
Gillespie, A. E.
Garcia, J. M.
Goetze, J. W.
Green, F. H.
Gnecco, M. H.
Giannini, A. H.
Grecley, J. J.
Griffiths, C. L.
Gallagher, P. J.
Gerhardt, P. C.
Greenlee, F. S.
Goldberg, H. M.
Glaser, E. F.
Goria, Vic.
Gilkysen, J. W.
Graney, E. M.
Graham, T. F.

Gallagher, Roy.
Gonzalez, F. I.
Giannini, L. M.
Greenebaum, L. S.
Greenwell, J.
Ghirardelli, Louis
Goldberg, S. V.
Gless, J. P.
Goodale, G. W.
Gasnier, Pierre
Glenn, J. W.
Girard, W. J.
Gilbert, C. W.
Gilbert, R. A.
Graham, Louis, Dr.
Griffiths, A. J.
Gallagher, A. J.

H

Heuer, Philip
Heuer, Philip, Jr.
Hawkins, C. A.
Harris, Geo. R.
Hutmuller, H. P.
Hickey, Thos.
Harwood, A. O.
Honig, Louis
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Hammand, W. A.
Herget, J. L.
Hyman, C. S.
Hartmann, M.
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Hilmer, Fred.
Humphrey, J. H.
Hampton, A. C.
Hanify, Al.
Harvey, W. P., Dr.
Hubbell, R. H.
Hillefield, O.
Hooper, F. P.
Hueter, E. L.
Hannah, J. S.
Haas, R. C.

Hennessey, A. E.
Hoeffer, L. M.
Harney, T. D.
Heger, S. R.
Heinz, H.
Henry, W. J.
Henry, C. A.
Henry, M. S.
Henry, M. L.
Henderson, F. B.
Hughes, W. H.
Hayden, J. E.
Hawkins, C. H.
Habinicht, Rud.
Holman, J. D.
Hochwtadter, J. E.
Hayden, C.
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Harrison, W. H., Dr.
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Hood, Walter
Hanify, J. R.
Hueter, E. C.
Herman, J. S.
Hobson, C. W.
Hihn, F. D.
Howard, C. S.
Hotchkiss, J. M.

Hargis, F. B.
Hammer, Geo.
Hatfield, Geo.
Hunt, Harry,
Harrison, J. H.
Hewson, N. A.
Havens, Wickham
Handler, Jno.
Hirschberger, A.

Ivancovitch, B. A.

Jordan, Ed.
Jaunet, J. L. A.
Jones, Geo.
James, Geo.
Jenne, M.
Johnson, Hirm, Jr.

Kindt, A. F.
Kreling, C. T.
Kline, G. R.
Kreling, Ben
Kelly, McClure
Kutz, Wm.
Korbel, A. B.
Korndorff, L. H.
Kinslow, F. A., Dr.
Kent, H. C.
Kendall, May
Kitchen, John, Jr.

Lindeberg, J.
Lang, Aug., Jr.
Litchfield, J. M.
Leonard, A. T., Dr.
Lovegrove, W. R.
Lang, Eric
Linderman
Lanyon, H.
Laddon, Robt.
Lee, John, Jr.
Lombard, Gay
Long, Robt. L.
Lyons, R. T.
Lees, D. M.
Leighton, C. J.
Lunt, I. R.
Larzelere, L. R.
Lillick, I. S.

Maundrell, H. H.
McDonald, R. S.
McArthur, Frank
McLane, Louis
Murphy, Thos. R.
Marx, R.
McConnell, E. G., Dr.
McNutt, W. F., Dr.
Mulvihill, Jos.

Hale, W. M.
Hampton, Alfred
Harwood, Ray.
Harwood, A. E.
Harwood, B. O.
Hall, G.
Harvey, J. D.
Highley, E. O.

I

Isaacs, F. S.

J

Jackson, E. W.
Judge, M., Jr.
Johnston, T. E.
Jeffries, M. G.
Jepson, R.

K

Kelly, F. S.
Kelly, D. J.
Keck, F. C., Dr.
Koster, E. L.
Knox, R. B.
Keenan, A. S.
Kingwell, J. J.
Kirner, F. G.
Kearney, S. E.
Kilbey, R. J.
Krueger, Jas.
Kalkhorst, A. B. C.

L

Lange, W. A.
Langdon, J. G.
Lewis, F. R.
Loesch, Chas.
Lagier, Louis
Linares, J. F.
Lippett, Sid.
Lowenstein, S.
Lewis, J. S.
Leary, J. S.
Lind, E. M., Jr.
Lynch, F. H.
Luchinger, A. G.
Ludwig, C. L.
Lindroth, C.
Laveaga, de, E. S.
Law, Herbert E.

M

Malaby, C. S.
Marcus, F. G.
Moffat, W. H.
Mighell, J. E.
Maxwell, W. B.
McCarthy, J. W., Jr.
Marriott, F. A.
McNulty, W. H.
McKenna, Henry

McLeish, A. L.
 Michaels, H.
 Melhose, C. K.
 Millard, O.
 Morris, Robt.
 McMahan, Leo. J.
 Maurus, John
 Mayfield, O. E.
 Maher, T. D.
 McCord, Wm.
 Mason, J. R.
 Moretto, John
 Michelson, Lewis
 Mayer, J. H.
 Muesdorffer, C. A.
 McLaren, R.
 Matria, Carlo
 Maundrell, Harry
 Metson, Sr.
 Metson, Jr.
 Mittlestadt, R. E., Maj.
 Manson, P. J.
 Mohr, B.
 MacDonald, L. M.
 McDevitt, E.
 Moses, Chas.
 McDonald, J.
 McEntee, J. T.
 Miller, W. R.
 Mitchell, F. S.
 McElroy, R. D.
 Mohr, R.
 Mervyn, E. T.
 McLean, A. J.
 McCord, J. J.
 Maltby, C. S.

Morris, F. H.
 Masten, J. M.
 Murphy, D. F.
 Millikin, J. D.
 Murphy, J. A.
 McCann, W. D.
 McCann, T. J.
 McKenzie, H. A.
 McGettigan, C. D., Dr.
 Mitchell, N. J.
 Miller, C. C.
 Marcus, B. A.
 Meigs, J. J.
 Marshall, Wm.
 Mikulich, Wm.
 McKevitt, Hugh
 Murphy, D. J.
 Mattern, G. A.
 Mues, J. F.
 Millspaugh, H. W.
 Macauley, D. S.
 McCarthy, W. H.
 McGilvray, J. D.
 Melrose, Kenneth
 Mason, Chas.
 Marron, J. E.
 McKenzic, E. V.
 McElroy, B. F., Dr.
 MacArthur, Robt.
 Murphy, Fred. L.
 Mulligan, P. E.
 MacDonald, C. H.
 Moore, J. D. A.
 Morrow, W. G.
 Morrissey, E. V.

N

Newhouse, A.
 Niderost, Jos.
 Norris, L. A.
 Newton, F. A.
 Niebuhr, C. M.
 Nelson, W. Kid.
 Newman, G. H.
 Nevin, J. B.
 Nealon, J. C.

Norman, Rd.
 Noonan, P. C.
 Nager, H. F.
 Noonan, P.
 Narinian, S.
 Nowland, H. B.
 Nash, J. H.
 Nuestadter, L. W.

O

Overton, W. S., Capt.
 O'Malley, Ed.
 O'Connor, T. H., Dr.
 Ormart, M.
 O'Connor, J. H., Dr.
 Oppenheim, M.
 Oliver, E. V.
 Orella, F. R., Dr.

P

Park H.,
 Palachi, T. H.
 Pringle, S. J.
 Pettegrew, G. V.
 Paige, Cutler
 Partridge, E. B.
 Painter, Edgar

Partridge, L. C.
 Pomeroy, Edgar
 Powell, W. T.
 Perkins, F. K.
 Parker, P. R.
 Perry, C. R.
 Philips, Sven

Pike, R. M.
 Pinnella, E. G.
 Pockwitz, Leo.
 Panario, G. J.
 Potter, J. Sheldon
 Plageman, R. D.
 Pell, R. C., Jr.
 Philips, Carl

Roche, M. J.
 Ross, W. A.
 Rothchild, W.
 Ricconi, Geo.
 Rosenblatt, A.
 Rapp, M. F.
 Rasor, D. W.
 Reed, W. H.
 Rosenfeld, Max
 Riley, H.
 Rieter, P.
 Russ, Robt. R.
 Rhodes, A. P.
 Robinson, V. H.
 Russ, G. A.
 Reed, C. W.
 Righetti, Dario
 Roberts, R. L.
 Rittler, H.
 Roussy, G. E.
 Roberts, Frank.

Smith, Scot.
 Strong, C. A.
 Settle, T. B.
 Sinton, S. D.
 Strauss, Louis
 Schmidt, M.
 Sullivan, W. F.
 Smith, C. A.
 Shuey, H.
 Stacy, G. B.
 Sims, J. N.
 Shale, I. E.
 Samuels, Paul
 Shaw, A. D., Jr.
 Schnaitacher, S.
 Schwabacher, A. E.
 Singleton, R. H.
 Speyer, W. H.
 Shannan, A. L.
 Settle, J. C.
 Simpson, E. E.
 Spaulding, E. J.
 Scott, J. E.
 Smith, O. A.
 Salch, G. E.
 Stringer, W. A.
 Sundall, A. L.
 Splivalo, R. B.
 Sales, D. D.
 Stafford, H. I.
 Schernstein, F. C.
 Swett, L. S.
 Splivalo, A. W.

Pell, R. C.
 Pinkson, Leon
 Power, J. E.
 Perry, G. D.
 Pioda, A. W.
 Plover, John
 Pioda, L. E. W.

R

Rucker, S. N.
 Rawlins, J. S.
 Rumwell, M. E.
 Rossi, A. J.
 Rethers, Theo.
 Resleure, J. F.
 Roberts, Roland
 Reis, W. D.
 Reedy, J. F.
 Richmond, Volney
 Rennie, Jas.
 Riccardi, C. V.
 Roche, T. J.
 Rettenmeyer, J. P.
 Rutledge, F. S.
 Rau, Stephen
 Ryan, L. X.
 Reid, R. C.
 Riley, E. T.
 Roden, W. H.

S

Straub, C. H.
 Shaen, J.
 Steil, A.
 Straub, F. J.
 Sinclair, E. H.
 Stafford, Dr.
 Shea, J. J.
 Sullivan, A. S., Dr.
 Schneider, H. P.
 Swanson, A.
 Slocum, B. C.
 Solinsky, E. R.
 Sherry, Fred.
 Sutton, Frank
 Schwartz, Harry
 Sherman, F. R.
 Samut, R.
 Stewart, L. C.
 Shingle, Fred.
 Samuels, ?
 Slocum, H. B.
 Selfridge, G.
 Shaw, Henry
 Snook, Jas., Jr.
 Sutter, Alp.
 Shortall, E. P.
 Sutcliffe, C. K.
 Shannon, Warren
 Sutro, Chas.
 Stillger, G. F.
 Starket, R. P.
 Schwartz, L. N.
 Spencer, F. W.

Shuey, C. A.
Sobey, A.
Smith, T. B.

St. Denis, R.
Schroeder, J. B.

T

Toohigh, J. M.
Towne, P. E.
Topham, Ed.
Turnblad, Oscar
Thrift, M. B.
Thayer, L. W.
Tiscornia, A. A.

Thane, B. L.
Tyson, R. J.
Thompson, M.
Torchiana, Van, H. A.
Turner, J. T.
Turner, Jas. T.
Tozzi, E., Rev.

U

Uhl, Geo.

V

Von Manderscheid, W. Vogel, T. A.
Van Sicken, F. W. Vincent, A. H.
Varney, T. H. B.

W

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Wand, Phil.
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Willis, J. S.

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Weiland, C. S.
White, J. B.
Whitney, L. D.
Wright, H. J.
Whipple, B. R.
Wolff, Geo.
Weeks, G. K.
Wright, W. Q.
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Wooster, J. F.
Wallfisch, Otto.
Winn, A. H.
White, J. B.
White, E. D.
Wilkinson, F. H.
White, C. H.
Ward, E. B.
Warren, C. A.
Williams, E. H.
Wismer, H.

Woodside, Alex.
Wulzen, D. J.
Wegener, F. C.
Woods, Jas.
Westdahl, L. H.
Walsh, J. I.
Wall, E. M.
Weller, C. H.
Wiley, H. O.
Wienowski, Jules
Waltenspeil, W.
Wilson, H. I.
Weller, J. F.
Williams, Al.
Wallace, John
Walter, J. I.
Wheeler, G. T.
White, A. P.
Welch, G. F.
Wall, C. M.

Y

Yates, C. M.
Yates, Chas. M.

Young, L. F.
Young, W. R. K.

Z

Zaruba, V.

Zinn, W. C.



(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

"COMING CHAMP," SAYS McLANE

Richard Julian, whose recent brilliant swimming victories have resulted in prognostications of future fame.

CLUB DIRECTOR "JIM" WOODS LEAVES SAN FRANCISCO

IN common with many other organizations and an army of personal friends, The Olympic Club will miss "Jim" Woods, manager of the St. Francis Hotel, who has been called to New York City in connection with a huge hotel syndicate.

Mr. Woods was a director of the club and an active one. He took a genuine interest in the many activities of the organization; played baseball on the directors' team. Of course, all his friends rejoice at his added good fortune but hate to see him leave.

It was his old friend, John McE. Bowman, perhaps the leading hotel manager of the country, who lured Woods back to New York where he was a success in the hotel business years ago.

Mr. Woods is succeeded at the St. Francis by Thomas J. Coleman, who also is an active and popular member of The Olympic Club.

WILLIE RITCHIE TELLS HOW

(Continued from Page 9.)

that. After a little they get over that and they can stand up without batting an eye when you make a move at them. They are eager to become good fighters, full of confidence.

"Dr. Raycroft at the camp said to me that there were two men he envied, the boxing instructor and the jiu jitsu man, because they showed the soldier how to reach their foe directly, by personal contact. Men with that kind of training are bound to be quicker.

"The value of boxing ability was shown at one of the big field meets when the bayonet championship of the division was won by Bud Starr, who captured the light heavyweight boxing championship at San Diego in 1915.

"I tell you, it's worth while to see the men gain in confidence in their ability to meet an antagonist in a stand-up fight.

"Several Olympians have come under my instruction at the camp, among them Bill Clarkson, Harrington, and Caude Deal. Art Erb and Johnny Carroll, the socker players, are good boxers.

MARTIN HARTMAN--DIPSEA CONTEST

(Continued from Page 11)

to use his knowledge to good advantage and soon was far in the lead. Running with a nice even stride he fairly ate up the distance.

Meanwhile White was experiencing difficulty in completing the race as his stomach wasn't treating him right. With laudable tenacity, however, he kept on plugging and finished in pretty fair shape. Hartmann was perfectly fresh when he arrived, having negotiated the course in one hour, seven minutes and thirty-one seconds, which is about eleven minutes better than the best time made by the girls.

A few nights later, the victor was host

at a banquet at John Tait's given to White and of course all Ye Knights were right on deck as well as some others. Those who attended were unanimous in declaring it a most enjoyable and peppery feast. Some doubt exists, however, as to who got the most riding, the vanquisher or the vanquished.

Martin says Eddie Stout helped him a great deal. Eddie says Billy is responsible for Martin's excellent condition. Bill says Hartmann is a great runner, so judge for yourself where the credit belongs. Pete Gerhardt did not have anything to say except a few vague and incoherent remarks about what he could have done were he in the race.

The contest was a profitable one from more angles than one. The Red Cross was enriched to the sum of \$500. It gave White an opportunity to exhibit some real gameness and brought out Hartmann's fine sportsmanship. Incidentally it offered an excellent chance for some of the Round Table habitues to get the kinks out of their limbs.

CLASS ON THE ROOF STARTS JUNE 1

Prof. Robert Elwood will start his "open air" lessons in physical culture and proper breathing June 1 this year on the roof of The Olympic Club. The attendance at these classes last year was such as to encourage this line of development and the professor is prepared to handle a large assemblage. The classes will be held at 11:30 a. m.

He Understood

Judge Graham—"You complain that your neighbor struck you during a quarrel?"

Washwoman—"Yes, your Honor, he struck me several times with his cane on—on—"

Judge Graham—"Never mind, sit down on the missing word."

"Bird, of Oakland, stands out as a fine boxer. He got me a nice wallop on the jaw one day. He has a graceful carriage and shows exceptional ability."

At one time, Ritchie, by special request, gave instruction to three companies. He talks of his work because he likes it. All Olympians know that the former champ is modest and unassuming and it is just these qualities, with his natural skill, that have made him such a favorite around the northern camp.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP IN THE OLYMPIC CLUB, APRIL, 1918 ACTIVE

Ahern, Wm. J., manufacturer, 24 California St.

Alexander, Roy B., vice-president Peacock Motor Co., 1350 Van Ness Ave.

Bell, John P., Pac. Coast manager Standard Underground Cable Co., 1121 First Nat'l Bank Building.

Butler, W. J., Catholic Priest, 3320 California St.

Chismore, Harry, dentist, 1952 Devisadero.

Christin, Chas. A., attorney at law, 68 Post St.

Crane, John M., cattleman, Turlock, Cal.

Crowley, John L., Crowley L. & T. Co., Pier No. 14.

Decker, Ray, insurance, 333 California. Dougall Jr., A. H., paper manufacturer, 40 First St.

Granfield, L. J., tire merchant, 1440 Van Ness Ave.

Hasshagen, C. T., retired, 116 Frederick.

Hitching, Frank K., shipping and commission, 244 California St.

Hubbell, R. H., manager Hill Hubbell Co., Fife Building.

James, Louis, warehouseman, 625 Third.

Kelly, Daniel J., clergyman, 2117 Van Ness Ave.

Laidlaw, J. E., shipping, 312 California.

Lowell, Geo. H., U. S. Fuel Administration, First Nat'l Bank Building.

Lyon, P. H., merchant, 1238 Van Ness Ave.

Macdonald, Alan, contractor, Rialto

Macdonald, Alan, contractor, Rialto Bldg.

Markey, Geo. A., store manager, 708 Market St.

McMillan, Eaton, salesman, 1230 Van Ness Ave.

Morison, L. J. T., Food Administration Grain Corp., 343 Sansome St.

Rohner, F. E., dentist, 133 Geary St.

Sheehan, Howard J., manager Rialto Theatre, Market and 7th Sts.

Steinhart, Jesse H., attorney at law, Nevada Bank Bldg.

Towle, S. W., lumberman, 1950 Third.

NON-RESIDENT

Bettens, Albert, manager Sacramento Hotel, Sacramento, Cal.

Gillespie, A. T., merchant, Manila, P. I.

Schneider, F. A., packer of fruit, San Jose, Cal.

ASSOCIATE

Riley, Herbert, artist musician, Kohler & Chase Bldg.

SERVICE

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sidio, S. F.

Dale, Harry L., Major M. R. C., Presidio, S. F.

Dolan, C. M., Lieut. (j. g.), U. S. Navy, Naval Training Station, S. F.

Harden, R. D., Lieut. M. R. C., Presidio.

Hendren, Paul, Lieut. U. S. Navy, Bellevue Hotel, S. F.

Hill, Robt. B., Lieut. M. R. C., Presidio, S. F.

Lake, T. E., Ensign U. S. Navy, U. S. S. Golden Gate, S. F.

McCord, F. C., Lieut. U. S. Navy, 2000 Vallejo St., S. F.

Middleditch, Philip H., 2nd Lieut. C. A. C. Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

Miller, Harvey L., Asst. Paymaster U. S. Navy, Sheldon Building, S. F.
Rubendahl, Ward, 2nd Lieut. C. A. C., Fort Barry, Cal.
Sattley, H. V., 2nd Lieut. C. A. C., Presidio, S. F.
Snyder, A. D., Major M. R. C., Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.
Smith, Richard L., Captain Engineers, Camp Fremont, Cal.
Streit, Ernest H., Lieut. M. R. C., Presidio, S. F.
Towne, Arthur W., 2nd Lieut. C. A. C., Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.
Wallace, W. L., Ensign U. S. Navy, 1840 Green St.

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Whitney, Merrill P., San Mateo, Cal.

JUVENILE

Demartini, Walter, 1809 Taylor St.
Hall, Lawrence, Arthur Apts., Post and Jones Sts.
Harrison, John Alexander, 2205 Sacramento St.

ATHLETIC

Bacon, Roger W., salesman, 650 Eighth.
Barsotti, Mario, 634A Lombard St.
Beck, Gus, plumber, 1491 O'Farrell St.
Bihlman, Geo. H., farmer, Live Oak, Cal.
Cranmer, L. D., student, Berkeley, Cal.
Darling Jr., H. H., student, Stanford University, Cal.

Demartini, G. L., ship carpenter, 2549 Sutter St.
Johnson, Ray, iron worker, 569—25th Ave.
Kemnitzner, Luis E., student, 493 Haight St.
Kendall, Wm. B., salesman, 156 Geary.
Lindemann, Geo., candy maker, 49 Al-bion Ave.
McShane, Raymond, clerk, 200 Bush.
Millar, H. E., accountant, 249 Pine St.
Olsen, Carl S., clerk, 680 Folsom St.
Otto, C. E., Naval Training Sta., S. F.
Pomeroy, C. E., sheet metal worker, Oakland, Cal.
Rooney, Jos. E., printer, 1713 McAl-lister St.
Rose, Edward, laundry driver, 3338—17th St.
Shaughnessy, Wm. H., clerk, 301 Bran-nan St.
Varni, Edward, student, 525 Judah St.
Wilkins, Earl B., student, 3771 Clay St.

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APRIL 1, 1918

TO

APRIL 30, 1918

INCOME

Dues	\$12,348.00	\$13,416.40
Department Operations	722.65	
Visitors' Cards	166.00	
Commissions	122.14	
Discount	57.61	

EXPENSE

General Club	\$6,928.26	\$14,529.62
House	\$3,690.08	
Engine Room	1,923.30	
Electricity	652.50	
Water	538.94	
Library and Periodicals	123.44	
Administrative and General	\$2,789.62	
Office Salaries and Expense.....	\$1,178.01	
Taxes	471.82	
Administrative Salaries and Expense....	372.30	
Telephone	231.99	
Miscellaneous	217.75	
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00	
Insurance	117.75	
Other	\$4,811.74	
Interest Paid	\$1,798.67	
Athletic Activities	1,593.07	
Depreciation	925.00	
Donations and Subscriptions	495.00	

OPERATING LOSS

INITIATION FEES

NET PROFIT

\$1,113.22
\$4,074.50
\$2,961.28

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

We have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of April, 1918, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Profit for the month of April, 1918, of \$2,961.28, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

SULLY, HOOD & STRONG,

Certified Public Accountants.

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DAMOCENUS

Vol. VI

JUNE, 1918

No. 66

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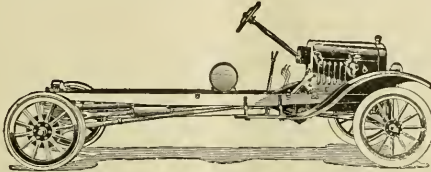
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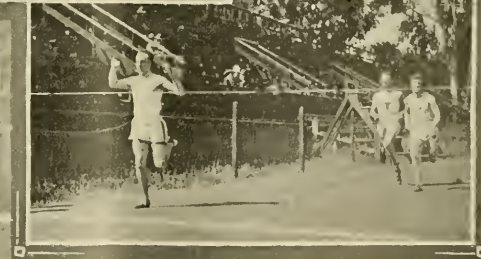
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Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, William H. Grattan.

Associate Editors: Edgar Pomeroy, Soccer; P. C. Gerhardt, Track and Field; A. L. Shannon, Handball; Sven O. Philip, Wrestling; Lincoln Johnson, Swimming; E. Lastreto, Fencing; M. L. Jenne, Bowling; Dr. O. B. Burns, Billiards; Louis McLane, Juniors and Juveniles; W. R. Larzelere, Baseball; A. Kemp, Basketball; Dr. Rumwell, Medical Department.

Vol. VI

JUNE, 1918

No. 66

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

The profits for the year ending May 31st, 1918, were \$47,688.76. Deducting \$11,100, an arbitrary estimate

Finances for depreciation, \$2,400, a like charge to provide for possible "lost accounts," and \$7,324.19 expenses of the Red Cross Boxing Tournament and donations to that wonder humanitarian society, the net profits for the year were \$26,864.57. In view of the waiver of the dues of over three hundred and ninety members who are now fighting humanity's battle, this showing is remarkable. If we were to credit the donations and deduct the initiations, the average monthly profits for the year would be \$1432. This distinction is made as some members regard initiations as contributions to capital. This is erroneous. This Club is a non-profit corporation and consequently has no capital. Until its membership limit is reached initiations must be and should be treated as the same character of income as dues. True, initiations may fall off, but members may resign or enlist in the battle for freedom. In either case part of the revenue is lost. These discussions are as yet aca-

demic. The Club's financial condition is gratifying. It will continue to answer every patriotic call and make its regular monthly contribution of not less than \$250 to the American Red Cross Society.

Many conferences with the officers of the Lakeside Golf Club and representatives of the Spring Valley Water Country Company have not solved the Club problem of our country home.

The officers of the Club are endeavoring to obtain a definite proposition which they may submit to the members. At present writing it seems all indications are favorable for the Club operating Lakeside for a period of two years, with the privilege of then purchasing the Club's personal property and four acres of ground, including a revised lease, for \$107,500, payable in installments of not more than \$500 per month. During the two years of operation the Club will not be required to pay rent, or taxes, but the operating costs only. Before the expiration of that time the expenses of operating the country club will be determined. We will be able to decide if it will be good business judgment on the part of the Club to undertake its purchase. At present many Olympians are enjoying golf at Lakeside and are quite enthusiastic over the prospect of the Club acquiring the same, but the officers believe it the part of wisdom in these times to proceed cautiously in taking on new activities that will obligate the Club to the expenditure of any large amount of money. It may be advisable to accept the offer of operating the same for two years in order that we may know whether it may be operated at a profit or a loss, and if the latter the extent of that loss.

The many enthusiasts over trap shooting, pistol range and golf who are waiting to apply for membership if the country home is acquired, indicate that it may be a valuable adjunct to the Club, but only its

operation for two years will finally decide that question. Whenever all definite points have been settled the plan will be submitted to the members for decision.

In the latter part of May Mr. E. H. Sinclair resigned as Manager of THE OLYMPIC CLUB, and Mr. Kenneth McLeod, then Manager of the Burlingame Country Club, was employed to succeed Mr. Sinclair. On his way from Burlingame to San Francisco to assume the duties of Manager, Mr. McLeod's motor collided with an automobile and the ankle of his right leg was broken in two places. This accident will deprive the Club of his services until the early part of July, and meanwhile Mr. Sinclair has kindly consented to continue as Manager.

At no time has the Club allowed itself to be diverted from the discharge of its duties to the country in these bellicose times. It has achieved a record that must be envied by every club in America. Certainly no club has reached the standard set by THE OLYMPIC CLUB in its patriotic efforts to assist the government and aid and encourage the boys "Over There." It subscribed to the Third Liberty Loan the sum of \$157,000, and in addition to \$23,000, the proceeds of the boxing tournament, and the monthly contribution of \$250, it gathered from the members at the last Red Cross drive the sum of \$7,800, and now it is actively engaged in securing pledges for the purchase of War Saving Stamps. It is confidently expected it will obtain pledges for at least \$40,000.

We realize the calls on our members are numerous and heavy, *but we know Olympians*. Every call in the name of patriotism and humanity will be gladly answered. The more numerous the calls the greater

will be the response, for it is an historical fact that increasing calls on a man's patriotism bring greater appreciation of the need of the call and a more generous response. It is a credit to Americans that the increasing patriotic calls have enthused all with the spirit of giving. Let the spirit of patriotism continue to guide us.

If one wants to read cheerful things about the war, he stands best chance in a trench newspaper. The printing presses in the hand grenade zone seem to preserve more of the natural lightheartedness of man than any outside of the trenches. Bairnsfather could be ludicrous in the midst of death.

In a way, of course, we are all cheerful in the light that we believe in an outcome of the war satisfactory to this country's purpose in entering the war. Personally, the satisfaction comes in doing one's duty well for an ideal—the betterment of humanity.

The German drive disturbs. Far from the scene of battle, we itch for the true information as to the situation. Those actually at the front are relieved from much of the suspense in this kind of waiting.

Under these conditions, we can do our part best by exercising will power in conquering the least welling of nervousness. The Americans are fighting brilliantly. They have arrived in strength enough to bolster the line. This country has done a glorious thing, leaped to the test with a full heart. Just because the Germans gain a few miles is not the slightest excuse for any of us to become morose. In our talk about the war, let's not hear the smallest voice of doubt. Let the halls of THE OLYMPIC CLUB echo only the sentiments of hope and confidence. There really is slight need for such an exhortation, but members should be warned

against thoughtlessly expressing impatience because we haven't crushed in a year the Hun's force built up through many years. We haven't heard a one express any doubt as to the final outcome, but the point to be made is that recent events should not cause the least discouragement regarding the development preparatory to the culminating stroke.

The popularity of swimming night holds fast with Olympians, though other recreations may waver in their appeal. The Wednesday evening contests not only are pleasing to the participants, but there is always certain to be a fair-sized gallery.

Swimmers' Night Popular

The events start quietly. "Pop" Cavill looks over his athletes and picks out the teams for the relays. The men line up at the end of the tank and poise for the start. When they hit the water, real excitement begins. There are few sports that in trial heats can arouse the same interest as swimming matches.

Members sitting in lounging room and library hear the clamor and quickly line the balustrades. When water polo games are staged, this adds to the enjoyment of the competition. Olympic swimmers do credit to the fine tank and it is unlikely that the day ever will come when swimming will lose its high standing as a sport.

"BENNY" LEONARD'S MANAGER THANKS US

New York, June 5, 1918.
The Olympic Club,
San Francisco, Cal.

Gentlemen: On behalf of "Benny" Leonard and myself, I desire to thank you sincerely for the kind and courteous treatment we received at THE OLYMPIC CLUB while we were your guests, during the time we were in San Francisco to take part in the patriotic show arranged by Mr. James W. Coffroth.

We will never forget the excellent care

you gave us during that period. Please extend to the officers and members of your Club our best wishes and kindest regards for that service. We sincerely hope that some time in the future we will be able to reciprocate to the officers and members of the greatest and most patriotic athletic club in the United States, in a small way, some of the splendid things you did for us during our visit to your part of the country.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) BILLY GIBSON.

MATRICULATING DUFFERS

By HAROLD WARD LAW

IMPATIENT to try out the game, slightly scornful of any great skill being necessary, confident that years of baseball, handball and tennis would prove an excellent foundation and that as beginners they would have an advantage, a sort of edge on the Royal and Ancient game of Golf, three enthusiastic Olympians went out to the Lakeside links with a brother Olympian as a guide in order to try it out.

Harold Maundrel, Pete Gerhardt and Judge Deasy formed the pioneering three-quarters of this foursome, Harold Law acting as guide.

The day was beautiful. Bright, sunny, a clear sky and an ocean breeze. The tees were good, the fairways smooth and the greens newly clipped and accurate.

Gerhardt started like a winner. One mighty swipe after another, each one advancing for a gain of a hundred yards or more. I now speak of the first hole, but please let me give credit while the giving is good. Later on his mighty swipes developed into slices from which the ball found comfortable nesting places in the rough or else carried the sod ten yards and the ball five.

Deasy stepped into the first one and tried for center field. Strike one! But that second swipe! A little off direction, 'tis true, but a good two hundred yards. Why this is easy. Nothing to it. Just up and hit it; that's all. But the next one was different. Three or four shots to gain thirty or forty yards. But that first drive had hooked the judge to the game and nowise undaunted he remained to the end trying and improving right along.

Maundrel was the first of the trio to grasp the need for restraint. He began to hit them easily and peeled off many a good shot and on the greens laid them up

to the pin as a veteran does, or would like to do, but he missed the short putts. A foot putt left was a sure miss.

Pete putts from one side to the other. He likes to see them roll. When he gets down to somewhere less than seven or eight putts on a green he will have a fairly good score.

Both the Judge and Pete are of an inquiring turn of mind. Every area of long grass, each cabbage or potato patch, each clump of trees, must be investigated, and a variety of shots tried in order to learn how to handle such situations. Nothing like learning from the ground up.

On the seventh hole Pete unraveled a long one. Sliced, but placed just short of the green. He lost his advantage to Maundrel on the approaching and putting. The Judge and I were botanizing just at this time, investigating the different varieties of sage brush and endeavoring to decide which offered the greatest resistance to a niblick.

On the ninth, Maundrel paralleled my drive, which left us a short approach. Pete went below the green, which is a fair place to be.

The twelfth, a short hole, was easily reached by all three. Maundrel was disappointed by a twenty-foot putt that rimmed the cup. By missing the short one left it gave him a four for the hole.

The game requires patience, skill, constant care and deliberation. The co-ordination of eye with muscle that any sport gives helps to make a golfer. If any other game gives the exasperation and then the renewed hope that golf does, I don't know it, and I've played many games. It's the game for the true good sport, and Lakeside will develop among us many splendid golfers and also many "golf widders."

THAT JAZZ BAND—OH, BOY!

By W. H. G.

THE fellow who said "music hath charms to soothe" was a stingy piker who might have called a War Savings Stamp "pleasing to the eye." He toyed with half truths.

If he could have "lamped" the aqueous fluid in the Club tank rippling and waving to a fox trot tune last Monday night while the statue of old Damoxenus in the reception hall "cussed" its luck because its feet were mere marble in a masonry cast, he might have added something adequate to his much overdone quotation.

It take a "Jazz" band to make an octogenerian forget his milk diet, and when THE OLYMPIC CLUB Jazzers tune up, the graybeards weave their way in raptured

syncopation about the billiard tables and the card room devotees shuffle symphonically to "My Pavo Real Girl."

There was some doubt among the conservatives three months ago when the "Jazz Band" took its place among the Club institutions. The crowd that flocked the galleries and hemmed the main floor last Monday night when the syncopators—in honor of "having their pictures took"—deserted the second floor corridor for the gymnasium floor certainly testified to the success of the undertaking.

The Club band is one of the very best on the Pacific Coast, experts in the "Jazzing" art declare.

Whether it was Jasper from Hankville



OLYMPIC CLUB'S CRACK JAZZ BAND

down to the city for an "Oh Boy" outing who gave his name to the "Jazz," may be questionable, but there is no doubt that Walter King and his fellow musicians are doing more than their share in making the "Jazz" popular.

When "Kid" Nelson and his silvery pipes join in the chorus of "It's Your Country and My Country," the Jazz band makes every Olympian feel the feathers rising in the "Winged O."

It was Clarence Fay who took up with King the introduction of the "Jazz Band" into Olympia's classic halls. Walter and his band had been a successful organization for several years and Fay thought

they would liven up things on dull evenings. He enlisted the aid of Judge Fitzpatrick among the directors and the issue was decided favorably to the musicians. Louis McLean also was a prime supporter.

Every other Monday night, the band plays in the club rooms. It has a large repertoire of the popular "jazz" music.

The members of the band are: Walter King, director, piano accordion; George Evelyn and James Abrams, banjo; Bert King, brother of the director, drummer; Gus Beck, bass viol; William Morse, trombone; Ed Rose, saxophone; Tom Ray, piano; Harry Millar, violin.

FRANK FOSTER'S TRACKSTERS GO THROUGH SEASON WITHOUT DEFEAT

Jack Melville Makes Fine Showing in 100-Yard Dash

By JOHN F. CONNOLLY.

ALTHOUGH confronted with a most disheartening shortage of talent due to the enlistment of most of his stars, Frank Foster has achieved a record on the cinder path this season, which, considering the difficulties he had to meet, is really wonderful. On seven occasions he led his warriors forth against the best this region could produce and each time they literally ran away from their opponents.

All this was accomplished, too, with very little time to train, as all the boys work and the only time they get to run the kinks out of their legs is after five-thirty. And if any one thinks it is an easy or pleasant task to journey all the way out to the Stadium in Golden Gate Park after a hard day's work and engage in some stiff training before supper, just let him try it once. He

will soon change his mind. The boys, however, never once kicked or complained and were always on hand to learn a few tricks from the coach and get into the best condition possible.

Asked to divulge the secret of his success, Frank replied that President Humphrey had as much to do with it as any one. Frank was discussing track prospects with the president, who, upon being informed that they were anything but bright this year, said, "Well, Frank, you will have to concentrate your energies on the younger element. They are your only salvation." The idea was all Frank needed and he set to work developing the youthful runners with a will. How well he succeeded is shown by the way these fellows cleaned up everybody they were pitted against.

They started the season by taking Stanford's measure down at the "Farm." Then they went over to California Oval and completely snowed under the California Varsity, 98½ to 36½. Walter Christie was so pleased with the result that he gave it two lines in the newspapers at the bottom of the account of the Freshman meet. Full of pep and confidence, they next journeyed down to Camp Fremont and clashed with the scrappy soldiers there. In this meet an Olympian placed first in every event except the broad jump, discus and high jump. Though the soldiers tried their hardest, they did not have a chance, and the final tally was something like 85 to 24. At the meets held at both the Knights of the Red Branch and the Caledonian picnics they won so many events hardly any one else had a look-in.

James McEachern, San Francisco's handsome policeman, very conclusively demonstrated in the Caledonian meet that he deserves to be ranked with the best hammer-throwers this country has produced, when he broke the world's record for the twenty-one-pound hammer-throw with a heave of 117 feet 4 inches. The best previous throw was 109 feet 9 inches, held by Mike Sherridan of New York. By dint of diligent practice, McEachern is constantly improving and without doubt will be breaking his record very soon. On the same day George Williams won both the 176 and the 352. Foster predicts that this youngster will be a star before long in both the quarter and half mile.

In the Knights of the Red Branch meet, Ed Turkington, a young Olympian of Rugby fame, won the 352 from a classy field in fast time, with George Carney, another young Olympian, right at his heels. In this same meet Allan Newhoff,

a Junior member of the Club, placed third in the high jump to Kemnitzer and Hoenish, a fine performance for so young a jumper.

The sensation of the season, however, has been Jack Melville, the youthful streak of lightning. Although but eighteen years old, this fellow has been running the 100 consistently in 10 flat, while in one meet some of the watches caught him at a shade better, but the time was not allowed. With the encouragement and training he will receive at the hands of Frank Foster, he ought to be able to equal or possibly better the world's record of 9 3-5 next season. Jack is the hard-working, conscientious type of runner that nothing but a broken leg can stop from smashing records.

The loss of Eddie Stout, the well-known distance runner, who has been winning everything in sight this year, will be a hard blow to the team and will weaken it considerably, as Eddie was good for at least ten points every time he started. However, we still have our old friend, Oliver Millard, besides Bobbie Vellou and Harry Ludwig, to take care of the distances.

The younger runners have been largely responsible for the success of the track team this year. Frank Foster says that they are now much more aggressive than before the war. He attributes this to the fact that most of the old champions have gone and as their competition is removed the young fellows become more ambitious, for they realize that they can now, by hard and constant training, jump in first places that before were denied them. Frank has no fears for next year's team, for he knows that he has a batch of young fellows that he can depend upon to bring home the smoked pork.

O. C. RIFLE TEAM WINS FROM CAMP FREMONT

By J. D. MILLIKIN

SUNDAY, June 2, the Olympic Club Rifle Team (or what is left of it) motored down to Camp Fremont and proceeded to show the soldiers that civilians could handle the Springfield rifle.

It would not be modest to say that most of our good shots are in the army, some as instructors in rifle practice, and for this reason we did not make an even better score. We do believe that against any six-man team we can hold our own, and to prove it we have asked Major Green, in charge of rifle practice at Camp Fremont, to pick an officers' team of six men and we will have another shoot early in July.

The following are the scores of the two teams:

Olympic Club				
	300	500	600	Total
1—George Armstrong....	44	47	45	136

2—Dr. J. D. Millikin.....	44	49	41	134
3—W. Rowland	44	46	43	133
4—S. Forsythe	45	45	41	132
5—George Frahm	45	45	41	131
6—W. F. Pritchard	45	46	37	128
				794

Substitutes—

Dr. R. O'Connor	41	45	39	125
S. Rogers	42	38	40	120

United States Army

1—Sergeant Ross	44	46	47	137
2—Major Johnson	44	47	42	133
3—Lieutenant Spitznagel.	45	47	40	132
4—Lieutenant Fairchild..	41	45	46	132
5—Sergeant Pierce	45	42	38	125
6—Major Green	45	38	32	115
				774

Substitutes—

Lieutenant Whitaker	..	47	49	..
Private Roseman	45	..	46	..

Whitaker and Roseman only shot at two ranges.

JUNIOR SWIMMING ACTIVITIES

By LINCOLN V. JOHNSON

SWIMMERS are only developed by hard work. Hard work doesn't necessarily mean frisking around with a pick and shovel, but conscientious labor placed in covering distance over water. The greater the distance a person forces himself to swim, the more beneficial are the results. Our Juniors won't ever amount to shucks if they don't swim, seemed to be the idea of Sid Cavill, and the result was a half mile swim for the Midgets and a Mile Swim for the Juniors.

The Juniors had their mile race on the first day of June. Twelve of the youngsters

proved their worth by entering for the gruelling race, and the same twelve reflected heaps of credit on Sid by the strong manner in which they finished. Outside of being a little bit winded, all of the entrants finished in good condition. Contrary to all the previous prolific prognostications, Herbert "Goliath" McNamara, the strongest guy in the race, didn't clean up the bunch of "David's" who finished ahead of him as easily as he throws Al Williams around on the mat.

The winner, Graham Evers, made the

distance in the fast time of 33 minutes. He swam a trudgeon crawl throughout the race and after a titanic struggle with Howard Herrington in the twenty-fourth lap, to speak in the language of an Eskimo, "put the race on ice." Herrington put up a gallant fight to retain the lead, but lacked the necessary strength. The following contestants finished after Herrington and won the coveted Olympic star: Elmer Collett, McClure Kelley, Howard Leland, Jim McWilliams, Whiting Welch, Herbert "Goliath" McNamara, Jack Von Ahnded, Alex Griffith and Dana Fuller. The last named swam the entire race with the breast stroke. Any person possessing the strength and ability to swim this tiresome stroke for one mile some day is going to hang up a record.

The Midgets had their big race the following Saturday and had even a longer list of entrants than the bigger fellows. Before the race Marshall Fickert had doubts whether or not he would be allowed to swim. He is not the huskiest youngster in the world for a half-mile swim, and Sid Cavill told him so. In fact, Sid said he had to get his father's consent before he would be allowed to swim. This apparent insurmountable difficulty never bothered the kid the least bit, because he wanted the glory of being one of those who could say that he had gone the entire route—and so he gained his mother's consent. So far as he was concerned, his father did cut no figure at all!

Bob McGibbon started to swim his part of the race like a house a-fire. But after he had gone a few laps the water sort of put his fire out and he finished in fifteenth position. Buddy Porter said he intended to start out easy and slow like, 'til he got his second wind and then he would open the throttle wide. It couldn't have been very breezy around the tank, or else

Buddy's second wind was a long time coming, because he finished in thirteenth place. Stewart Kerrigan knocked the spectators dead with his new combination breast-crawl-back-stroke. One has to be especially ambidextrous to swim a half mile in this fashion. It is a wonder he didn't try to dive for a few plates along the way. "Young Supervisor" Hilmer finished next to Buddy Porter.

Rossi, the winner, negotiated the distance in the wonderful time of 19 minutes 52 seconds, which is some going for a youngster of his age. Rossi used a stroke of his own composition, novel to devotees of the swimming art. Donald McCarthy and Paul Thebaut finished closely on the heels of the winner although the question of who would be the ultimate winner was never in doubt at any time during the race.



JULIUS NORMAN

Light heavyweight champion wrestler of the Olympic Club.

ABOUT ADVERTISING YOU CAN'T BUY

By ELVEE JAY

LOTS of people shell out millions of dollars a year to advertise their products—take, for instance, "Painless Parker" and his musical street dentistry—but there is a flock of weazels around this club who get as much advertising as "Painless" does and it costs them not a red cent.

We don't write because it is a case of sour grapes but inasmuch as the scribes on our local dailies are directly responsible for so much of this free bouquet stuff and insofar as we know they do not get any bouquets in return, we, being philanthropically inclined and having the interests of the "advertised" at heart, take it upon ourselves to thank the following for the grand work, noble words and eloquent sayings which they have so unqualifiedly attributed to so many of our members:

Here are the laurel-decorated: Mr. Marion Salazar and Noon of *The Call-Post*, Robin Bailey of *The Bulletin*, Harry Smith of *The Chronicle*, and Miss Ruth Stacker of *The Examiner*.

Messrs Bailey and Smith and Miss Stacker are not loath to indulge in horse-play writing but have kept more to the playing up of straight stuff: Of course we don't say that the renowned Sal and Noon have not published the straight stuff, because they have, but every now and then, all the time, they add a touch of the ridiculous, where such a touch rightfully belongs, to make an article laughably readable. Personally, we believe they are shooting up the right alley, because what is funnier than seeing some other brother human in a ridiculous situation so that we can have a laugh at his expense.

Take "Pop" Cavil, for instance: we

call him father because he has one bulldog, a daschund and a wire-tail beef. The time that he piloted Ernie Smith's wife across the Gate his entrant failed to find the finish flag that Alec Pape had buried on the beach and, "wowie," what a gang of advertising descended on poor Sid's head. Alec Pape was piloting Francis Cowells in the same race and although Sid's girl beat Pape's to the finish by a quarter mile, yet Miss Cowells found the interred flag first. You really can't blame Sid for not finding the flag that Pape had buried because Pape hadn't told him where it was, but the aforesaid inability of Sid to find the finish sure brought censure in heaps. Censure of that kind is not good advertising because it is so much like the kind of advertising given a pro-German.

Sid profited by that experience and the next time he broke into print it was with something that was really silly and readable.

It started when Al Williams, the Italian writer of "How I Out-think 'Em," got hit with an idea which netted him great publicity. He was watching Frank Foster's Swedish thunderbolt, Rudy Paterson, maul the dickens out of an embryo Fred Fulton in his usual Graeco-Roman-Marquis de Queensbury style and wondered what Rudy, who used to be a "rassler," could do with a boxer of his same style, if they were put in a ring together and allowed to fight it out. That's what started the great serial of "Could a Wrestler Lick a Boxer?" by Al Williams, which he springs on every new reporter and which is sure fire to get space in the new reporter's paper. Well, after Al had arguments as to the why and wherefore of his theory

PHIL PATTERSON—A LITTLE CHAP AMONGST THE BIG FELLOWS

By LINCOLN V. JOHNSON

PHIL PATTERSON, Olympia's one best bet in the diving line and the most prodigious article that Sid Cavill has produced from the Junior members, is pictured in this publication going through various convolutions and twists that only a cracker-jack craftsman in the diving art could execute with any degree of perfection.

Note the beautiful trajectory, the exquisite symmetry and perfect execution, the wonderful co-ordination and control used in turning, and, above all, the youthful grace exhibited in every line of his body. Phil Patterson, of course, deserves the credit for making the dives, but Eagle-Eye Bill Von Poelnitz and his equally sharp camera also should come in for a portion of the praise because without Bill and his Graflex we could not sing of the glories of Phil. Phil is most efficacious at diving. It would not be handing him too much credit to say that he is a connoisseur. Perhaps it would be best briefly to sketch Phil's meteoric rise in the last four years.

Phil is but seventeen years of age, is entirely a product of the Club concerning his aerial and aquatic ability, is unmarried and but recently won his first big championship. Off and on for the last four

years Phil has been doing various diving, picking up medals here and there and managing to scrape up enough pointers from his competitors to gather quite a stock of rules and ideas that are necessary in diving. Unlike most of the fugacious divers, Philip held onto that which he had learned and by practicing Jewish Prudence, as it were, positioned himself so that he can step in and take George Bond's place, who intends to get married.

At the age of fifteen years Phil entered the United States Junior Diving Championships held at Los Angeles and placed fourth to Billy Williams, a product of the Olympic Club. Phil is to be admired for going into this strange land amidst foreigners and diving with such absolute confidence as to place fourth. After his first trial Phil represented the Lick High School in various interscholastic competitions. He has yet to have his colors lowered. Phil's latest and biggest conquest came when he went to Stockton and pocketed the Junior Diving title for the State of California. Any person who can go to Stockton and beat the Stocktonians at their own game is pulling something worth while, and yet our own little Phil turned the trick. Phil has still bigger fields to conquer, but study the pictures and you will see how it is to be done.



PHIL PATTERSON, P. A. A. JUNIOR CHAMPION, 1918

CAMP LEWIS AND NEIGHBORING TERRITORY

(The impressions of a Landgoing Naval Officer on a visit to Washington and the Military Cantonment at Camp Lewis.)

By L. J. M.

WE took the good ship *President* a couple of weeks ago for a sea trip to Tacoma, which is the city nearest Camp Lewis. After two and a half days at sea we reached Seattle. It was about midnight. After argument with the deck stewards we got our baggage. It was black on the pier, but we could discern the semi-luminous lights of the Big City. We were held up by a taxi driver, but managed to reach the Butler Café. It is a basement resort, a sort of compromise between John Tait's and the Sunset Cafeteria. They have dancing from 6:30 to 8:30, then suffer a relapse until 10:30, and dance from then until 12:30. Everything is "near"—"near" music, "near" entertainers, and "near" beer.

The dancing is very foreign. A bona fide Palace Kangaroo or Art Hickman parlor snake could be ruled out for trying. The terpsichorean efforts are more on the Frank Gotch or Joe Stecher order. They're still singing "Are You Sincere?" in the cabarets. The near-beer as closely resembles the real article as the Seattle Third Avenue girl resembles the San Francisco Grant Avenue fairy—it doesn't.

The *je ne sais quoi*—they haven't it. Unlike our city, Seattle never gets quiet—every few minutes a cable car goes over the cobbles and brings back sweet memories of April 18, 1906. The hotels of the best order rate about Argonaut. You have to order lunch at the breakfast table to be sure to get it. The cafés are not—except for one known as Blanc's, where a St. Francis epicure could eat himself to death in a week—"par excellence" describes it.

That night two of us asked for rooms.

They compromised on a single one-acre room running slightly up hill, with one firm bed and mattress. The carpet was badly sunburned. The onrush of cars could be distinctly heard. We remonstrated on the bed score and were told ten people had used it in five days and none had complained. At 4:30 A. M., after eating and playing cards to get exhausted, we fell asleep.

The next day we went to Tacoma, thirty-five miles distant. The Interurban train outdoes itself. It makes an hour trip in an hour and three-quarters. This allowed time to see a girl nearly killed by another passenger train and opportunity to witness a waiver signed by her. Tacoma boasts of one large hotel—idle boasting.

Now we take the auto for the camp. This is also on the Northern "Get your bit from the boys" plan rather than the California "Do your bit for the boys" plan. The machines run every twenty minutes or every seven passengers. It's twenty-five miles away and the country is pretty with its dogwood and broom plant, green fields and streams.

The camp is reached in forty minutes if no accident occurs—accidents are frequent, although a good state highway in process of enlargement runs to the grounds. The camp is immense, hundreds of good, well-lighted buildings, large Hostesses' House, called "Hostages' House" by a San Mateo market gardener, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus Hall, all sorts of social halls, a Greene Park, which is better than our old Chutes, where they have theatres, movies, shooting-galleries and every conceivable sort of diversion. There is a

Liberty Theatre with three thousand seating capacity, where they have the best shows, including Orpheum and performances which rate Columbia Theatre here. The meals are good and the men, thousands of them, look like real Apollos. They have setting up exercises, 2500 men at once, drills of every sort, firing day and night, gas attacks, stretcher exercises, trench drills, bayonet work, hand grenade throwing—everything you've read of, and more, too. Yes, American Lake is there, but it means nothing to put this on the envelope you address, because the lake is several miles away, a beautiful body of water, but at this time too cool for swimming—it would kill the ten-stone athletes of the Club who haunt the steam-room. The men are from all over the United States. There are Italians who think English is a foreign language, Chinese who are learning they are something else but truck gardeners, negroes who think that "Eyes Right" means that the lieutenant is flattering himself that he's always correct,

and hundreds and hundreds of Americans whose blood is turning from white to red with the inculcation of patriotic fervor from work well done in the worthiest of causes. Visit the camp if you can and you'll never regret it. It's full of Olympians. French Frog Raas giving gas mask drills, Berndt a member of the Mounted Police, Myers running rookies ragged, Pete Freeman, the married man, whipping them into shape, and hundreds of others. They all send greetings to Olympia. They call it the "Land of the Living Dead" up there and "God's Country" down here.

"How many want to go to Camp Fremont?" The whole company steps forward.

"Pitch that hay out of the barn there, Fremonters!" says the lieutenant, and it's done in a jiffy on a chance that they may go. Let's consider ourselves lucky and do whatever they want to help them. And write letters and keep writing and you'll keep right.

LIBRARY NOTES

By U. T. K.

THE library some time since received an interesting little book called "Just Be Glad," by Christian D. Larson, which was presented to the Club "with the message of good cheer," by E. Dile.

This is another contribution to the flood of New Thought books which have been rapidly increasing of recent years and forms a refreshing contrast to torrents of hate and vengeance that threaten to debauch the public taste and submerge the firm foundation of modern civilization.

"Just Be Glad" is the message of the new order, the new life and the new time. It is the golden text of the great gospel of "human sunshine" that breaks through the dark and angry clouds of despair and gloom which the news from the Western

Front, the ruthless practices of submarine, air raids upon the habitations of peaceful citizens and the brazen effrontery that seeks to justify the arts of the savage, as necessary to attain a nation's ends and secure a place in the sun seem at the moment to threaten the world with darkness and chaos.

There is hope for mankind when books like this, and Professor Dearborn's "The Influence of Joy" and the late President Hyde's "The Gospel of Good Will" can be written and be gladly read by thousands while "grim-visaged war" is gnawing at the vitals of the world and all the leading nations of the earth are in a death struggle.

"Just Be Glad" will be found an agreeable antidote to much of the poison that

the reading public is now days called upon to swallow.

Poverty and Social Progress

The above is the title of a timely volume, written by Professor Maurice Parmelee, an eminent sociologist, which was given to the Club by Mr. Leo Peck.

Dr. Parmelee is an accomplished scholar and extensive writer on sociology and penology, who has devoted his life to promoting the welfare of mankind. He graduated at Yale and received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia in 1909. Since then he has acted as expert investigator for the Russel Sage Foundation and as Research Fellow at the university settlement in New York and as lecturer and teacher in his chosen subjects now ranks as an accepted authority on social questions.

The volume will repay perusal because of its clear exposition of the aims of a democratic state. The author states his purpose in these words: "We have gradually developed in this book the conception of a society inspired by humanitarian and democratic ideals. Such a democratic society involves on the political side a system of self-government such as we have discussed. On the economic side it involves an efficient organization of all the productive forces of society, so that each member of society will be contributing his fair share of the kind of labor which he is best fitted to perform." That is the kind of democracy that the United States is now fighting for and for which the world must be made safe.

BOOKS MISSING FROM THE LIBRARY

THE following volumes from the set of the work of Alexandre Dumas, Edition de Luxe, published by The Wheeler Publishing Company, New York and San Francisco:

- The Chevalier d'Harmental*....No. 1052
- The Last Vendee*.....No. 1058
- The Vicomte de Bragelonne*, Vol. 2
.....No. 1054

The following volumes from the set of the works of Richard Harding Davis Edition published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:

- The White Mice*.....No. 372
- Once Upon a Time*.....No. 381

The following volumes from the set of the works of Guy de Maupassant, Edition de Luxe, published by St. Dunstan Society, Akron, Ohio, 1903:

- Short Stories of the Tragedy and Comedy of Life*, Vol. 3.....No. 958
- Bel Ami Yrette*.....No. 962

The following volume from the set of the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Concord Edition, published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass:

- Biographical Introduction, Addresses and Lectures*, Vol. 1.....No. 571

The Following volumes from the set of Italian Novelists, translated by W. G. Waters, "The Water Color Edition," 1901:

- Vol. 1 No. 1220
- Vol. 2 No. 1221
- Vol. 3 No. 1222

The following volume from the set of the works of Sir Gilbert Parker, the Imperial Edition, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913:

- Vol. 6 No. 2182

The Book of Knowledge. The Children's Encyclopaedia, edited by Arthur Mee and Holland Thompson, and published by The Grolier Society, New York:

- Vol. 1 No. 1158

The Revolt of the Angels, Anatole France. Edited by Frederic Chapman and published by John Lane, London...No. 1277

THE OLYMPIC CLUB'S NEW MILITARY BUREAU

THE OLYMPIC CLUB has a military bureau. Increased importance of the military bureau in the Alumni secretary's office, University of California, in assisting the national government, has made it necessary to establish a branch station in San Francisco, it is announced by Homer Havermale, manager of the military bureau at Berkeley. THE OLYMPIC CLUB has donated the use of its room at 524 Post street for this war service. The expense of the branch bureau will be borne jointly by the Regents of the University of California and the Alumni Association. Work will begin immediately in the Club rooms, San Francisco.

The work of the military bureau is to answer inquiries from all persons desiring information of the different fields of war service, to hold personal interviews and give attention to individual cases. Personal fitness for particular lines of war work, education, qualifications, personality, etc., are all considered. The requirements for enlistment in any department of service are explained in detail. Men with training along technical lines, who desire to enlist in some branch of the service can receive honest and valuable advice and counsel and can be placed so as to render the best possible service.

It is because of the success of this bureau that the branch station at THE OLYMPIC CLUB is planned for San Francisco. The calls from the national government which are received daily at the Berkeley military bureau will be sent at once to the Club. There, persons interested in certain lines of service may fill out application blanks. These applications are forwarded immediately to the national departments from which the calls have come. Careful record of all applications is kept.

Some of the recent calls from the na-

tional government are for topographers, surveyors, draftsmen and photographers, to join the 472d Engineers Corps. Chauffeurs and cooks also are wanted. The age limits in this call are from 18 to 40. The Ordnance Department needs chemists, lead-burners and mechanical engineers. The Y. M. C. A. is calling for men to carry comfort and cheer to our soldier comrades in the French and the Italian armies. Radio experts are needed, also engineers and aviators for both the Naval Reserve Flying Corps and the Marine Reserve Flying Corps. The Veterinary Corps is calling also.



JAMES McEACHERN
Olympic Club, World's Champion 21-lb. Hammer

NORMAN ROSS WRITES OF AVIATION DOINGS

THE following letter from Norman Ross, the swimming marvel of THE OLYMPIC CLUB, now at Rockwell Field in aviation training, has been received by Robin Bailly:

Robin, Old Fellow:

Really, Bailly, I've meant to write you before, but I've been busier than the proverbial one-armed paperhanger with the hives, so you see my neglect has been in fact, though not in spirit.

I long for a dictionary in this man's army—it is the thing I think I miss most. I get along fine without the plaudits of the multitude and the chocolate nut sun-daes, but I'm lost without my trusty Noah's handbook.

Suh trifling things as disputes over "moustache" or "mustache." The camp is about evenly divided, with a slight leaning toward "mustache." At any rate the "mu" adherents make more noise, consequently and most likely "mou" is "keerect." I'm an "m-o-u-er." Looks like we might have another Orangemen's war over it.

Although my vocabulary suffers somewhat in the loss of many of the old sly usages, I have picked up many new ones. I can cuss my engine in three languages and seventeen intonations. No muledriver ever commanded a more pretentious flow of sulphurous adjectives than I, especially when my engine quit with me a thousand feet high, over a fog bank, where I had no business to be, incidentally, and on driving through I found I had taken the wrong turn and was headed for the middle of a marsh. I tried English, French, Chinese, even German expletives—finally a few soft Hawaiian gutturals brought the desired effect, and the old piece of tin revived long enough to land me on "terry firmy."

Oh, many amusing things happen, such

as the most disagreeable and unpopular man in the class having a smash, etc.

Not much excitement so far this week. Two killed last week, but this week has started out very tamely. The week is quite young yet, however, we have hopes.

Every time the "Flying Bedstead," the "Hungry Liz"—ambulance in ordinary parlance—has been called out lately, they have returned empty.

They passed me this afternoon on the road, returning from a journey around the field—such a baffled expression on their faces. The driver's eye lit up when he saw me. I could see a sort of calculating look in it. "Now we'll lay him in cornerwise, and fold his arms under him; he'll fit nicely." Oh, no, mister! No rides in the "Meat-Wagon" for mine.

I have just spent a most delightful half-hour in the dentist's chair. We have a wonderful dentist; he can do better work with a hammer and a pair of pliers than an ordinary man could with a rock. So I'm getting a few hours' rest from classes. I'd have the same rest anyway, but it's nice to stay away legally once in a while.

If there is any ink left in my pen after indicting this epistle, I'll draw upon my fertile brain for the letter on the girls which you honored me by asking for.

I don't know when or why it is, or whether George James is running it or not; in fact, the only piece of a San Francisco paper I've seen for months is the clipping you so kindly sent. However, I'll endeavor to toss off a few pearls from my unlimited supply of aquational wisdom.

I feel qualified to speak in matters aquatical now, for I swam Sunday from North Island, here, down to Coronado Beach, a distance which I afterward ascertained to be in excess of two and one-

(Continued on Page 27)

ABOUT ADVERTISING YOU CAN'T BUY

(Continued from Page 15)

in every one of the papers, Sid began to feel the fangs of the Green-Eyed Monster and he came out with the silly idea that a "Swimmer Could Beat a Wrestler" and forthwith he trots down to Sal and gets it into print.

Sid's article wasn't exactly that a swimmer could beat a wrestler, but he maintained that he and Mrs. Pollak together, in Lurline Tank, could beat Bill Coffman and Claire Galligan in a fight to the finish, inasmuch as Sid doesn't like Coffman and thought that would be a good way to get even for the time that Coffman's Y. M. C. A. team beat the team that Sid was experting. Anyhow, Sid's scrap didn't materialize and Al Williams beat him to it when his old partner, Pete Buzukos, issued one of his now famous monthly challenges. Regular as the sun comes up in the West, so does Peter Buzukos issue a challenge to Al. Pete has no intentions of wrestling Al because he knows Al can out think him two to one, but just the same it's good advertising because it's silly stuff and has become a joke.

Without the least provocation, Pete will up and challenge Al.

Ever since Al wrote "Out-Think 'Em" Pete has been going to business college trying to get on a footing so that he could hope to class with Al's quick-fire intellect, but we don't think that he will make the grade because after a person reaches a certain age the old gray matter sheds new ideas like a duck's back does water. It's like the time Sid was coaching Mrs. Pollak to swim and Sal got hold of it and came out in big stuff saying that Mrs. Pollak was going to shove water in the faces of the rest of the girl swimmers. That was fine and we at last thought Sid had discovered a phenom, but the very next day Sal comes out with more type that a blind

man could have read, saying that Sid Cavil said "no woman over 30 will ever have any chances of becoming a champion." No one said that Mrs. Pollak was over 30, or in any way was she connected with Sid's article, but the next time that she appeared in competition we carefully noticed that K. O. Kreling had beat Sid to the delightful task of holding the kimona.

Tiv Kreling is another one that got bit by an advertising fox the time he was in Alaska. He smells out a good advertisement, and something that will get the newspaper man's nanny, the same way that a cat smells a rat. First he came out with a pink shirt waist at a wrestling match. The only previous person to dress as *risqué* as this was Eddie Graney when he sprang the Tuxedo, but Eddie did it so often that it got to be second nature and everybody got used to it. Then friend Tiv exposed the wrestling game. That was good stuff for a while, but the public didn't like legitimate advertising, such as exposing wrestling matches, and, sure enough, the pink shirt waist incident greatly exceeded his *exposé* of the wrestlers.

The pink shirt waist of K. O. Kreling furnished fuel for the thought furnaces of Sal *et al* for many a day, but was left standing alone when Al Williams broke forth in verse libre on the aforementioned quick seller, "How I Out-think 'Em."

Billy Leonard was flabbergasted when he heard what Al had done. He couldn't believe it and only became convinced when shown and then he sank to the mat in convulsions—too weak to say anything. Frank Foster received the news easy like and came right back at us with a story about George Green when he was only a kid and had just started in to scrap—we knew that Frank's story about George would have been good—as a story it would be fine—but for pay dirt advertising it wasn't there

like the Bible written by Alberto De Williams. The book written by Al contained more meat for advertising than George James and his female Dipsea Race or Phil Wand and his "balling out" of the P. A. R. officials after the last Red Cross fights or Moritz Jaehne and his swimmers' union or Tom Bunyan and his Juveniles or even more scintilating than Sid Cavill's worthy sheriff's campaign, which is hotly being waged in and around the confines of San Quentin.

George James is another, who, for a little fellow, manages to break into print quite regularly. The only trouble with George is that as long as he has been gleaned publicity he never seems to be able to learn that the readers want cuckoo stuff, such, for instances, as the time he was heralded as a model bachelor when he agreed to support a little French baby. The Dipsea race for women was good stuff from a legitimate standpoint, but it wasn't something that would remain with the reader for a long time after. It is like they say, a dead person is usually remembered by the bad things he did in life. The more foolishly scandalous, the longer the taste stays with us. The best stunt George ever put over, and which will remain for a long time to come as a mark for Al Williams to shoot at, was the time he was invited to a banquet at the Women's Athletic Club and was the only man there. Wow, what a roar Sid put up when he heard about it, because just at this time he was doing that wonderful coaching of Mrs. Pollak's stroke and he thought that if anybody were invited to dine it should be him. Sid came out all right afterward, although Sal and Mark Noon never heard about it, when Mrs. P—— one Wednesday night sent him down a nice chicken sandwich. We know Mrs. Pollak sent it because Sid said so and, secondly, we know the sandwich was in evidence be-

cause we all swallowed a part of same. That sandwich incident might have become prominent, if properly advertised, and as famous as Tom Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" or as Willie Von Poelnitz's Rogue's gallery of athletes, but like so many other good things it was shelved before it had a chance to mature.

Take Bill von Poelnitz, for an example. Who gets his name in print, under pictures, more than he does? Everybody sees the name and that's all there is to it, but if Bill made many statements like he did after the Women's Dipsea race and his name was tacked to every one of them, why he would have to hire the City Hall to practice his trade of Thermo-Dynamics. Bill got sore one time when Tom Lennon of the horse marines put an article in THE OLYMPIAN and called Bill "Olympia's Greatest Massage Artist." That was another comeback which could have been played up 'til Bill got dizzy, but Tom, being a gentleman with a purpose, desisted, and left Bill to work out his own destiny. Suppose that Tom had played it up, wouldn't Bill have gotten a lot of boosts that otherwise went homeless?

Talking about fighting reminds us of the time Eddie Stout started to take up boxing and intended to do all his training over at the end of the Dipsea trail, but somehow or other, some heavyweight took all the "ambish" out of Eddie by walloping him with a black-jack when he wasn't looking.

The whiskers of Edgar Pomeroy might, under proper care and cultivation, develop into something which would equal the one sported by Judge Graham. There we said something!

Who in San Francisco has done as much for notorious facial adornments as the two last mentioned? Each has strong belief that his is the proper kind—and look at the result. Those respective whiskers

have become as much a part of Edgar Pomeroy and Judge Graham as bull is a part of Bull Durham. The first thing we think about, when we try to remember Pom, is the little tickler he wears on the lower end of his face. Just the same as the trademark "Coco-Cola" is worth millions to its owners, so is Pomeroy's famous "beard" worth six bits to him. Pomeroy's team of kickless soccer players get about as far as the Seals do with their team of hitless wonders, only the Seals are a cheese team with holes of a larger size than Pom's soccer team! Yet, doesn't each of the respective teams draw the crowds? The answer is "yes," because each of the managers is "hep" to the advertising game and strongly plays up the features.

It isn't necessary that you have the best article in the world to advertise, because if that was so Pom's team would get mentioned only in the obituary, but all that is necessary is that your product get lots of space and then, no matter whether it is the best or not, people have become convinced that it is, and want it. The hula dance of Otto Wallfish proves our point in this regard. We don't know how long Otto studied this gentle art or how strenuously, but all we know is that his dance makes us laugh, and, so far as we are concerned from the advertising end, every little movement of his has a meaning all its own. Otto might not be the most scientific hula dancer when it comes to knowing every rule, oscillation and movement, but he certainly has advertised well that which he knows. "Fat" Larue can't hold a candle to Otto when it comes to standing in the same place and wiggling all over, because Fat, being of such a funny, silly disposition, always breaks down from the humorous sensation. We have to admit that hula dancing is a little out of William J. L'Heaureux's line. He specializes more in the pursuit of wild livery sta-

ble cayuses. Every time "Fat" turns around in a different way, he gets a boost, because he does it in his own particular manner.

Following we have compiled a little list showing the respective standing of our star advertisers with the complete number of victories, which, according to originality and length of popularity, are deemed to be sufficient to be counter for a point. This quarter we are pleased to present the brown derby to Al Williams, who, by publishing a masterpiece, rapidly came to the fore and displaced Sid Cavill, who was thought to have had a lead-pipe cinch, on account of a couple of cartoons in which the future sheriff was illustrated in most delightful positions:

Al Williams	7
Sid Cavill	6
George James	3
K. O. Kreling.....	2½
Rudy Peterson	2
Frank Foster	2
Eddie Stout	1¾
Billy Leonard	1
George Green	1
Moritz Jaehne	1
Phil Wand	1
Billy Von Poelnitz	1
Otto Wallfish	1
"Fat" Larue	owes 1

It is to be noticed that Rudy Peterson and Frank Foster are tied because they split 50-50 on all victories—a sort of Damon and Pythas combination.

Chief White (to a prisoner while inspecting the jail)—"What brought you here?"

Prisoner—"My cold."

Chief White—"What! Your cold?"

Prisoner—"Yes, sir! I had to sneeze when I broke into the house. It awoke the gentleman. He caught me and here I am."

THE AUDACITY OF SHAKESPEARE

By PETER P. PETERSON

THE temerity of Shakespeare in building the structures of many of his dramas in open opposition to the probabilities of history and the tendencies of human nature is quite appalling. And, paradoxical as it may seem, this defect really confers a benefit rather than a detriment upon the memory of Shakespeare himself, since, as will be seen, it tends to disprove and knock the crutch from under the limping arguments advanced by the Baconians that the distinguished lawyer is to be held responsible for the thirty-six dramas usually ascribed to the Bard of Avon. Of course, those whose aristocratic instincts and genteel natures revolt at the admission that any one save a genteel aristocrat could possess the mentality that produced the Shakespearean plays, may turn about and say that Bacon, wishing to conceal his authorship of the plays, since, as a familiarity with them will reveal, they contained quips and intellectual bites at some very important people of his times, purposely defied both fact and truth so as to make his hand in the pie even less conspicuous. But the color of that first blush quickly fades when one considers that Bacon, as the leading legalist of his day, must have (if they were his), looked at his plots through an imagination tainted with the law, and, try as he might, his attempts to conceal his knowledge of current jurisprudence could not but fail, at least partially. But what's the matter is this:

In three of the Shakespearean dramas—*The Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*—three very peculiar situations arise. Let us consider the first named. In this play, considered by some to be

the best of the thirty-six, a court of justice gravely investigates a bond which, according to the civil law in Italy during the middle ages could not, by any possible circumstance, have been valid. Lord Bramwell of an English court of appeal delivered the opinion from the bench that Shylock, "in order to get the pound of flesh, would have had to commit assault and even murder, and therefore the contract was null and void from the beginning." Admittedly was it literary audacity for Shakespeare to present a play builded about a circumstance such as this—impossible upon its very face.

But the temerity manifest in *The Merchant of Venice* pales before the "crude and barbarous vigor" with which the legal ideas of right and wrong of the Danish people, are defied in *Hamlet*. In this play a situation quite as unworthy of the Danes as it would be impossible of being is made out to be a mere matter of course, and in it the basic plot of the drama finds its well-spring. One month after the death of the King finds the Queen, Hamlet's mother, consort to Claudius, the brother of the dead monarch. Instead of the throne becoming Hamlet's immediately upon the death of his father, since he was over age and quite capable of handling the scepter, it descends, or rather, crosses over to an uncle who has heirs-apparent, no concurrence of the nobles. Nothing but murder is required no more right to it by any law or precedent of the Danes than Ophelia, the prime minister's daughter.

In *Macbeth* a similar situation is found. The Scottish captain assumes that if he can assassinate his King he himself will become King, even though two young

and athletic Princes, in the full bloom of health, are quite ready to receive the throne. There appears to be no need for an election, no need for a proclamation by the army, no need of a renunciation to win a crown for a captain between whom and the throne there stand two male heirs, both right-Johnny-on-the-spot, the distinguished general Banquo, and a number of earls and notables. Yet, succession to a throne by assassination was as foreign to the Scottish people as cannibalism.

But it is the tremendous vitality and energy and power of Shakespeare's dramas that lifts them away above and beyond criticism. His heroes are not men, his heroines are not women. Both are "survivals over into the modern stage-life of the artist made gods of the mythological pantheon. Richard the Third is a better Satan than Milton drew and Macbeth a better Belial." And though these obvious falsities exist, they do not mar one jot or tittle the real beauty of the dramas. The lesson intended is conveyed, the characters conceived are drawn, the life seen is depicted, and they could not have been better done had the setting and the surrounding circumstance been less awry than they are. Apparent as are these flaws, in no way is the value of the dramas lessened. The fact that this disparity exists between the truth of things and the pictures of them as drawn by Shakespeare tends merely to prove the more strongly that the eyes which saw them were not legal eyes, and that their author could not have looked upon them through a legal imagination. They are rather the product of a mind in which the descent of a throne to a brother, or to a successful chieftain in preference to a living son, is of too little account to be noticed and therefore creates no incongruity.

NORMAN ROSS WRITES OF AVIATION

(Continued from Page 22)

half kilometers. That is many miles—too far for one boy to swim all alone, however. I started, thinking it was about a mile, and when I got half way in it was as far to go back as to go on, so I went. I rode (not rowed) back in a row-boat.

Bonnett, old-time Stanford half-miler, is in my class. You will be interested to learn that Bob Clampett is becoming an excellent flier. He has taken hold in a remarkable fashion.

Sincerely,

NORMAN ROSS.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP IN THE OLYMPIC CLUB, MAY, 1918 ACTIVE

Chandler, L. B., insurance, 440 California St.

Collins, John J., real estate, 503 Market St.

Compton, C. A., restaurateur, 10 Kearny St.

Gould, Henry W., mining engineer, 817 Crocker Bldg.

Kyne, William P., U. S. Navy, 442 Seventeenth Ave.

Martin, A. L., salesman, Plaza Hotel.

Mayer, Harry G., mining, First National Bank Bldg.

Rose, L. H., automobiles, 1230 Van Ness Ave.

Ryan, Chas. P., clergyman, St. Charles' Church.

Schott, Walter E., dentist, 101 Post St.

Tufts, Dr. J. B., dentist, 75 Seaciff Ave.

Westerfeld, Carl, attorney, 425 Call Bldg.

Whitaker, Thos. G., salesman, 1701 Van Ness Ave.

SERVICE

Clark, O. R., lieutenant, 63rd inf., Presidio of S. F.

Conklin, Alvah P., 1st Lieut., C. A. C., Presidio of S. F.

Eddy, A. J., capt., C. A. C., Presidio of S. F.

Hitchcock, Guy C., lieut., U. S. Navy, care of Union Iron Works Plant, S. F.

Hoefling, L. G., ensign, U. S. Navy, U. S. S. "Fairfax," S. F.

Hynds, Harold D., 1st lieut., U. S. Shipping Board Detail, Palace Hotel.

Johnston, C. Y., lieut., U. S. Navy, care of Union Iron Works Plant, S. F.

Merrill, W. S., lieut, U. S. Navy, care of Union Iron Works Plant, S. F.

Miller, Robt. W., 2nd lieut., 2nd F. A., Camp Fremont, Cal.

Montgomery, A. E., lieut., U. S. Navy, care of Union Iron Works Plant, S. F.

Murphey, G. R., 2nd lieut., C. A. C., Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

Noble, Paul C., ensign, U. S. Navy, Sheldon Bldg.

O'Brien, F. K., lieut., U. S. Navy, Mare Island, Cal.

Rogers, Randall, lieut., U. S. Navy, 328 Sheldon Bldg.

Rouse, Roy T., 2nd lieut., 63rd inf., Presidio of San Francisco.

Southgate, R. S., 2nd lieut., Q. M. C., Fort Mason, Cal.

Sperry, S. W., capt., C. A. C., Fort Rosecrans, Cal.

Stacy, Wm. G., 1st lieut., C. A. C., Presidio of S. F.

Strong, Wm. P., 2nd lieut., 63rd inf., Presidio of S. F.

Warren, Chas. M., 1st lieut., C. A. C., Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

Wynne, Sam'l O., capt., Army Intelligence Division, Ferry P. O., S. F.

ATHLETIC

Clark, Howard H., draftsman, 445 Sutter St.

Davies, Ronald, clerk, 65 Market St.

Dolan, Eugene, clerk, 4121 Eighteenth St.

James, John H., sporting writer, The Examiner.

Littleton, Calvin T., student, Stanford University, Cal.

McDonnell, Wm., statistician, 310 Sansome St.

Merriman, U. N., shipping clerk, 50 Fremont St.

O'Neill, Jas. F., student, 533 Jersey St.

JUVENILE

Hart, George David, 116 Clayton St.

E. SCHMIDT

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MAY 1, 1918	TO	MAY 31, 1918
INCOME		\$14,347.84
Dues		\$12,412.48
Department Operations		1,605.54
Visitors' Cards		201.00
Commissions		64.79
Discount		<u>64.03</u>
EXPENSE		\$13,856.08
General Club		\$ 7,355.57
House	\$4,142.10	
Engine Room	1,894.16	
Electricity	621.65	
Water	522.38	
Library and Periodicals	<u>175.28</u>	
Administrative and General		\$ 2,788.66
Office Salaries and Expense.....	\$1,094.90	
Administrative Salaries and Expense...	389.73	
Taxes	471.82	
Miscellaneous	330.53	
Telephone	183.93	
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00	
Insurance	<u>117.75</u>	
Other		\$ 3,711.85
Interest Paid	\$1,790.58	
Depreciation	925.00	
Special Events	627.02	
Athletic Activities	84.25	
Donations and Subscriptions	<u>285.00</u>	
OPERATING PROFIT		\$ 491.76
INITIATION FEES		\$ 1,820.00
NET PROFIT		<u>\$ 2,311.76</u>

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

We have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of May, 1918, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Profit for the month of May, 1918, of \$2,311.76, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

SULLY, HOOD & STRONG,
Certified Public Accountants.

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THE OLYMPIC CLUB'S NEW DIRECTORS.



UGAS

Vol. VI

JULY, 1918

No. 67



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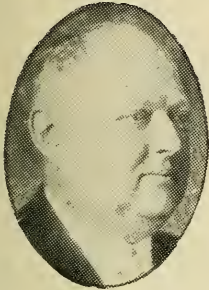
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(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)
Eddie Stout, who has won more trophies for the Olympic Club than any other athletic member, is posed here with his collection just before he left to join the "Grizzlies."



Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, William H. Grattan.

Associate Editors: Edgar Pomeroy, Soccer; P. C. Gerhardt, Track and Field; A. L. Shannon, Handball; Sven O. Philip, Wrestling; Lincoln Johnson, Swimming; E. Lastreto, Fencing; M. L. Jenne, Bowling; Dr. O. B. Burns, Billiards; Louis McLaue, Juniors and Juveniles; W. R. Larzelere, Baseball; A. Kemp, Basketball; Dr. Rumwell, Medical Department.

Vol. VI

JULY, 1918

No. 67

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

At the meeting of the Board of Directors Wednesday night, July 17, noteworthy changes in the personnel of the **Changes** Directors and officers were in made.

Board The resignation of Richard of M. Tobin as Treasurer and **Directors** Director of the Olympic Club was received and read to the Board.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, By the Board of Directors of the Olympic Club, that the resignation of Richard M. Tobin as Treasurer and Director of the Olympic Club be and the same is hereby accepted.

In accepting this resignation the Board of Directors of the Olympic Club regret exceedingly the great loss to the Club by this severance of Mr. Tobin's official connection therewith. Mr. Tobin comes of a family distinguished in local history, whose traditions of public spiritedness, enlightenment and faithful attention to duty he has signally maintained in his own life and work, a characteristic instance thereof being the particular reason which has caused

his resignation here accepted; *this reason being that he has entered into the overseas service of the United States in the great war, consecrating therein his life and fortune to the cause of democracy for which our nation, and the nations allied with her, are so nobly and unselfishly fighting in the old world and on the high seas.* The best wishes of the Olympic Club's Directors and members will follow him in his new sphere of activities. The sense of our own great loss is tempered by the conviction that a forceful, intelligent and loyal personality has been added to the nation's service.

The resignation of John R. Hanify as Director of the Olympic Club was thereupon accepted, and on motion duly made and seconded, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That John R. Hanify be and he is hereby appointed Treasurer of the Olympic Club in the place and stead of Richard M. Tobin, resigned, and as Director of the Olympic Club to fill the unexpired term of Richard M. Tobin, resigned.

In making this appointment the Board of Directors express their high appreciation of Mr. Hanify's character and services to the Club and all that it stands for. Mr. Hanify in his association with the Board of Directors and with the members of the Olympic Club has shown himself to be possessed of wise and conservative judgment, his conclusions on all matters being notably just and well considered. A man devoted to the simple life, he has, through his own native ability and persistent efforts, unaided by factitious circumstances, achieved a truly enviable position in the business life of our city, state and nation, and has attained international fame as a sportsman of the highest type. The Olympic Club is to be congratulated most heartily on having the advantage of his continued counsel in club affairs, the great

value of which is strikingly enhanced by the pleasure of personal association with him.

Thereupon, on motion duly made and seconded, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That Stanley J. Fay be and he is hereby appointed Director of the Olympic Club for the unexpired term of John R. Hanify, resigned.

Mr. Fay is an Olympian in every sense of the word. He is one of the "Old Guard," an enthusiastic supporter of all clean, amateur athletics, and a man of affairs whose active aid will be of immeasurable value to the officers and Directors of the Club. He is one of our captains of industry and a financier of distinguished ability connected with one of the strongest and most conservative as well as most enterprising of our local banking houses. The Directors look forward to and are assured of most profitable and pleasant relations with him in the Board.

It has been suggested that the tax on club dues be doubled. The wisdom of this suggestion in its application to clubs generally may not be questioned, but it may well be argued that it should not be applied to a club of the character of the Olympic Club. Many clubs exclusively social may well be classed as a luxury; but the Olympic Club, which trains boys from the early age of nine, has been classed by the United States Court of Customs Appeals as an educational institution.

In these days it may not be considered presumptuous if we say it is almost a war-time necessity.

It has answered every call of its coun-

try in a most liberal manner. Voluntarily it taxes itself monthly for the Red Cross not less than \$250 and in addition has donated to that organization over \$21,000.

The Olympic Club recognizes the necessity of taxes for the prosecution of the war. That is and must be the first consideration. But it has been suggested that clubs of this character should not in the matter of taxes be classed with the clubs of ease and luxury. It might limit its capacity for doing greater good in other ways. But come what may the Olympic Club will never flinch from any burden the Government may impose.

Negotiations to obtain a country home for the Olympic Club, a move in which the members have displayed the liveliest interest, are still under way. There is nothing of importance to report to the membership in this matter. Many Olympians are taking advantage of the kind invitation of the Lakeside Country Club to use its links for golf, and the veteran stick wielders are initiating other Olympians with the usual result of developing rabid golfites. As quickly as the negotiations reach a definite stage, the members will be informed.

Many Olympians are the recipients of interesting letters from fellow members in the service that other members would like to read. We are all eager to know how the boys are getting on; we want to keep in touch with every "Winged O" man who is doing his bit for the country. So whenever you get a bright letter from some Olympian in the service turn it in to the editor. The letters will be printed as far as space will permit.

**Country
Home
Parleys
Continue**

**Turn in
Your
Service
Letters**

**Tax
on Club
Dues**

The position of Director, made vacant by the resignation of James Woods, has been filled by the appointment of Thomas J. Coleman, who has also succeeded Mr. Woods as manager of the St. Francis Hotel.

Mr. Coleman will be of great assistance to the Directors in all matters pertaining to Club management; he is a distinct and valuable acquisition to the Directorate, because of his expert knowledge of the details of Club management and his wide experience in the commercial life of our city. Reared in Stockton, California, he came

to San Francisco many years ago and has been an intensely interested member of the Olympic Club in all of its activities. The Directors are indeed fortunate to have available such timber for use in the Club. Despite his many and absorbing duties as general manager of the Hotel St. Francis, Mr. Coleman will nevertheless give a very considerable portion of his time and talents to the service of the Club, which is to be congratulated upon his selection as a Director. To fill the shoes of James Woods is a difficult feat (no pun intended), but the Board has accomplished it.

Two Prominent Olympians Snapped in Service "Over There"



Lieutenant Frank Marisch of the 23d Engineers and Hughie Keenan, who is building railroads for the Yanks in France,

are shown here before a motor truck with which Lieutenant Marisch is transporting ammunition to the front.

AN OFFICIAL CALL

A regular meeting of THE OLYMPIC CLUB is hereby called for, and will be held, on Tuesday evening, August 6th, 1918, at eight o'clock in the Club's gymnasium for the purpose of receiving the the names of candidates for the NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

Pursuant to Section 1 of Article XIV of the By-Laws of THE OLYMPIC CLUB, said Committee shall consist of five (5) members, but the number of nominations of candidates for membership on said Committee is unlimited. Said Committee will nominate members for the following offices:

**PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
TREASURER
SECRETARY**

and three (3) Directors, as the terms of Directors Wm. H. Crocker, E. G. McConnell and Stanley J. Fay expire on the second Tuesday in September, 1918.

WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY, *President.*

Attest: FRANK J. FORAN, *Secretary.*

N. B.: The election of the NOMINATING COMMITTEE will be held on Tuesday, August 13th, 1918. The polls will be open from two o'clock p. m. until nine o'clock p. m. The election will be in charge of the following members of the Club:

Inspectors:

GEORGE JONES
AL. J. FRITZ

Judges:

A. O. HARWOOD
W. R. BERRY
LEO V. MERLE, JR.
F. C. WAGNER

DO NOT FORGET THE DATES

Tuesday, August 6th, 1918, at eight o'clock p. m., nominations for candidates for the NOMINATING COMMITTEE will be received.

Tuesday, August 13th, 1918, from two o'clock p. m. until nine o'clock p. m., election of NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

SKY STUFF

*"Winged O's" Doing Winged Work for the Greatest Sportsman of Them All—
Uncle Sam.*

By ROBIN BAILY

IN those far off, now scarcely recallable days, before Germany plunged her carefully sharpened sword into Civilization, people sometimes talked regretfully of the amount of time and energy that the young men of the country devoted to athletics.

But when the time came for America to pinch hit for Russia, the men in charge of the great United States War Machine thanked their stars for the youths molded in that best of practical schools—Sport.

What would this country have done for aviators if it had not been for the athletes? Years of the most careful preparation at this stage of the proceedings could not have provided the superb human material that was ready in the athletic teams. You cannot manufacture men of the stamp of Norman Ross, Frank Sloman and John Strachan in a day—as you do guns or uniforms.

Even in humming hubs of sport like this Club, the debt that this country and civilization owes to the great out-door games is only half realized.

Already the Hobey Bakers and the Ted Merediths have begun to take their toll of the enemy in the epic battles of the sky and, in a short while, something like a score of Olympians will be in action aloft "Over There."

When this was written Norman Ross, the greatest swimmer this club or any other club, for that matter, ever had, was in the final stages of flying. He had done his Immelman turns, nose dives and loops, and had only the cross-country flights to complete his course.

Instructor Dougherty, through whose

hands hundreds of young aviators have passed, wrote to the writer, declaring that Ross was destined to be one of the greatest aviators in history. Such men as Dougherty do not exaggerate, they cannot afford to. But we, who know Ross here, are not surprised. A lot of nonsense is written about champions, of course. They are only human, but they are picked humans, and it is the confirmed belief of those whose business it has been to observe them closely that anything that is humanly possible can be achieved by the American champion athletes—such men as win trophies for this Club. The Germans are rapidly discovering this and they are only at the beginning.

The brothers Clamptett were wrestlers in time of peace. They have developed into flyers of the first class down at Texas and Rockwell Field. Friends of the father—and what Olympian is not?—will be delighted to see the honors that are being worn by the sons of the Rev. F. W. Clamptett, the chaplain of the "Grizzlies," for many years unofficial orator in chief to this Club.

Phil Wand is not the father of Preston Wand, the University of California sprinter now moving faster across the "Bleak Immensities" than he ever did on a cinder path, but he is an uncle and as proud of the relationship as any parent could be. Young Preston has not only displayed a remarkable faculty for flying but has unusual executive ability as an officer. Preston, while not an Olympian, was fre-

(Continued on Page 26)

NEW MANAGER SALUTES OLYMPIANS

Kenneth McLeod Assumes Reins of Club and Hints at New Plans

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB: It affords me great pleasure to avail of this opportunity to greet the four thousand members of the Olympic Club through its own official organ, *The Olympian*. To those, nearly 700, in the service fighting for the cause of God and humanity, I salute you. I regard it as a most signal honor to be vested with the privilege of guarding a home having sheltered so many brave spirits whose willing hands have grasped the weapon of justice to sustain the world in liberty and freedom.

Our policy in management will be to promote a service that will anticipate its requirements, to the end that a want may be satisfied ere it has been requested.

The matter of obtaining and retaining efficient help is such a general problem of these strenuous times as to be no stranger to any one. The wonderful spirit of harmony and loyalty manifest in the organization convinces me, however, that I am to have the hearty co-operation and assistance of the members, whose suggestions will ever be welcome, no detail will be considered too small to merit attention. The small notes in music must harmonize with the large, else the whole tune is a discord. Good service is but the music of comfort.

As to detail in service, we have noted how much depends upon the harmonious operation of the baths with its hot and cooling rooms. This branch of the service will be guarded with eternal vigilance. The catering department has and is receiving our immediate attention. No effort will be spared in bringing this branch of the service up to the highest standard of efficiency. Ladies' nights will be featured with a carefully selected menu, and such other service as will tend to promote the success of these affairs. We are not un-

mindful of the important fact, however, that the Olympic is a man's club and the Club house a man's home, where the many men who live therein may have their comfort infringed upon such occasions; therefore, for their convenience, by authority of the President and Directors, a special grill will be maintained with proper service in the fencing room.

With the passing of time each and every department will be duly specialized with the aim that the Olympic Club will be, in service as it ever has been in spirit, "the home of good fellowship and comfort."

KENNETH McLEOD.



KENNETH McLEOD

Who Comes from Burlingame Country Club to Succeed E. H. Sinclair, Resigned, as Manager of Olympic Club.

TWO DISTINGUISHED MEN ELECTED TO HONORARY MEMBERSHIP

VERY few Honorary Memberships in the Olympic Club have ever been granted. The By-Laws limit them to persons who have either achieved distinction through services of signal merit to the public or the Club, or become eminent in science, literature or art, and the unanimous vote of the full Board of Directors is necessary to election.

It is therefore interesting to note and record the fact that the Directors at their meeting Wednesday, July 17, added two names to this select list—those of Professor William M. Sloane, the historian, and Clay M. Greene, the playwright. Both were recent guests at the Club.

The following are the resolutions adopted by the Board:

Whereas, The By-laws of the Olympic Club provide for the election to honorary membership in the Club of persons who have achieved distinction through services of signal merit to the public or to the Club, or who have become eminent in science, literature or art; and,

Whereas, Professor William Milligan Sloane, distinguished historian, *emeritus* professor of history at Columbia University, and member of the International Olympic Committee, has been duly and regularly proposed for such honorary membership, and in the unanimous opinion of the Board of Directors is preeminently worthy of election thereto, in view of his many conspicuous and enduring services to mankind in the fields both of scholarship and of the fostering of athletic sports, in both of which fields he has attained great and well-merited renown;

Now Therefore, Be It Resolved, That Professor William Milligan Sloane be and he is hereby by the unanimous vote of the full Board of Directors of the Olympic Club elected an honorary member of

the Olympic Club, and that as such he be and is hereby declared to be entitled to all the privileges of the Club, and liable neither for Club dues nor Club indebtedness.

Further Resolved, That these resolutions be attested and subscribed to by all the Directors of the Olympic Club, in the minute book of proceedings of said Directors, in order that the record so attested may constitute a testimony for all time that the election of said William Milligan Sloane to honorary membership was by the unanimous vote of the full Board of Directors of the Olympic Club.

William Milligan Sloane was born at Richmond, Ohio, November 12, 1850, and was the son of Rev. James Renwick Wilson Sloane and Margaret Anna Wylie (Milligan) Sloane. Both parents were of Scotch descent, and his father and both grandfathers were men of prominence and distinction in American life. He married Mary Espy Johnston of Pittsburgh, Pa., December 27, 1877.

His collegiate education was received at Columbia University (then Columbia College), where he received the degree of A. B. in 1868. Other academic degrees have been conferred on him as follows:

Ph. D., Leipzig, 1876; L. H. D., Columbia, 1887; A. M., Princeton, 1896; LL. D., Rutgers, 1898, Princeton, 1903, and California, 1918.

After leaving college, he served as Classical Master of the Newell School, at Pittsburgh, Pa., from 1868 to 1872. He then went to Berlin, Germany, as private secretary to George Bancroft, the famous American historian, then United States Ambassador to Germany, and as special secretary to the legation, with which he remained associated from 1873 to 1875. While in Germany he studied history under

Professors Mommsen and Droysen, and received his doctor's degree from the University of Leipzig in 1876, as above noted.

On his return to America, he became successively professor of Latin (1876-1884) and professor of history (1884-1896) at Princeton University, then known as the College of New Jersey.

In 1896 he was appointed director of historical studies, and became Seth Low professor of history at Columbia University, where he is now *emeritus* professor of history.

He was editor of the New Princeton Review from 1886 to 1889, is ex-President of the National Institute of Arts

and Letters, was Chancellor of the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1908, and President of the American Historical Association in 1911, and is a member of the New York Historical Society.

His club memberships include the Century, University, and Players' Clubs of New York, and the Nassau Club of Princeton, to which list is now to be added the Olympic Club of San Francisco.

He was made *Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur*, of France, in 1910, and Commander of the North Star, of Sweden, in 1912.

(Continued on Page 25)

AN EXCELLENT IDEA

San Francisco, April 4, 1918.

William F. Humphrey, Esq.,

President Olympic Club.

DEAR SIR: The Olympic Club has over 500 service members that are either on the way to or at the front, and the only record we have at the Club of their having enlisted in the service of our country is practically inaccessible, being hopelessly buried there in the card index case, or indicated only and quite inadequately *en masse* by our service flag, a star thereon representing as a merely statistical and numerical and quite impersonal item, one of those who have thus consecrated themselves to the cause of liberty.

My thought is that we should create a gallery for these service members, and thus by a personal touch and appeal individualize and perpetuate for all time the act and record of each in his service with our colors. Their memory can thus be visualized by their relatives, friends and clubmates, who, unable to join them, are nevertheless with them in spirit and aim as well as in loving personal thought.

The plan that I have in mind is to have

a photograph of each service member suitably framed, with inscription wherein will be given his name, the date of his admission to the Club, a brief statement of his special activities therein or elsewhere, the date of his enlistment, the rank or commission that he holds, and any special mention that may be or may hereafter become appropriate; these photographs to be placed on the walls of some suitable room at the Club about six feet above the floor, so that the name and the rest of the inscription could be read and the photograph seen without difficulty.

The idea appeals rather powerfully to me, and I believe it would afford strength and comfort to patriotic impulses as well as to the more intimate, personal and individual feelings. I think with some little effort we can create such a war "Hall of Fame," which would, in addition to its other purposes, have a distinctive historical interest and value.

Can we not create such a service gallery?

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) L. M. HOEFLER.

BART BURKE, FORMER CAPTAIN OF O. C. NINE, CAPTAIN'S TEAM OVER THERE: WRITES OF SPORTS

Secretary Foran of the Olympic Club has received an interesting letter from Bart Burke, who was captain of the Olympic Club baseball team, and is now with Pershing's men in France. Bart throws many lights on the sports enjoyed by the soldiers. Here's the letter:

Over Here with Uncle Sam's Gang.

Thursday, May 23, 1918.

Dear Friend Frank:

Strict censorship forbids much war news, but will write as much as is permissible. Have been here four and a half months now.

On disembarking from our transport we marched through a large city for five miles and were stationed in a large historic fort and barracks that were built and used by Napoleon. Our battalion band played peppery music and the fellows, 4000 strong, were all singing and kidding. It made quite a hit with the French, who gave us a great reception. We remained there for five days. Had an opportunity to visit the city and surely made use of it. We were then put on a train for a two days' journey. We traveled through some beautiful country that has not and will not be touched by the destructive Germans. We expect this camp will be permanent for a few months more.

Our boys and the French have proved great fighters, even against great odds.

Have met quite a few San Francisco fellows around here. Mike Cana, Mark Mensing and Johnnie Burke are sixty miles from here. Harry Keeler, Ed Abbott and Walter Risley are thirty-five miles; Lieutenant Foster (of Foster &

O'Rear), Sergeant Sission (of O. Creamer) and Joe Flynn of the Board of Harbor Commissioners are four miles; Nig Clarke, Gobby Street, Swede Peterson (Salt Lake pitcher) and Toots Agnew are forty miles; Joe Madden and Connolly of Stanford Parlor are in a navy aerial school, thirty-two miles. Stew Hynes is up near the front.

For amusement we go swimming on a seven-mile beach as well as Waikiki, only a little rougher, or we play ball on some Sundays. Am captain of our team and also handle boxing and wrestling. Our team has won three and lost three. Umpired a game Saturday thirty miles from here between Joe Maddens' naval aerial school team and a hydroplane school. 'Twas for 3000 francs (\$540) a side. Joe's team lost, 6 to 1. After the game there was an entertainment. There were four boxing events, one wrestling, a couple of blackface comedians, three soloists, a quartet, two monologues and a buck and wing dancer; then Young Connolly wound up the show by putting over Jim Brennan's famous "Dangerous Dan McGrew." One of the boxers' name was Tim Fitzpatrick. (No relation to the honorable judge.)

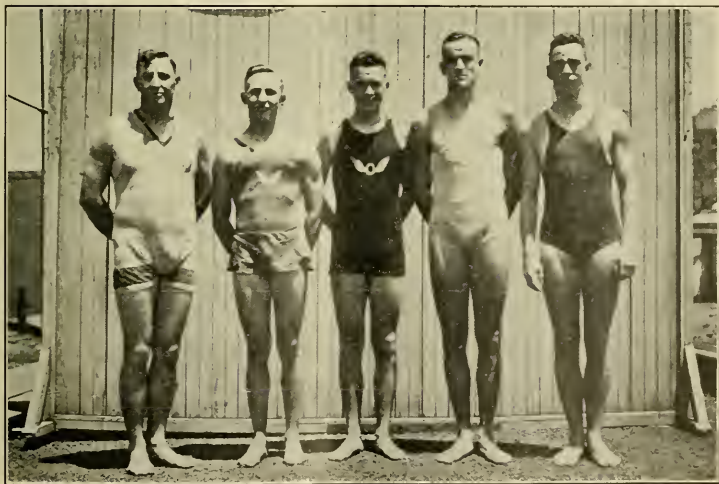
Next month we get seven days' vacation. I thought I'd visit Ireland, but General Pershing's orders now are that the vacation must be spent within each division base. France's most famous summer resort happens to be in our district, so I'll visit there instead.

JAMES WOODS—AN APPRECIATION

At the last meeting of the Board at which Mr. Woods was present and at which his resignation as a Director of the Olympic Club was presented and accepted many tributes were paid to him by his fellow members, among which the following by one of his fellow Directors expressed the general sentiment:

"In view of the many functions in your honor held during the past several months to pay well deserved tribute to your personal worth, and to extend to you heartfelt wishes of good-luck and prosperity in your new field in the great City of New York, it is difficult to state a single thought that has not already been beautifully expressed by others; but your co-workers on the Board of Directors of the Olympic Club, who have had the benefit of your long service as Director and of your intimate association with them, cannot per-

mit this occasion, probably the last that shall be accorded to them, to pass by without an expression of their high appreciation and regard for you. You have been a Director and a sane and safe adviser of the Olympic Club Directorate for many years, and your services as such, and your distinct value as a citizen and a business man, are treasured in a way that cannot be expressed in words. On innumerable occasions all of your colleagues on the Directorate have testified in one voice, that your incisive but always kindly opinions on all the important business questions brought before them, were not only eagerly sought and highly valued, but invariably adopted as the right policy to be pursued by the Olympic Club. You know that you have the warm affection of every member of the Board of Directors, and that you will carry with you their



(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

"WINGED O" TEAM THAT WON RELAY IN SACRAMENTO MEET
Professor Sid Cavill, Frank H. Roefer, Barry O'Connor, Preston Steiger, John R. Postlethwaite.

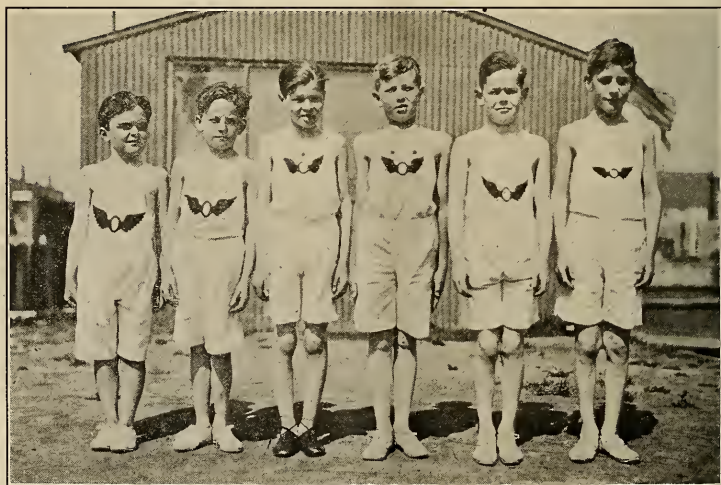
most sincere wishes for the success of your future activities in your native State of New York. We shall always recall the pleasant association that we have had with you during so many years past, and if any of the members of the Board should at any time sojourn in the great city to which you are going, they will be contented guests at the great hostelry whose management will be in your charge. And while not stated in so many words, it has been inferred from expressions of individual members of the Board, that they will make regular journeys east for the sole purpose of being with you. So that it almost seems to make proper a paraphrase of the well-known Biblical quotation, and to say: 'Whithersoever thou goest, Jim, we will follow thee!'"

Thereupon the Board of Directors passed the following resolution:

Resignation of James Woods

Resolved, By the Board of Directors of the Olympic Club that the following be and the same is hereby adopted as an expression of the Board's sentiments upon the departure from San Francisco of James Woods:

James Woods, an active member of the Olympic Club since 1905, and a member of its Board of Directors from February 18, 1914, to June 4, 1918, whose signal abilities in his chosen line of work have obtained for him such nation-wide recognition that he has been called from San Francisco to New York, there to undertake new and wider business responsibilities, the Board of Directors of The Olympic Club desire hereby to voice their most sincere regrets at thus losing the pleasure and other advantages of direct association with him, and to wish him every success in his new field of work. He has always possessed in a very exceptional



(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

Left to Right—David D. Stafford, Thomas Shortall Jr., Gilchrist Hurst, James E. Creely Jr., Joseph E. Bertrand, Raymond a Bertrand.

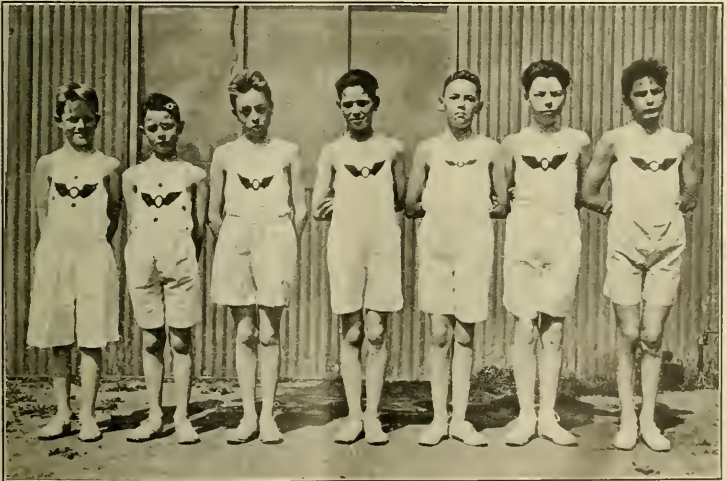
TOM BUNYAN'S MIDGE

manner and degree, the very highest and deepest personal esteem and affection of his fellow members in the Club, as indeed he has of all those who have been brought into contact with him in either private or public life. His distinguished services to our community will be long remembered by the citizens of San Francisco. His services to the Club were many and freely given at all times, and the impress left on the annals of the Club by his striking personality can never be adequately expressed, but will never be effaced. Dear to all of us by his kindly, unaffected disposition and his great geniality, he was above all a keen, wise and sane adviser in our business affairs, and the Club owes more to him than it can expect to repay except by grateful expression and fond remembrance, neither of which will ever be lacking. We assure him of our lasting love, and wish him most hearty congratulations and good speed.

WHAT GERMAN VICTORY MEANS TO ME
(Contributed by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE to the National Security League's Campaign of Patriotism Through Education.)

I have a son two years old. I want him to be a sportsman. I want him to be able to win like a gentleman, to lose like a man. I want him to grow up in a world where a victory gained by foul tactics is incomprehensible. I want him to feel, always, that his word is sacred, that no advantage, to himself or others, justifies the violation of his oath. I want him to reverence the memory of his mother, to look upon all women with clean eyes. I want him to grant, as a matter of fact, the demands of weakness upon strength. I want him to gain his own beliefs through searching his own soul, not by blindly accepting the dicta of others. I want him to believe in a generous God, a God Who is a Gentleman, not a demoniac God who plays favorites.

(Continued on Page 28)



LOT OF YOUNGSTERS.

(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

Left to Right—John W. McCann, Pierre Merle, John Bunyan, John D. Sresovich, Ralph B. Vincent, Edward D. Keil, Clarence Rossi.

ROLAND ROBERTS WINS TENNIS TITLE

By E. V. WELLER

THE work of Roland Roberts of the Olympic Club was the outstanding feature of the Pacific Coast Tennis Championship Tournament just completed on the courts of the California Tennis Club at Berkeley. Roberts romped through the early rounds with ease, came up against the critical test in the semi-finals where he played a five-set match with Mervyn Griffin and carried off the title by defeating Breeden in straight sets in the final round by a score of 6-3, 6-4, 10-8.

Rohlf's went down before the champion in the first round, 6-1, 6-3; Levy tasted defeat by the same count, and Ro nosed out Griffin, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4.

In spite of the absence of the old familiar names in the drawings, the class of play was well up to standard and there was a good-sized gallery to follow the matches, particularly as they neared the final rounds.

One of the upsets in the dope sheet came in the women's doubles when Mrs. J. C. Cushing and Carmen Tarilton won from Anita Myers and Helen Baker in the final round. Team work gave Mrs. Cushing and Miss Tarilton the victory over a team that individually was probably one-half of fifteen better.

Bowie Dietrich had three sets of fun out of it before he gave in to Griffin, 6-4, 2-6, 6-3, and Greenberg gave Breeden an uphill battle, the U. C. player finally winning by a count of 1-6, 6-1, 6-4.

In the finals of the men's doubles Griffin and Parker defeated Klein and Levy, 6-3, 3-6, 6-3, 8-6.

Anita Myers won the women's singles from Mrs. Ellis in a three-set match, the score being 4-6, 6-4, 6-2.

Howard Kinsey and Helen Baker won the mixed doubles from Bowie Dietrich

and Mrs. Cushing by a score of 6-3, 6-1.

Mervyn Griffin carried off the honors in the junior singles championship, winning from W. Parker in the finals by 6-0, 6-3, 6-0.

* * *

The Pacific Coast doubles championship tournament which was played on the courts of the Los Angeles Golf and Country Club at Los Angeles went to a South-



(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)
ROLAND ROBERTS
CAPTURES TENNIS TITLE

ern California team, the veteran Nat Browne, brother of former world's woman champion, Mary K. Browne, teamed with Frank Winne, winning from the northern team of Wallace Bates and Edward Levy by 4—6, 6—1, 6—2, 6—2.

* * *

Admitting that the class of play is not at the peak that it was immediately before the opening of the European war when Tony Wilding, Norman Brookes, the "Comet," and R. Norris Williams 2d were startling the East in the Davis cup matches, nevertheless there is a great outlook for the game with its use in the training camps and in the development of the younger players at home through the playgrounds and parks which have multiplied greatly since tennis came into its own.

The very absence of the top-notchers of the game will really be an incentive to the sport, as their presence always gave a "sure-thing" appearance and it frightened away many of the youngsters whose presence in the drawing of a tournament means so much to the advancement of the game.

Tennis had reached a point just before the war where the national championship

always lay among two or three players. It was, "Will it be Williams or McLoughlin in the finals?" Such a situation is not the best thing for a healthy condition of the game. A tournament where the dope is constantly upset, where the prophets cannot ply their trade, and the odds are continually varying, means better sport and more of the amateur type. Tennis at the time of the last Davis cup matches was verging on the professional.

With one hundred and seventy-five tournaments scheduled for this Fall, this promises to be one of the greatest years in the history of the sport. Number one in the "Upper Ten" is hard to pick. At the present writing it looks much like the Japanese champion, Kumagae.

Julian Myrick, president of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, has wired Sumner Hardy to find out if it will be possible to secure McLoughlin, Strachan, or Bill Johnston to aid the East in keeping Kumagae from the national title, but the outlook is somewhat gloomy, especially as the best the East has to offer, Williams and Murray, are not in the best of practice.

NEW DIRECTOR COMES OF FAMILY PROMINENT IN OLYMPIC CLUB HALF CENTURY

By W. H. G.

BACK beyond the memories of Olympians of today runs the record of the Fay family in the history of the Olympic Club. For more than half a century, the Fays have played an active part in the upbuilding of the organization. They have been leaders officially or unofficially, ever interested in what would benefit the "Winged O." Which is probably the reason that the election of Stanley Fay to the Directorate this month has been received with such acclaim.

The Fays long have held the record of he largest number of members from one

family. The father of the Bay boys of today joined the Club in 1862. Charles W. Fay, postmaster of San Francisco, became a member in 1884. Stanley Fay stepped in thirty years ago last January 8, and Paul and Clarence have been enrolled for fifteen years.

The new Director holds many distinctions unique in the annals of the Club. One of them is that he has nominated more presidents than any other member. Eighteen times he has served on the nominating committees.

From the start he took a keen interest

in the boxing end of the Club's activities. He was a pupil of Professor Walter Watson, who trained such men as George Green, today the boxing instructor of Olympia; Bob McArthur, Jim Corbett, Frank Cooley and Love Lafferty. He tells many stories of the youth of Jim Corbett, who as a sturdy boy about the Olympic Club gave promise of his future fame.

Until about four years ago, Mr. Fay

was the referee for the Club boxing tournaments and he was the arbiter in many an amateur national championship.

Apart from his interest in the boxing game, Mr. Fay has found plenty of time for successful pursuit of business, and the Directors in electing him to their ranks pointed out his prominent place in this arena and their opinion is given in the editorial columns of this issue.

LUDY VANCE ONE OF THE BEST JUVENILE ATHLETES

By J. F. C.

As is his time honored and invariable custom, when new youngsters enter for the first time the portals of the Juvenile section, which every day is proving of inestimable value in the instilling of lofty ideals and loyal hearts in our citizens of the future and in bringing about their all important physical development, Tom Bunyan was carefully questioning a not altogether too husky lad of about forty-six inches, answering to the name of Ludwig H. Vance, regarding his athletic ability and experience.

"Can you box?" interrogated the man who holds the unique position of father and pal to all the boys.

"No," frankly answered the lad.

"Can your swim, further queried Tom.

"No," Ludwig again replied.

"Well, what can you do?"

"I can climb," the lad proudly challenged.

"Is that so. Well, what can you climb?"

"Anything," he modestly retorted. Then, casting his eye around the lobby for some object on which to test his ability, he spied the statue of Greugas, presented to the Club by his grandfather, Vice-President L. M. Hoefler. "I can climb that statue," he quickly added. And without further ado he proceeded to prove that he had

not over-rated himself and only by a marvelous burst of speed did the redoubtable Tom prevent him from mounting to the top of Canova's great work.

"Climbing is not allowed here," admonished Tom, "but come into the gymnasium and Billy Leonard will teach you to box. You ought to like that."

Ludy went in, took his first lesson and became intensely interested in the work. Every time his class met he would rush up and be the first to get the gloves on, in order to get an early chance at Billy Leonard. Soon Billy was getting enthusiastic over the lad's adeptness and predicted that if he kept at it he would make a champ some day. Not satisfied with getting him started on the road to the boxing championship, the vigilant Bunyan took him down to Syd Cavill. Syd had him in the water in no time and he soon learned to paddle around. With the expert instruction he will receive at the hands of Syd there is no telling how proficient a natator he may become.

When he entered the Club, like many other lads, he was small of stature and his muscles were weak and undeveloped. But now, thanks to the watchful eye of Tom Bunyan and the careful training he received at the hands of the instructors, he is one of the best-built boys in the section.

THEY'RE READY TO DO IT AGAIN

HERE is a list—believed to be complete—of contributors to the last Red Cross drive of the Olympic Club. They all say they are prepared to do it again whenever the next call is heard:

A

Aulbach, Adam	Atwood, C.
Atkinson, H. L.	Ayres, Grosvenor
Andrews, Jesse S.	Adams, G. W.
Atwood, S. G.	Avila, Carlos
Antron, Edw. P.	Alderson, H. E.
Ash, C. S.	Alton, Thos.
Aubry, Homer J.	Andrew, A. F.
Acton, William B.	Andrews, George W.

B

Bakemeyer, H. F.	Berton, A. A.
Bergstrom, A. H.	Byrne, Angelo
Berry, W. R.	Booth, A. P.
Bailey, Jack	Bulotti, A. F.
Broy, George L.	Bley, Adolfo
Blake, S. T.	Brodnax, B.
Bragg, I. H.	Bergerot, P. A.
Blake, Wm. F.	Boardman, W. W.
Baker, E. P.	Blasse, W. F.
Blanquie, R. H.	Becsey, Edmond
Barneson, J. Leslie	Barnett, Hal
Bone, Raymond H.	Bodler, F. F.
Broderick, E.	Busse, Frank A.
Battelle, H. T.	Bullion, Al.
Britt, Horace	Barnes, L. E.
Beck, Gus.	Brandstein, Edw.
Beachey, Hillery	Brandenstein, Chas.
Bond, George	Bates, Geo. E.
Bishop, Frank	Bernard, M.
Bourdette, John H.	Brandenstein, Martin
Barber, Oscar T.	Brooks, Geo. W.
Bender, Carl G.	Baxtr, A. M.
Belcher, E. H.	Brinkler, W. B.
Bassel, E. H.	Broy, D. M.
Barber, H. F.	Baker, A. J.
Bremer, M. A.	Boldemann, Oscar
Bartlerr, U. G.	Bach, Carl
Breen, Peter A.	Brune, Ernest L.
Barbour, W. A.	Bell, Golden W.
Boughten, R. W.	Burke, Andrew F.
Biven, J. R.	Baker, J. T.
Bricca, C. R.	Berry, C. J.
Baum, A. T.	

Crowley, Louis V.
Connolly, John F.
Cowen, M.
Conlan, Mrs. F. J. S.
Cournale, Chas.
Costello, Francis J.
Chloupek, E. L.
Cussen, Jack, Jr.
Cagwin,, A. D.
Cavero, Salvador M.
Crawford, C. T.
Chase, John M.
Curti, F. P.
Cooley, A. E.
Cussen, J. A.
Christenson, E. A.
Christie, W. H.
Choynsli, E. W.
Cummins, W. T.
Curtis, F. V.
Coney, Al.
Curran, J. S.

Dean, G. B.
Dorward, D., Jr.
Duncan, E. A.
Daly, I. R.
Devlin, Fank J.
Dillon, Jas. R.
Day, W. P.
Dwyer, J. J.
Dole, Walter W.
De Martini, F.
Dennis, W. S.
Davis, Geo. T.
Donegan, Hugh
Doe, A. B.
Donovan, Jos.
Dyches, N. S.
Drake, Wm.
Dreher, Fred L.
DuBroy, F. L.
Durbrow, C. J.
De Jongh, Ivan L.
Decker, Ray
Devoto, Anthony
Degen, Thomas
Doherty, J. C.
Derham, J. E., Jr.
De Martini, J. W.

C

Chase, John M.
Cauwet, H. N., Jr.
Cauwet, H. N.
Carrier, Craig
Cobby, E. V.
Clark, J. T.
Cuneo, C. P.
Cook, Hiram, Sr.
Crocker, Wm. H.
Collins, Asa W.
Cooper, F. J.
Colburn, R. L.
Chiappari, A.
Crilly, J. E.
Crilly, J. E., Jr.
Chinn, H.
Cluff, Alfred T.
Cordes, W. F.
Catton, A. A.
Carmany, John W.
Campbell, J. S.

D

Dixon, A.
Derby, S. H.
Dorr, Wm. R.
Dowling, J. P.
Duisenberg, Chas. F.
Davis, W. W.
Devlin, Frank
Deering, J. H.
Dolenz, A.
Dwyer, William E.
Dandy, W. G.
Dunbar, H. F.
Dempsey, H. H.
Donohue, R. E.
Doane, Thomas H.
De Soria, J. H.
Dixon, John
Day, D. W.
Dreyful, Walter L.
Dunn, W. F.
De Back, J. A.
Dohrmann, F., Jr.
De Martini, Jol.n M.
Dolman, Perce
Delury, Thomas F.
Dennis, J. J.
Durr, De Vere D.

E

Eltringham, R. L.
Engels, Geo. H.
Elliott, Alex.
Engelhardt, G. J.
Erlin, Geo. E.
Ehrenpfort, Wm. C.
Ellis, A. Leo
Erlin, J. Theo
Ebner, G. W.

Eckhardt, H. F.
Fairweather, J. S.
Ettlinger, J. L.
Ebey, H. H.
Elbus, Albert
Egan, I. J.
Ehrman, Alfred
Ehrman, Alexis L.

F

Fuller, Geo. P.
Fabb, R. B.
Fowler, Fred
Fitzpatrick, T. I.
Fenton, Frank L.
Fepton, E. W.
Fleishhaeker, Herbert
Fleishhacker, Mortimer
Falvey, Arthur J., Jr.
Foran, Frank J.
Frye, J. A.
French, Will J.
Farquhar, F. P.
Fritschi, A. R.
Fenton, Thos.
Farwell, F. C.

Fowler, F. H.
Fried, Harold R.
Fay, Paul B.
Fay, Phil. J.
Fay, Clarence A.
Finch, Fabius T.
Faxon, R. S.
Feighner, H. H.
Frahm, Geo. E.
Fulton, W. S.
Frank, Albert
Fickert, Marshall
Falvey, A. J.
Farley, J. F.
Ferguson, W. J.

G

Goldberg, H. M.
Goodale, G. W.
Graham, Thos. H.
Green, M. D.
Glaser, Edw. F.
Granfield, L. J.
Gardner, S. J.
Gallagher, Andrew J.
Goodwin, B.
Gibson, G. Wm.
Gibb, J. W.
Gallagher, Roy
Griffin, Gerald A.
Gasnier, Pierre
Gunn, Herbert
Gallwey, John
Guerin, S.
Giannini, L. M.
Gallagher, P. J.

Grady, Grover
Gooding, C. P.
Greenberg, R. J.
Goggin, A. S.
Graney, E. M.
Gregg, W., Jr.
Goria, V.
Gerhardt, P. C.
Goldberg, S. H.
George, W. H.
Greenwell, Julian
Garat, P.
Gallet, H. W.
Girard, W. H.
Greenlee, F. S.
Gallatin, Albert, Jr.
Griffith, A. J.
Gillman, Geo.
Gerdtts, John

H

Hammond, W. A.
Higgins, T. S.
Hyman, C. Shep

Highley, E. S.
Hartmann, M. M.
Heuer, Phil., Jr.

Henry, W. P.
Harney, T. D.
Hanify, Al.
Hooper, Frank P.
Harris, M. A.
Hillefeld, Otto J.
Harrold, Geo. W.
Hunt, Harry
Hanify, J. R.
Hoefer, L. M.
Hickey, T. W.
Haynes, C. H.
Hinton, Russell
Harvey, J. Downey
Hayden, C.
Habenicht, Geo.
Heilbron, W. F.
Hendren, Paul
Hampton, Alfred
Hart, Chas. E.
Hampton, R.
Harvey, W. P.
Hinrichs, S.
Hasshagen, C. T.

Isaacs, Frank S.

Johns, H. M.
Jordan, P. A.
Jepsen, R.
Jones, Geo.
Johnson, Frank J.
Jeffress, M. G.
Johnson, Hiram W., Jr.
Jenne, M. S.

Kutz, W. J.
Kruger, Fritz
Kreiss, H. L.
Kimball, Geo. E.
Knighton, Robt.
Kelly, McClure
Keyes, F. H.
Kelly, L. F.
Kreling, Ben. W.
Knight, Chas. E.
Kellogg, F. W.
Kelly, Frank S.
Kinslow, Frank A.
Knox, R. B.
Koster, E. L.
Konig, E. G.

Howard, John G.
Hobson, C. W.
Humphreys, C. F.
Hawks, N.
Herbert, Allen
Harwood, A. O.
Holman, J. D.
Howard, J. Galen
H., E. W.
Humphrey, Wm. F.
Humphrey, J. H.
Hengstler, Louis T.
Henderson, J. M.
Hermann, J. S.
Handy, J. T.
Hill, Alex
Hammersmith, A. C.
Hart, E. N.
Hart, Harold H.
Hauser, H. P.
Herget, John L.
Herzer, Wallie
Hollingberry, O. E.
Hopkins, E. K.

I

J

Johnston, James A.
Joseph, S.
Joseph, Alfred
Johnson, Ivan
Jaunet, John L. A.
Johnson, Linc.
Jackson, H. W.

K

Keenan, Aler. S.
Kunker, John A.
Korbel, Anton B.
Krun, Edw.
Krueger, J.
Keck, F. C.
Krueger, Albert P.
Krueger, J.
Keller, A. J.
Kernick, Geo. A.
Kent, H. C.
Kline, G. R.
Kennedy, T. F.
Kearney, S. E.
Krone, F. W.
Kalkhorst, A. B. C.

Kindt, A. F.
Kitchin, J., Jr.

Lee, Chas. P.
Lehnhardt, Emil
Luchsinger, A. G.
Lunt, I. R.
Lippett, S. G.
Langdon, J. G.
Lowenstein, S.
Lucchetti, A. F.
Lynch, F. H.
Lichtenberg, Edw.
Lange, Wm. A.
de Laveaga, E. I.
Lindemann, G. R.
Livingston, P. H.
Lalanne, Louis J.
Loesch, Chas.
Lange, E. H.

Mulvey, Thos. S.
Murphy, Thos. R.
McElroy, B. F.
Mitchell, N. J.
McConnell, E. G.
McDaniel, G. T.
Marx, Melville
Morrisson, A. C.
Mardis, B. A.
Montgomery, F. H.
Morrow, W. G.
McEntee, J. T.
Mulvihill, D. F.
McAuliffe, F. M.
Mullen, J. W.
McLaughlin, Jos. E.
McNutt, Fletcher
McPike, Roy
Meyer, Geo. I.
Marshall, Wm.
Millard, O.
Mottis, Thos. H.
Mackay, Geo. D.
Myers, Morris E.
McCarthy, John D.
McNulty, Wm. H.
McKenzie, Harry A.
Mogan, Edmund P.
Muscio, Virgil
Moses, Chas. S.
Millsbaugh, Harry W.
Mahoney, John D.
Magoon, E. H.

Kendall, Wm. B.
Kingwell, John J.

L

Levison, L. O.
Leighton, Chas. J.
Lovegrove, W. R.
Leary, J. Scott
Luther, R. S.
Law, Herbert Edw.
Larzelere, W. R.
LaCoste, Vincent T.
Law, Hubert E.
Lidley, Lon
Lange, Eric
Lindblom, E. O.
Lanyon, Herbert
Lyon, P. H.
Lange, L. W.
Lovotti, C. D.
Loughery, J. D.

M

Murman, P.
Merry, Edwin
Manson, P. I.
McMahan, C. C.
Meigs, J. J., Jr.
Meussdorffer, C. A.
Morse, Lester L.
Morris, Robt.
McCord, Geo.
McCarthy, J. W., Jr.
Mayfield, C. E.
MacLeod, R. F.
Manheim, Henry S.
Miller, Henry G.
McLane, Louis
McCann, T. J.
Miller, Edward
Meyer, Geo. H. I.
Moorse, R. S.
Moore, F. N.
Marcus, Frank G.
Mack, R. L.
Mittelstaedt, R. E.
Monahan, H.
Metson, W. H.
Metson, W. G.
Macdonald, J. A.
Marsh, R. T.
McCord, W.
Miller, C. C.
Macaulay, D. S.
Marron, J. E.
Michelson, Lewis

Maltby, C. A.
McGettigan, C. D.
Murphy, Jos. A.
McKenna, Henry
Mulford, E. S.
Murphy, D. J.
Masten, J. M.
Maxwell, W. B.

Newhouse, Alphonse
Narinian, Steve
Niderost, Nos. H.
Newman, Geo. H.
Newhall, H. C.
Nealon, J. C.
Newton, F. A.

O'Kane, James D.
Onesti, S. J.
Orella, F. R.
Owens, James M.
Ohlandt, Henry W.
Ormart, M.
O'Brien, W. S.
O'Brien, H. C.

Pell, R. C.
Pell, R. C., Jr.
Pezzolo, J. C.
Paige, Cutler
Pomeroy, Carlisle E.
Peery, Chas. S.
Pulitzer, Jerome M.
Plover, John
Plageman, R.
Power, James E.
Padilla, Greg
Pomin, Wm. C.
Plant, Sydney L.
Plant, John R.
Plant, C. R.
Pierson, Philip H.
Podesta, L. R.
Pell, R. C., Jr.

Rothchild, Walter
Rothschild, John
Rothschild, John, Jr.
Riley, Herbert
Reid, A. C.
Roussy, Gaston E.
Rennie, James
Reis, W. B.
Reis, Wm. Dent

McFarland, L. W.
McCann, W. D.
McWood, W. R.
Mues, John F.
McCarthy, Donald W.
McCarthy, Alex.
Molera, E. J.
Moulton, John C.

N

Nixon, B. E.
Norman, Julius
Norman, E.
Nauman, H. A.
Nager, H. I.
Neary, N. E.

O

O'Brien, T. J.
O'Brien, J. J.
Oxnard, Geo. C.
O'Connor, Jos.
O'Connor, Roderic
O'Connor, F. J.
O'Connor, J. C.
O'Connor, A. J. G.

P

Pauson, J. W.
Pauson, S. B.
Presley, Geo. J.
Park, Howard I.
Peters, J. F.
Petersen, H.
Pettesen, R.
Potter, J. T.
Palmer, S. H.
Palmer, E. H.
Pinnella, E. G.
Pooler, Earl
Partridge, E. B.
Prendergast, N. J.
Powell, W. T.
Palache, F. H.
Perley, A. E.

R

Rosenblatt, Arthur
Robinson, Thos. S.
Ryan, Louis X.
Power, J. F.
Rau, Stephen
Roper, Ct.
Rittler, Herschel
Rives, L. V.
Resleure, J. F.

Ryan, Daniel A.
Righetti, Dario
Ross, W. A.
Rawling, Edward
Roberts, R. L.
Rucker, S. N.
Rucker, Jos. H.
Ringen, W. M.

Sullivan, H. B.
Sullivan, A. S.
Schmiedell, E. G.
Swain, Fred W.
Shuey, H. S.
Shuey, Clarence A.
Sutcliffe, C. K.
Sbarboar, R. A.
Shimer, H. W.
Samet, R.
Sheehy, Frank
Spurr, B. L.
Schroeder, J. B.
Smith, D. M.
Smith, Geo. E.
de St. Germain, E. A.
Siebert, Fred J.
Smith, A. O.
Smith, James M.
Smith, R. K.
Smith, Scott
Smith, Vernon, 2d
Smith, Harry B.
Schroth, John B.
Schroth, Chas. F.
Seaver, W. H.
Speyer, W. M.
Straus, Louis
Straus, Louis, Jr.
Stoddard, Thos. A.
Straub, Thos. J.
Schmiegelow, E. C.
Shaw, B. T.
Stringer, M. A.
Strassburger, J.
Spreckels, J. D., Jr.
Scott, J. E.
Schneider, Sam. A.
Sales, Dudley D.
Sobey, A. W.
Swett, L. S.

Rosenstern, J.
Rousseau, A. F.
Ryan, George
Ray, A. T.
Robbins, Ernest A.
Ruddick, Wm. J.
Russ, G. A.
Robinson, Victor H.

S

Splivalo, A. W.
Splivalo, R. R.
Spencer, F. M.
Solinsky, Edw. R.
Shingle, J. F.
Sartori, Henry J.
Schneider, H. H.
Chea, John J.
Sewell, Robt. Lee
Stuart, G. S.
Swasey, E. M.
Sweeney, John P.
Schoenfeld, D. C.
Showell, V. S.
Steil, Arthur H.
Sahlender, Grover C.
Stafford, H. I.
Stevens, F.
Shaw, A. D., Jr.
Shaw, Frank
Stafford, David
Sundell, A. L.
Stillger, G. F.
Stout, E. V.
Singleton, R. H.
Strong, Chas. A.
Simpson, E. E.
Schernstein, F. C.
Sorensen, Jas. A.
Stafford, Wm. M.
Shade, C. W.
Skov, Peter L.
Stacy, Geo. B.
Schnaittacher, Sylvain
Schwabacher, A. E.
Schlesinger, B. F.
Schmidt, Max
Schwartz, Harry
Schwartz, Leonard K.
Schwartz, Leonard N.

T

Thridt, M. B.
Turnblad, Oscar G.
Towne, P. E.

Turner, Jas. T., Jr.
Turner, Stephen A.
Taussig, Laurence
Taussig, E.
Thornton, A. C.
Tibbetts, Fred H.

Urquhart, G. A.

Varni, Edw. J.
Vensano, H. V.
Vincent, Arthur H.
Vellou, R. J.
Vogel, E. A.
von Phul, W.

White, Emile
White, E. D.
White, Jerome B.
White, Raymond E.
White Walter H.
Wilbur, R.
Waters, R. J.
Waltenspeil, W.
Wymore, W. W.
Wilson, R. St. C.
Wunder, A. D.
Wilson, H. F.
Weinstock, Robt.
Wallace, John C., Jr.
Wieland, Chas. S.
Whitely, Henry M.
Williams, Chase F.
Wieniawski, Jules
Weber, R. W.
Whipple, F. B.
Whipple, B. R.
Woods, W. W.
Weller, John E.
Warren, Chas. A.
Williams, P. E.
Weller, Chas. H.
Weeks, J. K.
Wolfff, Carl
Wilkinson, T. H.
Wheeler, G. T.
Walsh, L. F.

Yarnall, D. H.
Yordwell, W. W.
Young, L. F.

Zweig, Walter C.
Zeile, Edw. G.

Traung, Chas. F.
Thiercof, C. E.
Tramutolo, C. F.
Thompson, Morley P.
Trowbridge, A. L.

U

Uhl, Geo.

V

Varney, Thos. H. B.
Vinter, J. H.
Vincent, Ralph
Vath, Chas. J.
Valencia, V.

W

Willis, F. E.
Wulzen, Frank E.
Wulzen, D. H.
Wolcott, L. O.
Walker, Fred R.
Woods, Jas.
Wolfe, Edwin D.
Walsh, Jos. I.
Whaley, D. C.
Wyman, J. Forrest
Ward, A. W.
Whitman, Walter F.
Wehr, Theodore
Wolfe, F. L.
Wright, Wallace N.
Wilmons, John M.
Weeks, Geo. R.
Williams, Geo. W.
Wallace, J. C.
Willis, John S.
Wisner, Hother
Whitaker, T. G.
Wright, W. Q.
Wright, Ralph K.
Wright, H. J.
Wright, Geo. M.
Wright, C. C.
Weidenfeld, H. K.
Wegener, F. C.
Westdahl, L. H.
Wallfisch, O.

Y

Yates, C. M., Jr.
Young, Alex. J.

Z

Zinn, Walter C.
Zaruba, V.

Thompson, M.
Turner, F. W.
Turner, Jas. T.

TWO DISTINGUISHED MEN ELECTED TO HONORARY MEMBERSHIP

(Continued from Page 13)

His published works include the following:

The Poet Labid, 1876.

Life and Work of James Renwick Wilson Sloane (his father), 1888.

The French War and The Revolution, 1893.

Life of James McCosh, 1896.

Napoleon Bonaparte, a History, 4 volumes, 1895-1897.

The French Revolution and Religious Reform, 1901.

Parteiherrschaft in Amerika, 1913.

Party Government in the United States of America, 1914.

The Balkans, a Laboratory of History, 1914.

He has long been prominently identified with athletic sports, his connection where-with has brought him into close association with the Olympic Club. His keen and broad interest in our Club work and his exceptionally genial and magnetic personality have made his visits here noteworthy events in the Club's annals.

Following is a short account of his activities in connection with sport:

From 1878 to 1898, he was Chairman of the Princeton University Committee on Out-door Sport. This brought him into active relations first with intercollegiate and then later with international sport. In 1891, he began co-operating with Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who in 1888, at the instance of the French Government, had undertaken an inquiry into the sports of Great Britain and America. Together, in 1894, they organized the International Olympic Committee, a self-supporting and self-perpetuating body still in existence, which has done wonderful work in the interest of clean sports and international co-operation therein. Under its auspices Olympiads, international ath-

letic contests in many features suggested by and intended to revive the Olympian games of ancient Greece, have been successfully held at Athens in 1896, at Paris in 1900, at St. Louis in 1904, at Athens again in 1906, at London in 1908, and at Stockholm in 1912, since which time activities of the Committee have been interrupted by the war. The present American members of the Committee are Professor Sloane and Allison V. Armour.

Professor Sloane's home is at Stanworth, Princeton, N. J.

In Witness Whereof, The Directors of the Olympic Club have hereunto set their hands, and have caused the Seal of the Olympic Club to be hereunto affixed, at San Francisco, California, this 17th day of July, 1918.

WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY,

President,

L. M. HOFFLER,

Vice-President,

THOMAS ALTON,

THOMAS J. COLEMAN,

WILLIAM H. CROCKER,

STANLEY J. FAY,

FRANK J. FORAN,

TIMOTHY I. FITZPATRICK,

JOHN R. HANIFY,

E. G. McCONNELL,

SAMUEL N. RUCKER,

Directors of The Olympic Club of

San Francisco, California.

(Corporate Seal of The Olympic Club.)

Attest:

FRANK J. FORAN,

Secretary.

In like resolutions, Clay Meredith Greene, distinguished American playwright, was elected to honorary membership:

The following is a brief statement respecting the life and work of Mr. Greene:

He was born in San Francisco, California, March 12, 1850, his father being Irish, and his mother American. He was edu-

cated at Santa Clara College, California, receiving therefrom the degree of Ph. D., in 1901.

He married Alice R. Wheeler, of San Francisco, July 25, 1873. She died in 1910. His present wife was Laura G. Hewett of New York.

He was Shepherd of the Lambs Club, 1890-8, and 1902-3-4; he was commodore on Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, 1898-9, and is a member of Dramatic Authors' Society, and Actors' Order of Friendship. He is a member of the following clubs: Lambs, Green Room, Bohemian (San Francisco); also Larchmont, Manhasset Bay and Bayside Yacht Clubs.

He is the author of the following plays: "M'Liss," "Chispa," "Freaks of Fortune," "Under the Polar Star" (with David Belasco), "Sharps and Flats," "The Golden Giant," "Last Days of Pompeii," "An International Match," "Forgiven," "Sybil," "The New South," "Struck Oil," "Nazareth" (the American Passion Play), "Paul of Tarsus," "The Duchess," "The Master Stroke," "The Desert," "It Is the Law," "A House on the Sand," "The Dazzler," "The Seventh Moon" (adaptation), "Ma," "Miss Go of Japan," also of the following operas: "Blue Beard," "The Maid of Plymouth," "The Little Trooper," "The Conspirators," "Napoleon V," "Africa," "West Point" (in collaboration) and perhaps 100 short plays, sketches and dramatic skits.

Mr. Greene is a resident of New York, but hopes soon to establish a permanent abode in his native city, in which he was probably the first voter born to white immigrant parents.

SKY STUFF

(Continued from Page 10)

quently about the Club, of which his uncle is a well-known member.

Stanley Smith was a member of the

junior soccer team not long ago. He was the first Olympian to win his wings, and pals in the service declare that he is a daring yet discreet birdman. He takes a chance if necessary, but never when it is not. These are the type of men who will win the war. No gallery play will beat the Germans.

When Fred McWilliams was here in a gymnasium or swimming suit he was considered a somewhat hair-brained youth. He was ready to start in anything from a cross-city race to a swim across the Gate. He was almost drowned in the Gate swim and the Club authorities, who feel themselves responsible for every youngster in the organization, had to metaphorically jump on his toes. That McWilliams was fashioned of the right stuff has since been demonstrated by his fine flying at Rockwell Field. Even his escapades had always a dash of pluck in them. Frank Sloman has already served at the front with "the Usacs," the men of the American universities who during the first stages of the war tended the ambulances. He returned to this country to win a place, if possible, as a flyer, and is now aloft for the Navy, probably spotting periscopes somewhere at sea. Sloman surpassed 48 seconds for the straight-away quarter three times in one week at the Exposition in 1915 and gave Ted Meredith the race of his life at a distance over which he had seldom before been even threatened. John Strachan, one of the first few tennis players in the country, a typical California mixture of dash and skill, is in the same service as Strachan.

When the history of this war is related in full, it will be the biggest story ever written; much thrilling material will have perforce to be omitted, but the chronicler who knows his business will devote a line or two to the part played by the Olympians in the air.

"Watch me bomb Berlin," was one of

Norman Ross's parting shots. As a swimmer he always fulfilled hopes—it may be the same in the air.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP IN THE OLYMPIC CLUB, JUNE, 1918

ACTIVE

Callahan, Jas. A., Adv. Mgr., Examiner, Market and Third Sts., S. F.

Coblentz, Edward D., Editor S. F. Examiner, Market and Third Sts., S. F.

Cooper, Thos. D., capitalist, 641 Post St., S. F.

Granfield, M. H., automobile accessories, 1440 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

Jamison, C. H., leather mfr., 1600 Fairfax Ave., S. F.

Kern, Albert E., real estate, 316 Bush St., S. F.

Lindsey, L. S., bookkeeper, 135 Kearny St., S. F.

Martin, A. L., salesman, Plaza Hotel, S. F.

Pennoyer, C. H., merchant, 639 Mission St., S. F.

Talbot, J. A., merchant, 444 Market St., S. F.

Worden, W. H., merchant, 126 Pine St., S. F.

NON-RESIDENT

Proctor, G. A., hop dealer, Elks' Bldg., Santa Rosa.

SERVICE

Allsopp, E. C., ensign, U. S. N. R., 12th Naval Dist., Sheldon Bldg., S. F.

Booth, J. L., asst. paymaster, care of Cost Inspector, Union Iron Works, S. F.

Casselberry, Hibbard, ensign, U. S. N. R., St. Francis Hotel.

Cassidy, Wm., capt. Q. M. R. Corps, Depot Quartermaster, Fort Mason, Cal.

Clark, C. R., lieutenant commander, U. S. N., Goat Island, Cal.

Calender, Lester J., ensign, U. S. N., 326 Mills Bldg., S. F.

Doan, Roland E., 2nd lieutenant, C. A. C., Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

Doane, Frank L., capt., M. R. C., Letterman Gen'l Hospital.

Donaldson, Wm. H., 1st lieutenant, C. A. C., Fort Winfield Scott.

Fairchild, Theo. R., capt., M. R. C., Letterman Gen'l Hospital.

Fauntleroy, Powell C., col., M. R. C., Fort McDowell, Cal.

Frissell, T. T., major, U. S. A. Q. M. C., Santa Fe Bldg., S. F.

Gordon, Clifton R., lieutenant, U. S. A., 12th Machine Gun Co., 500 Hayes St., S. F.

Harding, Robert P., pay clerk, U. S. N. R. F., Supervisor Naval Aux. Reserve West Coast, Room 6 Ferry Bldg., S. F.

Jenkins, R. A., ensign, U. S. N. R., St. Francis Hotel, S. F.

Jones, Geo. L., capt. Dept. Headquarters, 711 Santa Fe Bldg., S. F.

La Barge, Vincent A., ensign, U. S. N. R., St. Francis Hotel, S. F.

Latimer, W. G., ensign, U. S. N. R., Communication Service, Goat Island, Cal.

Manley, Norbert C., 1st lieutenant, Bat. F, 62nd Art., Presidio, S. F.

Mitchell, Elbert J., 2nd lieutenant, C. A. C., 67th Art., Crocker Bank Bldg., S. F.

Nathan, M. C., chief yeoman, care Cost Inspector, Union Iron Works, S. F.

Smead, D. D., Jr., ensign, U. S. N., Union Iron Works, S. F.

Smith, John J., capt., M. R. C., 516 Sutter St., S. F.

Snyder, Jas. R., 1st lieutenant, M. R. C., Letterman Gen'l Hospital.

Snyder, W. H., ensign, U. S. N. R., Union Iron Works, S. F.

Sublett, Joseph H., 2nd lieutenant, C. A. C., 62nd Art., Presidio of S. F.

Taylor, C. M., major, D. C., 8th Division, Camp Fremont, Cal.

Tozzer, Alfred M., capt. Sig. R. C., Aviation Sec., Pres. Examining Board, S. F., 517 Sharon Bldg.

Vernon, John, capt. Q. M. C., N. A.,

Headquarters Western Dept., Room 914
Santa Fe Bldg.

Wright, Wm. R., ensign, U. S. N. R.,
U. S. S. *Golden Gate*, care of Postmaster,
S. F.

Zimmerman, Harold, capt., M. R. C.,
Letterman Gen'l Hospital.

ATHLETIC

Bassett, Jordan R., student, 1183 Stan-
yan St., S. F.

Carney, Geo. Francis, student, 1729
Mission St., S. F.

Eveleth, Geo. B., stenographer, 961
Mills Bldg., S. F.

Fallon, Owen M., shipbuilder, 2031 Oak
St., S. F.

Hon, Billy, cartoonist, S. F. Examiner,
S. F.

Kolb, Harry, purchasing agent, 1016
Chronicle Bldg., S. F.

Mitchell, Edw. I., clerk, Anglo & Lon-
don Paris Nat'l Bank, S. F.

Morse, Willard Atwood, tire adjuster,
401 Mission St., S. F.

Smulson, Harry, auto mechanic, 501
Golden Gate Ave., S. F.

Weller, E. V., copy editor, S. F. Ex-
aminer, S. F.

JUNIOR

Carroll, Walter J., 879 Valencia St.,
S. F.

Cartan, Henry, Jr., 324 Battery St.,
S. F.

JUVENILE

Dougall, Alexander H., Palace Hotel,
S. F.

McDaniel, George Knox, 64 Carl St.,
S. F.

Vance, Ludwig Hoefler, 2660 Filbert
St., S. F.

WHAT GERMAN VICTORY MEANS TO ME

(Continued from Page 17)

One judges a man by his professed beliefs, by his acknowledged deeds. One judges a race in the same manner. By their professed beliefs, by their acknowledged deeds, I judge the Germans. And I firmly believe that a world ruled by them would be a world in which it would be impossible for my son to grow up to be the man I want him to be.

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PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

JUNE 1, 1918

TO

JUNE 30, 1918

INCOME

\$13,102.79

Dues	\$12,380.07
Department Operations	314.84
Visitors' Cards	220.00
Discount	104.57
Commissions	<u>83.31</u>

EXPENSE

\$13,484.18

General Club		\$ 7,048.66
House	\$4,161.58	
Engine Room	1,777.40	
Electricity	574.15	
Water	440.54	
Library and Periodicals.....	<u>94.99</u>	
Administrative and General.....		\$ 2,764.24
Office Salaries and Expense.....	\$1,080.07	
Administrative Salaries and Expense....	375.10	
Taxes	471.82	
Miscellaneous	262.35	
Telephone	229.86	
Estimated Lost Accounts.....	200.00	
Insurance	<u>145.04</u>	
Other		\$ 3,671.28
Interest Paid	\$1,827.54	
Depreciation	925.00	
Athletic Activities	479.38	
Donations and Subscriptions.....	305.00	
Special Events	<u>134.36</u>	

OPERATING LOSS

\$ 381.39

INITIATION FEES

\$ 1,450.00

NET PROFIT

\$ 1,068.61

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

We have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of June, 1918, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Profit for the month of June, 1918, of \$1,068.61, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

HOOD AND STRONG,

Certified Public Accountants.

BUICK

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THE OLYMPIAN



LIEUT. CECIL S. HUNTINGTON

First Olympian to be killed in France. Lieut. Huntington, who was in the aviation service, had been long an active member of the club and three times won the handball championship. His death occurred July 25.

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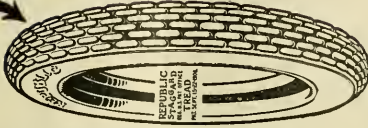
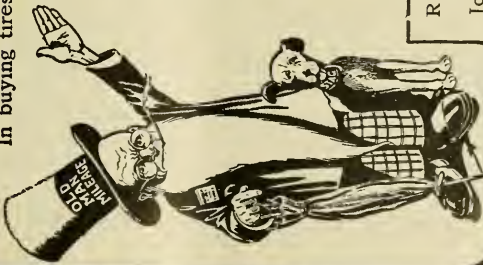
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SOME OF OUR CRACK JUVENILES (Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

Top, Left to Right—Jack Plant, Billy Plant, Joseph Bertrand, Ray Bertrand, Gerald Lenaris, Alexander Lenaris.

Lower, Left to Right—Frank Gonzales, Walter Beatie, Jim Crelly, Richard Brandenstein, Thomas King, Frank Wulzen, Franklin Lyons.



Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, William H. Grattan.

Associate Editors: Edgar Pomeroy, Soccer; P. C. Gerhardt, Track and Field; A. L. Shannon, Handball; Sven O. Philip, Wrestling; Lincoln Johnson, Swimming; E. Lastreto, Fencing; M. L. Jenne, Bowling; Dr. O. B. Burns, Billiards; Louis McLane, Juniors and Juveniles; W. R. Larzelere, Baseball; A. Kemp, Basketball; Dr. Rumwell, Medical Department.

Vol. VI

AUGUST, 1918

No. 68

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

The heavy cannonading, the sharp cracks of rifles and the whirs of the bombing planes are so far from home
"Over that we are inclined to read of
There" their achievements as we peruse history, but their echoes sound loud and clear as the casualty list reveals names of some we have known, some that are dead to us.

Since the last issue of *The Olympian* two stars in the Club's service flag have assumed a bright golden color. They remind us that Lieutenant Cecil S. Huntington and C. E. Allen died in glory on the battlefields of France. As they lived, so they died. No more unselfish or self-sacrificing young men ever graced any club. In life they strove to make others happy and their deaths were willing proffers in humanity's cause.

All Olympians deeply sympathize with their sorrowing relatives and have pride in

inscribing their names on the Club's Roll of Honor.

When the next issue of *The Olympian* comes from the press the Fourth Liberty Loan drive will be in full swing.

The It is estimated that San Francisco's allotment will be one
Fourth hundred million dollars, and in
Liberty order that our city may hold
Loan the enviable position she has obtained in all previous drives every citizen will be required to invest liberally in these securities. The Olympic Club purchased \$100,000 of the Second Liberty bonds and \$157,000 of the Third issue, and we hope in the Fourth that it will far surpass its previous records.

In former campaigns the members were not invited to subscribe for Liberty bonds through the agency of the Olympic Club until the drives were in full swing, and many who would have gladly taken their allotment through the Club were prevented from doing so by pledges previously given. To avoid this condition, The Olympic Club hopes that each member will subscribe for at least one bond through the Club agency and the Club will arrange to finance the subscriptions by allowing the same to be paid in as many monthly installments as the member may desire, not exceeding twelve.

In appealing to the members to subscribe for Liberty bonds through the agency of the Club and arranging to finance the subscriptions, the Board of Directors feels that it is presenting an opportunity to the members, not only of assisting the Government to supply arms and ammunition for the boys "over there," but of making the very best and safest investment for the greatest and best of causes.

Every one must realize that the present is no time to increase the Club's burdens.

It is not opportune to increase

Lakeside the Club's activities. However,
Golf the demand has been so great
Links and so insistent for the Club to
 take over the Lakeside Country Club that the Board of Directors endeavored to have a proposition that would overcome the objections covered by the first sentences of this paragraph and yet meet the desires of the members.

After many negotiations it submitted to the directors of the Lakeside Country Club and to the Spring Valley Water Company a proposition which, if accepted, will allow the members of The Olympic Club to enjoy all the privileges of the Lakeside Club for two years in consideration of The Olympic Club maintaining these premises only in such manner and at such cost as in the judgment of the Directors of The Olympic Club may be proper. In other words, The Olympic Club will not be required to pay *rent, taxes or other fixed charges* other than such money as the Directors may feel justified in expending in the upkeep of the premises. At any time during the two years, if the members of The Olympic Club think it advisable, the Club, at its option, may take over the premises under a fifteen years' lease at a monthly rental of \$250 for the first five years and \$350 for the next ten years, with the privilege of purchasing all the assets of the Lakeside Club, including four acres

of ground and the Club House, for \$107,500, payable in installments of not less than \$500 per month.

The Directors consider the proposition so satisfactory from The Olympic Club's standpoint that on its acceptance by the Lakeside Country Club and the Spring Valley Water Company it will be submitted to the members for their approval or disapproval. Unless the result of this vote is strongly in favor of the proposition, it will not be further considered. If taken over, The Olympic Club will not spend any money in any improvements except such money as the Lakeside Country Club will be obligated to repay unless the premises are finally leased by The Olympic Club.

The Committee elected by the members of the Club to nominate candidates for the various offices to be filled at the election to be held on Tuesday, September 10, 1918, between the hours of 2 and 9 P. M., filed its report on the 23rd instant. The Committee consisted of Thomas F. Delury, J. C. Ewing, Wellington Gregg, Jr., R. W. Costello and H. H. Cosgriff. By its report, the following will be the regular ticket voted on at the ensuing election: William F. Humphrey, president; L. M. Hoefler, vice-president; J. R. Hanify, treasurer; Frank J. Foran, secretary, and Stanley J. Fay, E. G. McConnell and William H. Crocker, directors.

DIPSEA TRAIL LURES THE RUNNERS

Date Set for Annual Race Classic Under Direction of the Dipsea Indians



BIG CHIEF
JUDGE T. I. FITZPATRICK the time for the fourteenth edition of this classic.

A great deal of speculation is heard as to whether or not the usual large number of entrants will be in evidence, but the committee reports that all indications are more than favorable.

Oliver Millard, twice winner, already has announced that he is getting ready for this year's race.

An effort is being made by the committee to interest the enlisted men in the Army and Navy in and about the city, and it is to be hoped that a large number of new faces from the boys in the service will be in evidence.

Lieutenant Frank Marisch of the 23rd Engineers, now in France, has just written a letter to a member of the committee, enclosing a money order to cover the cost of a cup, which he suggests be offered to the first enlisted man to finish.

Frank Foster announces that he will have a number of Olympic Club track men in this year's race, although some of the familiar faces will be missed, particularly that of Eddie Stout, who has been running so well for some time past but who has now joined the colors.

The Dipsea Indians are preparing for their annual pow-wow, to be held at Wil-

low Camp the night before the race, and the entire accommodations at the Seabeach Hotel have been reserved by them. It is this organization of cross country walkers of the Olympic Club who have been active in promoting the race each year and who firmly believe that the preservation of the annual Dipsea is a cherished heritage in the history of Club athletics.

The race each year brings thousands of persons to Mill Valley and all along the course to Willow Camp.

Upon leaving Mill Valley the runner has immediately to climb to an elevation of 800 feet, he then drops down very quickly to the creek at the mouth of Redwood Canyon, then comes the long climb up the Butler's Pride, through the grain field and along the ridge to the Lone Tree at a height of 1500 feet. The runner then drops down rather swiftly through the



O. MILLARD



M. HARTWELL

(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)



JOS. A. WOODSIDE



H. DOMENIENNI



A. AHERN



D. McCAULEY

(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)



JOHN MAURUS



HOWARD MILLER

(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)



BASIL SPURR

steep ravine and over what is more familiarly known as the "Hog's Back." The race finishes on the road close to the grocery store at Willow Camp.

Judge T. I. Fitzpatrick, Big Chief of the Dipsea Indians, has appointed a number of committees to look out for the details of the day, among which are the following:

Committee of Arrangements—Judge Timothy I. Fitzpatrick, Chairman; Chas. Boas, Chas. A. Arata, Joseph A. Watts, John J. Doyle, Vincent F. Finigan, George James.

Committee on Transportation—Peter C. Gerhardt, Luke J. Flynn, Wm. C. Mikulich, George D. Mackay, Dr. Wilbur C. Aten, William A. Breen, A. A. Tisconia.

Trophy Committee—M. C. Van Vliet, Martin Hartmann, Phil Wand, Dudley Sales, Robert McArthur, Joseph S. Lewis, Harold Maundrell, Geo. L. Hatfield, Ned White, Jos. Campodonico, Walter Hood.

Entertainment Committee—Harry A. McKenzie, Otto A. Wallfisch, Wm. J.

L'Herieux, Chas. Shade, Mel Owens, Dr. J. J. Driscoll, E. L. Koster, O. J. Keane, Wm. Kidd Nelson, R. M. Donnelly, Jack Airey.

Fireworks and Decoration Committee—Jas. F. Brennan, Edw. Cunha, Richard M. Dannmeyer, Louis Ferrari, Wm. F. Burke, Jack Burke, Wm. J. Tinkler, Frank V. Airey, George Welch.

Reception Committee—Judge Franklin A. Griffin, Wm. H. McCarthy, Al. Coney, Louis V. Crowley, M. J. Buckley, John Curran, Melville Toplitz, Judge Frank Deasey, Robt. McGibben, David Sullivan, Tom Wilkinson, Fred Burden.

Press Committee—Leon Pinkson, Harry B. Smith, Chas. Tiv. Kreling, John Plover, John H. Suits, Harry I. Stafford, H. C. Bailey, Jos. R. Hickey.

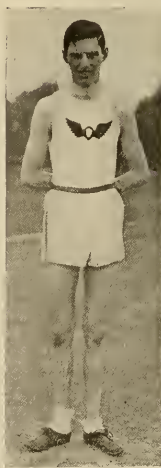
Finance Committee—A. J. Griffith, Chairman; Oscar G. Turnblad, Vice-Chairman; Harry Schwartz, Judge Edw. P. Shortall, Ben Boas, Dan J. Murphy, Frank Foran, Al. Harrison, John O'B. Cunningham.



A. WASHAUER



HUGH O'NEIL



HARRY LUDWIG

(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

LETTERS FROM "WINGED O" FIGHTING MEN POUR IN

Olympians Who Are in Service Over Seas and in Camps in America Write of Their Work. Club Athletes Full of Enthusiasm as They Tell of the "Great Big Game."

"I THINK the happiest recollections of San Francisco are grouped for me about the Olympic Club. Have been wearing a 'Winged O' in my flying helmet ever since I started flying and only hope to have a chance to carry it across the lines. I'm sure with that on no Hun could get me. If I ever get over I'm going to paint a 'Winged O' on my bus, too. An Olympic emblem would look fine chasing a boche, wouldn't it?"

So writes Lieutenant Stanley Smith from Payne Field, West Point, Miss., and his letter is just a sample of the way that the boys from the Olympic Club feel. They're entering the war game with a keen zest that reflects their determination to win for Uncle Sam and at the same time show their pride in being an Olympian and a true man of San Francisco.

The letter from which the foregoing quotation was taken was written to Tom Bunyan. Tom finds his mail bulging with the missives from the "boys" in service who know him and remember him.

Lieutenant Smith's chum in camp is Lieutenant Harold Rivers, who used to be an Olympic juvenile. They have found out that Sid Cavill is a sheriff candidate and they've talked it all over.

Colonel Thornwall Mullally of the 144th Field Artillery has written to Secretary Foran of the Olympic Club his thanks for books sent to the regiment from the Club. Here is the letter:

Camp Kearny, Cal.

Frank Foran, Esq.,

Secretary Olympic Club,

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sir: I telegraphed our thanks for

the books, but take the occasion again to thank you and now say they are serving a double purpose. We greatly enjoyed them. I know that the members of the Olympic Club will be a credit to the Club as the regiment will be to the State of California.

With kindest regards and again thanking you,

Very sincerely yours,

THORNWALL MULLALLY,

Colonel 144th Field Artillery,
Commanding.

Senator Phelan is in receipt of a letter from Frank Marisch, a member of the Olympic Club, and now a Lieutenant in the 23rd Engineers of the National Army, reciting some of his experiences at the front. The letter follows:

"Senator James D. Phelan,

San Francisco, Cal.

"My Dear Senator: Just a few lines to let you know how I am doing over here in the old country with the American Army. Outside of two days' seasickness on the boat coming over I have enjoyed perfect health since leaving the States.

"My duties here have been most unusual. I am Commander of a truck train and on the move most of the time and then back here to our rest camp for a few days and then on the road again. I've been to many of the largest cities here and passed through hundreds of villages and to date I have sure seen a lot of sunny France. At the front the country is not so pretty, being subject to shell fire, and the land has been lost and retaken many times, so that those who have lived in

many of the villages will find, when they return, the name only. The Huns have no regard for Cathedrals that took hundreds of years to build; chateaus that are world wonders. They just destroy everything.

"What French officers and men I have talked with are just crazy about our kids (as they call us) and our men are sure doing wonders and the feeling here is that we have saved the day. Only French here on our sector. Can you imagine one American division just mowing down three complete German divisions? Well this was done my last trip out.

"I hear from my partner, Colonel J. E. Power, and folks at home, and they are all fine and dandy. With best wishes to you and Mr. Costello, I am,

Cordially yours,

LIEUTENANT FRANK MARISCH,
23rd Engineers, National Army,
Amex, via New York.

Here is another interesting letter from Lieutenant Marisch to "Bob" Larue:

"Somewhere in France,
May 28, '18.

"Dear Friend Bob:

"Back here in our rest-camp for a few days, so here goes for some mail.

"I heard from Otto the other day, and will answer soon. Vinc. Finigan wrote me a dandy letter, telling about the ladies' race over the trail to Willow Camp, and with my name as a judge; I sure am all elated.

"My brother Jack writes to me right along, and also my firm, the Power Rubber Company, and all at home are very well indeed.

"Tom Smith from the Club also writes, and I am always glad to get mail, as it's better than money. We all have a lot of

money, but no place to spend it; and if it's God's wish that I should return, we will sure have some fine things.

"Conditions over here right now are at a standstill, but something will happen soon; and I know who will get the worst of it this time; and any thing we do will not be too good for the Huns. I've seen enough of their dirty work to satisfy me we are in a real war, and I hope we never stop until we have every German on his knees.

"My work has been very important and interesting, and I like it. I am Commander of a truck train; and as I drive around in a Dodge Sedan, I am a little comfortable. We stop where night brings us for rest, and this last trip I was eight days, only taking off my shoes to rest, so you can picture the fun we have when it rains most of the time, and 80 inches falls every season. We stop every chance we get at the Red Cross Rest Stations for hot cocoa, and, believe me, it does sure taste great. The Y. M. C. A. also has many huts, and even the Salvation Army. Any time they start a drive at home for money you take it from me the money is well spent over here.

"The good work done by these great American women I will never forget. They take the same chances as the rest of us; and do it with the same will. All I can say is that they are wonders, and I love them all.

"With my truck train this last trip I was passing through the oldest wall-city in France, built by Julius Caesar, and the only city that withstood the Franco-Prussian War; and who do you think I met? Sergeant Hugh Keenan of Company E, 25th Engineers. They were at work there, and just got back from the front line; and Koo had a lot to tell me. He wears the Steel Stetson, and with his gas masks he is well outfitted. He did not know that I

had been made a lieutenant, so you can imagine how pleased and surprised he was. I stayed at his rest camp that evening, and he and I went up into the wall city for dinner. I sent a picture of Koo and Eye to Vinc Finigan, taken at the wall city, and proud to say Koo got stout, and looks fine. He says 'Hello' to all his pals at the Club, and says when Uncle Sam has this war won, he can send him back to California immediately.

"May 30 will be here soon, and we will all take part in some celebration; what it will be, I do not know, and will tell you the next time I write. Last May 30 I was at Monte Rio. Gee, how times do change. I wonder where I will be next May 30?"

"I've been in swimming three times since I've been over here, so that is not doing so bad."

Here is one from Al Reisch:

"On Active Service with the American Expeditionary Force, June 9, 1918.

"Dear Fat: If I remember right, I owe you a letter, so here it is. Have covered considerable ground and water since I last heard from you. We arrived in France about April 14, and have been on the front line since May 10. Pretty lucky. Most outfits don't reach the front line for several months after arriving. Where we are now we carry our gas masks in the alert position and wear tin hats or "Carnegie Stetsons," as the boys call them. I've got a good job riding around on horseback and running my own outfit, just like running a job at home, only there is nothing to worry about.

"Have made several trips up to the front line trenches and have watched the German front line from an O. P. way out in No Man's Land. Very interesting, but since I am not on pioneer work I don't get much of that except when there is

nothing else to do, when a friend of mine on pioneer work takes me with him.

"This a great country over here and I like it fine, but it's impossible for me to learn the language. When we were back at the base I met a little French widow who was teaching me the language, but after two lessons we moved up here and there is nobody to teach me, and I think the Frenchmen will all learn English before we learn French, anyway I hope so.

"There are lots of funny things happen over here. For instance, one bird lost a lot of francs in a crap game, so he goes out and gets a hand grenade and breaks up the game. One night I was way out on our advance road with a sergeant and a corporal. A couple of shells just missed our heads about twenty feet, but they sounded nearer, so the sergeant and I hit the ditch, and then the corporal started laughing at us and made so much noise that the Boche turned a machine gun on him and then he hit the ditch. Nobody was hurt, but I still think it's a good scheme to duck when you hear 'em coming, even if you don't hear them till after they pass.

"The only thing I don't like over here is the gas they send over. We have a gas alarm nearly every night. Otherwise, everything is lovely. Good billets, good eats, good cook, who can make pie; plenty of wine and beer, nice warm weather, and I really like it very much. Yesterday was my birthday, so six of us went into town and had a little dinner by way of celebration. Nothing like the old time parties, but it was a celebration at that.

"Let me hear from you at once.

"Your friend,

"AL RAISCH."

Tom Bunyan also has interesting letters from Paul Bradley, who is in the Philippines; George J. Maloney at San Diego, and Al Burford at San Pedro.

FOOTBALL SEASON COMING SOON

By COMMISSIONER POMEROY

BEFORE the Huns are finally driven over the Rhine the thud of the first football dropping to earth on Ewing Field for the season of 1918-1919 will have been heard; for there will be a football season after all, and a lively one.

There are three good reasons for it: First, the almost perfect organization and control of the California Football Association; second, the immigration of Eastern and foreign football players to the Coast, brought about because of the tremendous growth of shipbuilding on the Coast; third, the universality of soccer football in the Army and Navy camps of all the Allies; for, while it is true that American boys play baseball and "American" football, and the British play cricket and Rugby, and other allied nations various national games and brands of football, it is only true of soccer (Association) football that *all*, even Germany and Austria, play it.

By the end of the 1917-18 season it looked as if all Olympic soccer men able to run and kick had enlisted, but the war powers-that-be missed one or two, and several of the best, though in uniform for months, are still on hand. The defense the Club will have, to begin with at any rate, is better than ever: Singer, the Shanghai veteran, who kept goal for the Club for several seasons, will be back on the job; Middleton, Weekes and James will be eligible for backs; Tom Wigton, crack boxer and wrestler of Shanghai, China, who played such a wonderful game for the Club in 1914-15, is living in Sebastopol, Cal., having come over from China again and bought a ranch here; he will come down to the city to play; and Lieutenant Charles D. Hudson, our old captain, has

been down at Camp Fremont from Camp Lewis for several months, and may be there all football season; "Swede" Anderson, our famous left half and south end oarsman, is also at Camp Fremont, so that our half back line will consist of Wigton, Hudson, Anderson. Can you beat it? Hardly!

Recruiting for the forward division is in full swing, and by the end of September veteran Jack Baldwin will have a full quota of his four aids to carry the line, centered by Ankersmit, the lanky Hollander.

Are we down-hearted? No! The U. I. W., Moore-Scott, and Hanlon Dock will not have it all their own way; neither will Goat Island, the Presidio or Camp Fremont, while, so far as the regular soccer clubs are concerned, it is doubtful if they can class up with us at all.

J. H. Segel, U. S. N., Lieutenant, Senior Grade, American Jr. Naval Scouts, his friend Blackburn, Ralph Ebner, Harry Allen, Bardellini and Tapella will all probably be worked into the team. Soleman Francis, a young fifteen-year-old giant, is also on trial.

We may have lost our veterans,

But we're out to get some more;

We're not stalled in the doldrums,

We'll be better than before;

And when the boys come back

Who have left and gone to war,

Jeff and Sid and George and Mack,

They'll be welcomed at the door

By the kids they left behind them

To do things for their Club;

And their stories will remind them

Of the time they were a sub.

NORMAN ROSS AND THE OLYMPIC CLUB

(Written by Robin Baily for Mr. Louis McLane, Swimming Commissioner, to officially mark the Club's gratitude to a great and faithful athlete.)

STATISTICS sometimes lie, more often tell a half-told tale, but occasionally they are so clean cut that they speak sufficiently for themselves. The last is true of the figures concerning the achievements of Norman Ross as a swimmer for the Olympic Club. Of course it would be more satisfactory if the whole story were told in chapter and verse; that journey across the continent and up and down the Atlantic seaboard, beating champions and smashing records by the way, might well have inspired verse; but only a book of imposing dimensions could describe it all. The small compass of this magazine will only permit the figures.

Ross is now wearing "the wings" of an

American aviator and there is no doubt that he will win further fair fame for this Club. But let not the more sensational feats of the air make members forget that in the times of peace this great athlete, wearing the Club colors, broke six world's records, eight American records, and has achieved thirteen performances so meritorious that they have not been equalled under like circumstances by any other swimmer. Ross has represented the "Winged O" in thirty-nine major races, winning twenty-seven times, second eight times, and third twice. He has won some fifty or so minor events. In the course of his swimming tours in a Club uniform he has covered 35,000 miles.

AMERICAN AND WORLD'S RECORDS AND NOTEWORTHY PERFORMANCES MADE BY NORMAN ROSS, SWIMMING FOR THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Distance	Old Record	Former Holder	New Record	Amer. World's and Notew.	Size of Tank Yds.	Where Made	Date
200 yds.	2.07 2-5	H. Hebner	2.06 4-5	*Am.	20	I. A. C.	Apr. 4, 1918
200 "	2.08 3-5	H. Vollmer	2.08	W.	25	N. Y. A. C.	Mar. 27, 1917
220 "	2.21	H. Vollmer	2.20 1-5	*Am.	20	I. A. C.	Apr. 4, 1918
220 "			2.21	W.	33 1/2	O. C.	Nov. 26, 1916
220 "	2.23 3-5	H. Vollmer	2.22 2-5	W.	25	N. Y. A. C.	Mar. 27, 1917
250 "	2.48 4-5	T. Cann	2.41 1-5	Notew.	20	I. A. C.	Apr. 4, 1918
300 "	3.26 1-5	P. McGillivray	3.16 1-5	*Am.	20	I. A. C.	Apr. 4, 1918
330 "				Notew.	110	San Diego	July 4, 1917
400 "	4.52 1-5	H. Hebner	4.38 2-5	Notew.	20	C. A. C.	Apr. 10, 1918
440 "	5.19	B. B. Kieran	5.16 2-5	W.	25	D. A. A.	Mar. 31, 1917
440 "	5.23 2-5	P. McGillivray	*5.08 4-5	*Am.	20	C. A. C.	Apr. 10, 1918
500 "	6.05 3-5	N. Ross	6.04	Am.	33 1/2	O. C.	Jan., 1918
500 "			*5.53 2-5	*Am.	20	C. A. C.	Apr. 10, 1918
550 "			7.10 2-5	Notew.	110	San Diego	July 4, 1917
660 "			8.45 1-5	Notew.	110	San Diego	July 4, 1917
770 "			10.16 3-5	Notew.	110	San Diego	July 4, 1917
880 "	11.29 2-5	L. Langer	11.27 2-5	Am.	100	Honolulu	Sept. 4, 1917
1100 "			14.59 1-5	Notew.	110	San Diego	July 4, 1917
1210 "			16.32	Notew.	110	San Diego	July 4, 1917
1320 "			18.07 4-5	Notew.	110	San Diego	July 4, 1917
1430 "			19.37	Notew.	110	San Diego	July 4, 1917
1540 "			21.10	Notew.	110	San Diego	July 4, 1917
1650 "			22.50	Notew.	110	San Diego	July 4, 1917
1 mile	24.59 4-5	L. Langer	24.10	Am.	110	San Diego	July 4, 1917
100 meters	1.02 4-5	C. M. Daniels	1.01	*Notew.	20	I. A. C.	Apr. 4, 1918
200 "	2.23 3-5	H. Vollmer	2.21 3-5	*W.	33 1/2	O. C.	Nov. 26, 1917
400 "	5.23 2-5	P. McGillivray	5.16 2-5	*W.		D. A. C.	Mar. 31, 1917

AMONG THE TRACKMEN

By J. F. C.

LIVING right up to the splendid record they have maintained throughout the whole season, Frank Foster's collection of all-star tracksters literally swamped all outside competition at the P. A. A. meet held at Shell Mound Park on July 21. Not one outside athlete even placed, the Clubmen running one, two, three in every event. All the fellows were in good shape and made very creditable time in each race. Pyne, Williams and McEachern showed up especially good, each winning his respective event. This was the last scheduled meet, winding up a perfect season for the cinder artists.

The results of the meet follow:

176 yards—Won by William (O. C.), scratch; Pyne (O. C.), second. Time, :20 1-5.

440 yard dash—Won by Pyne (O. C.),

scratch; Andres (O. C.), second. Time, :57.

Mile run—Won by MacAuley (O. C.); Ludwig (O. C.), second; Vlught (O. C.), third. Time, 4:46.

56½-pound weight—Won by McEachern (O. C.); Hoenisch, second. Distance, 54 feet 4 inches.

* * *

Bill Sission, who will be remembered as the gent who won the broad jump in the last national A. A. U. games held in America, won the Pentathlon, the classic event of the big July 4th meet at Bordeaux. He won both the 100-yard dash and the broad jump, but did not fare quite so well in the half-mile, high jump and shot put. He was credited with 10 3-5 in the 100, but doubts the time as he ran with his uniform on over a grassy track.

ELECTION NOTICE

Pursuant to Section 2 of Article XIV of the By-Laws of THE OLYMPIC CLUB, Election of Directors shall take place on Tuesday, September 10, 1918, in the Club House. Polls will be open at 2:00 o'clock P. M. and close at 9:00 o'clock P. M. of the same day.

August 23, 1918.

We, the undersigned, members of the Nominating Committee, place in nomination the following:

WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY.....	<i>President</i>
L. M. HOEFLE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. R. HANIFY.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
FRANK J. FORAN.....	<i>Secretary</i>
STANLEY J. FAY.....	<i>Director</i>
E. G. MCCONNELL.....	<i>Director</i>
WM. H. CROCKER.....	<i>Director</i>

J. C. EWING, Secretary.	THOS. F. DELURY, Chairman.
W. GREGG	R. W. COSTELLO
	H. H. COSGRIFF

THE SPIRIT OF GOLF IN OUR BIG WAR GAME

By FRANCIS OUMET
(In the Golfers' Magazine)

QUITE recently former President William Howard Taft was quoted as saying: 'A man who plays golf and enjoys it must have a love for freedom and a spirit of independence. Such personal traits prompt one to play the game to the end. That is what we must do in this war. We must fight it through to victory and win the game at the eighteenth hole—if it be necessary to play it through.'

This is a splendid spirit and one which every golfer will appreciate to the fullest extent.

There are times in a golfing contest when we find ourselves confronted by an opponent who is acknowledged to be a better man than ourselves. Immediately such thoughts as these go traveling through our minds: I wonder how far I can take this man before he defeats me. Or, he may have an off day and then I will beat him. Or, we think our chances are just as good as his, and, with this view in mind, we attempt a seemingly prodigious task and find ourselves victorious.

The greatest contest I have ever taken part in was the triple tie between Vardon, Ray and myself. No one knew better than I did that they were both superior players than myself. At first came the thought of how many strokes would they finish ahead of me; the second thought I entertained was that perhaps if they had an off day, I could finish fairly close to them. But the third and final thought I experienced was as I teed up my ball. This final flash was the one that carried me through to victory, I feel quite sure.

Here was my chance or opportunity. Opportunities come once each life time, it

seems, and when they present themselves, it is a question of seizing them instantly before they dash away, and making the most of them. The spirit of independence and self reliance will serve as nourishment for the player to seek his end. I figured in my contest that it was entirely up to me. I did not want outside assistance to play the game, and, spurred on by a natural keenness for any sort of competition, I was able to stop—a winner.

In this great war now being waged we want to stop—winners. Nothing else should satisfy, and, once in active conflict, we should hang on with a determination and keenness that cannot be denied—a determination that will eventually be rewarded with success. Somehow or other I have had a feeling that a man who is 'down' in a golf match is a hard man to beat. My reasons for this belief is due to the fact that he realizes his predicament and, with his back to the wall, he fights hard and desperately.

I believe, too, that this same spirit prevails in the heart of every true American. Every American athlete—regardless of the sport—likes to come back a winner. They will not want to win at any cost, but they will want to win a fair contest. When they find an opponent resorting to unfair methods, they will fight harder than ever and his chances of victory are greatly reduced. Still another type of athlete enters his favorite pastime conceding odds of superiority to his opponent. In other words, he is beaten at the start. He can't win.

We Americans, taking an active part in the world strife, are confronted with the task of settling this war. We must enter

ROSS FORGOES BIG SWIMMING TOUR

JUST after the Olympic Club had launched arrangements to send Norman Ross to New York to compete in swimming races with the world's best, including his old antagonist, the Duke, Louis McLane of the athletic committee received a letter from him saying he had an opportunity in the aviation field that made the idea of swimming conquests seem pale. The letter follows:

Rockwell Field, August 2, 1918.

Dear Mr. McLane:

I'm having a little mercy on you this time: I've captured the squadron typewriter, and from the way my lily-white bread-hooks are pounding the keys you will have as illegible a manuscript as if I had used longhand.

Your response to my wire was very prompt and most kind, but circumstances decreed that I should not make the trip. I had been classified as a pursuit pilot, and turned down an instructorship, as I thought I would get quicker action by going to pursuit school. But just after I got off the wire to you, I ran into Major Burwell, the Commanding Officer of the post, and he told me that the thing to do would be to stay here and take the instructor's course, which consists of several hours' flying a day. So now I am awaiting the outcome of a wire from Washington asking that I be held here.

I will be pretty lucky if I get to stay, for this is to be made into a big aerial gunnery school, and I can receive my training in that here without the necessity of going to Texas. You can imagine it will not be hard to stay in California in preference to Texas.

I was mighty sorry to have to forego the trip, as there are to be some pretty big races, and I am feeling pretty good. I'll have to forget my swimming for awhile, for I'm in a much more interesting game,

and a more important one. It is going to take a lot of work to make a success of it, too.

I was mighty lucky to make pursuit. There is a weight limit of 170 pounds usually enforced. I established a sort of reputation for recklessness or carelessness with my instructors, I think that is what did it. It is by far the best branch of the game—fly light, fast scout planes, single-seaters, with no one around to bother you. Remember the doubting toms who said "Aw, that big cow will never make a flyer"? I'm not much of a flyer yet, but I'm on my way.

At present I am assigned to an aero squadron, and it is giving me a wonderful opportunity to learn the executive side of the game. I will be satisfied with flying alone, but it will be a good thing to know it all as well as possible. One never knows what is in store for him in this army.

The swimming is wonderful here now. There is a good surf running, and the bay is nice and warm. I get off the island every day now; that is, I will after this week, for I am on squadron duty which requires me to stay around now.

I see Fred McWilliams quite often. He

(Continued on Page 24)



CADET NORMAN ROSS,
Rockwell Field, San Diego, Cal., June 25, 1918.

YE ANNUAL AUTUMN WATER POLO BATTLE

By LINCOLN V. JOHNSON

Mare Island Sailors vs. Olympic Club

WE don't know who nourished the idea or how long they carried it with them, but whether it be Louis McLane or Sid Cavill they must be given credit for using a little "dome." On the eventful evening of the 28th day of May one of the said above culprits arranged a water polo game with the boys in blue stationed at Mare Island.

Here comes the nice part.

Included as a part of the game was a sumptuous repast of the best food that our regenerated dining room finds possible to put forth. She was sure some meal and there wasn't a sailor present who didn't wish for a pair of suspenders after the dinner was over. Speaking in nautical language, every one of the boys was loaded down to the Plimsoll mark.

The game started with the Club side getting the ball. Freddie Roth was the particular person who gathered in the ball. He made a dexterous back hand pass to the humble scribe, who gathered it into his yawning mitts and, contrary to the best rules of the game, took a long shot and placed the ball between the posts for the first goal.

The Navy secured the ball after the next toss and by some pretty teamwork between the Aseltine brothers made a goal for themselves.

After the first two goals the teams alternated in getting the ball, resulting in lots of fast and snappy passing. First it was near the Navy goal and then it was all but between the Club goal posts. Finally Jim Resleure snapped the ball out of the open, dribbled it down tank a little way and whanged it through for the second goal. The balance of the first half was productive of no more goals, but only because of the unfailing and tireless efforts

of the Olympic goal keeper, Jack Collins, who made his initial bow in big league company, and Langley, the clever Navy goal master.

The second half opened with a smash. Hamm of the Navy secured the ball on the throw, snapped it back to Hostetter (a second Jess Willard for size), who slammed the ball through our goal clear from the other end of the tank. He cracked the marble on the wall near the tank, he heaved it so fast.

Our outfit tightened up after the Navy made their second goal and we began to feed Otto Schulz, our old reliable howitzer.

(Continued on Page 22)



EDDIE STOUT,
One of the Olympic Club's long distance champions,
now a bugler in Ed Giesen's outfit, Battery "B,"
of the Grizzlies, California Field Artillery.

WHO SAID THE ATHLETES WEREN'T DOING THEIR PART?

By W. H. G.

THE athletic committee of the Olympic Club received a rude shock not long ago. It received a letter advising that criticism had been heard of lack of interest in the war among the athletes.

To men who had seen their athletic teams stripped time and again by the voluntary enlistments of their stars, this came as quite a stunner. True, the informant said that he was convinced that the report was untrue and that the athletes were really playing the big share in the fighting for which their active lives and fitness had prepared them.

So Louis McLane of the committee got busy with lists of athletic members in the service. He has not yet had time to go through all the branches of athletics, but

a glimpse at the trackmen is enough to show the falsity of any rumor such as had floated in.

The boys from the track and field teams who have gone contain the names of many country-famed athletes. For instance, there is Ollie Snediger, who won an all-coast championship, and Eddie Stout, the crack runner, with several hurdlers among America's topmost stars.

Here is the track list:

Beeson, Dr. E. J.	Knapp, D. W.
Murry, F. S.	Lachmund, H. C.
Norton, J. R.	Newhopf, Anthony
Snedigar, O. F.	Nichols, Luther
Maker, Frank	O'Callaghan, W.
Stout, E. V.	Perkins, Lloyd
Bihlman, George	Sisson, W. F.
Hunter, Chas.	Sloman, F.
Liversedge, Harry	Templeton, R. R.
Hutchinson, A. J. L.	Templeton, Rich
Cleveland, H. B.	Weingarten, Melville
Donald, W. J.	Wolff, George
Edwards, A. R.	Woodside, F. M.
Dooling, W. E.	Pinther, Alfred
Farmer, F. E.	Bohnert, A. M.
Fuller, J. H.	Case, J. R., Jr.
Gisen, E.	Murry, R. L.
Geoppert, Karl	Lennon, T. L.
Johnson, J. W.	Wright, E. W.
Kirksey, M. M.	Chandler, A. R.

Here is another formidable list of basketball players who are in the service of their country:

Andrews, W.	MacDonald, Chas.
Rafael, J.	Brandt, R.
Brown, E. B.	Don, R.
Donovan, J.	Barns, W.
Dunning, W. E.	Gilbert, J.
Gilbert, R. E.	Schweitzer, O. L.
Griffith, P. M.	Gill, H.
Hellings, Lloyd	Meyers, Geo.
Hildbrandt, Chas.	Neuhoff, F. L.
Hulings, Melvin	Shubert, Peter
Kennedy, J. A.	Ryan, J. T.
Lucy, A.	



VANCE BROTHERS

Two of the Olympic Club's juveniles.
(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

THE REGULAR GUY

By TIRED TITIAN

"I was just before the opera that I first met the regular guy. He was a consistent performer, though don't misjudge me and think that he was a part of the opera. He was the star of the intermission. I saw him at each of them. After the opera I saw him again. He advised me that he had not seen the opera. He introduced me to some of his bosom friends who had not seen the opera either, but at this stage of the evening they essayed to warble a few imitations. They were not weak imitations, but I should not have said that they were opera. Between vocal demonstrations, these bosom companions informed me that I had met 'the regular guy.'"

That is an opinion that one Olympian gave me of what he supposed a "regular guy" to be. There is a mellowness in the kind of association that he narrated that causes one to judge a casual acquaintance a "regular gun" one minute and the next to cherish a sincere wish to "bust him."

Another Club member was asked to give his opinion of "the regular guy."

"Now," said he, "you must look at this thing with a sort of judiciousness, as Judge Graham might say. What does the dictionary have to say about it? Regular means regular, don't it? Well, then, a regular guy is a guy who does things regular. He gets to work in the morning at an appointed time; he makes love to his stenographer in strict privacy; he lunches at some place where he knows that his wife is not entertaining her friends; he goes to the ball game in the afternoon, and goes regularly for dinner and has a regular appointment at the Club in the evening. He terminates his appointment promptly at 11:30—if he is ahead—and wends his way home—all strictly regular. He pays his debts; loans no more money

than he can possibly help and saves the tires on his automobile."

It was altogether natural that such musings should be irritating to the idealist who came forth from his nick in the library to expostulate.

"The regular guy is clean," he said. "He is unselfish. He does not parade his goodness, takes a wee highball now and then and may even smoke cigarettes; he is athletically inclined, if not truly an athlete himself. His friends like him because he is square, but also because he has a sense of humor to keep him clear of conceit. He has plenty of the joy of life, the kind that doesn't eventually develop into a joy-killer."

This, of course, was preaching. The "regular guys" would be rarer than polar bears in Los Angeles, under such an extravagant rating.

But it remained for a philosopher—at the time idling at billiards—to give what he termed the 1918 definition of a "regular guy."

"He's the guy," he said, "who, no matter what he may have been in the piping days of luxurious peace, when he knew not responsibility, has shown today that he stands the test; every regular guy is giving his all, offering his life, his wits, his good humor, if you please, for an unselfish country's most unselfish cause. And believe me, there are lots of regular guys today, and a legion of them from our own Club."

Practice Makes Perfect

Doctor Beadsley—"Well, you are coughing with less exertion today."

Willie Kidd Nelson Patient—"That's not surprising, doctor, since I practiced at it all night."

YE ANNUAL WATER POLO BATTLE

(Continued from Page 19)

Otto's periscope was a little akimbo and for a while was busting electric lamp globes in the ceiling, but finally he got the range and plunked two through in quick succession. Freddie Roth untangled his feet for a few minutes from around the neck of Frunk of the Navy and scored our fifth and last goal. Bill Pomin, another gallant old war horse, did considerable ambling around the back field for our side and managed always to get in the way of a throw when it looked dangerous for us. John Russel Postelwaite received his tryout at the polo game and outside of the time he was under water, played a good game.

Some one should be the goat for causing the Navy lads to lose the game and according to official dope we think that our new manager of the Club, Mr. McLeod, should be it. He had no right to serve such a fine feed right before the game, but possibly he was using a little strategy to help us win?

The lineups were:

Navy—	Olympic Club—
Aseltine, J.	Schultz, Otto
Aseltine, C. D.	Roth, Freddie
Frunk	Resleure, Jacques F.
Hamm	Collins, "Honest John"
Hostetter	Postelwaite, John R.
Langley	Pomin, Bill
Benson	Johnson, Lincoln V.

THRIFT STAMP GOLF IS LATEST

GOLF players have discovered a new way to help lick the Hun. Nearly every day, philosophers and war strategists conceive of various ways in which Thrift Stamps could be used. Society women are tipping waitresses with Thrift Stamps and they accept them with good grace, but sometimes with a gulp. Thrift Stamps are being used to pay off bridge, pinochle and poker debts. And so on.

But one of the latest wrinkles in the

history of those worthy bits of sticky paper is their use by golf players on the links of the big country clubs in this vicinity.

Golfers are betting now more than ever and are perfectly content because they are helping the Government and are in no danger of being apprehended by the police.

Many golfers have been in the habit of playing each hole for a small sum, "just to make the match interesting."

But now, hundreds of stick swingers, instead of betting cold mazuma, golf balls, etc., are wagering Thrift Stamps on each hole. In fact, some of the nearby country clubs have been holding Thrift Stamp tourneys and the golf players are kept busy during the matches, licking stamps, opponents and the Kaiser.

It is really surprising how quickly a winner will accumulate a flock of stamps and some enviable collections. Under a generally adopted plan, the stamps are new each time and have to be pasted up on the Thrift Stamp cards, so when a person happens to lose he isn't allowed to pass on old stamps. The winner is compelled to keep them.

Of course the amount of stamps to the hole isn't limited to one by any means. Scores of players, who are a little better off, bet two, three and four stamps a hole, and even the five-dollard war saving certificates are the quantity deal in many cases.

The loss of the loser now isn't quite as saddening as heretofore. There is a whole lot of consolation in that his money is going for a good cause. The winner is paid when Uncle Sam sees fit.

The Philadelphia Country Club was one of the first to adopt this wartime golf system. At the Country Club of Lansdowne, Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia Cricket and practically all similar organizations the plan has been enthusiastically followed.

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP IN THE OLYMPIC CLUB, JUNE, 1918

ACTIVE

Dixon, E. R., banker, 645 Post St., S. F.
De Boon, Wm. J., merchant, 559 Clay St., S. F.

Coppage, C. L., mgr. Refined Oil Prod., Assoc. Oil Co., Charon Bldg., S. F.

Frenzel, F. Herber, dentist, Berkeley Bank Bldg., Berkeley.

Flannery, Robert, with John Rothschild & Co., 105 Market St., S. F.

Koster, Henry A., mfr., 433 California St., S. F.

Pierce, Russell, public accountant, 503 Market St., S. F.

Wallenrod, George, towing and freighting, Third and Berry Sts., S. F.

NON-RESIDENT

Flavin, Martin A., mfr., 403 McCormick Bldg., Chicago.

Hoffman, Victor, supt. construction, China Realty Co., 27 Nanking Road, Shanghai, China.

SERVICE

Burnham, John B., ensign, U. S. N., U. S. S. *Hazelwood*, Union Iron Works, S. F.

Blanchette, William H., lieutenant, M. R. C., 63rd Inf., Presidio, S. F.

Cantwell, J. C., captain, U. S. N., 12th Dist., Sheldon Bldg., S. F.

Guarello, A., consul of Chile, 311 California St., S. F.

Giffen, Robt. C., lieutenant-commander, U. S. S. *Schley*, Bellvue Hotel, S. F.

Keough, Paul H., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Union Iron Works, S. F.

Kittredge, George Davis, captain, C. A. C., Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

Lewis, L. S., lieutenant, U. S. N., 1760 Pacific Ave., S. F.

Mendardi, Jr., J. B., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., U. S. S. *Golden Gate*, Pier 7, S. F.

Marshall, R. M., ensign, U. S. S. *Golden Gate*, Pier 7, S. F.

Rose, W. H., paymaster (lieutenant-commander), Bellvue Hotel, S. F.

Ryan, E. D., captain, pay director, U. S. N., 12th Naval Dist., Sheldon Bldg., S. F.

Sullivan, A. E., captain, Q. M. R. C., Santa Fe Bldg., S. F.

Twitchell, Edward W., captain M. R. C., Clift Hotel, S. F.

Twitchell, David C., captain, M. R. C., Letterman Gen'l Hospital, S. F.

Wing, F. F., colonel, Dental Corps, 3323 Clay St., S. F.

Wheeler, Jos., Jr., colonel, U. S. A., 67th Art., Fort Scott, Cal.

ATHLETIC

Detrick, Chas. B., at Heney Headquarters, 717 Market St.

Frederick, Adalbert R., clerk, Anglo & London Paris Nat'l Bank, 187 Downey St., S. F.

Faulkner, Geo. C., attorney-at-law, 830 Monadnock Bldg.

Griffin, Mervyn, clerk, Federal Reserve Bank, 200 Montgomery St.

Hornick, Fred B., insurance, Kohl Bldg., S. F.

Kinsey, Howard O., private sec. mgr. H. S. Crocker Co., 571 Market St., S. F.

Meyer, George, carpenter, 832 Taylor Ave., Alameda.

Noble, Lawrence J., engineering dept., Shell Oil Co., 343 Sansome St., S. F.

Osborn, Frank P., salesman, Isaac Up- ham, 510 Market St., S. F.

Sheridan, J. P., sport writer, S. F. Call, 1609 Addison St., Berkeley.

Smith, Frank L., iron worker, 105 Gates St., S. F.

Smith, Frank V., with Howard Auto Co., Van Ness and California, S. F.

COURTESY

Barnes, Russell K., U. S. N. R. F., 12th Naval Dist., Sheldon Bldg., S. F.

JUVENILE

Ferguson, T. Garnett, 84 Carl St., S. F.
 Fay, Philip S., 2648 Pierce St., S. F.
 Girard, Kenneth, 121 14th Ave., S. F.
 Sullivan, Gordon S., 1319 3rd Ave., S. F.
 Wadeleigh, Jno. M., 5322 California St.
 White, Chas. B., 2219 Santa Clara Ave.,
 S. F.

THE SPIRIT OF GOLF IN OUR BIG WAR GAME

(Continued from Page 17)

it—not as a friendly conflict—because, believe me, it is far from that. We must whip ourselves into a fighting mood. We cannot treat our opponents too lightly; this is most fatal. Neither can we concede them the “edge” because they have not got it.

We owe it to ourselves, our parents, relatives, friends and last and foremost our country to start with an American vigor, desire and determination to defeat an opponent who sought to assert his rights in an unfair and dishonorable manner. I liken the present stage of the war to the closing stages of a vitally important golf match. We are playing the last few holes of a bitter match; we are not trailing our opponent and neither is he trailing us. We have reached that stage when one of us must crack and Uncle Sam is not going to be that one.

We have to make every effort tell. We must figure our opponent a hard customer to lick but constant and incessant opposition, with no let up, is bound to reward us with a victory which will be sweeter than any yet achieved. We must stymie our antagonist in such a way that he cannot negotiate that stymie. We must play him hard, and the first thing we know he will find himself bunkered—bunkered so badly that he cannot possibly emerge.

It will not be well to allow this match to progress extra holes. Mr. Taft says,

let's “win the match at the eighteenth hole if it be necessary to play it through.” Let's win it before we reach the eighteenth. Let's make it unnecessary to play that last hole.

So in closing, once more I will say, every man doing service for his country will only assume the spirit of a man keenly bent on winning what will be a tremendous game. I have no doubt at all but the end will come quicker than we expect. Therefore, fellow soldiers, let's waste no time. Let's attack the work mapped out before us—and let's win this contest.

ROSS FORGOES BIG SWIMMING TOUR

(Continued from Page 18)

is an instructor in gunnery, the subject that flunked him out in ground school, and is doing very well. Benny Erb is here in a squadron also. He is eager to get across, but it looks as if he were stuck for a good long while. It is a hopeless job for an enlisted man to try and get transferred from here, for it is all skilled labor of a kind that can't be spared.

I saw Dr. Green a few nights ago in the Grant Hotel. I presume he has pulled out for across by now. Tommy Alton is also on deck quite often. He is quite a snappy officer, the boys say. Funny we are all finding something we are some good at. This war may serve a purpose yet.

I may get a short leave to come home; it depends on how things work out. I see that the girl swimmers own San Francisco. George James must be in all his glory.

Please give my best regards to my friends in the Club, and my very best wishes for yourself.

Sincerely,

NORMAN ROSS,

2nd Lieut., Air Service (aeronautics)

TWENTY YEARS AGO IN SPORTS

(From the *S. F. Call*)

THE OLYMPIC CLUB had a little scare last evening which caused a flurry of excitement among the members who happened to be in the Club at the time. While some of the athletes were playing handball in the court a strong smell of smoke attracted their attention and a search was made for the fire, which was discovered immediately under the back wall of the court. It appears that the fire originated from a lighted cigar which was thrown by some careless player into the far corner and by a rather peculiar coincidence slipped down through a pipe into a pile of refuse underneath the court.

The incipient fire which originated from the smoking butt was making tolerably good headway when discovered by one of the Club officials, who immediately turned in a still alarm. The firemen quickly ended the excitement, but not before the growing blaze had burned through a part of the floor, but the fire had done very little damage to the court. In future any

member who is discovered smoking in the ball court will be punished by expulsion.

Professor Tronchet, the clever swordsman and instructor of fencing of the Olympic Club, has been challenged to a broadsword contest by Ivan de Malchin of Tacoma, Wash.

The sporting editor received the following challenge yesterday, which speaks for itself:

Tacoma, Wash., July 23, 1898.

To the Sporting Editor of The Call, San Francisco—Dear Sir: I hereby challenge Professor Louis Tronchet of the Olympic Club of San Francisco for a mounted broadsword contest with Ivan de Malchin, the contest to consist of twenty-nine attacks, and to be for the championship of the world; said contest to take place in San Francisco at the earliest possible date.

Yours truly,

R. SCOTT GRANGER, Major,
Manager for Ivan de Malchin.

OLYMPIC CLUB'S MILITARY BUREAU GIVES FULL INFORMATION.

GREATEST use of the military bureau of the Olympic Club, branch of the one in Berkeley, is the aim of Homer Havermale, the manager. Many Olympians, in quest of just the information that can be obtained at the Club, have been going to Berkeley unaware that the trip was unnecessary.

The military bureau answers inquiries

from those who desire information of the various fields of war service.

Easy access to the printed records on the subjects is afforded by the loose-leaf reference book that has been placed in the Club library and those who want to know something about any branch of the service, the requirements and duties and the rest of it, should avail themselves of these handy references.

LADIES' GOLDEN GATE SWIM

From Lime Point Across the Straits to the Life Saving Station.

By GEORGE JAMES

Once again I want to eulogize California women for their prowess in athletics. The last Ladies' Golden Gate Swim was the greatest exhibition of endurance and grit I have ever witnessed in either sex, and I have seen lots of competition.

The winner, Francis Cowells, should have been in bed, owing to a bad cold contracted at a swimming meet at Del Monte one week before, instead of participating in one of the most strenuous events in swimming classics, and notwithstanding her physical condition she plunged bravely into the ice-cold water that even made the officials shudder to watch her, and for one hour and fourteen minutes she combatted against tide and waves when everyone expected that she must become exhausted and give up. While she is entitled to

every praise for her speed, tenacity and endurance, the other girls also showed they were possessed of lion hearts, for a swimmer that does not finish before the tide starts to run has to fight against the tide rip, and it was some tide run on July 4, 1918. Even Captain Clark of the Life Saving Station, with his many years of experience, stated that he had never started a race across the straits under more adverse conditions. Of twenty girls that started, only eight were able to finish, and four were taken out of the water within 200 yards of the finish.

Again I say that nature has endowed woman with courage, endurance and grit that is not excelled by man. And a nation that produces women possessed of this indomitable spirit "will never be beaten."

FORMER STANFORD BOY, OLYMPIAN, WRITES FROM SALONIKA

Ed. Kneass, formerly a Stanford boy, member of the Olympic Club, and for several years an amateur sport writer on The Chronicle, who is with the Red Cross at Salonika, Greece, writes as follows under date of July 11:

"As this is the only writing paper within miles of me, I'll have to ask you to be my messenger and tell Frank Foran 'hello' for me. Tell him I have met both Army and Navy British officers in the port of Salonika who have been guests of the Olym-

pic Club and who speak very highly of the many courtesies extended to them. Surely would like to be there for a while with you all."

INTERESTING TO SOME OF THE OLD MEMBERS

Fred Burgers, for thirty years a member of the Club, is back selling Republic Tires.

Jack Costello, originator of Costello-Lang Company, is managing the organization which carries the firm name of Republic Distributing Company.

FONEY FILMS OF CLUB MEMBERS

By Billy Hon, S. F. Examiner



REMEMBER SON-
I'M YOUR FATHER!!

YUH WON'T GIVE
ME A NICKEL-
HUH?

AT THE AGE OF THREE
HE HAD ALREADY MASTERED
THE ART OF JIU JITSU.

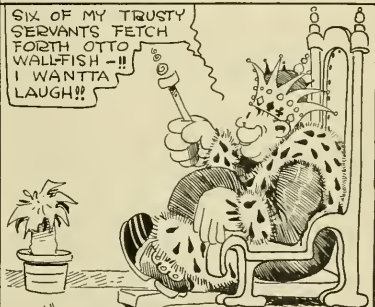


WILLIE CAN
YOU DEFINE
THE WORD
MACKEREL?

ACCORDING TO CODE
1468½-THE CORPUS
JUDOSUS ACCLAIMS
IT TO BELONG TO
THE FISH FAMILY-
THEREFORE A
MACKEREL IS NOT
A PRUNE-ETC-ETC!!

SHOWED SIGNS OF BECOM-
ING A GREAT ATTORNEY
EVEN AT SCHOOL.

END OF PART 1
PART 2 FOLLOWS
IMMEDIATELY



SIX OF MY TRUSTY
SERVANTS FETCH
FORTH OTTO
WALL-FISH -!!
I WANTTA
LAUGH!!

HAS GROWN UP TO
BE THE KING OF
THE OLYMPIANS.



IF WE MOVE THE
NINETEENTH HOLE
THEN THE COURSE
WILL BE PERFECT!!

HE IS NOW TRYING TO
ARRANGE A GOLF
COURSE FOR THE CLUB.

A RECENT
CLOSE-
UP. →



-Hon-

AROUND THE ROUND TABLES

By W. H. G.

THE round tables radiated good cheer Fourth of July time. Confidence was the tone expressed over every coffee cup. The topic for all was the announcement of America's world-shaking achievement in putting more than a million men "across the water" in a year.

"You men will have to get into training in a hurry if you're going to be in for the finish," quote "Jim" Nealon as he asked for a second helping of war bread.

"It looks good," agreed John Mahoney, searching the menu for Liberty cabbage.

"Do you remember the old kid days in Sacramento?" reminisced Nealon. "You gave promise of being a very strong man when you were a little shaver."

And Nealon shook his head gloomily as the crowd grinned.

* * *

No financier could search the tape as it is reeled from the ticker with more interest than golfers of the Olympic Club follow the movement for acquisition of the Lakeside links.

There was great gloom when one of the San Francisco dailies made a premature announcement that the deal had fallen through.

"Here we're just getting all worked up over the game and counting the time when we can stop paying our antagonists' expenses and along comes this blow," reflected Dudley Sails.

Harry Mondell and "Swede" Woods joined in the lugubrious chorus.

"Maybe, it will be an excuse to stop taking on Doc Dow," reflected C. F. Williams. "You know, Partridge and myself caught a Tartar in that man. When I play par and the other fellow shoots under par I decided that it's high time to quit betting."

Williams is among those who have tried out the Lakeside links and pronounce them splendid. The round table is getting its share of golf.

E. SCHMIDT

A. TURON

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California Theatre Bldg.

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Nominal Cost

PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

JULY 1, 1918

TO

JULY 31, 1918

INCOME

Dues	\$12,285.91	\$12,190.99
Visitors' Cards	261.00	
Commissions	112.85	
Discount	32.29	
	<u>\$12,692.05</u>	
Less Departmental Operations—Net Loss..	501.06	

EXPENSE

General		\$ 7,234.19	\$13,593.60
House	\$ 4,083.81		
Engine Room	1,904.02		
Electricity	765.60		
Water	436.13		
Library and Periodicals	44.63		
Administrative and General.....		\$ 3,065.55	
Office Salaries and Expense	\$ 1,232.35		
Administrative Salaries and Expense	499.82		
Taxes	471.82		
Miscellaneous	267.29		
Telephone	249.23		
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00		
Insurance	145.04		
Other		\$ 3,293.85	
Interest Paid	\$ 1,790.58		
Depreciation	925.00		
Donations and Subscriptions	281.00		
Athletic Activities	260.33		
Special Events	36.95		

OPERATING LOSS

INITIATION FEES

NET LOSS

\$ 1,402.61

\$ 1,355.00

\$ 47.61

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

We have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of July, 1918, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Loss for the month of July, 1918, of \$47.61, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,
 HOOD AND STRONG,
 Certified Public Accountants.

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COUPE

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LOS ANGELES



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Del Monte, Cal.

George Turnbull—Northwest Open Championship,
Seattle, during June.

Mike Brady—Open Tournament at Pebble
Beach, during March.

Dr. Fredericks—California State Championship
at Beresford, during April.

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THE OLYMPIAN



ANOTHER NOBLE GOLDEN STAR

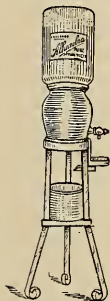
Rudolph C. Mehrrens, Crack Rugby Football Player of the Olympic Club, Was Killed on the Field of Battle in September, 1918.

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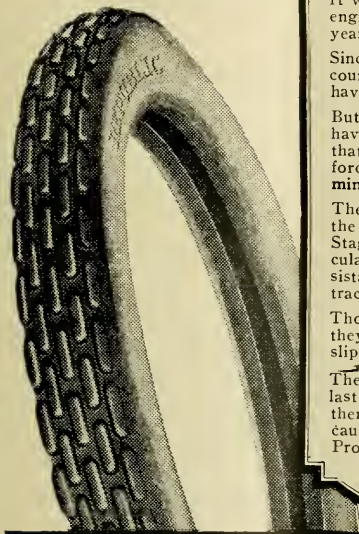
Since its appearance, almost countless non-skid devices have come forth.

But ten years of experience have served only to prove that Staggard Studs do afford **maximum grip with minimum friction.**

The shape and the size and the position of Republic Staggard Studs all are calculated to reduce road resistance and increase road traction.

Though the studs roll freely, they stubbornly resist side-slip and skid.

These sturdy Staggard Studs last longer, as Republic Tires themselves last longer, because they are made by the Prodim Process.



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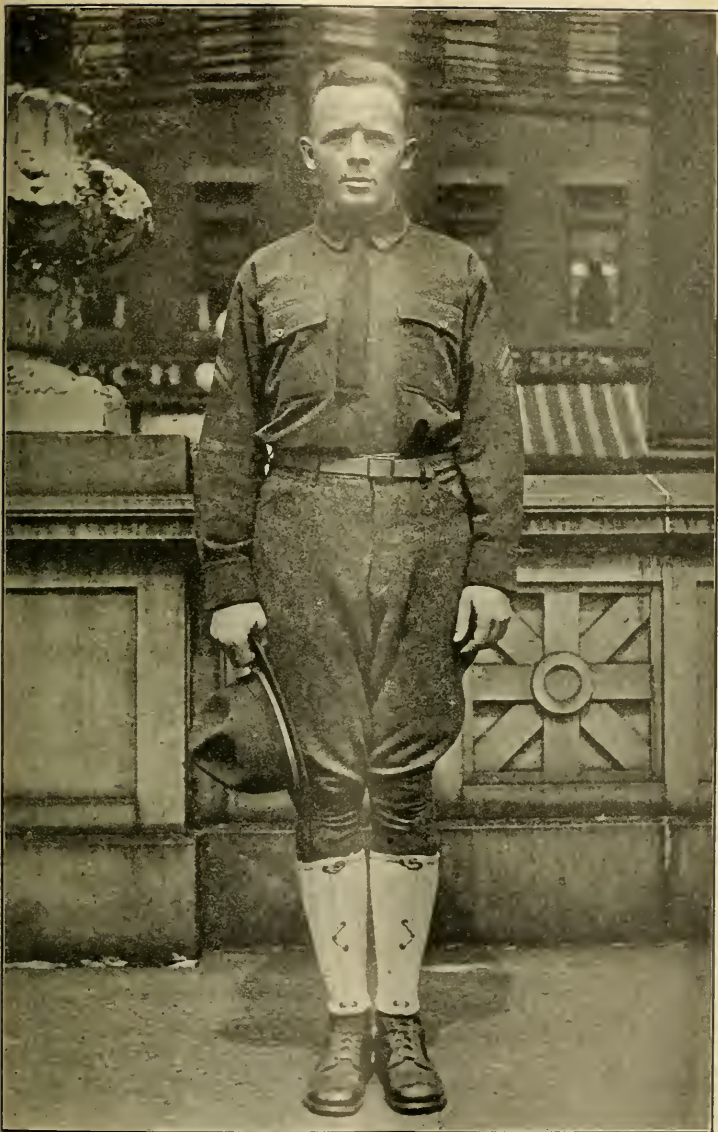
HE went 846 miles over Tioga Pass into Yosemite in a SAXON SIX on 51 gallons of gasoline, an average of 16.7 miles per gallon, grades up to 27%—low gear work. Carl A. Bock, of Tait's Cafe, did this while doing just ordinary family driving, such as you and I do. SAXON SIX is economical.

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THEODORE RETHERS, JR.

A Junior Member of the Olympic Club, Son of Dr. T. C. Rethers, Who Was Severely Wounded on the Battle Field in France in August, 1918.



Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, William H. Grattan.

Associate Editors: Edgar Pomeroy, Soccer; P. C. Gerhardt, Track and Field; A. L. Shannon, Handball; Sven O. Philip, Wrestling; Lincoln Johnson, Swimming; E. Lastreto, Fencing; M. L. Jenne, Bowling; Dr. O. B. Burns, Billiards; Louis McLane, Juniors and Juveniles; W. R. Larzelere, Baseball; A. Kemp, Basketball; Dr. Rumwell, Medical Department.

Vol. VI

SEPTEMBER, 1918

No. 69

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoeffler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; R. M. Tobin, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, J. R. Hanify, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, James Woods.

The Olympic Club subscribed for \$100,000 of the Second Liberty Loan bonds and \$157,000 of the Third Liberty Loan bonds. We hoped to subscribe for at least \$200,000 of the Fourth issue, but the committee in charge of the Liberty Loan campaign deemed it unwise to allow the Club to have its subscriptions underwritten by its members as was done heretofore, and therefore the Club may not be a subscriber to this loan. The directors hope that the members will subscribe liberally to the loan through the various committees in charge of this campaign. As the investment is the safest that can be made and the funds will be devoted to the noblest of purposes, every good citizen should not wait to be invited but should hasten to subscribe to the limit of his resources.

After much negotiation, the Lakeside Golf Club has submitted in writing a proposition under which the Lakeside Olympic Club may enjoy the possession of its country home for a period of two years and then at its option may purchase the same for \$107,500, payable in monthly installments of not less than \$500 each. A copy of the proposed agreement is printed elsewhere in this issue and the members are invited to study the same critically in order that the directors may have the advantage of their advice as represented by their vote at the special election to be held at the Olympic Club on Wednesday, October 23, 1918, between the hours of ten in the morning and nine in the evening.

Under the proposed agreement, during the two-year period the Olympic Club will be liable *only for the cost of maintaining the premises in such manner as the Board of Directors of the Olympic Club may decide*. The rent, taxes, insurance, etc., must be paid by the Lakeside Club. The letter which is printed in this issue in connection with the contract explains the proposed plan under which the Lakeside Country Club will be operated. The directors would not consider the proposition if it merely meant the acquisition of a golf course. They view this as an opportunity of experimenting with a country home in close proximity to San Francisco. If the experiment is profitable and successful at the end of a year and a half from the date the premises are taken over, if the Club so decides, the members will again be invited to vote on the advisability of purchasing the property. The Lakeside Country Club

presents splendid opportunities for sea bathing, trapshooting, tennis courts and open air handball courts, and at the same time has one of the best golf courses west of Chicago. No additional initiation fee or dues will be charged to members of the Olympic Club for the enjoyment of the country club with the exception that they will be required to pay 50 cents green fee every time they play golf, or \$2.50 a month in lieu of green fees for the privilege of playing as often as they desire. Trapshooting privileges will be charged as is usual in other clubs.

In order that the women of the members' families may entertain at the club house and enjoy the golf privileges on every day of the week with the exception of Saturdays, Sundays and legal holidays, it is planned to create an associate membership for that purpose. On the payment of \$100 the privileges of the club house and the golf course, with the above exceptions, will be accorded the women of members' families for the full period of two years without the payment of any green fees or other charges.

Arrangements may be made for the payment of this sum of \$100 in convenient installments.

It is confidently hoped that the members will consider this proposition carefully and vote in order that the directors may have the advice of a majority of the members.

The efficiency of the members' directory in the main corridor of the Club may be greatly increased if the members on entering and leaving the Club will give their names to the attendant. In these stirring times it is difficult to keep all the

employees for any considerable period of time. Either the selective service draft claims them or more lucrative positions are offered. In either event, it prevents the Club from keeping an employee who may grow to know all the members so that he may mark their entrance or departure from the Club without inquiring their names. Therefore, for the good of the Club's service and the convenience of the members, it is suggested that members assist in promoting the efficiency of this service.

It was with regret that the directors of the Olympic Club accepted the resignation of Sidney Cavill as swimming instructor. Animated by patriotic impulses, he joined the Merchant Marine and was compelled to sever his connections with the Club which he has so faithfully served for twenty years past. Our best wishes follow him and it is hoped that when the war is over he will return to the Club's service.

The attention of the members of the Olympic Club is invited to the following communication:

Red	"October 7, 1918.
Cross	Mr. William F. Humphrey,
Work	President, the Olympic Club,
Abroad	San Francisco, California.

Dear Sir: The American Red Cross is in need of first-class Field Representatives, and we appeal to you for co-operation in order that there may be secured the proper kind of personnel required for this service.

You can greatly assist by bringing this matter to the direct attention of your Club members, both by posting notices in promi-

ment places in your club rooms and by personal solicitation.

A representative of the American Red Cross in the field is a distinction, which must confer honor on all those who have filled this position, requiring ability, tact, activity, shrewdness, bravery; and should strongly appeal to those members of your Club who are seeking to do what they can, and who are in a position to make the necessary sacrifice for overseas service.

You will appreciate that we must have men of the highest type in order that our representatives may carry the dignity of the position. These men form the link between the Red Cross and the armies of our Allies and our own.

As a further requisite, they must have the education and business experience to properly qualify.

Full volunteer service is, of course, desired, but if this is impractical, the Red Cross stands ready to allow sufficient for all reasonable living expenses.

Knowledge of French, while desirable, is not absolutely necessary.

The urgency of the call, as cabled from the front, prompts us to again request immediate action and utmost effort.

Very truly yours,
ROBERT G. HOOKER,
Director, Bureau of Personnel,
By WALTER D. BLISS,
Associate Director."

Members are cautioned to sign their cards legibly. The Club staff has been put to much trouble in efforts to decipher carelessly-written signatures. Embarrassment is caused, and delays. So Olympians are asked to remember that the signatures have to be read—and due to the many changes in the personnel of the employes because of war service the checkers frequently are not familiar with the names of the signers.

September 10, 1918.

To the Board of Directors of The Olympic Club.

Gentlemen: We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct return of the votes at the election held September 10, 1918:

- 1. William F. Humphrey.....115 votes
- 2. L. M. Hoefler.....115 "
- 3. J. R. Hanify.....115 "
- 4. Frank J. Foran.....115 "
- 5. Stanley J. Fay.....115 "
- 6. E. G. McConnell.....115 "
- 7. William H. Crocker.....115 "

Respectfully,
ALFRED J. FRITZ, *Inspector.*
GEORGE JONES, *Inspector.*
C. B. ROOT, *Judge.*
O. WALLFISCH, *Judge.*
JOHN MCCARTHY, *Judge.*

LADIES' NIGHT IN GYM BIG SUCCESS

By JOHN F. CONNOLLY

IF, spying the large new Service Flag hanging over the door, one might be led to ponder over the significance of the 750 in the center, he might think, among other things, that the pleasant Ladies' Nights for which Olympia is justly famous, were a thing of the glorious past. He might reason, logically enough, that with so many men gone, Professor Leando would have an impossible task in scaring up enough of his former gymnasts for even half a show.

But if this same person happened to stroll into the gymnasium on Wednesday evening, September 18, he most certainly would have met with an agreeable surprise. For not only would he have beheld one of the largest crowds that ever filled the gym., but his very thoughts would have been lost in the storm of applause with which some performers were being greeted. After the noise had ceased and he could once more think rationally, he would undoubtedly conclude that George Green was holding one of his boxing tournaments, for on what other occasion would people be remarking to each other, "What a beautiful straight left," "Did you see that right cross?", etc. If, spurred by curiosity and a desire to see the fight, he finally reached a point of vantage he would have received another shock. For the contestants about whom these remarks were being made were none other than two tiny midgets answering to the names of Frank Carroll and Franklin Lyons. Then would he realize he had neglected one of the most potential resources in the Club—our budding Juveniles.

Professor Bob Leando might have had some difficulty in securing the services of the more polished and experienced performers on his well-balanced programme, but he certainly did not have to seek far

for the stars of the evening. They were right in his Juvenile gym class. Too much credit cannot be given either Professor Leando or Billy Leonard, the boxing instructor, for their tireless efforts in bringing about the physical development and muscular control of the future "greats."

The show opened with a group of lithe-limbed tumblers doing some clever aviating with the assistance of a springboard. Then the Juveniles occupied the spotlight with an exhibition of real tumbling and side-horse maneuvering. With nine of the little fellows doing their level best to outdo each other, the audience was kept on their toes every minute. Commander Walter King, Jr., of the Navy—age about nine, weight under eighty pounds—followed with some cleverly sung songs and completely captivated the whole house. Frank Miller, one of the old reliables, then essayed a wire act and he provided some thrilling entertainment for a few minutes.

Next came the stellar attraction. Professor Leonard emerged from somewhere with a whole string of future world's championship. To be sure, a very considerable portion of their anatomy was hidden by the boxing gloves tied to their hands, but this fact disturbed their air of dignity not one bit. They soon proved, however, that their size had nothing to do with their fighting ability and more than one old timer was surprised at the remarkably scientific fight these boys put up. Jabs, hooks, feints, parries, they were familiar with them all, and didn't forget to use them to advantage either. Bob McGibbon and Waston Gerhardt put up an unusually spirited and clever bout, but they were all good fast snappy affairs. Little Frank Carroll, though the smallest of the bunch, made a hit by the way he tore right after his opponent. More than

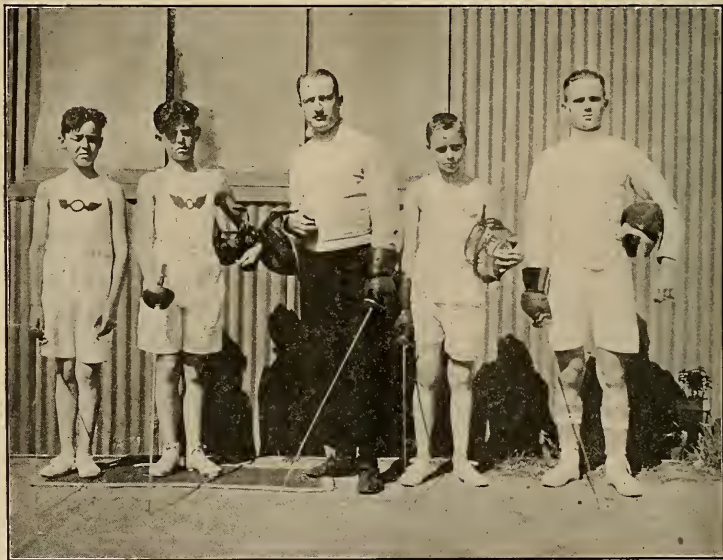
once Billy Leonard had to caution them to go easy as he feared there would be "casualties."

The next number was the tricks on the Roman rings. In these Messrs. Illing, Sutcliffe, Miller and Hernie showed much agility and extraordinary muscular control. Tooig and Sutcliffe provided a great deal of fun with their comedy acrobatics, after which Professor Miller gave a fencing exhibition with two of his pupils. Their quick movements caused much astonishment. The gymnastic events were concluded with a series of difficult feats on the parallel bars, Dillingham, Gasper, Lee, Miller and Sutcliffe taking part.

Then came the two performers without whom no Ladies' Night is complete. Otto Wallfisch and Harry McKenzie put on their famous Jap Athletics sketch and, needless to say, the house was in a con-

tinuous uproar from the time they appeared until after they had chased each other out. As usual, Otto was the instructor and Harry McKenzie the trusting pupil. The pupil proved so adept at the game that they put on a regular bout and what they did to each other defies description. However, suffice it to say that the affair ended with both on the floor taking the count. Which one went down first is the subject of much argument and it probably never will be known who really was the winner. The evening entertainment was concluded with a wrestling exhibition.

No one need have any fear of the lack of talent for successful gymnastic or swimming events in the future. We always have the Juveniles and as long as Otto Wallfisch and Harry McKenzie are around we will never suffer from lack of fun.



OLYMPIC CLUB JUVENILE FENCERS

Left to right—Cone Girard, Walter Cofer, Prof. R. B. Miller, Kenneth Evers, Graham Evers.

THERE'S A MORAL TO THIS TALE — ALSO 30,000 GALLONS OF OIL

As we said, there's a moral. It was nearly a tragedy, but, as it chanced to eventuate, it shed great luster on "The Club We Call Ours," so here goes:

L. M. Hoefler, who is vice-president of the Olympic Club—just as if everyone didn't know it—has a grandson. Well, maybe you have heard about him. His granddad delights to tell tales about him; and if his granddad didn't there's enough of the spectacular about the lad himself to make his fame assured. The *Olympian* heretofore chronicled his advent to the Club's classic halls, when he strove to climb the statue of old Kreugas.

Al was spending a merry holiday at his family's country home near San Rafael a couple of weeks ago. In his usual ambitious manner of getting to the top of things, he clambered to the edge of a huge tank of oil, containing more than 30,000 gallons of the crude stuff. He teetered awhile on the narrow edge, not minding at all that there were no spectators to see his feat. He enjoyed himself thoroughly in acrobatic splendor.

And then—to make the matter brief—Al went "over the top," sprang into the sticky crude oil. From his eight years of varied experience, the boy realized the necessity of keeping a cool head—and did. As soon as he could get the oil out of his eyes, he lit out manfully for the side of the tank and managed to climb out safely. His ability to swim saved him from what otherwise would have been certain death.

Dripping with oil, he went all the way back to San Francisco, on the train and

ferry boat, before he changed his duds at home.

Now this is the moral: Al learned to swim in the tank at the Olympic Club. His grandfather put it thusly:

"If you don't want to drown in an oil tank, join the Olympic Club and learn to swim."



KARL GOEPPERT,

Olympic Club Champion Quarter-Miler, Now an Aviator in Florida. In 1914 he won the quarter-mile, beating Frank Sloman. He won the Far-Western Championship in 1916.

BART BURKE THREE TIMES IN HOSPITAL, BUT KEEPS UP HIS INTEREST IN SPORTS "OVER THERE"

CHOCK full of interesting reminiscences of life in the war belt is the following letter from Bart Burke, former captain of the Olympic Club baseball team, to a close friend, "Gerry" Griffin:

On Active Service with the American
Expeditionary Force,
Saturday, August 17.

Gerald Griffin,

San Francisco.

My Dear Gerry: Your newsy letter was sure a pinch hit for me. 'Twas forwarded from my old outfit today.

Did three hitches in hospital from June 6 to July 20. First had rheumatic fever at Bordeaux; was sent from there to a camp hospital and had the influenza. Then moved again and had dysentery. From there went to a classification camp and was marked B 2, which means two to six months behind the line on light duty. They marked me thusly on account of my pump missing a beat every now and then. I've had everything but "cooties" and don't know when they will visit me.

Sure pleased to hear you intend to come over. You'll never regret it, Gerry, and it's for the only country God ever built right.

Was sent here a month ago and am in the military postal express service. The mail service was bum, but you can bet it will be O. K. now and I'll personally see that all the mail in France is properly delivered.

General Pershing (Old Black Jack) visited us not long ago. He was on a tour of inspection. He hasn't changed in looks since he was at the Presidio.

Lately I've met Peck Griffin, a "looie" in the aviation. He's an instructor and was here for a day. Captain Burgwin, a friend of Jack Cunningham and member of the Olympic Club; Captain Bell, also an Olympian from the regular army; George

Broderick and others are among the San Franciscans I have met.

The 41st Division, made up of Washington, Oregon and Montana troops, was used as replacement for three outfits that have made the Americans the most popular in France and the most bitterly hated (even more so than the English) in Germany.

Those who don't see hard fighting this fall will surely see it on our march to Berlin next spring. We've got Heine on the run and (no kidding) we have his goat. He is scared stiff of an American. Our gang takes them by the hundreds, but lots of them die of wounds on the way back.

The German prisoners are tickled when they are far back of our lines. Although they look well fed and say they can't get any white bread or fresh meat or coffee. Was talking to a young prisoner this week who says he owns 160 acres of land in Ohio. He didn't even know we were in the war until he was captured. I don't believe him, but I know he didn't realize just how many Americans are on French soil.

Our casualties have been exceedingly light, considering what the boys have gone through. They don't let Heine light at all, but keep him going.

Take it from me, we've got some artillery. Recently our men in using the French 75s fired more per minute and found the range fourteen minutes sooner than the French themselves.

Saw two eighty-foot (get that) guns from God's country last week. Our engineers have done more building and construction work in one year than the French in four.

It's great to hear and see an American locomotive with a bell and a real whistle going through with a train of American cars.

FRENCH FAMILIES KEEP FLOWERS FRESH OVER GRAVE OF FIRST OLYMPIAN TO DIE IN ACTION

IN a letter to his parents in San Francisco, Lieutenant William Hamilton Cupples, himself an aviator, tells of the circumstances surrounding the death of Lieutenant Cecil Huntington, first member of the Olympic Club to die in action in France.

The letter, dated July 27, follows:

Dearest Mother and Dad:

You will have had the unfortunate news about Cecil through the newspapers before this reaches you. The details of the accident are not well known, as it happened on an outlying field, but I will go back to the beginning of my knowledge of him here, in case there may be any part his relatives are not familiar with.

Cecil came here from Cazaux after completing his aerial gunnery course. He had been successful in his training here to entitle him to "go chasse." One may take the gunnery at Cazaux, either before or after having his hours at combat, and this depends upon vacancies there, so, as there happened to be places just when Cecil became ready for combat flying, he went there and upon completion returned here. This was Tuesday (July 23) and I met him on the broad walk by the barracks, a few steps from here. Ewing was with me, and I introduced them. Cecil told me how he stood in his flying, and said he returned for combat work on Field No. 8 and was going to begin the following day. We talked for five minutes or so, and he went into the mess hall, the building on my left here, for dinner—that was the last I saw of Cecil.

It was on the same broad walk within a few yards of the same spot that I had the first talk with Billard, earlier in the day. Billard went into the same mess hall

door. He had asked me to visit him at headquarters hangar and have a talk on California, but I never saw him again. While I was writing on Wednesday morning, Billard fell. It happened several blocks from here, but as my window was open, I heard the crash. The plane was a large powerful type and nosed into the earth. Both Billard and the mechanic riding with him were killed. The motor was full on and the causes may be anything one wants to imagine. No one knows. He had come out of an unsuccessful barrel roll and had gone into side slip and ended in vertical dive. Billard's funeral was Wednesday afternoon. As it was so sudden I did not hear of it till too late to attend.

On Thursday (July 25) Cecil fell on combat field; few saw the accident, and information is hard to get. The plane, I hear, fell from the top of a renvercement to the ground.

The first I knew of it was when I was reading the bulletin board in the evening. Cecil's funeral was held yesterday (Friday) afternoon at three. I was among the personal escort, and both he and Billard were accorded full military honors due an officer and Military Aviator. Cecil's and Billard's graves are separated by one, that of the mechanic's. They are to be kept in perfect conditon, and stones are to be erected. Flowers are kept fresh by the French families of the nearby towns, who place pots and heaps of blossoms every few days. It was a sad procession, and in that cemetery, one for Americans only, are three of Cecil's friends and classmates from Ground School—Billard, Meyer, and another I cannot place. I won't attempt to say how I felt, or how Cecil's going

affected his many friends here. It took a heavy tumble out of the hearts of every one who knew him. Two days, two friends—Cecil and Billard.

I am afraid you will be alarmed that it will make me nervous in the air. One thing we have to do, and that is to pay our final respects to them when they go, and then forget—absolutely—otherwise we would have been on the retired list long ago. Our first day at Tours we were wel-

comed by a plane catching fire and falling in a dive. Two Lieutenants died instantly. We are not using such planes.

While I was training I saw a crash every day, for a week, some bad, some fortunate—so please do not feel it is going to make a change in my regard for flying.

With lots of love to all,

Your loving son,

WILL.

HOW OLYMPIANS REMEMBER

At Sea, Sept. 5, 1918.

Mr. William Humphrey,
Olympic Club,
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Bill: Mr. Westdahl and myself wish to say goodbye, for a little while. We will no doubt miss the Club, but of course that is a minor affair now.

Hoping to see you again, in the good old days of "Peace," we remain,

L. H. WESTDAHL,
Lieutenant, U. S. N. R. F.
JOHN D. MURPHY,

Pay Clerk (W) U. S. N. R. F.

The ship on which I sailed has arrived safely overseas.

CAPT. PETER B. KYNE,
144th Field Artillery,

American Expeditionary Forces.

England, Aug. 4, 1918.

Gentlemen: Would it be too much trouble to have you forward my *Olympian* here to England? Sure do miss it. What would I do for a swim in the old tank! Can you imagine? We are in training at present, but expect to see some real action soon. Give my best regards to all the

boys and say "Hello" to Tom Bunyan for me. Many thanks for past favors.

GEORGE W. GORST,

Aero Squadron.

Sept. 10, 1918.

Mr. Wm. Humphrey,
Olympic Club,
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Mr. Humphrey: I appreciated your telegram a very great deal.

It is a very pleasant feeling to realize that even though I have been away from California, I am still remembered by my old clubmates.

I am very glad that I still am a member of the Olympic Club and my only wish is that I could visit the good old place again in the near future.

I was very much against playing tennis this year and it was only when the president of my company practically forced me to do so that I gave in, but now that it is all over, I think the \$8000 turned over to the training camp activities fund justified it.

With many thanks again, I am very sincerely your friend,

ROBERT LINDLEY MURRAY.

EDDIE STOUT GETS KING'S GREETINGS AND ALL'S WELL

THE peerless runner, Eddie Stout, is going into it cheerfully "over yonder," and has sent a note to his old friend, George Williams, enclosing the greetings that King George V extends to the soldiers of America:

August 30, 1918.

Dear George: Have been having a fine and interesting trip so far. No adventures yet. Give my regards to all and show this to our friends. Hope to be back soon.

Your old pal,

Ed.

Here are the King's greetings:

Soldiers of the United States: The people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the armies of many nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle for human freedom.

The Allies will gain new heat and spirit in your company. I wish that I could shake the hand of each one of you and bid you God speed on your mission.

GEORGE, R. I.

MANY BOOSTERS FOR LAKESIDE LINKS

BOOSTERS for the Lakeside Club are legion among the golfers of the Olympic Club. Many stories are told of the play among the Olympians who have been slamming the pellet about the course.

Jim Brennan, Harold Maundrell and Peter Gerhardt were enjoying the sport at Lakeside, and the following yarn is told:

Brennan, by a nice calculation, brought the ball within a few inches of the hole. His next shot took a slight angle, bringing the ball still a couple of inches from the cup. Brennan did not play the shot. "I give myself in," he said.

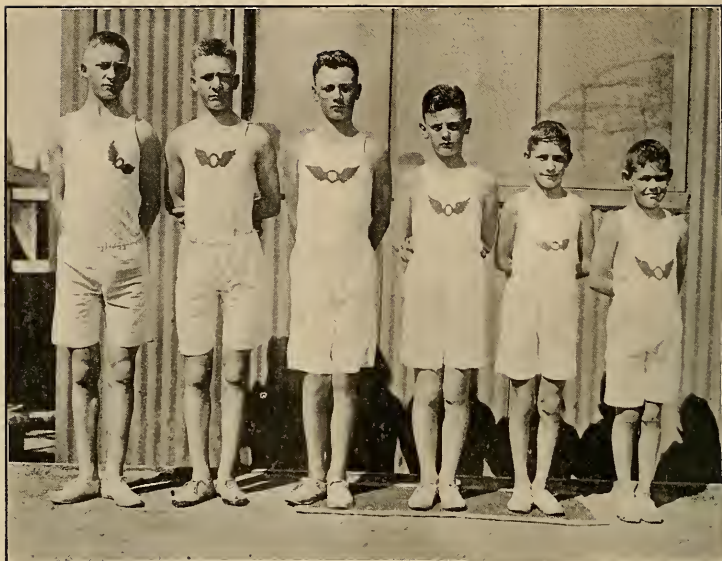
His opponents delight to tell anecdotes of the doughty one from the district attorney's office. They say that after the

game, in the clubhouse, when the scores were all counted, one of the others said to Brennan: "I try to figure to play par." Brennan replied: "Who is this fellow Par I hear everybody talking about; I'd like to meet him."

Brennan was using his midiron in driving off the tee and coming to the clubhouse, Maundrell said: "Jimmy, if you don't use that driver, I'll buy it. How much?" "Five and a half," said Brennan. "I can get a new one for that," retorted Maundrell, "you've used yours." Brennan came right back: "Oh, this had been used when I got it; it had a fellow's name on it—Riley."

For those who don't "get" the last joke, a try at the ancient game is suggested as a wit-sharpener.

A GROUP OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB'S JUVENILE GYMNASTS



Left to right—Howard Ebner, Stewart Ebner, C. McGettigan, B. McGettigan, Joseph Bertrand, Ray Bertrand



Left to right—Jack Cofer, Cone Girard, Gordon Sullivan, Tom Shortall, Philip Fay.

A LETTER TO OUR MEMBERS

Dear Sir: After negotiations lasting through many months, and innumerable conferences with representatives of the Lakeside Golf Club, the directors have received, finally, an agreement under which they believe it may be advisable to operate the Lakeside Club's premises for the period of two years as an experiment, with a country club home. A copy of the proposed agreement under which possession will be surrendered to the Olympic Club follows this letter.

By the terms of that agreement, the Olympic Club is authorized to take possession of the Lakeside Golf Club on the first of November, 1918, and to enjoy the same for the period of two years from that date *without the payment of any rent, taxes, assessments or insurance*, or in fact any charge except the cost of maintaining these premises in such manner as the directors of the Olympic Club may determine. It also gives the Olympic Club the option to purchase all the assets of the Lakeside Country Club (including four acres of land and the buildings thereon and its leasehold estate) for the sum of \$107,500, payable in monthly installments of not less than \$500 each, beginning with the first day of November, 1920, with interest on the deferred installments at the rate of 3 per cent per annum.

Olympians have indulged in much discussion over the probable acquisition of this property and it is apparent from these discussions that the members do not fully understand the proposition. It is not and never has been the purpose of the directors to acquire these premises exclusively for golf. Probably, if the grounds could not be used for anything but golf, the directors would hesitate to recommend the acceptance of the proposition embraced in the aforesaid contract. In their judgment, a country home in close proximity to San Francisco might prove a very valuable ad-

dition to the Club. Time and again, there have been many agitations for a country home. This seems an ideal opportunity for experimenting without the possibility of much loss to the Club. The Lakeside Club is admirably situated for a country club. Among its boundaries are the Pacific Ocean and Lake Merced. It has one of the best beaches for sea bathing that is in the northern part of the State, while it is confidently expected that as soon as the new water supply for San Francisco is secured the Club will be granted boating privileges on Lake Merced. There are splendid accommodations for trap-shooting, and twenty-five or more enthusiasts of this branch of sport who would make desirable members of the Club have signified their intention of seeking admission if trap-shooting is added to the Club's activities. Many places on the Club property offer situations for tennis and hand-ball courts. In short, within a half hour's run from the Olympic Club is this country home, which may be operated in connection with our present home much less expensively than it could be operated as an independent organization. It is planned to have a bus to connect with the Municipal Railway Twin Peaks Tunnel line so that a member, for ten cents, may travel from the Olympic Club to the country home in about thirty minutes.

The attractiveness of the proposition will be apparent to anyone who views the property, but it may be urged in opposition to the acquisition of this property that it is not wise in these troublous times for the Club to take on a new activity, and some conservative members may wonder how such a property may be maintained without taxing the members or crippling some of the Club's present functions. ~~These objections have been waived.~~ The opportunity would not be offered the Club if it were not for the present world's war.

It is quite certain that if conditions were normal we could not be given the privilege of enjoying these premises for two years without the payment of rent, taxes, insurance, or any assessments except such as may be incurred by the Club itself in enjoying these premises. Instead of being a tax on the Club, the directors confidently expect it to prove a source of profit. The golf and trap-shooting will be profitable and the club house will not be operated at a loss. It is not intended to charge the members of the Club any initiation or dues. They may enjoy the club house, hand-ball, tennis and swimming, without any charge. A member will have the alternative of paying fifty cents green fee every time he plays golf, or on the payment of \$2.50 a month he may play as often as he desires without any green charge. The privileges of the golf course and club house may be extended to the members' wives, sisters and daughters for the full period of two years, on the payment of \$100, in such installments as may be agreed upon. This payment will make the women of a member's family associates in the golf and club house features of the country club and will entitle every woman member of his family to play golf every day in the week (with the exception of holidays, Saturdays and Sundays) for the period of two years, without the payment of any green fee. In other words, the sum of \$100 will cover the initiation as well as two years' green fees, and will allow the women to entertain their friends at the country club house. Non-members may be invited to play on the course by Olympians, for which privilege they shall be required to pay a green fee of \$1.00 every time they play. Courtesy cards may be issued to non-residents on the payment of fifty cents for every card so issued, but the holder of the card will be required to pay \$1.00 green fee for every game played. Trap-shooting privileges will be extended to the members on

the payment of such charges as may be fixed by the committee in directing that activity.

The usual initiation fee in a golf club ranges from \$100 to \$300, and the average monthly dues are \$6.00. Other athletic institutions have taken over golf courses and have charged, in addition to the regular club dues, the usual dues charged by golf clubs; consequently the proposition herewith submitted to the Olympians is exceptional and unique: For \$5.00 a month less than the monthly dues of any golf club they will have the opportunity of enjoying not only the privileges of the present club house, but of the country club with golf and trap-shooting as extra features.

After considering this matter carefully for some time, the directors of the Olympic Club unanimously desired to recommend it to the consideration of all Olympians, but inasmuch as it was adding a new activity to the Club, left the final decision to a vote by the members. Accordingly, a vote by ballot will be taken at the Olympic Club on Wednesday, the twenty-third day of October, 1918, between the hours of ten in the morning and nine at night. It is hoped that every member will consider the annexed agreement carefully and do his duty to the Club by recording his vote at the appointed time. If the vote is favorable, it will bind the Club to maintain the premises for a period of *two years only*. At the expiration of a year and a half from the date possession is surrendered to the Olympic Club, another vote of the members will be had in order to determine whether or not the property should be taken over at the price named or the country club abandoned.

Please consider the matter carefully.

Very truly yours,

.....,

.....,

Board of Directors.

THE PROPOSED AGREEMENT

THIS AGREEMENT, made and entered into at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this first day of October, 1918, by and between the LAKESIDE GOLF CLUB, a California corporation, the party of the first part, hereinafter called the "vendor," and THE OLYMPIC CLUB, a California corporation, the party of the second part, hereinafter called the "vendee."

Whereas, By lease, date this 15th day of April, 1916, the vendor leased from the Spring Valley Water Company, a California corporation, and Edward L. Eyre, the premises located partly in the City and County of San Francisco and partly in the County of San Mateo, and in said lease specifically described; and,

Whereas, The vendor desires the vendee to assume the operation and maintenance of the aforesaid premises, together with the club house and golf course thereon for the period of two years from the first day of October, 1918, free of rents, taxes, assessments and other fixed charges, other than the cost of operating and maintaining the golf course and club house in a manner satisfactory to said vendee, all of which the vendee is willing to do on the terms and conditions herein contained, now,

Therefore, For and in consideration of the covenants and of other good and valuable considerations passing between the parties hereto, they agree, as follows, to-wit:

FIRST: Pursuant to the written consent and approval of said Spring Valley Water Company and Edward L. Eyre, the vendor hereby leases to the vendee for the period of two years from and after the first day of November, 1918, free of rent, taxes, assessments and other fixed charges, except the cost of operating and maintaining the same, all the premises described in the

aforesaid lease and all personal property located thereon, with the exception of the groceries, bar supplies, cigars, sundries and miscellaneous articles described on pages 18, 19, 20 and 21, of the inventory hereto annexed and marked "Exhibit A" with the privilege to said vendee of purchasing all of said property owned by the said vendor, with the exception last above noted, at any time within two years from the date hereof, for the sum of One Hundred Seven Thousand Five Hundred (107,500) Dollars, lawful money of the United States of America, payable in monthly installments of not less than Five Hundred (500) Dollars each, with interest on the deferred payments at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum, payable monthly, the first of said installments to be paid on the first day of the first month succeeding the month in which said option to purchase is exercised by the said vendee.

SECOND: During said period of two years the vendor will keep, perform and discharge each and every covenant of the aforesaid lease, required to be performed by it and will pay all rent, taxes, assessments, insurance and other charges required to be paid by the terms thereof, and will hold the vendee harmless therefrom. Said vendee does not assume any of the obligations of the aforesaid lease nor in any manner bind itself to the performance thereof.

THIRD: This agreement will be ineffectual for any purpose unless the vendor at least five days prior to the first day of November, 1918, secures from the said Spring Valley Water Company and the said Edward L. Eyre any and all agreements, conveyances or other writings that may be necessary or proper to assure said vendee the free and uninterrupted use and enjoyment of the premises hereinabove

described and of the personal property thereon, other than the supplies described on pages 18, 19, 20 and 21 of the inventory hereto annexed, and to vest in said vendee the uninterrupted and unrestricted right and privilege to use, enjoy and maintain all of said premises for said period of two years as a country club, golf course, field for general athletics, trap-shooting and beach for bathing, with the incidental rights to construct and maintain such roads, roadways and buildings on such parts of said premises as in the judgment of said vendee may be necessary for the full enjoyment of the privileges hereby granted.

FOURTH: This agreement shall not be effective unless prior to the 25th day of October, 1918, said vendor secures from said Edward L. Eyre such writing as may be necessary or proper to grant to said vendee, for the period covered by this lease and for the extended period, ending April 15, 1936, if the option hereby granted is exercised the free and uninterrupted use and enjoyment of a bathing beach on property owned by said Edward L. Eyre and bordering on the Pacific Ocean, with the incidental right or privilege to said vendee to construct thereon a bathing pavilion and to build and to maintain roads and approaches to said bathing beach and bathing pavilion.

FIFTH: During said period of two years the vendee, at its own expense and in such manner as it may deem proper, may alter, change or reconstruct the golf course and other improvements on said premises.

SIXTH: During said period of two years the vendee will use said premises as a country club and at its own cost and expense will maintain the same in such manner as in its judgment may be proper.

SEVENTH: During said period of two years, and for any extended period that the vendee may use or operate said premises pursuant to any covenants of this

agreement, the members of the vendor may use and enjoy the privileges of the present club house and golf course, provided, however, that its total membership shall never exceed one hundred and twenty-five and that the privileges and use of said club house and golf course shall be subject to and in accordance with such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the vendee and applicable to its own members. At the option of the vendee such privileges may be denied any member of said vendor who fails, neglects or refuses to observe or comply with such rules and regulations. It is understood that no member of the vendor may extend the privileges of said club or course to non-members, except upon payment to the vendee of the usual green fees charged by the vendee.

EIGHTH: Said vendee will make such repairs and improvements to the wells on said premises as in its judgment may be necessary, and, if it deems advisable, will drill an additional well near the place where the present wells are located. Said vendee may erect handball and tennis courts on any part of the demised premises. The vendor promises and agrees to repay to said vendee on the first day of October, 1920, the total cost of repairing or drilling said wells or well and of erecting said handball and tennis courts, not exceeding, however, the total sum of Seventy-five Hundred (7500) Dollars, unless the said vendee exercises the option hereinafter granted, in which event the said sums shall not be repaid to said vendee.

NINTH: Said vendor hereby assures said vendee that the said Edward L. Eyre and said Spring Valley Water Company will lease to said vendee the premises described in the aforesaid lease dated the 15th day of April, 1916, and will grant to the said vendee the aforesaid privileges incident thereto, for the period beginning October first, 1920, and ending April fifteenth, 1936, at a total monthly rental for the

first five years of said terms of Two Hundred Fifty (250) Dollars and taxes, and for the balance of said term of Three Hundred Fifty (350) Dollars and taxes and will execute a lease containing the same terms as are embraced in the aforesaid lease of April fifteenth, 1916, with the above modifications as to term and rental provided that the vendee on or before the first day of August, 1920, notifies said vendor, said Spring Valley Water Company and said Edward L. Eyre of its desire to lease said premises and privileges on said terms and provided further that the vendee shall, on or before the last named date, exercise the option of purchase contained in paragraph first hereof.

TENTH: The vendee, on or before the first day of October, 1918, will purchase from the vendor at their cost prices, all such food and liquid supplies owned by

and in the possession of said vendor on the first day of October, 1918, as it may need or desire.

In Witness Whereof, The parties hereto have caused these presents to be executed by their respective Presidents and Secretaries, thereunto duly authorized by resolution of their respective Boards of Directors, the day and year first above written.

LAKESIDE GOLF CLUB,

By.....,
President.

By.....,
Secretary.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB,

By.....,
President.

By.....,
Secretary.

CLUBMAN, ARMY OFFICER, RETURNS FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE San Francisco Call had the following to say of a well-known Olympian:

Lieutenant Howard Bernhard, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Bernhard of 1001 Shrader street and well-known member of the Olympic Club, arrived in San Francisco today on a short leave of absence from his duties in Washington, where he is attached to the staff of Lieutenant Colonel Edward Clifford, head of the War Department Bureau in charge of voluntary allotments by soldiers.

As an example of the thrift of the American soldier, here and in France, Lieutenant Bernhard said that 750,000 voluntary allotments to dependent relatives, Liberty bonds and savings accounts are now being handled by the bureau. The average allotment, he estimates, exceeds \$15 per month. These voluntary allotments are in

addition to the compulsory allotment of \$15 per month which every soldier must make to his wife, and to his war risk insurance allotment, which averages over \$5 each a month.

No soldier in France is allowed to spend over \$7.50 per month, according to Lieutenant Bernhard.

To handle the enormous amount of work incident to the accounting and distribution of allotments, the bureau force has been increased from one officer and six clerks, which was its strength in February of this year, to forty officers and 1400 clerks, which is its present personnel. All of the clerks are women.

Lieutenant Bernhard before receiving his commission was private secretary to Colonel Gardner of the San Francisco recruiting district.

CAPTAIN ERNEST SMITH NOW—STILL WRITES GOOD LETTERS

It's Captain Ernest M. Smith now. The well-known Olympian writes the following interesting letter to Secretary Foran:

Co. C, 4th Bn. I. R. & T. C.,
Camp Lee, Virginia,
September 12, 1918.

Dear Mr. Foran: I have started to write you several times, but each time something has occurred to prevent. Today's opportunity and my frame of mind has impelled me to write. I am rather happy because yesterday I was commissioned Captain, Infantry, U. S. A. I received my second Lieutenancy June 1, my first Lieutenancy, July 20, and yesterday my Captaincy. I have had a company of three hundred men for the last two months, so the new responsibilities do not worry me very much. I am too enthusiastic over my job to be afraid of it. There were just seven of us out of 3500 Second Lieutenants to win companies, so we appreciate the advancement that much more.

Perhaps the biggest thrill of my life came last night when General Hedekin inspected our Replacement Troops. There were about 25,000 men fully equipped for O. S. Service—and it was a tremendous event. These six weeks soldiers marched like veterans. The review occurred just at sunset of a perfect day—and the suggestion one had was of a great stream of life-blood for France.

I should like to get the *Olympian* to keep in touch with Club affairs. Please

give my regards to everyone at the Club.
Sincerely yours,

ERNEST M. SMITH.

Following is a letter from another good correspondent—Lieutenant Frank Marisch, one who remembers the Olympic Club:

American Red Cross Rest Station,
France, Monday, July 29, 1918.

Dear Frank: Staying here for the night, passing through with my truck train, and, believe me, these grand American women who hand out the hot cocoa, etc., are wonders, and I love them all.

Yesterday I wrote Cal., and since then I met another Olympian, Major Archie Johnson. I had about five minutes with him, and he does sure look fine; got very stout and looks like 180 pounds; same fine fellow.

In the lead of my train I was passing through the largest wall city in France, the only city that withstood the Franco-Prussian War, and I saw Archie just by chance. We were both pleased to meet and talked about you all at home. Archie is with Headquarters, 4th Army Corps, G. 2. That is staff work and very high up.

The last time I passed through I met Sergeant Hugh Keenan. Since then his regiment has moved.

Love to you all.

Sincerely,

FRANK MARISCH,
Lieutenant, 23rd Engineers,
AMEX.

P. S.—Still feeling fine.

"WINGED O" BOY WINS LAKE MERRITT RUN

FIRST place in the Lake Merritt Marathon on September 9 was won by an Olympic Club runner, Harry Ludwig. Ludwig showed what persistency will do. For five years, he has been trying for this honor, trailing the champion, Oliver Millard, and last year reaching home second to Charlie Hunter. This year he came into his own, showing a marked improvement in form over his work in former races.

Every runner that started this year's race finished, which is said to be the first time this has happened in a similar race on the Coast.

Here is how the runners crossed the line:

1. H. Ludwig, Olympic, 32:55 2-5.
2. C. Hunter, Camp Fremont, 34:24.
3. P. Lopez, 35:40.
4. H. O'Neil, O. C., 35:56.
5. A. Ahern, O. C., 35:58.
6. A. Pertosa, unatt., 35:59.
7. A. Washauer, O. C., 36:35.
- *8. M. Roach, unatt., 37:02.
9. M. Flora, unatt., 37:50.
10. H. Miller, O. C., 37:41.
11. J. Winsor, Camp Fremont, 37:55.
12. P. D. Carredlo, unatt., 38:03.
13. R. Rutherford, Acorn A. H. C., 38:11.
14. P. Gilbert, Oak. "Y," 38:16.
15. J. Manous, O. C., 38:25.
16. G. T. Edmonds, unatt., 38:36.
17. Bill Crockett, Acorn A. H. S., 39:00.
18. F. J. Horner, unatt., 39:07.
19. L. A. Lininger, Berk. "Y," 39:20.
20. Geoffrey Marlow, Camp Fremont, 39:25.
21. L. H. Spencer, unatt., 39:53.
22. J. F. Bradbury, Pathfinder, 39:58.
23. S. Henrickson, Oak. Poly. College, 40:20.
24. W. J. Suhr, unatt., 40:29.
25. E. Jacobson, U. C. A. A., 40:59.
26. C. Caldera, unatt., 41:00.

27. J. V. Pickford, Pathfinder, 41:24.
 28. L. Callaghan, Oak. "Y," 41:50.
 29. T. R. Walker, unatt., 41:55.
 30. Harry Michel, Camp Fremont, 41:57.
 31. M. J. Buttery, Oak. "Y," 42:12.
 32. John Philpot, Acorn A. H. S., 42:32.
 33. G. Swortfiguer, Cal. Alpine C., 42:59.
 34. M. Latham, Camp Fremont, 43:19.
 35. Jesse M. Levy, Acorn A. H. S., 43:54.
 36. Wilbur Taylor, Acorn A. H. S., 43:57.
 37. J. Lobig, O. C., 44:06.
 38. Earl Prosser, Pathfinder, 44:19.
 39. Don Barron, Acorn A. H. S., 44:27.
 40. W. Farrington, Acorn A. H. S., 44:32.
 41. K. Candall, Acorn A. H. S., 44:35.
 42. Sherman Spencer, Oak. Tech., 44:37.
 43. A. H. Griffin, Berk. "Y," 45:14.
 44. L. Fricauff, Oak. "Y," 45:19.
 45. L. G. Babbitt, unatt., 45:26.
 46. P. Treanton, Naval Training School (Naval Prize), 45:43.
 47. Leo Duffy, Oak. Poly. College, 45:46.
 48. Alfred Francis, Acorn A. H. S., 45:48.
 49. Carl Taylor, Oak. "Y," 46:38.
 50. Milman Pary, Oak. Tech., 47:19.
 51. R. I. Gracey, unatt., 47:49.
 52. Walter Bishop, Acorn A. H. S., 47:52.
 53. M. L. Jory, Pathfinder, 49:08.
 54. Felix Koenig, Acorn A. H. S., 49:44.
 55. H. Hennings, Acorn A. H. S., 49:50.
 56. Stewart Menzies, Acorn A. H. S., 49:51.
 57. Fremont Thompson, Pathfinder, 50:54.
 58. Jack Baker, Oak. Tech., 51:08.
 59. Lloyd Durrell, Pathfinder, 51:44.
 60. C. Lavenstein, Acorn Club, 52:55.
 61. R. Knowland, Acorn Club, 53:57.
 62. Fred Leonard, Acorn Club, 52:59.
 63. Kruger Dunbar, Acorn Club, 53:00.
 64. Colby Tarleton, Acorn Club, 53:29.
 65. Emil Lehnhardt, Pathfinder, 53:32.
 66. W. A. Benner, unatt., 56:20.
- Olympic Club, First Team Cup.
Acorn Club (A. H. S.), Most Entries Cup.

NELSON G. WELBURN SENDS GREETINGS

Corporal Nelson G. Welburn, former tennis commissioner of the Olympic Club, sends a greeting to his fellow Olympians in the following letter:

Sporting Editor Chronicle, San Francisco—Dear Sir: From "somewhere in France" I send greetings to my fellow Olympians and friends in general. The American fighting ability is manifesting itself splendidly at every turn of the road

with victory on the wing. I hope it will not be many more months before we can say, "Howdy, San Francisco."

The Chronicle is eagerly sought by us here. You can't appreciate the value we place upon the home papers. Most sincerely yours,

CORPORAL NELSON G. WELBURN,
Co. G, 316th Engineers, A. E. F.

OLYMPIANS MAKE CLEAN SWEEP WITH IRISH VOLUNTEERS

All prizes at the picnic of the Irish Volunteers this month were won by wearers of the "Winged O." Just to make it good, James McEachern tossed out a new Pacific Coast record, hurling the 35-pound weight 44 feet and 6 inches. McEachern is holder of the world's record for throwing the 21-pound hammer. The picnic was the sixth annual, held at Shell Mound Park.

Joe Tync was first in the 176-yard race, G. W. Williams second, and A. Newhoff third.

The 440-yard race was won by G. W. Williams, F. O. Andres second, and A. Janovitz third.

The one-mile was captured by Harry Ludwig; Hughey O'Neil second, and A. Ahern third.

James McEachern, of course, won the 35-pound weight event; Charles Hoenisch was second and J. Kennedy third.

In the hop, step and jump, first prize

went to A. Newhoff, second to J. Bassett and third to Charles Hoenisch.

Willing to Show Him

Judge Oppenheim—"It is utterly incomprehensible to me how you could kill the man with one blow of your fist."

Accused—"Shall I show you how I did it?"

Olympian Writer's Article on the Luck-pieces of Aviators Attracts Attention

Robin Baily of the Olympic Club contributes an unusual article to the September issue of Sunset Magazine. As the material was gathered almost exclusively at the Olympic Club, it has a special interest.

Mr. Baily interviewed "Winged O" aviators and visiting birdmen regarding the lucky charms that they carry with them in their flights. The article is entitled: "The Bird-Man and the Rabbit's Foot."

SWIMMING OBSERVATIONS

By LINCOLN V. JOHNSON

THE past month has witnessed the greatest loss to our swimming organization that has taken place since the Club was founded.

Sid Cavill—the one and only Sid Cavill—has left us to enter the Merchant Marine.

Sid was as much an integral part of the Club, and especially the swimming division with which he was directly connected, as the books are to the library or the dishes are to the dining room. The Olympic Club swimmers have always been mentioned in the same breath with the name of Cavill. A definite relation has existed between the two for so long a time that it is hard to think of future Olympic Club swimmers not coupled with the name of Sid Cavill.

I go on record as saying, and I think my reasons are well founded and legitimate, that Sid Cavill is the best instructor, coach and leader of swimming that the Olympic Club has ever had or ever will have. He was absolutely in a class by himself when it came to teaching the smallest child or elderly person the rudiments of swimming. He was without equal for criticizing and analyzing the good and bad points of the embryo swimmer, and, above all, he possessed a born wizard-like ability to control and handle a group of temperamental swimmers. I have yet to meet the swimmer developed under Sid's wing who has anything derogatory to say about him; wherein lies the secret of Sid's success. Feuds in the swimming division were few and far between. Sid had a keen insight into human nature and an incomparable ability to read and judge character; he handled each individual swimmer in his own particular manner and generally succeeded in stopping any discordant outbursts before they started. Absolute har-

mony and goodfellowship were the underlying ideas during Sid's reign.

In the future we hope to carry on the doctrines promulgated by Sid, and only hope that we can perform that work in as efficient and capable a manner.

* * *

The Olympic Club water polo team way back in the summer of 1917 won the P. A. A. championship for that year. We expected to get the usual "medals" for our rewards and only now, in October, 1918, have our cobwebby expectations been fulfilled.

The medals have been placed in the hands of Commissioner McLane for delivery and now he is having a heck of a time trying to deliver the same. Out of the ten men composing the victorious 1917 team, nine have already signed up for "big league" service either on land or sea.

Fred Roth is in the Merchant Marine service; Marcus Lee is the County Farm Advisor for Alameda County; Ernie Smith only recently received the double bars of a captain in the army; Bill Lynch graduated from Annapolis as an ensign in the navy; George Bond and Pres. Steiger are studying seamanship under the tutelage of the Shipping Board; Tut Gardner is the first of the team to set foot in France; Duke Morrison is on a transport headed for Siberia, and last but not least, the author, is serving the nation by building ships at a local plant.

* * *

Lieutenant Ernest Raas, the first swimmer to receive a commission, is in France and intends to knock the Huns "sit-down" with his smashing tactics.

* * *

Lieutenant Herb. Jensen, erstwhile backstroke swimmer, is at Lake Charles, La., in the Radio Air Service.

LIBRARY NOTES

AMONG the many features making for comfort and enjoyment at The Olympic Club, the library merits a distinguished place. Many members resort to the reading rooms the first thing in the morning to read their papers or glance through their favorite magazine, the best known and most widely read magazines being at their disposal at all times.

Books—We have about three thousand of them, some most valuable and rare, and, judging from the stray places in which we find them at the end of a perfect day, they must be pretty often used by the members.

History, Philosophy, Science, Art, Travel, Biography—all are represented. They are copies which, having been published by subscription, are now very rare, and The Olympic Library is fortunate in having a copy on its shelves.

Apart from all the leading American magazines, we have the English Sketch, Punch, Illustrated London News, The Nineteenth Century, all of which are just now very popular and widely read.

A very distinct feature is the Military Bureau file, containing the most recent calls and circulars giving information to all preparing to enter the Army and Navy.

Among reference books, the most consulted are the transactions of the various institutes of Mechanical Engineering, The Success Library, Luther Burbank's Methods and Discoveries, the Bancroft Works,

Every Day Science and, of course, the Encyclopedia Britannica. The Great American Lawyers and Masterpieces of Eloquence are also used by many.

ELIAS GEWURZ, Acting Librarian.

"WE ARE YANKEES FROM YANKEELAND"

ELIAS GEWURZ, who has taken temporary charge of the Olympic Club library, contributes the following poem:

WE ARE YANKEES FROM YANKEELAND
We are Yankees from Yankeeland,
A brave, glorious mighty band;
Upper ever is our hand,
For love of justice is our brand
And faith in God our magic wand;
We are Yankees from Yankeeland.

Chorus—

Bearing the burden cheerfully,
Shouldering the wheel manfully,
Fighting evil regretfully,
Looking for the coming hopefully.

We are Yankees from Yankeeland,
Brave of heart, our will none can bend,
For right and truth we ever stand,
A tower of strength to every friend,
But our foe must mend or end,
For we are Yankees from Yankeeland.

Chorus—

Bearing the burden cheerfully,
Shouldering the wheel manfully,
Fighting evil regretfully,
Looking for the coming hopefully.

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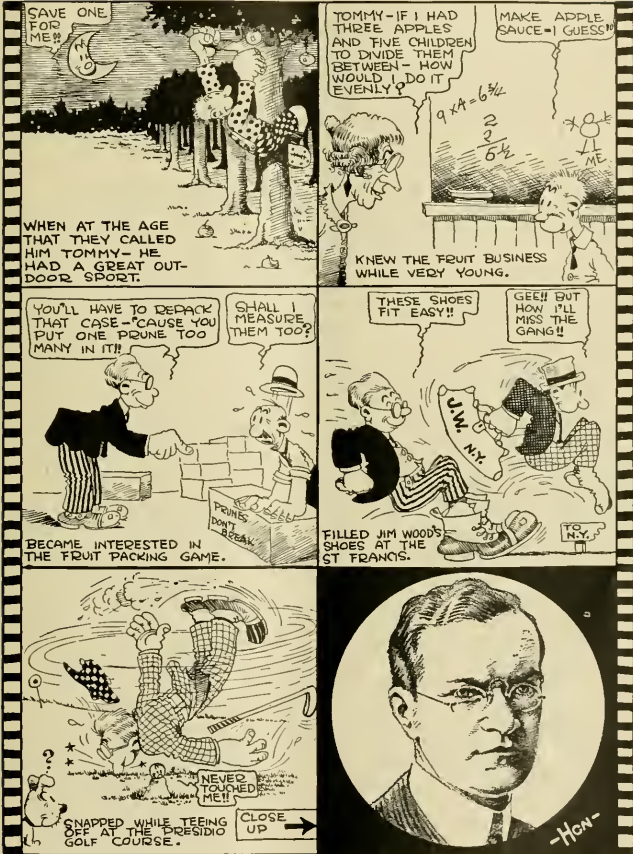
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FONEY FILMS OF CLUB MEMBERS

By Billy Hon, S. F. Examiner



No. 2.—THOMAS J. COLEMAN

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP, AUGUST, 1918

ACTIVE

Carroll, F. R., automobile accessories, 401 Mission St., S. F.

Friedlander, Joseph, vice-president Anglo & London Paris Nat. Bank, Sutter and Sansome Sts., S. F.

Landsberger, Henry, commission merchant, Sheldon Bldg., S. F.

Mendel, Dr. L. E., physician, 415 Jones St., S. F.

Poetsch, William, chemist, 3112 Army St., S. F.

Rogers, Clem, attorney at law, 519 California St., S. F.

Garland, James, broker, 309 Bush St., S. F.

Zappettini, Charles J., 1056 Filbert St., S. F.

NON-RESIDENT

Barrett, William, insurance, N. Y. Life Ins. Co., Seattle, Wash.

Ross, James, lawyer, Manila, P. I.

SERVICE

Fredell, George B., lieutenant, A. S. Sig. R. C., 711 Santa Fe Bldg., S. F.

Hamilton, James, Jr., major, Base Hospital, Camp Fremont, Cal.

Hewson, Herbert L., lieutenant, U. S. N. R. F., Ferry Bldg., S. F.

Miller, C. E., ensign, U. S. N., 565 Page St., S. F.

Peter, O. L., lieutenant, M. R. C., Base Hospital, Camp Fremont, Cal.

Rabinowitz, Leo J., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., 206 Postal Telegraph Bldg., S. F.

Rich, A. J., Jr., ensign, U. S. N., Office Cable Censor, S. F.

Rooney, Thomas Francis, ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Postal Tel. Bldg., S. F.

Sturdevant, Frederic E., lieutenant, U. S. N. R., 326 Sheldon Bldg., S. F.

Whitworth, George K., 2d lieutenant, C. A. R. C., U. S. A. Mine Planter "Armistead," Fort Mason, Cal.

Weeden, Frank S., ensign, U. S. N. F., 465 California St., S. F.

Hoffman, William E., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., 6 Ferry Bldg., S. F.

Wheeler, Ralph M., 2d lieutenant, 2 M. C. N. A., Depot 2, M, Fort Mason, Cal.

Jacobs, H. M., 2d lieutenant, Q. M. C., N. A., Depot Quartermaster, Fort Mason, Cal.

Gidney, Harold Dean, ensign, U. S. N. R., U. S. S. *Scutinel*, Pier 39, S. F.

Dinkelspiel, M. L., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., Oakland.

Blackwood, Waves, lieutenant, J. G. N. R., Room 6, Ferry Bldg., S. F.

Craycroft, Harry J., captain, M. R. C., Base Hospital, Camp Fremont, Cal.

Woodward, Chas. G., colonel, U. S. A., Inspector General Western Dept., U. S. A., Santa Fe Bldg., S. F.

JUVENILE

Zaruba, Josef Anton, 2423 Broadway, S. F.

Erlin, Richard L., 608 Steiner St., S. F.
Fritschi, Alfred M., 2550 Broadway, S. F.

Walsh, William John, 1533 McAllister St., S. F.

Partridge, E. Burling, 2872 Green St., S. F.

Green, Fred H., Jr., 562 Twenty-second Ave., S. F.

Grace, Frank J. M., Jr., 2760 Green St., S. F.

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PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

AUGUST 1, 1918	TO	AUGUST 31, 1918
INCOME		\$13,134.89
Dues		\$12,264.25
Department Operations		529.28
Visitors' Cards		226.00
Commission		86.58
Discount		28.78
EXPENSE		\$14,648.87
General Club		\$ 7,851.13
House	\$ 4,603.65	
Engine Room	1,888.42	
Electricity	858.30	
Water	428.40	
Library and Periodicals.....	72.36	
Administrative and General.....		\$ 3,703.90
Office Salaries and Expense.....	\$ 1,666.13	
Administrative Salaries and Expense.....	722.51	
Taxes	471.82	
Telephone	290.15	
Miscellaneous	208.25	
Estimated Lost Accounts.....	200.00	
Insurance	145.04	
Other		\$ 3,093.84
Interest Paid	\$ 1,771.75	
Depreciation	925.00	
Donations and Subscriptions.....	260.00	
Athletic Activities	137.09	
OPERATING LOSS		\$ 1,513.98
INITIATION FEES		\$ 1,255.00
NET LOSS		\$ 258.98

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

We have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of August, 1918, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Loss for the month of August, 1918, of \$258.98, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,
 HOOD AND STRONG,
 Certified Public Accountants.

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Harold Sampson—Fourth of July Tournament,
Del Monte, Cal.

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(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

JUVENILE SCENES AT MONTICELLO GROVE, SEPTEMBER 28, 1918.



Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank

J. Foran.

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Vol. VI

OCTOBER, 1918

No. 70

By a vote of 517 to 16 the Olympic Club has decided to accept the proposition made by the Board of Directors for **Lakeside Wins** the acquisition of the Lakeside Golf and Country Club properties. This means that Olympia is to have one of the most naturally advantageous golf courses in the world, according to experts, and one of the finest country club houses in the West.

It means that the ladies of Olympia, the wives and sisters of Olympians, who enjoy and indulge the ancient game, will be afforded an opportunity, through an associate membership plan, of being Olympians themselves without in the least breaching the traditions of the Club by invading the sacred precincts of the Post Street mosque.

It means that another progressive move, looking to the comfort of Olympians, has been brought to a successful head by the Board, and it gives promise of many a pleasure in the future that the lack of a suitable country club house has denied Olympians in the past.

The overwhelming vote in favor of the proposition demonstrates beyond doubt that all Olympia is familiar with the details.

It is not at all necessary, therefore, to reprint them now.

The next issue of *The Olympian* will

come from the press before the end of the current month. In the main it will be a Victory and a Country Home edition. It will contain letters written by Olympians on the battle fields of France, articles on the splendid work of the allied forces in France, announcement of the arrangements being made for a Victory Dinner at the Club, and articles on the splendid possibilities for golf, trap shooting, tennis, handball and sea bathing at Olympia's new field.

For the last several weeks about two hundred Olympians have been enjoying the privileges of the country home. It was not unusual on Saturdays and Sundays to meet one hundred or more Olympians either on the golf course or enjoying luncheon or dinner with their wives and families in the dining room of the new club house. Mr. McLeod, our efficient manager, is gradually getting the club house into first-class condition and is planning to give the same excellent service there as he now gives at the Post Street home.

The war has done much to make many things popular. Soldiers, for instance, and sailors, from whom the flappers of a day now gone were wont to run in fear; and wrist-watches; and the French language; and patriotism; and the art of giving, which is another name for charity; and sacrifice, which is a way of saying loyalty.

The war has also done much to increase the popularity of things already popular, and among these amateur athletics takes an unquestioned lead.

Before the war, or, to be exact, before our entrance into the war, the amateur athlete was regarded as a sort of faddist, as a pleasant kind of nut who wasted valuable effort and time on quite useless and unprofitable occupations. Now that was a period when this country was on the

verge of becoming the stamping ground of materialism, a hurriedly bustling place for profiteers and pirates, where wealth accumulated and men decayed. That was a period when our national ideals were away far off in the background of our history, along with the Constitution and the Pilgrims. That was a time when most of us believed the duty of an individual was solely to himself, when the altruist was laughed at and the unselfish broken on the wheel.

But when this war is over it is quite doubtful if there will be a reversion to the attitude of America in the ante-bellum days. It is quite doubtful if the men and women of this nation will soon forget the lessons of patience and unselfishness and sacrifice the war has taught them. It is quite doubtful if the chaff we used to think was wheat will again be so mistaken.

And what has that to do with Amateur Athletics? Just this: Every athlete who entered the service of the United States, whether by volunteering or by the processes of the selective draft, whether as soldier, sailor, marine or aviator, has demonstrated peradventure of doubt the value of his athletic training. It may have been Bernard Freyberg of this Club who swam nineteen miles along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea and set flares to deceive the Turks and misdirect their fire, who later won a majority by heroic acts of personal bravery in Flanders and who is now a brigadier-general in the British Army; or it may have been Rudy Merterns, who fell with German lead in him; or it may have been any one of thousands of other genuinely amateur athletes, genuine lovers of sport because sport is worthwhile, who proved themselves in France and Flanders—but in each instance, no matter who it was or where he came from, or what branch of athletics he spe-

cialized in, the amateur athlete won more than his share of the honor and the glory of victory.

Athletes, as has already been pointed out, are winning the war right now.

And when the boys come back from Over There they'll be finding plenty of time to play with a football or swim in a stream or swing a boxing-glove; they'll be making plenty of opportunity to run and trap-shoot and bowl; and they'll be certain that their children are made healthy and happy by the very same sports that made them fit physically to kick the wadding out of the well-known supermen from across the Rhine.

For the ideals of Amateur Athletics have been vindicated for all time, and the critics of clean sport have been forever silenced; and we have been taught what the old Greeks knew about the value of strenuous games; and only a very short-sighted man indeed will be foolish enough to scoff and smile and turn up his nose at things athletic.

It is pleasing to know that the Olympic Club, the bulwark of amateurism in the West, seven hundred and fifty of whose members are in the service of the nation, already is making preparation for the renaissance of sport that is to follow the end of the conflict.

The editors regret the delay in the September and October issues of *The Olympian*. The creation of new funds owing to war time activities, the loss of many from our office force and the delay in the Auditor's account all combined in holding up the financial statements. Auditor J. O. Sully has completed the audit for September and October and therefore we shall be able to send November's issue before the end of this month.

TIV KRELING HIS OWN PRESS AGENT

By WILLIAM KIDD NELSON

WORD has come to me that Charles Tiv Kreling, a fellow-clubman well known in Olympia, and other places, has started to write short stories. It is said that the first child of his fertile brain will be presented to an eager five thousand readers in the present issue of *The Olympian*.

Now I cannot vouch for the certitude (the word *certitude*, given me by Friend Larue, is a very good word indeed) of my information, but I can readily see how it could easily be true.

For Kreling, who is possessed of an insatiable craving for publicity, is gifted with an exceedingly clever newspaper brain, according to Tom Lennon, who used to edit *The Olympian*, and he has an undeniable knack of getting his name into print.

Indeed, the whole history of Tiv Kreling's career in San Francisco reeks with the publicity he has gained.

Tiv has been a wrestler, a boxer, a bicycle rider, an opera singer, a cabaret dancer, a minstrel, a political orator and a reformer during the sixty-two years of his life. At least, he has been these things in the newspapers, and whether he really deserved the reputation he got makes little difference.

When, some two years ago, Tiv's supply of clippings was running low, he got in cahoots with a young sports writer on the Examiner (the same Tom Lennon, by the way, mentioned above) and started telling things on professional wrestlers.

As a result, between what Kreling stated to Lennon, and what Lennon wrote in the Examiner, the wrestlers were forced to leave town.

In something like four months the receipts of wrestling matches dwindled from twelve thousand dollars to six-bits.

The general public believed that Kreling had done a good thing in exposing the grapplers, and maybe he did.

As to that I cannot say.

But from his viewpoint the Examiner's campaign was a success not because it succeeded in putting the wrestlers out of business but because it succeeded in keeping his scrap-book full.

After the wrestling reform wave passed Kreling managed to let Salazar of the Call get hold of some old, old stuff concerning Tiv's exploits in comic opera some thirty years ago.

Though Tiv had used this once before he was not loath to use it again, in the absence of something better, and on the strength of Salazar's joshing he got by admirably.

Eventually this died out, however, and then Kreling turned his guns on me.

Because his name had not adorned the pages of a San Francisco daily for a little over a month he had the nerve to write a letter to Salazar stating that I had been seen carrying a grip on Market street, and that if it was my intention to create the impression that I was going somewhere, or coming from somewhere else, I ought to be exposed.

I replied to this letter and attempted in a gentlemanly fashion to chide Kreling, stating that he has enough business of his own at the City Hall to keep him from butting into mine, and adding that it was no crime for a man to take money to a bank in a grip, especially if he was going to buy Liberty bonds with it.

I hoped my reply might influence Kreling to stop his nonsense, for his letter obviously was written just so that he'd see his name in type again, but evidently my

AMATEURS

By CHARLES TIV KRELING

(Editorial Note.—The Olympian has decided to inaugurate a fiction department. It is felt that in among the four thousand members of this Club there must be literary talent of no small merit that has neglected to make itself known only because of the lack of a suitable medium. And it is hoped that whenever an Olympian feels in a real "litry" mood he will not fail to let his jewels of thought fall from his inspired pen. The first contributor of the fiction season chances to be none other than Charles Tiv Kreling—Little Tivoli, ever ready to help a good cause along, always willing to do his bit. His initial effort—which, by the way, is a not-half-bad piece of satire—is presented herewith.)

Foreword: This, my initial venture into the fields of fiction, is the result of a two-fold motive. First, I am endeavoring to assist The Olympian in its search for literary talent, not believing that I have any myself (the best I've got is a Lincoln Grammar School education), but in the hope that my effort may induce other Olympians to write stories. Secondly, I desire to get into print the cynicism, if it be possible, of a very good friend of mine, Mr. W. Kidd Nelson. The plot of the story was told me by Mr. Nelson, in a moment of weakness, perhaps, and I strongly suspect he was somewhat autobiographical when he told it. At any rate, in the story, though I mention no names, it may be not at all difficult to trace the causes of the brooding Irish melancholy that lies in the heart of our sad singer of sweet songs.

Charles Tiv Kreling.

"YOU are very beautiful," he began, easily. "You are very beautiful, and I love you. Your eyes are wide, and strangely full of a not-unpleasant paradox. Your hair is wind-spun thread of magic silk that like an evil cloud piles darkness on you. Your mouth is a red lure. Your smile is ringing bells. There is a crimson flush in the olive of your flesh that it quite like the color of old Montigny. You are limbed perfectly. Your hands caress me gently as the star-shine. And I love you."

"Then, if you love me, why are you—why are you going away?" In the liquid

of her low voice there was something of the glisten and smoothness of Benedictine.

"Because I am not unaware of the inevitable. Because I can see the end. Because, to be a trifle crude, I want to beat you to it."

"Beat me to it?" There was a nicely naive inflection in the question.

"Yes, beat you to it. Don't you think I can fathom your shallowness? Don't you think I can perceive the transient nature of this affair? You came to me out of nowhere, you will leave me with the wind. It is a matter of mere weeks, at the most. I love you, very much more than you can ever know, but you do not love me, nor can you ever really love anyone save yourself.

"You must be terribly disgusted with me."

"It is not disgust that moves me. If I were disgusted with you I should have also to be disgusted with myself. And I am too sure of my regard for you to judge it in that light. Say rather that I am disappointed, disappointed almost to disillusionment, and you will come nearer to the fact. And if you can make yourself see how, because I am powerless to prevent a final disillusionment, I am going

A CLOSE CALL

By LINCOLN JOHNSON

THE Club team had the closest call of its career when it matched skill and endeavor with Pres Steiger's Shipping Board outfit.

The Shipping Board polo team consisted of a galaxy of stars gathered from all points of the bay cities and included about every prominent swimmer that does not belong to the Club. There were Frank Norris of the Neptune Club, Sandy Goodman, our own George Bond, Pres Steiger and other scenery that possessed equally as good ability.

The Club team had an irregular line-up for the occasion, which is the reason for the close call. Otto Schultz and myself were delegated to play forward and upon us were imposed the arduous duties of doing all of the scoring. Jim Carson and Captain Cohn were placed at center while Resleure and Rawlins, a rookie, held down the guard positions. Jack Collins, the one and only, kept care of the Club goal to see that it didn't run away.

The game opened with a smash, the Shipping Board getting the ball several times successively and almost invariably scoring. First, Steiger would get the ball and whip it through our posts way down from his end of the tank; then Sandy Goodman would slam a couple through from way down at his end, and then Fat Bond would manage to push it across the line until they had scored so many that it looked like we would never be able to crawl out from under. They had a lead of something like five points at the end of the first half and we had but one.

As usual, we staged a come-back the

second half and managed to kick about seven goals through the fence and won the game with a substantial lead of three points. Our guards were not in the condition that guards should have been in, which accounted for our delay in scoring. Otto Schulz and Jim Carson played a game worth mentioning and set an example for the others to shoot at.



RALPH EBNER,

All-around athlete, now with Uncle Sam's Navy. Organized the Junior Soccer Foot Ball Team in 1914. Has been playing with the Pomeroy's crack team for the past two years. Was also a crack wrestler.

HERE AND THERE IN OLYMPIA

CHARLIE SMALL, Bab's little brother, who went away from these parts some seven months ago, quietly and without the blare of brass that sang "Aloha" to some of our other athletic lights, is home on leave.

He dropped into the Red Room the other day with his characteristic silence and a full half hour elapsed before Frank Foster recognized him.

For Charlie, who left us as a sailor, as a common, ordinary seaman of the second class, with a monkey-hat and a middy blouse and the flappy trousers of a gob, is now an Ensign in the United States Navy, and one of the best looking Ensigns it has ever been the privilege of Olympia to gaze upon. Charlie appears to be built just about right for an officer's uniform, and he wears his gilt and gold and stars and stripes and anchors and things just as if he'd been a Navy man since Noah started navigation.

Since leaving San Francisco Charlie has been stationed successively (and successfully) at San Diego, Cape May, and the Philadelphia Navy Yard. At Philadelphia he won his stripe after some pretty stiff work (it is no cinch to get a commission in the Navy and generally requires anywhere from five months to a year as against three months in the Army) and he expects to report back there when his fourteenth days are done.

He brings word of Bill Lynch, who used to be his side-kick in the swimming-tank clown festivals.

Bill, according to Charlie, is at Annapolis finishing a course in marine engineering. His commission has already been won and the work he is doing is of a post-graduate nature.

It may not be long, therefore, before Bill will be home on a leave, too, for few of the boys forget to come back for one

last look at the old town before they start overseas.

Charlie says swimming was just about going good in the East when the "Flu" came along and knocked it for a goal.

He asserts, however, that there is talent aplenty on the other side of the Rockies and that some good aquatic competition is due when the war is filed away for keeps.

CHIEF YEOMAN INYO A. RUSS, U. S. N., whose picture is on the front cover of this issue, is reported to have died on October 8 in a hospital at Brest, France, of pneumonia, according to a telegram from the Navy Department received by the young man's mother, Mrs. Annie L. Russ of 432 Belvedere street.

Russ was a son of the late Henry B. Russ, for years treasurer of the Olympic Club, and was himself one of the youngest life members of the Club, where for three years he had been hand-ball champion. Lieutenant Cecil Huntington, the aviator, Russ' hand-ball partner in many tournaments, was the first Olympian to be killed.

Russ, who was twenty-four years old, had completed his fifteenth trip across the Atlantic in the U. S. S. *Northern Pacific* when stricken, and had been selected for the Naval Officers' Training School at Yale. He is survived by his mother, three sisters, and two brothers.

ENSIGN TOM ROONEY, said to be the most perfectly built officer in the Navy, is out with a challenge. Tom wants to meet anyone and everyone in a floating contest.

Reading in the daily papers of Willie Meehan's desire to float, Mr. Rooney announced that he, too, is a floater of no small ability, and that he is willing to bet a breakfast or a dollar and a half or an

auto-piano, or something, on his prowess in the water.

"I am certain I can outfloat anybody." he stated confidently to a representative of the P. A. A. as he walked the quarter-deck of the *Piedmont*, "because once I get on my back I can't turn over. I take no credit to myself for this, as it comes to me naturally, but I do think I ought to profit by it. You may say I am ready and willing to engage any worthy rival at any time and place you may decide on."

Thereupon Mr. Rooney puffed another puff on his Owl cigar and noted in the log book the presence of sea-weed on the starboard quarter.

COLONEL JEM KRUEGER, whose picture, together with that of his two sons, adorns this page of *The Olympian*, joined this Club while still living in Montana, as a non-resident member. Since coming here to live, the Colonel has become an active member. Colonel Krueger retired from business several years ago, but found himself too full of "pep" to stay retired and today finds him back at his old business of steam engineering, at which he is making a decided success. After watching the Colonel box with the Club's instructor, George Green, it is easy to believe the claim of Duncan MacDonald, who, by the way, was one of America's



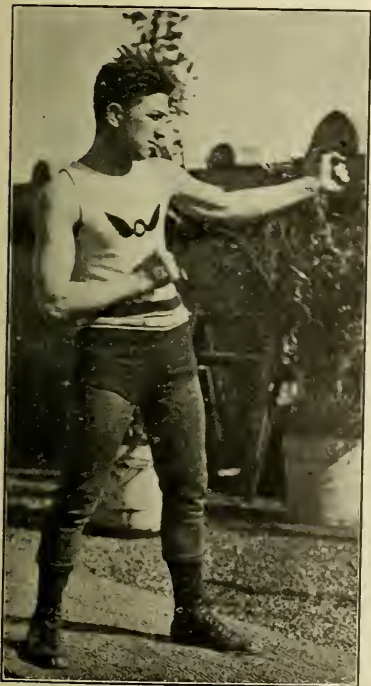
COLONEL JEM KRUEGER AND HIS TWO STALWART SONS, LARRY J. AND ALBERT P.

The Colonel is a real champion boxer of the old school.

real great fighters during the eighties, that Jem Krueger was in his day absolutely the greatest amateur boxer produced in the Northwest. The Colonel has made a great many warm friends here.

SWIMMING a long, easy, sweeping trudgeon, with never a faltering stroke, Buster Tait of the Olympic Club carried the "Winged O" to victory over a field of forty-four in the Examiner's annual cross-gate swim on Sunday, October 27.

Buster's win saved the day for Olympia.



JOHNNY MOREITTO OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB,
Pacific Coast Featherweight and Far Western and
International Lightweight Champion.

With all the stars of ante-bellum days gone away to war, it developed on the Club to develop one of the younger swimmers if the laurels of 1918 were to be brought to Post street.

Buster Tait was the lad selected and Buster Tait made good.

Always a promising distance swimmer, with a double-overhand as powerful as even Norman Ross' combination trudgeon crawl, Buster's selection was the result of a careful scrutiny on the part of the tank coaches, and the result of the race is pretty clear proof of the worth of their judgment.

The time for the race was 41:40.

This doesn't approach the mark set by Pomeroy, neither does it approximate the time of the Big Moose. But it was good enough to win, so everybody's satisfied.

BOB SHEPARD, Carl Nelson, Chet Thiercoff and Bill Grattan, who have the honor to be Ensigns in the Navy as well as members of this Club, live together in a pretty apartment up on Bush street.

A day or so ago they decided they would change their abode, a house out near the Park having appealed to them as more homelike than their little four rooms.

Grattan, considered the most diplomatic of the quartet, was selected to announce the good news to the landlord.

So he stepped into the office and let fly right off the bat.

"We're going to give up our apartment on the first of the month," he said, as gently as he could, for Bill is a gentleman who doesn't like to cause pain.

"You certainly are," replied the landlord, "and your telling me has saved me the trouble of telling you. I am glad to know we agree on this matter perfectly."

The four gold-strippers are still figuring why and who and what and wherefore.

DARK HORSE WINS THE DIPSEA

Oakland Runner Gathers from a Classy Field in Good Time

By AL. C. JOY

PERCY GILBERT, representing the Oakland Y. M. C. A., won the great cross-country classic over the Dipsea Trail yesterday morning.

Dark horse in the race and entered with a handicap of eight minutes and thirty seconds, Gilbert came in nearly two minutes ahead of his closest rival. He was running strong at the finish and looked able to go over the course again. His time was 55 minutes and 56 seconds, not time such as was made last year by Mason Hartwell, who covered the course in 51:39, but remarkable time for a slight, 20-year-old youth with no previous Dipsea record. Gilbert had not been figured in the least as a likely candidate for first place honors. He had been over the Dipsea Trail from Mill Valley to Willow Camp but once before, and that time he walked it. His cross-country running had been in the Lake Merritt Race at Oakland, and in that he finished fourteenth.

The Dipsea Indians, with Big Chief Tim Fitzpatrick in command, handled the race in their usual efficient fashion. There had been many days of preparation, a big night of jollification, an hour or two of waiting, perhaps twenty minutes of realization as the runners staggered over the line, and the race itself was over.

Outside of these twenty minutes, during which white-lipped gents in B. V. D. attire jog in front of the judges' eyes and flop on a handy cot or the more handy turf, the Dipsea race consists largely of tossing large buckets of water on gullible gents who are anxious to have their pictures taken. Wild hilarity reigned at Willow Camp all morning long, with "Fat" Larue as chief fun maker. "Fat," utilizing a

deputy sheriff's badge and a camera, would induce the victim to pose for his photograph. Of course "Fat" was not responsible for subsequent events, but it always happened that some one of Big Chief Tim's tribe would choose that particular moment for emptying a bucket of water from the veranda. And it never missed the target.

The fun had started early Saturday evening, with Harry Stafford as the first victim. Harry had appeared in jaunty holiday attire, with a green shirt as star of the sketch. That shirt looked like the top of a mill pond when Harry was called upon later to make a speech at the annual banquet. During his speech he nominated Al Coney for chief of the Indians, and Al responded by accepting the nomination and expressing the opinion that Big Chief Tim had been on the job too long. Whereupon more eulogistic speeches were made for Al, and just about the time he was moving back from the table to make room for his chest, everybody voted "No!" Judge Fitzpatrick was unanimously elected to the job once again. There were speeches by Billy McCarthy, who was toastmaster; Harry McKenzie, Jim Brennan, Ed Cunha, Otto Walfisch, "Fat" Larue and several others. Also they do say that when the speechmaking was all over nearly all the Olympians got into their bathing suits and took a midnight plunge into the surf.

The time for the race to start was 10 o'clock, but it did not get under way till 10:25. It was nearly fifty minutes later when Gilbert was seen coming down though the gap from the Hogback to Willow Camp. He was well in the lead, but Clifford J. Carroll of the Olympic Club was by no means a bad second. After

Carroll's arrival the runners trotted in in rapid succession. Lane McMillan, Hugh O'Neill and Bruno Soredio followed closely, and then, in sixth place, came Ray Locke, a San Francisco mail carrier, who confesses to sixty years and shows it in his gray hairs and lined face. Locke has been in every Dipsea race for the last ten years. His time yesterday was 58:57, and he finished as fresh as the well-known spring-time daisy.

The best time for the race was made by William Howden, unattached. Starting with a handicap of two minutes and thirty seconds, he made the distance in 54:38, coming in fourteenth. This was Howden's

tenth start in the Dipsea. He has never won the race, but has always been among the fastest of the starters, his record now including one first, eight seconds, and one third.

Olympians were, of course, greatly interested in the running of Pete Gerhardt, one of the most famous of the Club's athletes. Pete is no chicken, but he can still do a heap of fancy sprinting. Besides, Pete got the idea that if old boys like Locke and Isaac Day, the Bolinas veteran, who never misses a race, could stand the gaff, he could. But the long, long trail is

(Continued on Page 23)



(Photo by Wm. von Pollnitz)

JUVENILES AT LUNCH AT MONTECELLO COVE, SEPTEMBER 28, 1918, WITH
"BIG CHIEF" TOM BUNYAN WAITING ON TABLE.

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

HERE is a letter from Herman Perry, one of the best American football players in the state. He was never a member of the Olympic Club but he is well enough known hereabouts to warrant the publishing of his note. Perry is now at San Pedro, and even though he is getting ready to go to war his letter can hardly be called a letter from the front, as a reading of it will demonstrate. Things must be very nice for men in uniform down in the Southland, or else this fellow is almost as clever a writer of fiction as Tiv Kreling.

The letter is addressed to Frank Foster, a very good friend of Perry's, but why he is called Lou is beyond us.

U. S. N. R. Training Camp,
San Pedro, Cal., Oct. 25.

Dear Lou: Things are happening. Even though this place is quarantined, with Chief Petty Officers on the gates taking the names of everybody going on shore on duty, and time out, time in, and everything else they can think of taking, there is still plenty of adventure in the well-known city of the Angels.

For instance, the other night I am sent ashore for George T. Gribner, the Chief Gunner, on duty, of course. I do not mind this in the least, you can bet your rating badge. While I am walking along one of the alleys they call streets in Los Angeles, wondering where these birdies down here get their stuff about this being the largest city in Western America, I pipe a car full of pretty dames. The dames pipe me at the same time. Now I am not much to look at, as you know, but I guess I am about the first gob they've seen in many a day, because they give me the semaphore to climb aboard. Which I do, of course, without much coaxing. They are movie dames, I discover, and very friendly.

Well, Lou, I ride around with these dames for a long time, maybe two hours, and as it is getting close to chow time I begin to egg around for an invitation to garbage. I get it without much trouble from a little pip who makes faces at the camera for the Vitagraph.

She takes me by my lily-white hand and together we shed the crew and shove off for her Hollywood bungalow. When we get there I am charmed, charmed beyond words, old dear, because she introduces me to a Mr. John E. Walker, who is a very pleasant fellow. After a while a real French maid brings on a tray full of swill that is so so-so I almost lose my appetite looking at it. Well, we eat.

All this time I am telling the little dame how down-hearted I am because I cannot get out of quarantine and go to war. I tell her it is my ambition to get to sea and reef the gib and pass a lanyard through a hause pipe and belay the marlin-spikes with the garboard strakes and get a lung full of salt-water and come home with a hash-mark and a chest tatooed with the picture of a dancing girl in old Shanghai and one of the Kiel Canal locks on my seabag.

That is, I tell her I wanted to do these things until I meet her, but that her beautiful eyes have changed my mind and I am no longer one of the patriots and that I would rather be the shoe-lace in her little number three than the Captain of the biggest tug afloat.

She is a wise dame, I find, who does not go much on the bunk, and she will not believe me at all. I am not getting over, I discover, with my Jim Crow talk, but she gets a laugh out of it right enough and keeps on feeding me steak and things so that I do not mind. But after dinner—say, Sailor!

When the garbage is all cleaned and I

am fuller than the Oregon she puts on a party for me that knocks me dead all over. I do not know how such a dame is in Los Angeles. She must be from the Big City up there. Boy! Once again, Boy! I do not break away until very late—she drives me to the Alexandria in a nifty coupe when I do go—and I get an invitation to show up any old time I've got a liberty check. Which, of course, I am going to do if I can find the joint again, but as I forgot to ask the little dame what her name is, and she thinks I am you, since I told her my name was Lou McStupid, I do not see how I can do it. However, when I get back to the ship and tell Gribner about it and describe the house and the car and the dame herself and everything I begin to suspect from the talk he pulls that maybe this is his dame, and that I have been poaching on my boss. So perhaps it will be just as well if I do not meet her again. A Chief Gunner is a tough guy, so Cocky Jordan, who is a gunner himself, tells me, and from which I have seen down here I believe him. It might be a dangerous thing for me to be caught with this little dame, as Gribner, who handled Willie Meehan when he fought J. Dempsey in San Francisco, packs a mean wallop, and he might decide to slap me on the chin if he got jealous.

Speaking of tough gunners, there is a guy down here named Jim Cockrill who is tougher than Marion T. Salazar, and that is some tough. This Cockrill is a side-kick of this Jordan I am speaking of, and Jordan tells me he thinks nothing of thumping the tar out of four and five guys at a lick. Jordan says Cockrill put on a bout over in the Long Beach Athletic Club, which is situated in the basement of the Virginia Hotel, with a bird named Cy Noble, and that when he got through Noble was a dead soldier. Jordan also tells me that this Cockrill knows this John Walker I mentioned a while ago, and that

he once fought Walker a mean battle in Los. When he got through Jordan says there wasn't a thing left of Walker, not even enough to mop up with a sponge.

So I guess that if this Cockrill, who is only a gunner, is so tough, this Gribner, who is a Chief Gunner, must be a pretty savage, even more tough than Cockrill. Therefore I will look out and let his dame alone, even if she is a pip.

I hear a good one the other day. Goo-goo Land, a Chief Gunner's Mate, is out in Anaheim looking for German spies or something along with Bird-Dog Diamond, who is a chambermaid for the rifles down in the, well, I forget the word, but it is the place where they port arms and open chambers, and Ham-Head McPhee, who used to be a life insurance wrestler in Cloverdale. They are not having much success at finding anything German, but they do unearth a lot of Scotch. To make sure that they've really got the goods on the joint they decide they had better have a little nip of the Scotch, because if it turned out to be Bourbon it would be all right, as Bourbon means Democrat and this war is a war to make the world safe for the Democrats and everything.

Diamond starts to break out the stuff in a couple of water glasses and just as he is about to pour Goo-Goo steps up all excited and sings out, "Don't do that!"

The Bird-Dog registers ignorance, which is not hard for the Bird-Dog at that, and wants to know whatinhell the matter is.

"Can't you see that those glasses are not dry," says Goo-Goo, "and don't you know that if you pour this stuff into a wet glass you'll bruise the liquor!"

I do not know what you think of this story, but McPhee brought it aboard, along with his headache, and it seems good to me. Maybe my funnybone is in my head these days, though, as the joint is driving me cuckoo for fair. However, you're

cuckoo yourself, you will admit, so you ought to get a laugh out of it.

The bugler is blowing his brains out over on the quarter-deck now, trying to inform the Sailors who live in this hotel that Steve, who used to be head-waiter at Herbert's, and who is now a Commissary Steward, has got the garbage in the troughs. This means that I will have to pipe down and head for the chow-room. Give my best to all the lovely ladies and drop me a line about the Club and the gang.

Yours,
PERRY.

Jerry Baldwin, one of Tom Bunyan's best Junior athletes, writes this to the corpulent Irishman from the war-fields of France:

Somewhere in France,
September 23, 1918.

Dear Tom: I suppose by this time you think that I have been bumped off after not hearing from me in five or six months; but such is not the case; my hat is still in the ring and going strong. The old winter is commencing to set in and of course we are just tickled to death about it (like hell). We are on our fifteenth month in France, so we know what we are in for: four solid months of wind, rain and snow. But I guess if we managed to get by the last one, there's no reason in the world why we shouldn't get by this one; if those sauerkraut guzzlers can stand it, I guess we can.

Every couple of months an *Olympian* it all up and dream of the good old tank, steamroom, etc. That old stuff that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" begins to sound pretty reasonable.

I am on short time, Tom, so I will have to pull the pin; but will write again as soon as possible. Give my regards to any of the boys that are still amongst those present.

JERRY.

Here is a little pip of a letter from Joe Rooney, brother of Ensign Tom Rooney, U. S. N. The younger Rooney is a member of the Olympic Club and quite a clever boxer. Ed Rooney, still another brother, was at one time considered among the best featherweight prospects in the Club. He is now on the U. S. S. *Fairfax*. There ought to be no doubt as to the 100-per cent patriotism of the Rooney clan.

Dear Tom: As I lie in my cot the music box is playing: "I wonder How the Old Folks Are at Home?"

It is now quite a few days since I last wrote home, and during that course of time I have been through the mill and am out of the game for a little while.

We went over the top last Thursday morning, and I was wounded in the right thigh last Sunday evening by shrapnel. But don't be alarmed, as I am all right and before long I'll be back with the company.

Well, no doubt you and the rest of the folks will want to know how it happened, so I will try to explain it.

About 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon we were told that we were going over in twenty minutes. We ate a little and started over about 4:30 o'clock, and of course Fritz opened up a heavy barrage. But that did not bother us, and we pushed on. We put up our machine guns on the crest of the hill, while the infantry went right along. We started our machine guns working, and of course Fritzie's artillery started to try and put us out of commission. So the shells started to burst around me as I lay in a shell hole, and I thought it was about time to move; so I moved forward about twenty-five yards and lay under a small tree.

I was there only a short time when a shell burst near me and a piece of shrapnel struck me in the leg. I immediately put my hand on my leg and discovered blood. I stuck for a while and then started f

the first aid station, and on my way in I helped some young fellow who was shot in the stomach. I was pretty well tired out when I hit the hospital, but felt better after taking a good wash and a shave. It was the first time I had taken off my shoes in about seven days.

All in all, the drive was a great success, and we shoved those Huns on and on, and, believe me, the boys from the West put up a wonderful battle, and I know their folks would be proud if they had seen how the boys fought. In four days we drove them nearly fifteen miles, and the country we fought in was mostly hills and forest.

Do you know, for the first three days of the battle I did not think I could get hit with either a bullet or shrapnel. It was certainly a funny feeling I had, and I never ducked when machine gun bullets went by, nor did the shells worry me. I could not understand it.

It is the truth about the Germans using women on the machine guns. There were a bunch of women operating machine guns from the church tower of a village we captured.

Well, kid, it's time for "lights out," so I'll call this a note.

ED.

From Frank Marisch, now a Lieutenant Engineer, to Frank Foran, comes this typical note:

Back in Camp Again,
Sept. 28, 1918.

My Dear Friend Frank: Wrote you some time back, and wonder if you ever received same. Just came here from my first leave in France, down to the Mediterranean Sea.

We move again in the morning, so I got back just in time. We move this time to the 83rd Division, and this will bring us very close up.

I missed the St. Mihiel drive the thirteenth of this month, but one is liable to

start most any time, and right now we are still giving them hell, and you are liable to get reports greater than the two drives we have been in, the Chateau Thierry Drive in July, and the one this month, when I was on my vacation.

On the line I have met many Olympians: Major Art. Johnson, Dr. Major N. Morgan, Sergeant Hugh Keenan, Captain Bab Small, and young George Maundrell was in camp one day to see me, but I was out on the line.

On my leave I stopped in Paris, then Bordeaux, Biarritz, and into Spain; Cete, Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo and Monaco, Menton and into Italy. Every night was moonlight, and the swimming was great. Had the most interesting trip of my life, and will have a lot to tell you. Love to the family.

Did you get the photo I mailed you way back in May?

Sincerely,

FRANK.

Lieut., 23rd Eng's., AMEX.

FUNNY STORY

The piccolo player at the church festival piped sweetly enough at the start. But suddenly he made a blue note.

"You dirty pup!" the booming voice of Harry Stafford shouted from the depths of the audience.

Bedlam broke loose. Evidently the piccolo player was well liked, for a hundred angry imprecations were hurled in the general direction of the barrister.

Then the minister got up on his hind legs and burred: "Who did that?" he screamed in a Willie Kidd Nelson tenor, "Who called that piccolo player a dirty pup?"

Once more Stafford's basso rent the air. "That question," said he, "is not well taken. It appears to me to be not so much who called that piccolo player a dirty pup, but who called that dirty pup a piccolo player?"

BURBLINGS FROM THE TANK

By L. J.

LISTEN, swimmer, suppose that Frank Marisch should get back from the front and go down to the tank of a Wednesday night and walk along the side and wouldn't hear any of the noises he was accustomed to, or see any of the people he had been used to seeing, wouldn't it kind of make him feel the least bit sad?

Suppose that maybe there were a few of the younger swimmers, whom Frank didn't know, playing about, still he would look for a couple of the old stand-bys like Billy McWood or Otto Schultz or Donald Day and if they weren't around he would want to know where they were.

Yes, where was Otto and his funny Chinese dive off the trapeze? "Well, Otto hadn't been coming around for a long time."

Where was Bill McWood? "Oh, ever since they started in boosting Liberty Loans and War Savings Stamps Bill has been a Four-Minute Man and doing a great bit by speeches and talks in and around the town and he really has been too busy to lend his atmosphere to the Club on Wednesdays."

What ever happened to Moritz Jaehne, the captain of the Junior water polo team, when they used to play the "Bums"? "Didn't you know that Moritz, a young spalpeen of only twenty-four summers, was chief draftsman in the hull department of the Union Iron Wroks? Quite a boost for so young a scout, but even at that the shoes he had to fill weren't any to big for him."

Where was the incomparable Duke Morrison with his educated feet and string of fighters. "Duke shipped with the Olympic battery of the Grizzlies in the beginning of the war and then after being in for a couple of months was honorably dis-

charged after having had a serious siege of rheumatism. This discharge hurt his feelings because he maintained he was going to set foot on foreign sod somewhere before the end of the war and that rheumatism wouldn't keep him from it and so he signed on a transport headed for Siberia. At last accounts he had landed safely and was recruiting a string of Siberian fighters for importation into the four-round game in San Francisco."

Where were Bill Lynch and Charles Small, the peerless clowns? "Both Bill and Charley enlisted in the Naval Reserve and both were billed to officers' training schools. Bill has been the only one that we have heard from and he tells us that the Government has put him on a dreadnought as a regular Navy ensign."

Then he came near forgetting to ask where were the noisest swimmers that this Club ever produced, George Bond and "Toots" Gardner? "Well, the last-named is billeted in a little town over in the country you just left and making his home in a cootie-infested barn and, as he says, 'outside of the lice everything is fine.' Uncle George Bond hitched up to the matrimonial chariot a couple of months back and then signed up in the Merchant Marine. At the present time I suppose he is pitching and rolling off the coast of South America in a little lumber schooner."

After all our pre-supposed inquiries from Frank, he let these words fly straight from the shoulder: "Mind you, I am not kicking and crabbing, because my service in the Army taught me to disregard such petty trivialities, but I do maintain that if someone doesn't get busy in a hurry the personnel and nucleus of the entire swimming division will gradually fall to pieces.

When the rest of the fellows get back from the front you can bet your bottom dollar they don't want to come back and see the swimming division in any other condition than it was when they left. I'll wager every one of the fellows that is away expects it is the least any of you can do, who are here, to keep the swimming going, keep the pep up, make it a pleasure to come and stay in the water for a couple of hours so that when they get back they can jump right into the swim

again just as if they had never been away.

"Make McWood, and Schultz, Pomroy, Pomin and Jaelne come around and impress on them that it is their collective personages gathered together on a Wednesday night that inspires others to come and be one of them so that the get-together spirit will permeate all, and by the time the war is over we will have welded together an inseparable group leading the swimming division and unofficially directing its destinies."

WAR, GOLF AND BUSINESS

By J. HORAC' LYTLE in *Golfers Magazine*

THE other day two old golfing partners were discussing the triangled subject as indicated by the title of this article. One of them is keeping up his golf this year; the other has only played twice.

Said the first: "I've been getting out about four o'clock, which, with our extra hour of daylight, gives plenty of time for a round before dinner, and yet after the time that I can call on any one anyway." He is a broker, and was probably correct that he couldn't do any business after four o'clock under any circumstances.

Continuing, he said: "As you know, I've devoted a great deal of time to Liberty Loan, War Chest, Thrift Stamps, and various other war work, and when at the end of the day I can play golf, I believe it's a good thing. I even work better next day for it."

As his old partner did not interrupt, the broker added: "Besides, it's been a good business proposition for me to play golf. From a purely selfish business standpoint, I've often been able to see where much of the time when I've played golf has been more profitable than to have hung around the office."

That was a point that interested me in particular as I overheard it, for I have

long had the idea, which can be checked up pretty well by experience, that golf is often a mighty good business proposition.

The reason is not hard to explain. To do business usually requires an intensely receptive mood. At no time does any man "come out of his shell" to quite the extent that is naturally the case just before, during, or immediately following a golf game. This is also true when he is thinking of discussing golf. Any golfer mellows to a receptive mood if touched through the medium of the royal and ancient game.

Over no other hobby do men enthuse to quite the same extent. Baseball fans, horse or dog lovers, hunters, fishermen—all may have their weaknesses for their favorite sport. But never is there quite the same degree of relaxation as is true of the golfer. The banker, the baker, the candlestick maker, the lawyer, the doctor, or the manufacturer, no matter what manner of man he may be in the office, is never anything but a big, overgrown boy on the golf course. He throws off all outward crust of indifference. And so when one plays golf with these men, he often finds that he "gets in" on things that would never happen otherwise.

I have taken quite some pains from time

to time to check up and prove this belief, and, for the interest it may hold for readers of *Golfers Magazine*, will recount very briefly a few of the instances that have come to my attention. They may—as they should—help to salve the conscience of many a golfer who may be debating within his own mind his very right to play golf during the present stirring times.

By the same token that "A prophet is never without honor save in his own country," a certain young man several years ago was unable to find the right sort of a chance in his own home town. But at the golf club he met and played several times with an older man who had but recently moved in with his business from another part of the state. This golf acquaintance led to a job for the young man. He doubled his salary the first year, has been in the same line of work ever since.

The critic will argue that the young man might have found the same opportunity elsewhere. Yes, he *might*, with lots of accent on the *might*. But *would* he? It can't be proved. And I doubt it. The facts are on the side of what he did get. The chances are against his having met another man in quite the same way that, through golf, he met the man and the opportunity that he did.

A young insurance man in a middle-sized, mid-western city was an enthusiastic golfer. He once told me that it was surprising even to him the amount of business that originated from golf and golfers. I had just finished a game with him one day when the club professional asked him for some information on a policy. That same night the young insurance man "wrote up" the professional for two thousand dollars. This fellow was very popular and deservedly so. Many of his friends at the club brought their insurance to him. A polo club adjoined the golf club, and my friend wrote every dollar's worth of the insurance on every polo pony in the stables.

He never made himself a bore, and almost never mentioned his business, but it just naturally came to him from those with whom he was thrown in contact through golf. Once started, the thing gathered—as a snowball pushed down hill.

An advertising solicitor for a certain magazine was calling on a prospect in Cincinnati. It was his first trip through the territory. His publication had never carried very much business for this particular prospect in question.

As the advertising man entered the private office into which he was ushered, the first thing that caught his eye was a set of golf clubs leaning against the President's desk. After discussing briefly the subject of his visit, the solicitor worked the conversation around to golf. A point of contact and mutual interest was at once established. This start grew into a friendship that endures to this day. And it has meant some nice space orders for this solicitor and the publication he represents.

Besides, this influence has extended still further. There was another Cincinnati manufacturer who had never used this publication. The salesman never seemed able to make much headway. One day, however, when he had gone out for a game with the President of the first named firm, and they were needing a fourth to make up a foursome, they found that the President of the second firm was there without a game—and he joined them. Later, at the "nineteenth hole" it developed that he was indebted to the extent of seventy-five cents to the magazine man.

When parting, the manufacturer expressed his pleasure in their game and the hope that they might have another sometime.

The salesman smiled and there was a true golfer's twinkle in his eye. "I hope so, too," he said. "There's just one thing, though—the next time I'm going to ask you to change the bet. Instead of a quar-

ter a hole I'm going to ask that we play to see whether I get a page ad from you, or not. What do you say—is it a bet?"

The manufacturer laughed, too—the golfing goodfellowship had been established. "No," he answered, "that's not a bet. We'll still play for the quarter a hole, or fifty cents. But about that advertising—we'll have to fix that up for you. Come into the office in the morning and I'll give you the order. Then there won't be anything in the way of the regular bet when we have our next game—an' I'm going to get even with you, too, for the three holes you were up today."

And so it goes. Instances could be given almost ad infinitum. I know a man who took up the game only about three or four years ago, when he was forty-nine years old. He had been in seriously bad health, but golf put him back on his feet. He is a man of considerable means, deals in big affairs, and is interested in a large corporation in Philadelphia. One day last summer we made a short golfing trip in his machine (he already plays a remarkably good game) and he was telling me what golf had done for him in many ways, besides from the standpoint of health.

"There was a certain proposition out in Ohio," he said, "that our people had never been able to touch. On one of my trips out there a year ago, I took my clubs along and spent a week playing golf. Of course I never made any effort to use the game as a direct means to our end—but the fact remains that today we are getting more than we had ever even hoped for out there in your state. In fact, I've done more business with the acquaintances I've made through golf in the last couple of years than I've ever done before in my life in the same length of time. Besides, it's put me in shape and I feel better than I have in years."

"It sure is a wonderful game," I an-

swered, as the big machine sped ahead over the fine asphaltic road.

Ought we keep up our golf during these strenuous times of war?

The answer is yes, most decidedly.

We need money to win. Money means that our business men of all classes must be big, strong, clear-eyed and clear of brain. As never before, we need efficiency. We must be fit, and able to meet our big, new problems that confront us every day, and for most of which we have no precedent to guide up. We must not kill the goose that laid the golden egg—business must go on to produce the money that the government needs to back up our boys in France—and this means that our business men must keep in condition. Golf will help us to do it. We cannot afford to grow soft physically; for if we do, we cannot hope to be efficient mentally.

All this does not mean that we should take time from mother things to play golf. Neither does it mean, probably, that we should play with quite the same old spirit. But we should play. We should play seriously and with a purpose. We have an extra hour of daylight this year, and this should give all of us a chance to play enough without any interference with our duties of office and desk.

And there's another angle to this thing: It is the duty of all of us to "turn the dark cloud inside out till the boys come home." We can be stern and determined of purpose without being too long of face. In England it is not even good form today to wear mourning for those who give their lives to the cause. To do so hinders rather than helps our purpose. America has long had a way of smiling through her tears. As the *Tuscania* was sinking the Yankee boys were heard singing "Where Do We Go from Here?" And it is, to me, one of the most beautiful and perfect tributes to their courage—that our boys should pick

that particular song as the big ship was sinking. It was so typically American.

And so, we say—because it is good business—and because we must have good business—because it helps make us fit for our work—and condition us for the duties for which we must be fit with a fitness such as we have never before known—for

all these reasons, and many more, let us not give up entirely our golf. But let us play it with the proper perspective and motive.

Yes, because it is good business to keep a smile shining through our tears during these terrible times, we say let there continue to be at least a reasonable amount of golf—played reasonably.

THE DEFENSE OF VENICE

(This is a new stunt in publicity that a special committee has prepared for Club papers all over the country.—EDITOR'S NOTE.)

VENICE—She is not dead. She will not die. Instead, an interminable agony has come upon Venice, with the annihilation of her strength, of her better forces, and an abandonment so grave, so desolate that the wonderful city by the sea has taken on the aspect of a goddess in her death throes.

I go, among the foundations now bare and exposed to the sun, along the gloomy alleys, through the squares made larger by solitude. Solitude and silence rule the city.

Gondolas, "sandoli" and "peate," the boats that are all her own, are tied to the banks of the canals. They seem like spent candles that shone brightly, and are only memories of the glorious festivals, the gala nights of old. They seem like the disbanded leaders of a cortege that has escorted the body of "the Serenissima" city to her lonely sepulcher.

The Grand Canal, of streaming azure, goes toward the sea like a miraculous thoroughfare brought down from the sky. Does it lead toward the deep or toward the quiet of eternity? In its tranquil waters, the piles for tying boats along the fronts of the hermetical palaces, seem lengthened out against the background of rose-tinted clouds, pausing in their fatal journey through the heavens to shower a

balm of flowers upon the dying Mistress of the Sea.

All mute are the marble palaces in the grim silence of the ages; but the soul of the city, gathered in the limpid voice of its waters, strikes against the marble strands, and laves them with an ever-renewed plaint, covers them with green sea-weeds, and sounds the drum-beat of Freedom, the only word ever again to be carved upon their surfaces.

Who will reopen the lovely palaces? And when? Are they not to stand as symbols of departed splendor forevermore? Has not the substance of their existence been swallowed in the briny waters that spread between the roses along the marvelous thoroughfare which leads ever toward eternity?

The Vendramin Calergi palace, where the genius of Wagner drew its inspiration from the sunlight of the strangest city in the world, is empty. Corner Spinelli, where the beautiful women of bygone days vied with each other in exquisite costumes as they sat on the round Lombardesque balconies, is mute and void.

Yet Venice is stricken and bent with grief. With the dark presence of the barbarian invader at her doors, she saw the seal of death set upon her industries, her shipyards and her squares. She mourns

her separation from her dearest children, exiled that they may earn a scant allotment of daily bread.

The Venetian beauties with wanton eyes, gleaming beneath a casque of black hair or golden tresses, no longer chatter as they flit from alley to alley, weaving betimes the rich Venetian laces with their long needles, and hand bags covered with glittering pearls.

The work girls, dancing lightly in their black-fringed shawls, are here no more. Rimini, Cesenatico, Spezia and Leghorn have gathered in the gay swarm in its enthusiasm for new scenes and new and diverse work, homesick, but withal, eager and untiring.

"Our blessings on you, dear Venice, wait and we shall all go back."

The prayer is repeated a thousand times a day amid the rattle of sewing machines and the clatter of looms.

From all these, her offspring, humiliated but proud, Venice keenly feels the separation, and, like the sorrowful Niobe, watches from beyond her azure lagoons for the return of any of her wandering children.

I see a poor old man, shorn of everything except the signs of Venetian courtesy and breeding.

"Poor man," I say, "these are hard times, truly. But we feel that it is a transitory trouble, is it not, and that Venice will be again what she was before?"

"Bless you for your good words," he answered. "I also keep a ray of hope in the bottom of my heart. Everything will come back, even Colleoni's statue. Pray tell me what would happen to the square without the general?"

We reach the Square of Saint Zanipolo; the church of the most expressive architecture, which contains the trophies of glorious victories, shows vacant windows like empty eye sockets, the stained glass shattered by an Austrian shell. At the civil

hospital the marvelous lions, which seemed to be roaming forth in quest of prey, are covered with sand bags, and Colleoni's statue has been removed for safety.

A woman older than the man, her face wrinkled with a thousand wrinkles, joins us, and we three walk together toward the new foundations and the still waters of San Michele, darkened by the cypress trees squeezed between the low, red walls. The sweet island of *rst* awaits us all three and we know not when. I, despite my youth, may lead these two persons, scarred by years, into eternity. I try to find words of consolation to fit the lot of these unhappy creatures.

I speak, unraveling words that express my dreams of new social conditions, but now I feel, feel it as an immutable fact, that our soldiers on the Piave, breaking the hard gray stone for their new trenches, are also clearing away the grim, gray stones that represent the barriers of social caste.

DARK HORSE WINS DIPSEA

(Continued on Page 13)

not for Pete. He finished in pretty good shape, but he came in fifty-ninth.

The eightieth man to finish was W. A. Benner, an unattached entrant. The judges had tossed up their job, figuring that all the starters had arrived who had any intention of coming in at all. But after they had adjourned to Jack Airey's hotel and started to compute the times of all those who finished, Benner came in apologetically and said:

"It may interest you gentlemen to know that I finished."

And so his name was recorded.

Four of the boys gave up the job on the trail. Nearly all those who finished were in good condition, the only one to collapse being Charles Hunter of Camp Fremont, who stuck gamely to the task, but

had to be picked up and carried to a nearby cot after he had crossed the line.

THE FIGURES ON THE DIPSEA RACE

The Prize Winners

First prize winner—Percy Gilbert, Oakland Y. M. C. A., Dipsea Indian Trophy.

First time prize—William Howden, unattached, Olympic Club trophy.

Second best time—Harry Ludwig, Olympic Club, Scott's Candy Store trophy.

Third best time—Hugh O'Neill, Olympic Club, Carrau & Green trophy.

Second place—Clifford J. Carroll, Olympic Club, Senator James D. Phelan trophy.

Third place—Lane McMillan, unattached, Harry I. Stafford trophy.

Fourth and fifth place—Bruno Saradio, unattached, Lundstrom's trophy.

First High School—William Crockett, Alameda Evening High, Van Vleet trophy.

Sixth place—Ray Locke, unattached, Joseph S. Lewis trophy.

First U. S. Army—Martin E. Kemmerle, Fort McDowell, Lieutenant Frank Marisch trophy.

First U. S. Navy—Albert Pinther, U. S. Navy, Shreve & Co. trophy.

First Dipsea Indian—A. A. Tiscornia, Dipsea Indians, Locker-room, 328 trophy.

Hdcp. Act'l.

1—P. Gilbert, Oak. Y. M. C. A...	8:30	55:56
2—Clifford J. Carroll, O. C.....	9:30	57:27
3—Lane McMillan, un.....	9:00	56:58
4—Hugh O'Neill, O. C.....	7:30	55:45
5—Bruno Saradio, un.....	9:00	57:48
6—Ray Locke, un.....	10:00	59:57
7—Al Washauer, O. C.....	5:15	55:58
8—John Maurus, O. C.....	7:00	57:47
9—Al Pertosa, un.....	5:00	55:59
10—Ralph I. Ebner, O. C.....	9:00	60:04
11—Camilo Caldera, un.....	9:00	60:31
12—Albert Miller, V. V. A. A....	7:30	59:02
13—George Wallington, un.....	7:00	59:04
14—William Howden, un.....	2:30	54:38
15—L. Lininger, Berk. Y. M. C. A..	8:30	61:08
16—William S. Johnstone, O. C..	10:00	62:64
17—Harry Ludwig, O. C.....	2:00	55:01
18—M. E. Kemmerle, Ft. McD..	4 8:30	61:32
19—Andrew Ohern, O. C.....	7:30	60:34
20—Philip Lopez, V. V. A. A....	5:00	58:96
21—Chas. Hunter, Camp Fremont	2:30	56:08
22—S. Henrickson, un.....	9:00	62:42
23—Wm. Crockett, Al. Ev. H. S..	7:00	60:45
24—Jacob H. Weingert, un.....	10:00	63:46

25—Albert Pinther, U. S. N.....	7:00	61:14
26—Basil Shurr, O. C.....	5:00	59:32
27—J. Stagland, un.....	10:00	65:07
28—Natale Fiord, un.....	7:00	62:44
29—W. Turner, un.....	9:00	64:47
30—James Woodside, O. C.....	6:00	62:11
31—J. Winsor, Camp Fremont...	5:30	61:46
32—H. Michel, Camp Fremont...	10:00	66:48
33—R. W. Blaisdell, un.....	9:00	65:53
34—M. Buttery, Oak. Y. M. C. A.	9:15	66:10
35—E. P. Jacobson, V. V. A. A....	8:00	65:03
36—W. J. Hasvind, Y. M. C. A..	10:00	67:18
37—Louis Callaghan, un.....	9:00	66:30
38—George B. Swoorfiguer, un...	9:00	66:31
39—Emil Lachaustra, un.....	10:00	67:44
40—M. H. Roach, un.....	6:15	64:36
41—R. Luckow Jr., un.....	9:00	67:34
42—Adolph Tiscornia, O. C.....	8:30	67:05
43—J. Hartmann, Y. M. H. A....	10:00	68:58
44—Walter Kleive, Center Club..	8:30	67:37
45—Fred Gale, un.....	8:00	67:50
46—S. Salomon, Alameda High..	8:30	68:23
47—Richard Lowry, un.....	9:00	68:54
48—William Lindahl, O. C.....	9:00	68:55
49—Isaac C. Day, un.....	10:00	70:07
50—Henry Domeniconi, O. C....	9:00	69:43
51—W. C. Scharfstein, U. S. N..	10:00	70:58
52—W. Taylor, Oak. Y. M. C. A..	8:30	69:53
53—Fred Krieg, un.....	9:00	70:53
54—Timothy E. Murphy, U. S. M.	10:00	71:51
55—Clinton F. Marshall, un.....	9:00	71:05
56—Lyman Coyne, un.....	8:00	70:22
57—Fred Murphy, U. S. N.....	8:00	70:25
58—Jack B. Stecie, un.....	9:00	71:34
59—P. C. Gerhardt, O. C.....	7:30	70:14
60—Ben F. Garcia, un.....	8:30	71:19
61—S. S. Roscn, Humboldt High.	10:00	72:54
62—R. I. Gracey, un.....	9:00	72:03
63—Felix Eber, un.....	9:00	72:11
64—George McCarthy, un.....	9:00	72:33
65—H. M. Lovett, un.....	8:30	72:06
66—Ray L. Orwig, un.....	9:00	73:02
67—William Heider Jr., un.....	10:00	74:05
68—H. Van Hoyst, un.....	9:00	73:54
69—Lewis MacFarland, O. C....	10:00	74:58
70—Albert F. Fleming, un.....	10:00	76:34
71—Clifford Smith, O. C.....	9:00	76:10
72—Adolph Starke, un.....	9:00	77:21
73—Elmer Sprague, un.....	9:00	77:23
74—Wm. H. Dabel, Humb. Eb. H.	8:30	76:54
75—A. Janovitz, O. C.....	9:00	77:28
76—Leo Duffey, un.....	9:00	78:56
77—F. O. Andres, O. C.....	9:00	79:56
78—J. W. Collenburg, Fremont H.	8:30	79:38
79—W. La Violetta, Fremont H..	8:30	80:24
80—W. A. Bermer, un.....	10:00	83:58

AMATEURS

(Continued from Page 7)

away now just so I can avoid one, you will understand the situation perfectly."

"You are trying to be kind, so that you can be more cruel, when you talk that way."

"But even though I am going, disappointedly, I shall always carry with me the remembrance of the surpassing sweetness you have occasionally shown me. I shall always wander in a pretty dreamland peopled by the hopes that once were ours. I shall chose to think of you as the dearest and best creature God ever put breath into. I shall wish for your happiness, I shall pray that some day there may come some other man who can steal you away from yourself and help you to become the wonderful woman you are potentially. Though in my own life there can never be any other, yet I ask these things for you. Do you begin to understand?"

"I can understand nothing except that you are leaving me, taking my heart with you. And that is what I do not want to understand. As for other men, well, there is, and there can be, none other than you. You misjudge me, blindly, yet because I know you want me to be brave, I cannot cry out. I can only ask you, if you are going, to go quickly. You begin to torture me."

"I love you," he repeated, "but you do not love me. There is the sum of it all. I am glad you are strong enough to take the view you do."

He turned from her and walked quickly to the door. Whatever reluctance might have marked his stride was admirably concealed. She did not follow him. When she could no longer hear the sound of his footsteps she went quietly to the telephone. A strange smile lifted the corners of her mouth.

"Connect me with the apartment of Lieutenant Smith who took tea with me yester-

day," she spoke gently, as a woman sure of herself. And then: "It is late, almost eleven, dear," she said, "but I fell asleep after dinner and I've just wakened."

And outside? Outside he climbed into his car, whistling a nameless, tuneless thing.

"I've been waiting for over an hour, and I ought to be angry with you"—the voice was blonde beyond a doubt, and it could hardly have been that of his wife, and it came from a bundle of robes and furs in the seat beside his—"but for once I won't be. Indeed, if you did Arnold any good I'm glad I waited. But whatever in the world could you and a man as ill as he is be talking about for so long?"

TIV KRELING, PRESS AGENT

(Continued from Page 6)

hope was ill-founded, for if he really has written a short story, then I know he is beyond redemption forever, and that we may expect to be reading his copy as long as he can pound it out of a typewriter and get somebody to print it.

And I also know it will be very poor indeed, especially from a technical standpoint, because Tiv got most of his knowledge out of the Woman's Home Journal, and it is not possible that with such inspiration he can hope to achieve literary fame. But it won't make any difference to Tiv whether he writes well or badly so long as the name Kreling is kept in the public eye.

I feel sorry for him and I do hope the report of his fictionizing is not true.

With deep anguish he begged her to reconsider her answer.

"If you don't marry me, Millie, I'll blow my brains out."

"Oh, come now, don't do anything as rash as that. But—but," she reflected softly, "that would be a good joke on father, for he thinks you haven't any."

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP, SEPTEMBER, 1918

ACTIVE

Addleman, Joseph A., athletic goods, salesman, 20 Second St., S. F.

Ashby, Shirley J., dentist, 1204 Head Bldg., S. F.

Couchot, Maurice C., civil engineer, 110 Sutter St., S. F.

Hanchett, L. E., land, 332 Pine St., S. F.

Hunter, Fred H., seed grower, 206 Drumm St., S. F.

Lee, Don, automobiles, California St. and Van Ness Ave., S. F.

Martin, J. C., mfg. food products, Balboa Bldg., S. F.

Manaton, W. H., real estate, Nevada Bank Bldg., S. F.

McCarthy, J. A., mfg. cement, Mills Bldg., S. F.

Moore, Edwin W., importing and exporting, 260 California St., S. F.

Moore, Pierre C., merchant, Merchants Exchange Bldg., S. F.

Moylan, Walter J., traffic mgr., 235 Pine St., S. F.

Owens, William, steamship, 60 California St., S. F.

Santilhano, P. D., importing and exporting, 268 Market St., S. F.

Schirmer, J. J., stevedoring, Pier 54, S. F.

Von der Lieth, W., purchasing and distributing, 146 Front St., S. F.

Wurfel, W. C., electrician, First National Bank Bldg., S. F.

NON-RESIDENT

Ball, B. L., investments, 4217 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Larson, O. S., banker, Scandinavian American Bank, Tacoma, Wash.

MacMillan, S. L., bldg. construction, 27 School St., Boston, Mass.

SERVICE

Caig, D., Jr., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Postal Tel. Bldg., S. F.

Castle, D. B., lieutenant, Room 6, Ferry Bldg., S. F.

Dillman, Dean, ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Mare Island, Cal.

Farnsworth, John S., lieutenant, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.

Faries, I. McIntyre, ensign, U. S. N., Union Iron Works, S. F.

O'Farrell, Jasper W., 2d lieutenant, M. C., U. S. A., Base Hosp., Camp Fremont.

Fisher, Wm., Consul of Venezuela, 112 Market St., S. F.

Foster, Harry E., captain, M. C., U. S. A., Cutler Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal.

Fout, E. E., ensign, U. S. N. R., 415 Sheldon Bldg., S. F.

Francoz, Marino A., lieutenant, M. C., U. S. A., Fort McDowell, Cal.

Gilchrist, G. G., 2d lieutenant, C. A. C., Fort Scott, S. F.

Griffith, McDonald E., lieutenant, C. A. C., North Cantonment, Presidio of S. F.

(Continued on Next Page, Column 1)

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Hendricks, C. J., lieutenant, Fort Mason, Cal.
Hewson, Selby D., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., 1520 Sacramento St., S. F.

Hull, Robert L., major, M. C., U. S. A., Letterman General Hosp., S. F.

McKenzie, E. R., asst. paymaster, U. S. N., 423 Sheldon Bldg., S. F.

Johnson, Fredric H., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Union Iron Works, S. F.

Larkin, Floyd J., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Pier 7, S. F.

McGaffey, Herbert S., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Glen Hotel, S. F.

McRae, Donald M., capt., M. R. C., Fort Barry, Cal.

Ogden, William H., 2d lieutenant, Q. M. C., Fort Mason, Cal.

Osterholt, R. B., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Mare Island, Cal.

Robinson, A. G., lieutenant, U. S. N., Union Iron Works, S. F.

Rosendahl, lieutenant, U. S. N., Union Iron Works, S. F.

Simpich, Frederick, Consul U. S. A., State Dept., Washington, D. C.

Toles, Walter W., asst. nav. constructor, U. S. N., Union Iron Works, S. F.

Trentlein, Peter, lieutenant, U. S. N., Union Iron Works, S. F.

Twining, R. B., lieutenant, U. S. N., Union Iron Works, S. F.

Vroom, A. B., lieutenant com., U. S. N., Union Iron Works, S. F.

Young, E. J., ensign, 519 Tenth Ave., S. F.

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Armstrong, Richard Follett, 1590 Sacramento St., S. F.

Cook, Walter B., wire chief, Pacific Tel. & Tel. Co., S. F.

Davies, Ronald, clerk, S. P. Co., 65 Market St., S. F.

Devereaux, R. R., student, Stanford University, 1990 Fell St., S. F.

Diehl, C. H., mgr., Weinstock Nichols Co., 538 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.

Dunn, Frank A., student, Polytechnic High School, 565 Diamond St., S. F.

Goodman, Lester, law student, Hastings College of the Law, 500 Monadnock Bldg.

House, Joe, S. F. University School, 1230 Leavenworth St., S. F.

Janovitz, Alexander, clerk, Chamber of Commerce, 1004 Merchants Exchange.

Ray, Paul, clerk, Union Construction Co., 604 Mission St., S. F.

Reid, Ewell J., bank clerk, Bank of California, N. A., S. F.

Trachsler, J. C., bookkeeper, 225 Rialto Bldg., S. F.

Washauer, Henry N., clerk, Standard Oil Co., 200 Bush St., S. F.

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Von der Leith, Harold, 2929 Steiner St., S. F.

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1918

TO

SEPTEMBER 30, 1918

INCOME

Dues	\$12,161.45
Department Operations	1,200.37
Visitors' Cards	208.00
Commissions	100.88
Discounts	40.26
Miscellaneous	4.40
Total Income	<u>\$13,715.36</u>

EXPENSE

General Club

House	\$5,205.53
Engine Room	1,765.98
Store Room	356.91
Electricity	768.72
Water	414.74
Library and Periodicals	127.62
Total General Club	<u>\$ 8,639.50</u>

Administrative and General

Office Salaries and Expense	\$1,732.84
Administrative Salaries and Expense	460.90
Taxes	471.82
Miscellaneous	238.75
Telephone	281.97
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00
Insurance	224.73
Total Administrative and General	<u>\$ 3,611.01</u>

Other

Interest Paid	\$1,547.83
Depreciation	925.00
Special Events	67.12
Athletic Activities	226.20
Donations and Subscriptions	250.00
Total Other	<u>\$ 3,016.15</u>

Total Expense \$15,266.66

OPERATING LOSS

\$ 1,551.30

INITIATION FEES

\$ 2,745.00

NET PROFIT

\$ 1,193.70

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

I have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of September, 1918, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Profit for the month of September, 1918, of \$1,193.70, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES O. SCULLY,

Certified Public Accountant.

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Mike Brady—Open Tournament at Pebble
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Vol. VI

NOVEMBER, 1918

No. 71

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Yet whose serrated hilltops frown beyond,
Nature by Art and Labor beautified
Smiles invitation to the worldly weary
To come and play. Its Fairways lead to greens
From which glow scenes of Nature's mightiness;
Midst zephyr songs and roars of Ocean's waves
Friend-contest wages. And when all is done;
Drink we our thanks unto the Powers that be
For this Perfection that is all our own.

—G.



Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents. For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, Clay M. Greene.

Associate Editors: Edgar Pomeroy, Soccer; P. C. Gerhardt, Track and Field; A. L. Shannon, Handball; Sven O. Philip, Wrestling; Lincoln Johnson, Swimming; E. Lastreto, Fencing; M. L. Jenne, Bowling; Dr. O. B. Burns, Billiards; Louis McLane, Juniors and Juveniles; W. R. Larzelere, Baseball; A. Kemp, Basketball; Dr. Rumwell, Medical Department; Edgar S. Peixotto, Horseback.

Business Manager: Thomas Bunyan.

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PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hofer, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; J. R. Hanify, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, Stanley Fay, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, Thomas J. Coleman.

To Whom It May Concern:

In calling the undersigned to one of the editorial chairs of *The Olympian*, the Honorable Court of First Instance, Department of Olympia, has, on motion of its Presiding Justice, ordered spread upon the record an exception to the seldom contradicted Scriptural injunction, "Many are called but few are chosen."

It is obviously believed by the Court, and sincerely hoped by this deponent, that this somewhat unusual compliment may establish a precedent which future courts having similar jurisdiction may observe without suffering the stigma of reversal of judgment.

And the said deponent further asseverates and believes that, had not some hitherto more or less commendable efforts on his part, supplied the basic principle which led to this motion and subsequent judgment, he would not have been sum-

moned before this court and clothed with the proud mantle of editorial authority.

That this judgment may be made final and place beyond reasonable doubt the danger of an appellate motion, the said deponent promises to drive his energies toward the development of whatever latent talents he may possess, that *The Olympian* may be made readable and its readers conscious of it.

With reference to the clause in his oral certificate of appointment relating to a personal sketch of his life, the said deponent begs to be permitted to respectfully except, on the ground that a truthful one would be too prolix, too confusing and too kaleidoscopic for the limited space of this publication, without the elimination of material of much more interest and value.

And, in closing, the hereinbefore mentioned deponent asks the consent of the Honorable Court to be permitted, without further conference, adulation or fuss, to proceed to the place of execution under the inspiration and impetus of this motto:

"To the successful shall come the glory, to the incompetent the humiliation."

In testimony whereof the above described deponent hath set his hand and seal this day of December, 1918.

CLAY M. GREENE.

The above somewhat trivial effort was the result of a misfortune, which Olympians may rest assured will also prove trivial, hence its lack of dignity and serious purpose. "Jack!" Illness, the result of too constant application to his literary work, as well as to other duties that might have been entrusted to others, has deprived *The Olympian* of the services of Theodore F. Bonnet, long time chief factor in the providing of the Olympic Club with a readable monthly. It is to be hoped that the satisfactory improvement in his condition may continue, and that his temporary

absence may be briefer than even the most optimistic of his doctors may opine. This for the obvious reason that it would be much too long before the chair of Chief Associate Editor could possibly be filled by a writer possessing the personal charm, the natural gifts, and the soft musical diction of "Jack" Bonnet.

A whole world, excepting one solitary and now completely isolated nation, as far as a solidarity of governments is concerned, is in a state of glorious exultation. The sweeping victory that fell upon it as suddenly as a clap of thunder out of an Eastern sky, has plunged it into a happy confusion of adulatory celebration. Even the allies of perfidious Germany are now exulting that the monstrous deblaces are no more, and their peoples may return to their avocations and devote themselves to the building up of stable governments.

Belgium, the hardest hit of all, is avenged, for that, in a spirit of heroism unparalleled in the lore of wars, she maintained her integrity to the intents and purposes of treaties, and suffered almost complete destruction, so that a nation speaking her own tongue might not be devastated by a superior power.

Scapegoat Serbia is avenged, for that the assassination within her borders of a single crown prince of no particular importance, and in whose death she could not possibly have had the slightest political interest, was deemed sufficient provocation for a declaration of war by Austria. This at the instance and demand of Germany, that she herself might make a test of her marvelous preparedness, and carry out her greedy aspirations for a "Mittel Europa." Italy is avenged, for that she has regained the provinces once wrested from

her by Austria, and Democracy is avenged for that Militarism is dead, and she may even within the lives of the older of us, become "the government on which the sun never sets."

The United States emerges, almost a unit of glory, from a conflict which to the end of all time shall never find a counterpart. The dogged, stone-wall resistance of England, wading in the blood of her hundreds of thousands of sons to again crush a ruthless ambition for the dominion of the world, must hold an enviable position in the history of nations. But, excepting alone the brilliant, spectacular—shall we say unexpected?—defense of glorious France, to the United States must be given the boundless honor of having pushed through the German wall of fire and steel, contrary to orders, and with her millions of heroes, fleets of supplies, and billions of proffered dollars, inspired her almost-beaten allies with renewed courage and valor.

The victory has been grandly won as far as the overwhelming of Germany and her allies is concerned. But that it has effected the peace of the world is a reflection open to grave doubt. Once Democracy was triumphant, it became rampant, and the world is now confronted with the singular but incontrovertible fact that there is no concrete form of Democracy, but many branches of it, each fighting against the other for supremacy; each creating a ludicrous spectacle in which Democracy is slaying Democracy that Democracy may live.

The existing armistice, the terms of which beaten Germany swallowed with only expected whimpers, will no doubt terminate in a signed peace between herself and her allies on the one side, and France and her allies on the other. Then all parties concerned will have to combine to establish by force of arms the difference

between Democracy and anarchy and how Democracy should govern itself.

To bring order out of this seemingly inextricable confusion, the United States must be regarded as bound to become the principal factor. She must not only feed all sides concerned in the great conflict, but she must police the embroiled districts. Then, when they have been taught what true Democracy is, Our Country, with the assistance of France, must be the mentor in the maintaining of it, for they, and they alone have learned all the ropes in true Democratic government.

According to the report of the Club auditor, the net loss for the month of October is \$1,206.82. It is unusual, indeed, for the Olympic Club to record a loss, but in this instance it is by no means alarming. The monthly ly income has decreased more than \$3,000 by the waiving of dues of the valiant Olympians who have entered the war services of the country.

The month of October was a black month in the history of San Francisco. The Spanish influenza reduced the income of every institution and business, and in sorrow we acknowledge that it injured us more deeply by depriving the Club of some of its most valued members. The decreased attendance for the month of October on account of this cause, is marked by the reduced income and by the fact that, of the sixteen departments of the Club, but five were operated at a profit. During the pre-war period our monthly profit was over \$2,000, but with the enlistment of over seven hundred and fifty Olympians, the waiving of their dues and the decreased attendance during the influenza epidemic, followed by consequent reduction of income, October was by far the worst month in the Club's history. During the war

period, our pre-war profit was reduced and in some instances small losses recorded but never has the loss approached that which the financial statement for the month of October shows. It should be remembered, however, that the October statement carries the cost and charges for two issues of *The Olympian* while it is not credited with any of its receipts. Notwithstanding the red ink on the October financial statement, we must rejoice in its passing, and now that the war has ended and the plague abated we may look to the future, confident that it holds for the Olympic Club much of its wonted cheer and success.

The somewhat groping individual who had been made responsible for what is written in this column, as well as for the contributions from what would appear to be a fairly sized host of more competent writers, is more than gratified to announce one hundred per cent of acceptances for the contributions offered this week. When it is known that an estimate of twenty per cent would be in excess of the usual percentage of magazine copy, and that in moving picture literary departments the highest percentage of acceptances is never over five, and often reaches zero, it is to be hoped that our promising phalanx of scribes will continue their good work. Every effort will be made to issue a Christmas number of *The Olympian* next month, which will be representative, not only of the season, but of the spirit and ambitions of the Olympic Club. We shall need stories, essays on athletics and Yuletide, poems, drawings, personal paragraphs, and in fact every kind of copy that will ensure spice and variety for what is designed to be the banner number of *The Olympian*. This writer is not as clever as some people think, and he needs help for Christmas.

THE GOLDEN STAR

By Clay M. Greene

A world is ablaze with the loud acclaims
That honor a Nation's braves.
But what of the tears for the gloried names
That are writ upon far off graves?
They've pinned on the breast of the living ones
The shining rewards of war.
But what of the heroes who battled Huns
To win but the Golden Star?

Ah, shall we forget midst the joyous tread
Of the hosts that are marching home,
The thousands who mourn for beloved dead
Asleep in the cheerless gloam
Of an alien land that nor cares nor knows
Where the homes of the sleepers are;
Nor the stricken whose cloak for the winter snows
Is only the Golden Star?

And shall we forget midst the gladsome glare
Of the feasts to the brave returned,
The heroes who fell in the dark "over there,"
Ere the torches of victory burned?
Forget them! Ah, lilting thro' Memory's years,
The songs to the ending of war,
Shall lighten the burdens of sighings and tears
With the glint of the Golden Star.

Be brave, O ye widowed and orphaned, who weep
For the lost in that bloody advance!
Your beloved are proud in that victory sleep
Midst the poppies and lilies of France.
Smile proudly on him of the medaled breast,
Then, summon love's wraith from afar,
To whisper, his glory was grandest and best,
Who gave you the Golden Star.

LETTERS FROM THE WAR

IT is with regret that announcement is made of the lack of space which renders it inexpedient to publish all of the letters received from Olympians at the front, as well as those in far away camps, who, while thrilling with joy over the tidings of the Great Victory, cannot but regret that the fortunes of war have decided against the "something doings" for which they entered the service. In the next issue others of these letters will be published, for all of them are worth while, not only because they are good news, but because they demonstrate the spirit of enthusiasm and good nature which has secured the admiration of the world whenever the American Expedition is spoken of. In addition to a breezy missive from himself, Lieutenant R. M. Tobin, late Treasurer of the Olympic Club, sends us a graphic account of the gloriously tragic death of Edmund Parrott, now made public for the first time, owing to the laxity recently permitted in such matters. St. John Whitney's letter will be read with keen interest, while that of Lieutenant Marisch will show how, even during scenes of dreadful carnage, the soldier may pause awhile to indulge in a "real party."

Paris, October 17, 1918.

W. Humphrey, Esq.,

Olympic Club,

Post and Mason Streets,

San Francisco.

My Dear Billy: I have for a long time been meaning to write you, but life is so strenuous here and there are so many distractions!

I cannot tell you how touched and pleased I was with the resolutions which the Olympic Club passed at the time of my resignation from the Board. I feel that, while I owe much of the compliment to their kindness, it is due primarily to you. I

am very much touched and very grateful. You cannot think how pleasant it was to read such expressions so far away from home.

I have had the most exciting experiences here since I came. The German Army was until little more than a month ago less than fifty miles from Paris and we were frequently subjected to bombardments by the long-range cannon and to attacks by aeroplanes at night. I had three of the projectiles from the big cannon explode at a short distance from me, and was myself a witness to the dreadful and inhuman destruction which they wrought. One fell in the middle of the day, at ten minutes past twelve, in a little market on the banks of the Seine, where the small market gardeners from the outskirts of Paris are accustomed to sell their wares. It wrought simply devilish havoc in the midst of poor, innocent people, blew women and children all to pieces and scattered the remains of horses and the debris of the pretty little stalls all over the neighborhood. This is the sort of enemy that we are fighting and which, thank God, we are about to crush.

Needless to say, our men have behaved in a most wonderful way; I do not think there has been a single instance of a lack of courage in our whole army. If so, I have never heard of it. All military observers unite in praising the astonishing courage and initiative of our men, and, now that our army is operating by itself, the work of our staff and the ability of our commanders has come also to be regarded as little short of marvelous. I think you know how the operations of our Marines at the Bois de Belleau in June turned the tide of the advance of the German hordes away from Paris.

There has hardly been a moment in the last three months when one has not had a

thrill of pride when thinking of all one's country and countrymen are doing.

You people at home must not be impatient or envious; it is the Americans at home who are putting life and vigor and courage into our armies here.

I have sent you a drawing by Jonas, a well-known French artist, of an American Marine putting into practice some of the principles which the Olympic Club has been teaching our young men for the last fifty years.

Will you please give my kindest remembrances to all my friends on the Board of Directors and in the Club? I shall be very happy to receive a line from you.

Yours very truly,

R. M. TOBIN.

P. S.—I am enclosing an account of the death of Edmund Parrott. This is the type of young man who is giving up his life in this great cause.

20th Aero Squadron, A. P. O. 703,
September 29, 1918.

My Dear Lieutenant Tobin: Talking last night to Gordon Tevis, who came over to see me about Edmund Parrott's death, I tried to get into communication with Captain Duval at Neufchateau. Gordon had suggested that it might be feasible to send such of his things as have some personal value, through him to you, and so to his family. I am writing you the story of his death so that you may repeat it to his brother, of whom I have heard over here but of whose address I have no notion save that Parrott once went to Clermont-Ferrand to see him.

He was killed in a fight east of the Meuse during a raid on a town about twenty miles beyond the German lines. He and I were, as usual, leading the formation. We were eight planes and attacked by two formations of Germans, about twenty in all. As nearly as I can remember the sequence of events through a running fight of over half an hour, Parrott

was killed almost at the beginning of the mess. I knew that he had been seriously hurt because he fell on my controls, throwing me out of control for nearly half of the remainder of the chase. I landed at an American aerodrome near the lines, thinking to get him the sooner to a hospital. I had, you see, no means for communicating with him in the air other than by the interchange of signals in a mirror. He had been killed instantly, there can be no doubt of that, by a bullet which entered his left eye and passed through his head. I do not think he could have been appreciably conscious of the wound. We found one of his guns hopelessly jammed. He had been firing hard with the other. The two remaining planes which had followed me out landed with me. I reported by telephone to my headquarters, and, acting on advice from our commanding officer, sent Parrott's body to Toul. The day after, Friday last, I saw him buried by Father Waring, the Catholic chaplain of the Toul Evacuation Hospital, No. 1. The number of his grave is 310, on the road between Toul and Menil, in the graveyard of the hospital.

He could not, as I think, have had a finer death. Not even war could make a cleaner or more fitting end to a man's life than his end. He had none of the desperate suspense of a fall; he was spared any suffering, above all, spared the flaming finish of so many fliers. He was a loss to the Air Service and to his squadron. We shall not be able to replace him. He brought the most splendid enthusiasm to the work we have to do. I am proud to own myself lost without him. He leaves with us the memory of an extraordinary intelligence, of perfect personal courage, of unfailing kindness.

Gordon suggested that I write to you. I had already, myself, thought of doing so. I do not know where his brothers are. I remember his mother only as very nervous

and sensitive. I ask you to tell the family what you think it wise for them to know and to command me in anything in which I can be the slightest service to you, to them, or to him. I have inventoried his effects, according to the Quartermaster's regulations, and withheld such only as seemed to me likely to hold personal significance. The main portion must pass through military channels. This small package I shall take the liberty of forwarding to your Paris address that you, as I said, may reforward the things to San Mateo.

Very truly yours,

SIDNEY HOWARD.

Camp Las Casas, Porto Rico,
Headquarters,
Oct. 18, 1918.

My Dear Mr. Humphrey: Perhaps it may interest you to know that two Olympians, viz: Colonel Frank C. Wood, commanding the 375th Regiment, and J. B. Maccabe, athletic officer and Division Athletic Director, are with the colors in Camp Las Casas, preparing to go overseas. Thanks to your courtesy, I receive promptly *The Olympian*, which Colonel Wood and myself read and re-read with the greatest pleasure. It is needless to say that these two men would appreciate the honor of being carried as stars on the Club's flag of honor. Kindly remember me to Judge Fitzpatrick and my other friends in the Club.

With very best wishes for yourself, believe me, cordially yours,

J. B. MACCABE,

Athletic Director, Brigade Staff.

NOTE: These worthy Olympians may rest assured that their names are already on the Club service flag, with the same standing as those who have been fortunate enough to fight in France.

The following letter and snapshot from Frank Marisch, with the "Winged O" protecting his sciatic nerve, would seem to indicate that all is not shrapnel, barrage and gas attack "over there," and even Monte Carlo is possible if the soldier has the price and push or pull enough to acquire a furlough:

Back in Camp Again,
Sept. 26, 1918.

My Dear Mr. Bunyan: Just a line to say hello, and let you know that I just returned from my leave down on the Mediterranean Sea. As per enclosed picture, you will notice that I have been flying the "Winged O" half way around the world, at Nice.

On my way down from the front, I made stops at Paris, Bordeaux, Bearritz and



"SO THIS IS MONTE CARLO!"

into Spain, Cette, Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Monaco, Menton, and over into Italy. Weather, with moonlight night, and swimming grand. Had a most wonderful trip. The gambling casino at Monte Carlo is running full blast, and is wonderful. The Prince's Palace and Museum are also wonderful.

Got back here to camp just in time, as we move over to the 83rd Division tomorrow. This brings us closer to the front.

Young George Maundrell was here in camp some time ago to see me, but I was out with the trucks out on the line. Too bad, as I would sure liked to have seen George.

Saw my picture with Koo. Keenan in *The Olympian*. Many thanks to you. Brother Jack wrote and told me all about it.

I met Koo. only once some time ago. In the same Wall City I met Major Archie Johnson, and he also got stout and looked fine. Also met, since being over here, Captain Babb Small of artillery, also met Corporal Hughie Young and Dr. Major Morgan. So you see many Olympians over here.

Good luck to you, Tom, and many thanks.

Sincerely,

FRANK MARISCH,

Lieut., 23rd Eng'rs.

(Continued on Page 30)

WAR STORY PRIZE COMPETITION

To stimulate friendly competition among our boys in the Service who can tell a good story, as well as to keep alive the interest of home readers in their war time adventures, a valuable gold watch and chain will be awarded to the members of the Olympic Club contributing the best story of his personal experiences while serving in the Army or Navy during the period of the Great War, the same to be published in "The Olympian."

As many of the remaining stories as may be found available will be published monthly or as often as the limited space in these columns may permit. It may be stated further that it is projected to subsequently issue the best of these stories in book form, with a suitable preface, thereby commemorating and perpetuating the services of those members of the Club who so gallantly served their country.

Many of our most capable Olympians are doing their bit, and it is believed that their reminiscences should not fail to prove of great interest, not only to present and future Club members, but also to the general public.

Contributions should not exceed 250 words in length, and must be received by the Editor not later than May 1, 1919, when the competition will close.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF LAKESIDE AS AN ATHLETIC FIELD

By GEORGE JAMES

THE acquisition of the Lakeside Club by the directors is a step in the right direction, providing the grounds will be utilized for an athletic field and not exclusively for the golf enthusiast. Of the many athletic fields I have visited, I know of none that possesses all of the natural advantages for out-door sports existing at Lakeside, not even excepting the Multnomah Athletic Club of Portland or Travers Island of the New York Athletic Club. But before I adumbrate on the possibilities of our out-door grounds, I want to qualify myself to this extent: I am not conversant with the in-

trinsic value of the property, nor the advisability of its final purchase, but ratiocinate only on its possibilities as an athletic field. I would like to have the reader visualize with me the surroundings. The approach to the grounds is through an arboreal valley that must impress you with its grandeur, then past Lake Merced and to the top of the hill to the Club House, where you may view the Pacific Ocean and its vastness.

Now for the possibilities of the new Olympic athletic grounds. Just below the Club House there is a natural amphitheatre where we could build a running



"WHAT GRANDER SETTING FOR THE PRIMAL STROKE"

track and athletic field for baseball, football, tennis or any other branch of outdoor sport. The surrounding hills give it a natural protection against the wind, and one could stand at the Club House and view the competitions. Within a few hundred yards lies Lake Merced, an ideal body of water for rowing, swimming and other aquatic sports, especially for shell or barge races. With a mile straight-away course sufficiently deep to give it life, and as smooth as the proverbial mill pond, just imagine the prospect of training for a race on water of this kind. To the rowing athlete it would prove a veritable mecca. Then we could have tennis courts, trap shooting and, with a runway of two or three hundred yards we would have ocean bathing. If the Club desired it

would be an easy matter to build a tank and pump salt water from the ocean for those who don't care to broach the elements. As for cross-country tramps or cross-country races, a better course could not be selected because of the diversified country.

And last, but by no means least, we should have a number of hand ball courts, sufficiently reinforced, so that one could play with the regulation hard ball as well as those who prefer the more effeminate game, with the gas ball. I can almost picture this "Garden of Eden" on a Saturday afternoon or on a Sunday, crowded with youth in all its exuberance, also the effete athlete trying a Ponce de Leon, or the La-Corpulence member retrospecting on days gone by.

A CROSS-COUNTRY HIKE TO THE LAKESIDE GOLF LINKS

By JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

TOM POWERS called up up last Sunday morning at a most unusual hour; nothing particularly interesting in that, but it was unusual for Tom.

"Hello!" says Tom with a husky voice.

"Hello!" says I, "what the hello do you mean by calling me at this hour? Been up all night—got the 'flu,' or what's the trouble?"

"I've an idea," said Tom.

"Sew a button on it, go back to bed and you won't lose it."

"Now wait a minute—wait a minute—suppose we take a walk over the hills and out to the beach. We can get a bath and some chowder, etc., etc., etc., at the M. & M., and have a pip of a morning."

"Now listen, Moon," I answered, "I've seen all of the Beach morning, noon and night, I care to; and, incidentally, I've had all of the chowders and all of the etceteras I want or are good for me, and Mary has

just commenced to get friendly again. So just take your walk and leave me with Catharine Daly Cunningham."

"But listen, Jack, I've got an idea, I told you! I want to go out to the new golf links and give them the once over. Have you ever been out there?" "No, Tom, as I don't own a Ford and haven't been drafted into the Aviation Corps, I have not."

The Moon grew more persuasive and I felt myself weakening and finally agreed to go. That's one trip I never regretted and the best suggestion Moon Powers ever offered. That's one trip that will be repeated, and I want to tell you fellows so that you can throw away the canes and the crutches and have your fond wishes of being sun-tanned enemies of Mr. Undertaker realized.

Well, here's the itinerary of our first hike to Lakeside Golf Links:

Left the dear old Club at 9:30, feeling as enthusiastic and spry as any pair of young athletes. Rode on a "Pat Calhoun" to Haight and Stanyan; then the hike through the Park to the Beach—distance, three miles—time, 11 A. M. Thence along the ocean highway, passing other health lovers without a struggle. Speaking of health, what better tonic could one wish for than copious draughts of God's own air along the shores of the Pacific? For about four miles along the beach we kept up a comfortable gait of three miles an hour, when a guide post on the Sandy Cliff indicated we were opposite the Golf Links—time, 12:15.

A stiff but not uncomfortable climb for about fifteen minutes brings you through the links to the Club House; then off with the sweaty underwear and into the finest hot and cold shower it has ever been our privilege to enjoy—shower baths at our dear old Club not excepted—towels aplenty at our disposal. So far our expenses nil.

After dressing, including, of course, dry underwear and sox (which we brought with us), we started to give the Club House the up and down. The first employee we met pointed directly to the buffet. *We had two.* Time, 1:15. Then one peek and a jump into the dining room—it looked like an angel above.

If you Saturday and Sunday Steam Room and Card Room athletes could only appreciate what relish there is, sitting in a splendid dining room in a stately Club House located in one of the finest spots in America, with appetites like stevedores and a fat steak in front of you, you would lose no time congratulating Bill Humphrey and his Board of Directors on securing this wonderful property with its magnificent golf links and unrestricted view from the Club House.

Can you fellows imagine Billy McCarthy and Harry Stafford walking from Ingle-

sle through the Ingleside Golf Links tract to Lake Merced to Lakeside (a one-hour hike) and then playing nine holes on the links?

I have an unfortunate habit of telling the truth, but the fact is that Bill borrowed a Midiron and Putter and Harry bummed the Mashee and Driver—they couldn't get a Caddy game enough to trail along. It was a pip of a two-some. Of course it was their first effort. Their orders are in for hike shoes and a golf layout.

Members like Tom Delury, George Welch, Tony Griffith, Charley Lucy, are all enthusiastic hikers and acclaim the Club House at Lakeside the only goal, after a cross-country hike.

All the advertising and boosting that Moon Powers and I could give is as nothing to what will be said by the hundreds of O. C. hikers on January 2, 1919, the day *following* our New Year's run, which I trust will wind up at Lakeside.

Let Billy Humphrey, along with Big Chief Tim Fitzpatrick, Directors Tom Coleman and Stan Fay, Doc McConnell, John Hanify, Frank Doran and the other directors, head the van on New Year's Day and no one will be more proud to greet you with "*Boys, everything is ready,*" than dear old Tom Bunyon.

P. S.—Since writing above, I have been told that the color line will be waived that day. Powers and the writer are tickled to death because what would a New Year's run be without the presence of dear old George James?

SHAKESPEARE DISCREDITED

Sales—There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as ye may.

Brennan—Is that so? Well, it would have taken some divinity to have put the left end of the other side into any kind of shape after we got through hewing him in that second scramble yesterday.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO THE TYRO

By R. H. HAY CHAPMAN

Editor of *Pacific Golf and Motor*

“**B**EGINNERS,” remarked Gil Anderson the other day, “seem to have such a hard time learning the game that they never bother themselves with studying the rules.”

It depends entirely upon the mode of beginning—whether the novice has a hard time or not. The man who imagines that muscular strength or previous prowess in swatting other sorts of balls will aid him on the links is prone to cruel disillusionment, but if he is wise enough to put himself in the hands of a capable professional and patiently to absorb, by practice and imitation, the cardinal principles of the grip, the stance and the swing, he will save himself infinite pains. In every other game in which a ball is used, save only billiards, the primary consideration is to hit the ball with all one's strength. But in golf the man who “hits” at the ball, instead of swinging at it, will never become a good or graceful driver; he will occasionally, by sheer strength, ease his soul with a “waler,” but he will never acquire control either of distance or direction.

Hence the essential importance of taking a course of lessons at the outset cannot be overemphasized. Moreover, the professional, who usually is an expert clubmaker, will render invaluable aid and counsel in selecting clubs of the proper length, weight and stiffness or laxity of shaft adapted to the individual.

As to the rules, read them by all means, but do not be scared by their intricacy and number. The rules of golf are founded on common sense and sportsmanship, and nine-tenths of them will be obvious enough to anyone familiar with field sports.

The code of the links is the result of

centuries of experience. Its fundamental and vital principle is to play the ball as it lies, and this, it may be remarked, is not always as easy, either in intent or execution, as it sounds. There is always the temptation for the beginner to improve his lie by pressing down the sole of his club behind the ball or otherwise facilitating his stroke. The other cardinal regulation which the tyro is apt to overlook is the injunction against soling his club in a bunker or hazard.

After playing golf for more than a quarter of a century and still remaining in the noble and innumerable army of “dubs,” let me bear testimony that full and complete enjoyment of the game is not the least barred by persistent failure to become a good player. In fact, I often doubt if the champions themselves actually reap as much enjoyment from the links as those who play a checkered and uncertain game. The best of them know within a stroke or two just how they will perform, and the process is apt to become mechanical and comparatively uninteresting. We who dub around between a very red-lettered 85 and mournful three figures have infinitely more varied experience; we travel over more territory, we get more exercise, and we have a far more intimate acquaintance with every bunker and hazard on the course. I have frequently been congratulated even by professionals on my skill in extricating myself from pits of abomination and terrible traps, and I have always reflected that I have had more familiarity with them than any expert living.

I advise the beginner to abstain from the four-ball match, or the foursome, as we persist in erroneously terming it. This

abstinence will be for your own benefit as well as your neighbor's. The four-ball match is far more distracting for the novice than the deliberate and careful single, in which you are pitted against your individual opponent and in which you will find far better opportunity for the study and improvement of your own game. The four-ball match is the fad just now; it has a greater social allurements and presents a more varied field for wagers which have nothing whatever to do with the true joy of the golfer.

For your neighbor's sake, you will abjure the four-ball match until you are fairly proficient for obvious reasons, and also because such contests, composed of dubs, clutter up the course to the consternation and distress of your fellow-members.

Golf to the superficial observer might seem a purely selfish game, one in which the player is wholly absorbed in his own accomplishment and success. It is even so with some fine players who nevertheless are not "good golfers." The courtesies of the game are fine and perpetual, and the good golfer has every whit as much consideration for his opponent as for himself. It is this spirit which gives golf its dignity and virtue. No true golfer ever dreams of taking unfair advantage of, or discommoding, his opponent, and it may be remarked that it is the rarest occurrence to hear good golfers quibbling over technicalities.

The golf club—by the way, there are no "sticks" in golf—is a magic wand, not merely capable of doing wonderful and frequently inexplicable things with the ball, but also with your disposition, your character and your liver. What ineffable delights its proper swing and control afford! What care it drives away! And what a fertile vocabulary its abuse provokes! But its main magic is that it makes the dry bones live.

The primary class will soon bear witness that the cultivation of the game imposes a severe spiritual tax, rewarded at first with little revenue, but always a complete diversion. Primarily, the disciple of golf will learn not to "press," for the moment that he permits a limb or a muscle to get beyond control, he is apt to "foozle," to "pull" or "slice," all misdemeanors visited with grave deserts.

Do not in the early stages of your education burden yourself with a score-card. The so-called "medal" play is the least enjoyable form of golf, its greatest pleasure being the personal contest, hole by hole, with your opponent. The man who cheerfully says, "Damn the pencil," and who loves the game for its own sake, has at least graduated from the kindergarten of the Royal and Ancient Game.

The Olympic Club has fallen into a splendid heritage in the Lakeside links. The are true "links," within sight and sound of the sea, undulating land with natural hazards of sand and bent and whin, designed by the Creator and picked out by John Lawson for this very golf. Other clubs have their fine "courses"; Lakeside has its links.

But be kindly to your inheritance. Never leave an ugly and often irreparable wound on those priceless fairways if you can help it, and usually you can. *It is quite as important to find your divot as your ball—much more important for your future enjoyment and pride, and for the golfing repute of your Club.*

The time will come when you will be properly proud and jealous of those fairways and greens. *Denounce with the majesty of Olympus the godless person who fails to replace a divot.* Put him in the same category of ingrate outcasts who scatter scraps of paper and empty cigarette boxes over the sacred links.

GOLF FOR BEGINNERS

By W. L. BRADLEY

Now that the Olympic Club has acquired a golf course of its own which has the possibilities of being the best in the country, and in a very short time we hope to see it so.

A good deal of the upkeep of a golf course depends upon its players, who can also add to the pleasure of playing on it.

The main object in the game of golf is to get the ball in the hole in the fewest possible strokes, and a new player is liable to have this uppermost in his mind, regardless of the uprooted turf and annoyance to other players. Cut or displaced turf should be at once replaced and pressed down with the foot.

It often happens that a good score is ruined by a ball stopping in an excavation where this could have been avoided had the careless player or his caddie replayed the dirt.

No one should stand close to or directly behind the ball, move, or talk, when a player is preparing to or making a stroke. Concentration in golf is a very big factor and it is impossible to concentrate when some one is standing close, moving, or talking, and I have seen many an excellent player miss his shot through the neglect of this observance.

No player should play from the tee until the party in front have played their second stroke and are out of range, nor play up to the putting green till the party in front have holed out and moved away. No player likes to wait on the tee or through the green, and it generally happens when he is in doubt or thinks he will not reach the players ahead he gives the ball the longest ride he has ever given it, much to his own confusion and danger to the players in front. No stroke should ever be played without seeing the players

are out of range; if some one be in the line of play they should be warned by the cry of "Fore!"

Players looking for a lost ball should allow other matches coming up to pass them; they should signal to the players following them to pass, and having given such a signal they should not continue their play until the players have passed and are out of reach.

Golf shows up your disposition more than any game known and any time you lose a ball just remember the above.

RIFLE AND PISTOL

At the annual meeting of the Olympic Pistol and Rifle Club held on Tuesday evening, November 12, 1918, at the Olympic Club, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

A. C. Rogers, president; G. E. Kimball, vice-president; S. D. Tinker, secretary; A. J. Baker, treasurer, Geo. Armstrong, executive officer, Dr. R. O'Connor, captain rifle team; W. F. Blasse, captain pistol team.

In the very near future the annual national indoor pistol matches will be held. In these matches, teams from all parts of the United States who are affiliated with the United States Revolver Association will participate, and the Olympic Club will enter one team in these matches. For a number of years the Olympic Club team has held the championship of the United States in this branch of sport, and although some of its members are in military service, it is expected that the team which will represent the Olympic Club this year will maintain the record established by the previous teams and that the championship of the United States will remain in its hands.

A MODERN HAMLET ON GOLF

By Shake Willspeare

To golf or not to golf, that is the question,
That haunts the sleep of athletes grown aweary
Of nobler things that really mean athletics,
Or exercise that really exercises.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The taunts and jeers of this mad horde of loungers
Who dare not bend lest all their joints shall creak,
Or, taking arms against a sea of troubles,
Cling bravely upon hand-ball, tank and tennis,
And by opposing golf-talk end them. To Golf!
To sleep, no more, and as they walk in sleep,
Perhaps they learn the laws of safety first,
And all the accidents the athlete's heir to.
A consummation devoutly to be wished,
For then good-bye to bumps and sprains and bruises,
To bandages and oils and liniments.
To Golf? To sleep! To sleep perchance to dream,
Ay, there's the rub. For in that sleep of sloth
What dreams may come, when we've abjured forever
The glorious action of the tennis court,
With all its vigors and applause of women,
And flown to something that we know not of?
Who would golf sticks bear? To puff and sweat
On sandy slopes, through hours and hours of trudging,
When he might sweat if sweating's necessary,
In ten brief minutes with a tennis racket?
Who would snarl and swear as that white ball
Refused to put itself into the can,
Requiring scores of strokes to gain the end
That means libations at the nineteenth hole,
When in my Club House I but lift my finger
To summon to me any beverage,
Or any food without so much delay?
But Fate hath spoken. We must be in fashion.
So I perforce must store my ball and racket,
Buy for myself a bag of crooked clubs;
Descend to bursts of expletive profane;
Shower wealth on taxicabs and cheating caddies;
Wander alone o'er hill and dale, and meadows,
Ashamed to know I've lost the name of action.

AN EVEN BREAK

THE pool balls, after a vicious break, exploded the brilliantly hued pyramid into a swirling mass like a nest of wasps disturbed by a brick, then recovered from the force of the impact and with trigonometric precision completed their fifteen separate and distinct angles, leaving every pocket empty.

An amazingly unusual number of shots was necessary on the part of each of the players before the table was cleared, and each of the players—the game was “Chicago”—began laboriously to determine the aggregate of the numbers on the balls in his respective rack.

“Sixty!”

“Sixty here!”

“Even break; let’s play another.”

“No, I gotta go home.”

“Then we’ll bank for it.”

Several times the spheres responded to the stroke of a cue, rebounded from the opposite cushion and stopped on the very same parallel line.

“Ah, it’s takin’ too much time. Le’s match for it.”

In the next moment two nickels struck the table with a dull thud at the same time.

“Head!”

“Tail!”

“Didn’t do it.”

“Tail!”

“Head!”

“Didn’t do it.”

This continued for several tosses without a decision, and the proprietor interposed an objection:

“There’s two gents waitin’ for the table. Why don’t you shake for it out o’ the bottle?” And the leathern shaker with the little white balls was bumped viciously on the cloth, while the two players adopted the suggestinn and shook in turn.

“Six!”

“Seven! I win! How much money, Mr. Fagin?”

“Doller’n twenty cents.” And the loser turned to his now smiling victor.

“I only got a nickel. ‘Loan me one fifteen, will yer?”

“A nickel’s all I got.”

“No trust here,” growled the proprietor, and the mighty bouncer became part of the picture.

The loser was getting nervous and made one last despairing effort:

“Will one o’ you boys loan me a dollar and twenty cents till tomorrow?”

The giant bouncer now towered above them as if about to perform another deed of legalized violence, but the players had afforded some novel amusement to the bystanders, so two of them paid sixty cents each to the proprietor.

The liquidation completed, the players were most profuse in their expressions of gratitude, and as they left the hall and lounged up the street outside, the following colloquy ensued:

“You’ll never pay that one twenty in a thousand years.”

“Why won’t I?”

“You never paid a debt in all yer life.”

“Well, did you?”

“Not if I could help it.”

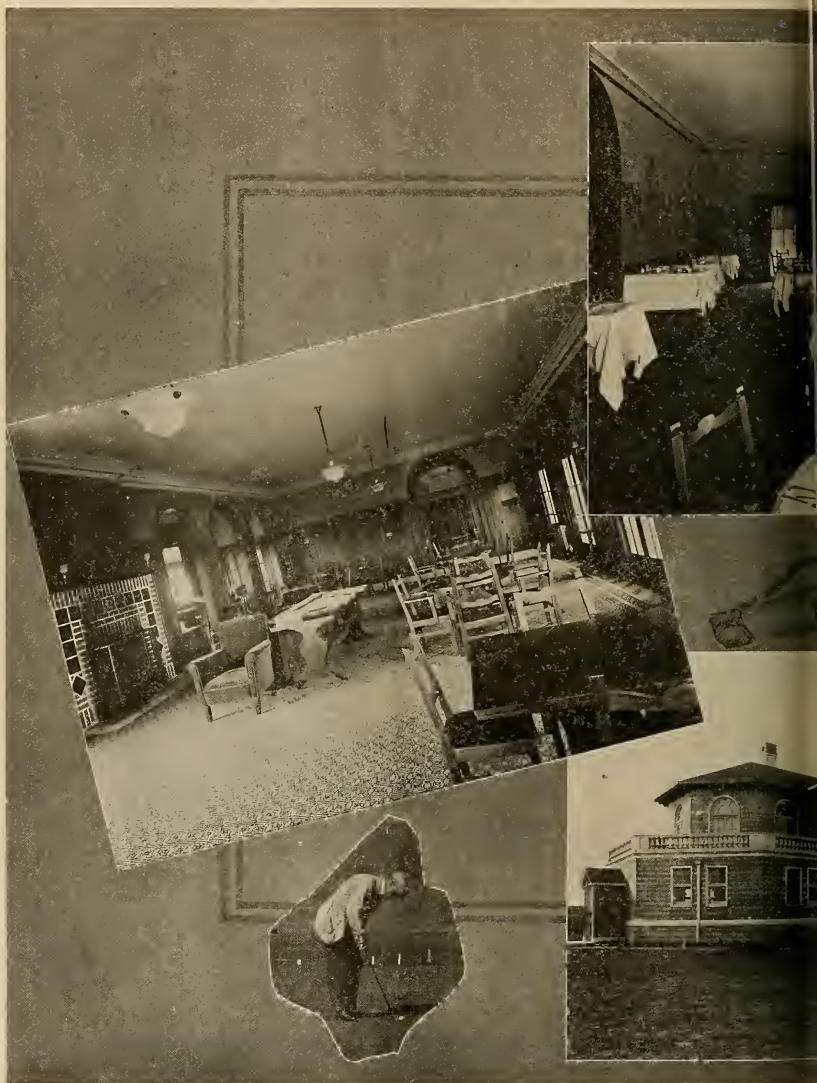
“Breakin’ even yet, ain’t we?”

And the two solitary nickels paid homeward transportation on separate car lines.

THIS COST HIM THE DRINKS

McCann (throwing four sixes)—I see the Red Cross people need the discarded influenza masks for bandages.

McCarthy (coming back with three fives)—Believe me, they’ll have to do a lot more than knead them.



"WHERE THERE ARE COMFORT-NOOKS AND FEASTING HALLS, TO



HORSEBACK

By EDGAR D. PEIXOTTO

IN these days of aeroplanes, automobiles, and the various other up-to-date sports, horseback riding, time-honored king of all sports, seems to be somewhat overlooked.

To my thought, there never has been, and never will be, any substitute for this sport of kings.

When the pioneers reached the vast open plains of the West and the Southwest they possibly fashioned their surprise after the words of amazement used by Byron in "Mazeppa":

"A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves they follow o'er the sea.
A thousand horse, and none to ride;
O! Where are they, the reins to guide?"
Our pioneer fathers proceeded to catch

and tame the horse and ride him, and keep a firm seat in the saddle under any and all conditions; a seat and method of riding famous the world over.

The American boy, who has the opportunity to have and know his horse, is on the far road to the making of a worthy man. I was an American boy who loved horseback from my earliest days. To be with Nature's noblest animal was my favorite recreation and pastime. I have always continued the sport, save when my physical condition did not permit, and in time of recuperation found it a panacea offered by no other sport. Recently I have, though past the half-century mark, enthusiastically pursued the healthful pleasure, and have had my children initiated.



OLD OCEAN'S VASTNESS FROM ELEVENTH GREEN

The enjoyment of horseback riding in San Francisco has been recently greatly enhanced by a place to ride to. I refer to the Country Club Annex of the Olympic Club. In play as well as life, our pleasures are always enhanced by a goal; in games, the pride of winning; on a ride, a place to go. The Olympic Country Club affords an ideal ride as well as an ideal place.

What a privilege that within two hours' time from one's place of toil one may don his riding clothes, mount his horse, ride through the picturesque winding bridle paths of Golden Gate Park, to the roaring, raging ocean, thence along the beach where the boulevard converges, cutting thence into the forest on the Spring Valley property, where stillness and solitude could not be more sublime were one thousands of miles from civilization. This path skirts around the Laguna De La Merced, leading out to the automobile road; or, if the rider prefers, he may cut across the hills, following a path near the fence and just skirting the golf course, to the Club House. Here, amidst the green hills, with the placid waters of Merced in the foreground, the green fields and rolling hills and the scattered habitations in the distance, the Club House stands pre-eminent. Inside, awaiting the member, are the various comforts of civilization in all profusion.

The return ride may be made going westward from the Club House to the ocean, down a winding path to the beach, thence along to the sound of the restless waves to the park. This ride along the beach toward evening almost beggars description, for Aurora is then busily coloring the skies at sunset, with all the hues that lift one's soul from seas to skies.

All these thrills are yours in an hour's ride from the Seventh Avenue Academy to the Club House, going always at an easy gait. To thoroughly enjoy horseback, the rider should always pursue an easy pace. Unless one is proud, not vain of

his horse, and a good rider, he cannot acquire the nice judgment which tells him when to ride fast, when slow, and when a horse should be allowed to walk. A good horseman ill always feel his faithful steed repeating to him:

"Up hill bear me,
Down hill spare me,
On the level spare me not,
But cool me when I'm hot."

Quite a number of Olympians have found this Open Sesame, the magic trail, and it is the hope that these brief lines will inspire others, and that this wholesome pleasure will be enjoyed and participated in by many others members.

This is the Victory Number of *The Olympian*. Lest we forget, with all man's horrible machines and contrivances for destruction and propulsion, the noble horse played his heroic part in the great war, and bravely gave his life in the cause of liberty and democracy.

Today the tribute of Job to the horse is as just and appropriate as it was in time immemorial:

"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him the glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

LETTER FROM CANON CABANEL

Anyone who listened to the earnest eloquence, or admired the charm of his gentle personality during his visit to San Francisco, in the interest of his beloved *Chasseurs*, will appreciate the following letter from the great soldier-priest of France to President Humphrey, following his reception in the Olympic Club:

(Translation)

Parish of Our Lady of Victories,
San Francisco, Oct. 18, 1918.

My Dear President: I keep in my heart an affecting remembrance of your mag-

nificent meeting at the Olympic Club. But among all the emotions experienced, there is one which exceeds all, and that is the memory of your sympathy, my dear President. It is for you in particular that I address this letter, and also to pray you to communicate to the Board of Directors my thanks for the offering they so generously made for the Chasseurs. At the same time thank for me all the members of the Club, to whom I beg you to say good-bye.

Accept, my dear President, the homage of my best sentiments. G. A. CABANEL.



"SHELTERED BY ROLLING DUNES THIS RESTFUL 'TEE' ABIDES"

TRAP SHOOTING AT LAKESIDE

By C. D. McGETTIGAN, M. D.

TRAP SHOOTERS of the Bay cities at last have their dream realized, for very shortly there will be installed at Lakeside the most up-to-date trap grounds in the West. For this we have to thank the Olympic Club, as usual foremost and progressive in every line of sport.

For years the devotees of this alluring game have been seeking a suitable place to shoot. The peninsula was combed from one end to the other. Every promising place within a radius of fifteen miles was investigated. Golden Gate Park was even suggested as a possibility. The Presidio, with its rolling hills, offered, for a time, a place where shoots were held, but changes

in administration and other undesirable things interfered. The Crocker tract, Baker's Beach, and the slope of Lone Mountain offered possibilities, but all had to be rejected.

Now comes the Olympic Club with its Lakeside annex, and the impatient trap shooters are overjoyed. A more desirable spot could not be found for this healthy out-door sport, and it is believed that the trap grounds when completed will compare with any in the world.

The Trap Shooting Committee, composed of experienced men, contemplates inaugurating many new features at Lakeside. All professionalism will be entirely



THE LOCKER ROOM PALATIAL

eliminated, as will also all money prizes. A professional—one who has anything to do with the sale of guns or ammunition—may shoot if he is a member of the Club or if invited by a member. He cannot, however, at any time, compete for trophies. Only amateurs in good standing in the Club may compete.

One of the best known trap shots in the United States has been engaged to lay out and construct the grounds. His services will commence January 1, 1919, and everything will be ready for a grand opening tournament on Washington's Birthday. This inaugural tournament will last two days and will be open to all shooters. A second tournament known as "The Far West Handicap" will take place latter in the year and will also be open to the public. This tournament will attract shooters from all parts of the United States

and will become a yearly event in the Olympic Club.

The traps will be open to shooters some time towards the latter part of January and thereafter the trap expert will be on hand daily to instruct shooters in the art and to teach the use and care of the gun. Two days in each month will be given over to Juveniles and Juniors, and competition will be conducted for stars and bars as in other athletic activities in the Club. This competition will involve the shooting of not more than ten or fifteen targets at a time, so that the expense will be very small. Ladies who are members under the new ruling will be allowed to shoot.

Altogether, the trap shooters of San Francisco are now a happy lot, as at last we have a sure enough trap grounds within easy reach. And we are grateful to the O. C. for its progressiveness in this regard.

TRAP SHOOTING AND "THE OPEN"

By EDW. TOPHAM, M. D.

TRAP SHOOTING, like all other sports, requires great concentration. To break clay targets and make a real score requires really more concentration than do most sports. And this means continued effort over a period of several hours at a time, during tournament shooting. Should the shooter relax for even an instant and allow his mind to be diverted from "that target," he is most surely going to spoil his score. Of course he knows if he only had another chance he could "bust 'em all"—but "if's" and alibis don't count in scores.

The writer has often wondered if trap shooting *per se* would exist by itself. There is certainly an incentive anywhere there is competition—there is an inborn desire to excel and to beat the other fellow. But I believe there is a better reason for five huskies at a time standing before the traps

and trying to pulverize a terra cotta saucer. I believe it is his native-born love for the open. His boyhood days have led him to the mountains and marshes and have familiarized him with the use of firearms, and we see the trapshooter getting good sport in off season competing with his fellows and striving for the perfection he would like in the field.

Take the testimonials of a dozen trapshooters standing about awaiting their turns and while they may discuss scores for a time, you will invariably find the conversation drifting back twenty-five or more years. The small boy, his .22 pistols or rifles and small-bore shotguns, his envy of the older brother who hunts, really hunts with the old muzzle-loader. The writer remembers as though it occurred yesterday carrying a gun all day, half-frozen through the wind and rain, with

ducks flying in every direction—and not shooting a single shot. Big brother did all the execution that day, because I could not bring the gun to my shoulder under the conditions. Every one of the dozen has had similar experiences with the possible exception of one fellow whose early education has been sadly neglected in such things. He hasn't much to say—but you know he has been infected with the real germ for the open and on first opportunity will be sneaking away to the country to start his education at a delayed but never too late date.

It would seem that trap shooting is built firmly on such a foundation—our love for nature as discovered while tramping about with a gun; and I believe a historian writing up the subject would start by telling of our forefathers' being

proficient in the use of guns, for his protection and in securing food, and would couple with that fact the natural adventure-some spirit which caused him to wander so far from his native soil.

The relationship between trap shooting and the open occurred to the writer through the proud possession of a long-run medal—a proud possession, naturally, it being my first and only one. But hope springs eternal in the trap shooter's mind. On one side of the trophy we have "Long Run 63"; on the other, the long-haired Pilgrim father with his blunderbus aimed at a target nailed to a nearby tree. Thus we have it down the years all the way from Plymouth Rock to San Francisco—the gun, the open, the target; inseparable wherever found.



MAD SURF FRINGES THE FOURTEENTH GREEN

CALIFORNIA RIFLE TEAM SECOND

By JOHN D. MILLIKIN.

THE California Rifle Team was beaten by only seven points in the National Rifle Match at Camp Perry, Ohio. The District of Columbia Team score was 3060 and the California Team scored 3053, with all the other state teams scores ranging from New York, with 3042, to Tennessee, with 2399.

From all reports, an Olympic Club member serving as acting captain lost the match, his score being much below his average. It may be that the responsibility of acting as team captain was too much for him. Had our regular team captain, George Frahm, been on the grounds, it might have been quite another story, but George has just been made a First Lieutenant in the Ordnance Corps as an instructor in rifle practice.

We might say that we have only "crips" left, or in other words, those who failed to get into the Service. Out of twenty

of our original team of shooters, twelve are now in camp or at the front, including such valuable marksmen as: C. T. Blanck, J. T. Dean, G. E. Frahm, C. W. Linder, M. D. McVey, Robert Mills, W. C. Pritchard, Captain Otis Sadler, U. S. A., A. C. Rogers, A. J. Otta, E. A. Flanders, Captain Frazer, U. S. A. Nevertheless, we have eight or ten good shots left who will no doubt uphold the Club's fame in the shooting world.

Our Pistol Team won the pistol championship last time for the second time in three years, and we are willing to take a bet that we will win it this year, as three of our best pistol shots cannot enter the Service.

We wish to assist our brothers, the trap shooters, in organizing their team, and trust that the outdoor range will be built as soon as plans have been submitted. We will be on hand when it is ready.

SOCCER IS ON!

By EDGAR POMEROY

THE Soccer football season opened up with a bang on October 6, continued to the 13th, inclusive, and, somewhere between the 13th and the 20th, blew up entirely.

Another new season opened up on the 20th with a revised schedule, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation (Alameda, Union Plant) being out of the schedule and most of their players, the best of them, turning their skill over to the San Francisco plant.

The new schedule ignored the old scores, so the Olympic Club, which was beaten by 2 goals to 1 by the Bethlehem at the opening of the revised schedule, lost the

benefit of the two points scored against the same team and the Alameda team previously.

On the 27th the Club team met and defeated the supposedly invincible Moores, but again Fate robbed the Club of its benefits, for an unofficial referee umpired the game and the contest therefore didn't count on the league tally sheet.

Nevertheless, the four games played pleased the Club and its supporters. No one, not even the team itself, realized that it would be possible to develop as strong an eleven this season as has actually been produced. Only Ankersmet, Tapella and

Washauer of the old team are left, and it is due to the fact that, two seasons ago, the Club authorized the support of a Junior team, that we were able to start at Jan, Segel, U. S. N., Harry Alter, Bobby Roberts, and Ebner of the Merchant Marine being on hand and filling in strongly and efficiently.

Marlow played one game, and then was nailed up in Camp Fremont, and has now gone. Charlie Anderson was to have played but the plague got him and he is in the hospital at Camp Fremont. All the other previous members, seniors and juniors, are in the Service. Meanwhile, Frank Foster's coaching of Washauer as a track man has improved his football usefulness 50 per cent; Ankersmit is coming out as a really brilliant opportunist, and Tapella is proving to be one of the ablest backs around the bay.

The new men are nearly all good: Van Tonder, a rugby player from Holland, who learned his soccer football at the University of California, played one brilliant game. Then the plague got him; but he was soon out and, though weak and somewhat wobbly, he played effectively against Moore's. Deb, another U. C. soccer football man, is a desperate up hill worker; Plumtree is a youngster with speed and stamina, who scampers rapidly up the right flank and puzzles slower backs. Meissner, who learned his football in Switzerland, is a husky barrier at center half, with anything but a finished style of football, but a decided punch in his work. Blackburn is a youngster from the Junior League of past seasons, effective at left half and very good on the left flank. Ebert, a dark skinned husky of tremendous muscular development, arrived just in time to take his place in our defence, and promptly made good. Good old "Davey" Lees and "Happy" Jim McCaskie filled in until we were able to get further recruits and were

at no time outclassed by any opponents they met.

The games our Club members assuredly should not miss are:

December 15, 1918, Olympics vs. Union Iron Works.

January 19, 1919, Olympics vs. Barbarians.

OLYMPIA'S PRESIDENT TOO HAS GONE!

THAT the November issue is not out until December has been the result of many disappointments which to enumerate might occasion much criticism and some friction. But it really is an ill wind that blows nobody good, for the delay permits this much publicity to the announcement that on the morning of December 5 President Humphrey folded his tents and slipped away to New York. Unlike the proverbial Arab, however, it was not done silently as the listeners in the lobby must have determined for themselves during the Directors' Dinner on the evening of the 4th. The departure of President Wilson for France cannot possibly occasion so much regret, so much consternation, so much congestion of affairs of State, as will this temporary absence from Olympia, of President Humphrey. His familiars will miss his inspirations for suitable conversation; the Board of Directors will now have to decide knotty problems for themselves; the shakers of dice will miss his influence toward frequent repetitions of their favorite pastime. Most of all, must the Staff of *The Olympian* miss the writings, the counsels and the energy of its Chief, and almost his parting words were substantially as follows:

"Keep our writers at work. No matter what kind of writing, we want variety. This magazine does not frown on personalities, and the columns are open to knockers. Above all, have the Christmas number the best ever or you're all fired!"

MORE LETTERS FROM OLYMPIAN HEROES

Sunday, Oct. 6.

My Dear: Well, I missed writing last Sunday, but I was most excessively busy, as you will discover before you have finished this letter.

The most important bit of news is that you may now call yourself Mrs. Captain Whitney. I got my boost yesterday—in regular movie style, on the battlefield, and am now in command of C company.

To go on with my story: I suppose the papers are full of the "big push." So am I, as we have been it in up to our necks for the last two weeks.

When I wrote last we were occupying a "quiet" sector, part of the old French trench system, and *some* trenches—electric-lighted dugouts with fireplaces in them and all the comforts of home. We were not in the dugouts, but camped in the woods just behind the lines, on account of lack of room. I slept in my first dugout night before last, and it was a German one. You know Captain Faskett said when you wanted a good dugout not to build one, but to go over and get one from the Germans, which we did. When the big day came I did not have the actual "over the top" experience, as my company was in support and we followed just behind the advance. However, the second day made up for it, as we moved up that night and went on shortly after daylight the second morning with the front line. It certainly was a busy morning. I think I met all the important officers in the brigade in various shell holes during the day. In my job—reconnaissance officer—I was cruising around the field most of the time and so got a chance to meet all my friends.

My Indian orderly did not pan out. The first time we hit a barrage he dove into a shell hole like a rabbit and I did not see him again for three days. So I picked up a little freckled-faced kid from Amador

County and he was a pippin. No matter where I went he stuck to me like glue. When things got hot I would duck into a shell hole and look around, and there he would be in the next door hole with his head sticking up and a grin on his homely mug. It is astonishing, though, how much of that H. E. they can throw around without hurting anyone, as long as you watch it and use your head. I was crossing an open field once when some of it commenced to drop. So I retired in a firm but dignified manner into a convenient shell hole. About the time I got there someone came rolling in from the other side, sat up and commenced dusting himself off. I look around and it was Dean Witter. After a minute or two we thought we would take a look around, but as soon as our heads came up—zzz, zzz, zzz—there was a con-founded German sniper with a machine gun, and every time he saw our tin hats he loosed off five or six at us. So we lay in the bottom of our hole and rolled Durham cigarettes and talked over old times for about half an hour, until some infantry came along and cleaned him out. Then we went on our way.

We were right up in the front line for five days and nights. I had no idea a man could keep on going that long practically without food or sleep, for we got very little of either. Food consisted in squatting in a hole somewhere and eating bully beef out of a tin can with a pocket knife—as Pete Freeman says, "When I get home if anyone asks me to go on a picnic, I'll shoot him, that's all."

Sleep we got at odd moments here and there. It was raining about half the time and terribly cold at night. We all just shook and rattled. One night I took the company up to support the outpost line where the infantry had dug in for the night. Captain Ingold hurt his knee,

couldn't travel very well, and I commanded the company through the fight. We landed there in the dark. I made my dispositions and then located my P. C. (Commander's Post) about the center of the line in a hole in a clay bank. I crawled in there and dozed off. It came on to rain. After a bit I woke up with a most peculiar sensation and found that there was about four inches of water in the hole with me, and my "sit-down" was right in the center of the puddle. The worst of it was that my tobacco was in *that* pocket of my breeches, and I had a deuce of a time getting it dry enough to smoke again. This was about the fourth night, if I remember rightly. Days and dates were rather vague to us about then.

Well, after we had done our share of front line work we were pulled back into support again, about three-quarters of a mile behind the front, where all we got was a few shells overhead once in a while. Here we could get a kitchen set up and get hot grub and also some sleep. While we were here William Slavens McNutt, the Collier correspondent, and an Examiner photographer called "Timmens" showed up. I had quite a talk with them and they took my picture, so you may see my name in the papers. We were just getting rested up and figuring on going in again when the order came relieving the division. Another division took our place and we are now back in reserve. I enclose a copy of a letter from General Cameron to the division, so you can see we made good. They say the London papers are full of the fighting qualities of the "Oregon" men.

Now to get to my movie promotion: We are located in a part of France that was German and is now French again—a little place that was once a No Man's Land. The Major had the battalion together, had read them General Cameron's letter, and told them that certain men had

so stood out above the others that there would be recommendations for D. S. C. and for immediate promotions for gallantry. Just then an orderly came up and handed me a big official envelope. He looked at it a minute, then said: "Captain Whitney, stand up. Here are your papers." It certainly took the wind out of me—you should have heard the cheer the men gave me. I think that meant more than the promotion. There is one thing sure, my promotion may have been a long time coming, but I am no paper soldier, I got it on the battlefield.

Well, I think this winds up my news. I am trying to get a cable through to let you know I am all right, but do not know if I can make it, as there is about forty miles of devastated country behind us before we get to civilization. I am going to try to get the Y. M. C. A. man to take one out for me.

We got mail in last night. I had three letters from you and three from mother. It certainly was good to get them.

Love to all.

ST. JOHN.

Sunday, Oct. 13, 1918.

My Dear: We have just finished another spell of hiking over the French roads, but this time back to a rest area, and we are now in billets again in another typical French town. Last night was the first time I had had all my clothes off in over a month. I tumbled into one of those French feather beds and sank down about four feet at eight o'clock last night, and the first time I came up for air was eight this morning. I sure slept. I have quite a comfortable room with a good bed and, best of all, a fireplace, which is quite pleasant these cold days.

Our march yesterday was through the prettiest part of France that I have seen yet. We got away from the devastated area and got into a country of gently rolling hills and nice green meadows speckled with "contented cows," and the little towns

scattered around on the hills with their bright red roofs and the autumn foliage, some of it just like a Maxfield Parrish painting. I made the march a good deal more comfortably than I did going up. For one thing, with my new dignity I have also accumulated a horse, so I rode part of the way, which is quite a saving on the feet. Also, I had no pack full of reserve rations. I lost that in the first fight I got into. When we went into action I took off my pack and put it on one of our M. G. carts, and that particular cart was hit by a shell. The man with it was going up a hill leading a mule and a cart, and heard an explosion behind him and looked around, and all he had in his hand was a rope and a piece of the halter. That is an actual fact. The mule and cart just disappeared and the man was not hurt. Somewhat shook up and surprised, but not a scratch on him.

I was on the other side of the hill and when I heard the shell going over I figured it was just about into the carts, and looked around just in time to see sections of cart, my safety razor, pieces of wheels, soap, a towel, two sacks of Bull Durham and shreds of bully beef go spouting into the air. I packed that two days' rations on my back for about one hundred and fifty miles, and then never got a mouthful of it. Never again! I got along better after I lost it than before. Everyone was sorry for me and insisted on giving me something to eat. Then our rolling kitchens got up about the third day. Jimmy De Vane got ours through when no one else did—the roads were horribly jammed—at the point of a gun in fact. When they tried to stop him he said if they did not let him through he would shoot his way through. So they let him through. We had one kitchen within 200 yards of the outpost line and for two days fed the entire brigade.

Will you mail me clippings from the San

rFrancisco papers covering the fighting from September 26 to October 6, with particular reference to the "Argonne Forest." I get my papers so irregularly that I can't depend on them. Also haven't seen any of the magazines yet, except a Saturday Evening Post and a Life that mother mailed me. However, the magazines may show up now that we are settled for a little while.

Will you ask Les to get my letter of credit extended for another year? The one I have expires on February 1, 1918. I haven't used any of it, but it is pretty comfortable to have. I carried it in a money belt all through the row, figuring that if I lost all my belongings I would have that to fall back on to re-outfit myself.

Am enclosing a permit for a Christmas package limited to three pounds. I think a box of Maskey's would be about the best thing. Candy is not to be had over here and is consequently much desired.

Love to all.

ST. JOHN.

St. J. Whitney,
Capt., 348 M. G. B.

A NEW ATHLETE

It won't be long before the Olympic Club has a new star in its ranks of handball players if the plans of Superior Judge Edward P. Shortall are put through.

On November 2, Richard Collins Shortall made his appearance as an addition to the Shortall family. He wasn't announced by that name, but just as a plain, common, ordinary baby boy, weighing ten pounds.

The Judge was delighted, and named him after Rev. Father Richard Collins, hence the name.

Without asking the boy's consent, his Honor promptly decreed that, in due time, Richard Collins Shortall would be enrolled among the handball players of the Club, and also with George Green's boxers.

THE ETIQUETTE OF GOLF

By HUBERT EDMUND LAW

GOLF is a very, very ancient game; so ancient that its origin is mythological. Some say that Caesar played it and even started to write about it, as every high school student learns in the early study of Latin. "Golfia est omnia divisa in partes tres" was his admirable beginning, but someone, Brutus very likely, got him interested in the Garlic Wars and he changed his mind. This, however, is probably pure exaggeration, and someone is just taking advantage of a coincidence.

Nevertheless, golf is ancient, and, like most ancient things, is steeped in queer customs, usage and nomenclature. Being old, golf demands respect—and gets it. Golf also disproves the statement that familiarity breeds contempt, for those who are most contemptful of golf are those benighted beings who are least familiar with it. But then, golfers are so overcome with pity for such that no other emotion concerning them is possible.

No one gets familiar with golf. No one can. Even the great masters of golf are finding it just as elusive, just as fascinating and just as exacting as the beginner who comes "to scoff but remains to pray" or play or pay, as the case may be.

The part of golf which seems to touch the risibles of these—I will not call them bartenders—who get too darned familiar with the game—is the application of the Golden Rule to one's golf conduct. Yet these scoffers demand fair play in every other sport and shun the pariah who figuratively or actually hits below the belt. Nothing but the actual playing of golf will ever make clear to them why they can, from the safety of the beer cage, loudly and openly bewail the fact that when the umpire was born, mothers did not habitually devour their young; or on

the coaching line, say cutting, cruel things to the pitcher, calculated to make him wild in every sense, and yet should not even indulge in a little polite and airy persiflage while a golfer is making his stroke.

The reason for this is that golf is a game of repression in the perfection of which mind absolutely controls and directs strength. It is a game where the visualizing of the perfect stroke counts for much and concentration is essential. One can only think of one thing at a time and therefore concentration on the big idea—hitting the ball—is made more difficult if someone moves or talks while the stroke is being made or when the fear that one may arrest the flight of a too previous player's ball with some part of one's anatomy crowds the big idea out of mind. The same is true of all the other crimes which the etiquette of golf decries and warns the unwitting but usually well intentioned beginner against.

Golf is a game where nervous energy must be turned into one narrow channel and there is, as in other sports, no running, shouting, jumping or the stress of brawn against brawn to relieve the tension. However, the golfer who wants to or must let off steam has recourse to a carefully chosen vocabulary or repertoire of cuss words.

The etiquette of golf says nothing about profanity. A golfer can cuss his failure or his luck as far as the limitations of his higher education will permit and still display those courtesies which one gentleman extends to and expects from another and which, so far as the etiquette of golf is concerned, can be summed up in that comprehensive rule of action, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

The instinct to follow these ten sugges-

tions, known as the Etiquette of Golf, compiled by time, custom and the United States Golf Association, proclaims the true golfing gentleman, whatever his clothes, his clubs or his skill:

1. No one should stand close to or directly behind the ball, move, or talk, when a player is making a stroke.

On the putting-green no one should stand beyond the hole in the line of a player's stroke.

2. The player who has the honor should be allowed to play before his opponent tees his ball.

3. No player should play from the tee until the party in front have played their second strokes and are out of range, nor play up to the putting-green till the party in front have holed out and moved away.

4. Players who have holed out should not try their putts over again when other players are following them.

5. Players looking for a lost ball should allow other matches coming up to pass them; they should signal to the players following them to pass, and, having given such a signal, they should not continue their play until these players have passed and are out of reach.

6. Turf cut or displaced by a player should be at once replaced and pressed down with the foot.

7. A player should carefully fill up all holes made by himself in a bunker.

8. Players should see that their caddies do not injure the holes by standing close to them when the ground is soft.

9. A player who has incurred a penalty stroke should intimate the fact to his opponent as soon as possible.

10. Players who do not continue in the match play rounds of a tournament should be considered to have forfeited any prize they may have won in the qualifying round.

It is submitted that the observance of the etiquette of golf at all times in all

companies will insure the delightful companionship which golf fosters and the pleasure which the true devotee—not divotee—deserves.

WAR SERVICE SUBSCRIPTION

During these troublous times when everywhere patriotic collectors of both sexes have been persistently and noisily relieving the public of its spending money, the Olympic Club has always responded gladly and liberally, knowing that every dollar's worth of pleasure denied themselves meant just that much more for the fighters in France. In addition to the numerous contributions to the tinkling cans in the hands of the fair ones at the front door, which of course were not counted, the booth maintained in the Club from November 13 to 17, inclusive, netted the handsome sum of \$2747.75, to say nothing of \$108.50 collected at a tournament held at the Olympic Country Club at Lakeside on Saturday, November 17.

This is doing very nicely indeed, and when the call shall come for the Fifth Liberty Loan, which does not now by any means seem improbable, again will the Olympians be found not wanting.

While Long John Mahoney was playing golf on the Lakeside Olympic golf links last Saturday his golf ball was driven into a hazard. As he approached his ball his caddy asked him what club he was going to use. John, who has been playing golf for a short time, replied with only too evident confusion:

"Oh, give me that club with the black handle on it."

A. TORPEDOED PROVERB

Farley—Believe me, you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Deering—Yes you can.

Farley—And how, prithee, good sir?

Deering—Fill it full of silk.

FONEY FILMS OF CLUB MEMBERS

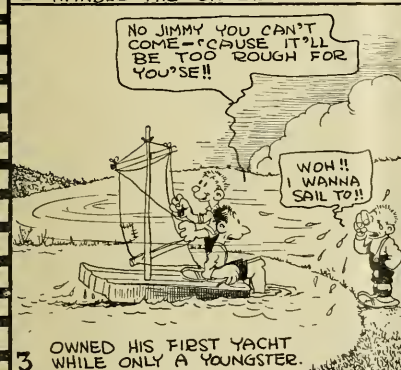
By Billy Hon, S. F. Examiner



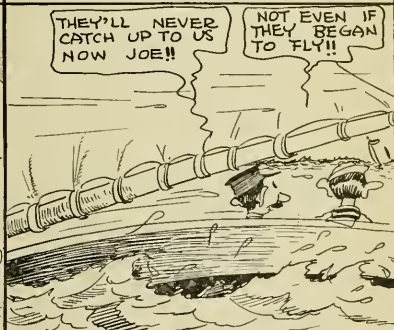
1 HIS FIRST THOUGHT OF SAILING WAS IN KNOWING HOW TO HANDLE THE SHEET.



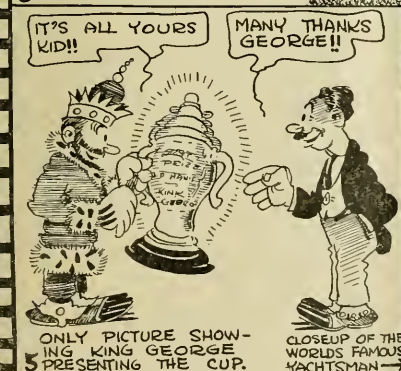
2 THE FOLKS PREDICTED HIS FUTURE YEARS AGO



3 OWNED HIS FIRST YACHT WHILE ONLY A YOUNGSTER.



4 HIS BOAT ALWAYS TAKES THE LEAD - AND STAYS THERE.



5 ONLY PICTURE SHOWING KING GEORGE PRESENTING THE CUP.

CLOSEUP OF THE WORLDS FAMOUS YACHTSMAN →



The Directors are pleased to announce that Mr. W. G. Mawson, formerly manager of the Menlo Country Club and later of the McCloud Country Club, has been engaged as manager of our country club. He assumed the duties of this position on the 1st of December, 1918. Olympians may be assured the services at the Country Club will at least be equal to the best.

NOTE

We owe Mr. Scully an apology. The repayment to which we referred to in an editorial of last month's *Olympian* was not occasioned by him. After the resignation of the former auditors, Mr. Sully entered the employ of the Club and through his untiring efforts the accounts have been brought up to date. We are confident that no delay in the publication of *The Olympian* will again arise from this cause.

EDITOR.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP, OCTOBER, 1918

ACTIVE

Welsh, Howard A., adv. mgr., 767 Market St., S. F.

Schirmer, Wm., stevedoring bus., Pier 54, S. F.

Donohue, Rev. James, priest, 2320 Green St., S. F.

Neylan, John Francis, attorney, First National Bank Bldg., S. F.

Hunie, C. E., canner, 112 Market St., S. F.

Johansen, John R., merchant, 616 Front St., S. F.

Squier, G. F., mgr. C. W. Pike Co.; 22 Battery St., S. F.

Wilbur, Lawrence, western agt. Int. Time Recording Co., Hearst Bldg., S. F.

Beveridge, F., cert. public acct., Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., S. F.

Gunn, A. S., shipbuilding, Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., S. F.

Gunn, Edw. M., mech. engineer, Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., S. F.

Graham, Harry I., traffic mgr., 60 California St., S. F.

Van Cott, W. S., printer and publisher, 445 Sacramento St., S. F.

Mitchell, John J., Colonial Press, 516 Mission St., S. F.

Carr, Wallace D., brokerage, 323 Kohl Bldg., S. F.

NON-RESIDENT

Hipkins, Bayly, V. P. Foundation Co., Seattle, Wash.

Huffard, Jno. B., mining and metallurgical eng., Kohl Bldg., S. F.

JUNIOR

Foley, John A., 100 Cole St., S. F.

Lichtenberg, E. F., 2520 Green St., S. F.

JUVENILE

Erlin, Frank W. Jr., 140 Clark Drive, San Mateo, Cal.

Ackerman, Lloyd S. Jr., 3300 Washington St., S. F.

Rucker, Vernile H., 1267-D Page St., S. F.

ATHLETIC

Herring, Charles, shipbuilding, 3930 Geary St., S. F.

Bates, Wallace J., student, 1069 Fell St., S. F.

Wing, Harvey, attache S. F. Examiner, 424 Oak St., S. F.

Vusoclavich, Stefan S., student, 1230 Leavenworth St., S. F.

Mitchell, Eric, student, 2203 Glenn Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Maggini, Chas., auto salesman, 1426 Hyde St., S. F.

Glaser, Michael, auto clerk, 809 Page St., S. F.

Galvin, Francis X., broker, 1018 Fourth Ave., Oakland, Cal.

Eade, L. J., U. S. N. student, 2039 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Cal.

Phennig, D. W., musician, 445 Ellis St., S. F.

Carroll, Clifford J., electrician, 465 Dolores St., S. F.

SERVICE

Fox, Harry S., 2d lieutenant, U. S. A., Fort Mason, Cal.

White, Samuel, major, U. S. A., Santa Fe Bldg.

Stone, Richard I., 2d lieutenant, U. S. A., Fort Winfield Scott, Cal.

Burke, W. P., capt., U. S. A., Letterman Hospital, S. F.

Godfrey, Howard G., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., S. F.

Grower, J. B., lieutenant, U. S. N., Hotel Chancellor, S. F.

Stalnaker, Edwards S., lieutenant com., U. S. N., Fairmont Hotel, S. F.

Stephan, A. R., lieutenant, U. S. N., Fairmont Hotel, S. F.

Thomas, Harry W., 2d lieutenant, U. S. A., Fort Winfield Scott, S. F.

Vytlačil, Nicholas, lieutenant, U. S. N., Chancellor Hotel, S. F.

Brewer, Robert W. A., capt., British Army, 638 Mission St., S. F.

Steers, T. I., major, U. S. A., Fairmont Hotel, S. F.

Fullaway, Richard M., 2d lieutenant, U. S. A., 404 Wells Fargo Bldg., S. F.

Broderick, Harry, lieutenant, U. S. N. R. F., 328 Sheldon Bldg., S. F.

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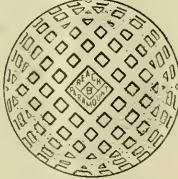
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PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

OCTOBER, 1918

INCOME

Dues	\$12,092.12	
Initiations	2,260.00	
Department Operations	44.70	
Visitors' Cards	135.00	
Commissions	116.13	<u>\$14,647.95</u>

EXPENSE**General Club**

House	\$5,586.33	
Engine Room	1,754.28	
Store Room	370.38	
Electricity	732.88	
Water	501.38	
Library and Periodicals	47.21	<u>\$ 8,992.46</u>

Administrative and General

Office Salaries and Expenses	\$1,608.18	
Administrative Salaries and Expenses	510.35	
Taxes	471.82	
Insurance	280.78	
Telephone (Net)	252.71	
Uncollectible Accounts (Estimated)	200.00	
Miscellaneous	183.38	<u>\$ 3,507.22</u>

Other

Interest Paid	\$1,885.62	
Depreciation	925.00	
Athletic Activities	294.47	
Donations and Subscriptions	250.00	<u>\$ 3,355.09</u>

NET LOSS\$ 1,206.82**NOTE:**

Owing to the delay in publication, the October income derived from "The Olympian" is omitted from the foregoing statement, although the expense incident thereto is included. This and similar irregularities have been adjusted and hereafter the published Profit and Loss Statements will portray the Club's true operating results.

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

I have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of October, 1918, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Loss for the month of October, 1918, of \$1,206.82, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES O. SULLY, .

Certified Public Accountant.

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—ENOUGH SAID—

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GRIZZLIES!



KREUGAS

Vol. VII

JANUARY, 1919

No. 73

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WHY IS A GRIZZLY?

By H. A. STEEBINS

THE primary function of a Grizzly is to climb the frames of Huns and toast 'em to a frazzle. After that, he is quite willing to serve the remains a la omelet soufflé throwing in such Epicurean Tid-bits as Spiked Helmets, Crown Quinces and Imperial Alligator Pears. The concoction may sound a bit soggy to you; and it might even knock you groggy. But, just the same, there were a lot of game chaps who scrambled up to this sort o' mess in fine style. Fact is, they not only brought home the bacon but a saddleful of lambs besides! So let's doff our Kellys to these Grizzly Boys and give them a whale of a cheer and a whole-hearted welcome! Quick, Watson, the Glad Hand and the Foaming Tankards!

For the Grizzlies are back—bless their heroic hearts!



Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, Clay M. Greene.

Associate Editors: Edgar Pomeroy, Soccer; P. C. Gerhardt, Track and Field; A. L. Shannon, Handball; Sven O. Philip, Wrestling; Lincoln Johnson, Swimming; E. Lastreto, Fencing; M. L. Jenne, Bowling; Dr. O. B. Burns, Billiards; Louis McLane, Juniors and Juveniles; W. R. Larzelere, Baseball; A. Kemp, Basketball; Dr. Rumwell, Medical Department; Edgar D. Peixotto, Horseback.

Business Manager: Thomas Bunyan.

Vol. VII

JANUARY, 1918

No. 73

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; J. R. Hanify, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, Stanley Fay, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, Thomas J. Coleman.

They have come! The Grizzlies are home again, brown, and rugged, and full of health. Soon the record of their fearless devotion to the Grizzlies' flag of their country, and the Home spirited them to bear it into alien lands, will have become a pleasant memory. That memory will be full of anecdote with which to while away the hours by the family fireside. It will fill the hearts of every little one with glorious pride that father was a soldier in the greatest war in the history of nations, and did what he was called upon to do, bravely and fearlessly. It will be read in books and upon tablets placed by tearful comrades upon honored graves. It will furnish inspiration for tuneful song, and woo the muses whose mission it is to perpetuate them in verse and story. Those of us whose misfortune it was not to have been among the chosen are justly envious of

them. We envy them for that glorious youth, so full of ardor, and courage, and the splendid patriotism which we were not permitted to show. We envy them for what they have done for history, for the lore of manly grit, and for the grand Democracy of Nations that is soon to be. We envy them that it was not given for us to share in the glorious acclaim of that welcome home; for the kisses and heart throbs that greeted them as they placed foot again upon the streets of their home city; for the thrills of exultation that must have come with every tread as they marched up Market street, honored by noisy throngs, and glorified by the consciousness that their duty had been performed, its dangers braved, and its reward yet to come when the city's Mayor should greet them. But this envy has in it no evil, for it is without malice and beats no discordant note. Behind it there is the man love that is past all understanding save to the truly manly. Behind it there is the pride that they are of us, and with us, there to remain, let us hope, until they shall inspire our children and our children's children, with tales of their battle for the cause of right and justice, which shall instil the inspirations of courage and valor in the souls of those who shall be the soldiers of the days to come. And so, Grizzlies, welcome home!

The Olympic Club, personally and collectively, should indeed be proud of the organization's energy and patriotism, which exercised so potent an influence in the formation of the Grizzlies, as well as our enviable record of munificent activity after they had departed overseas. We should also be proud of the other brave boys whose patriotism inspired them to be numbered among the 750 honored stars upon our

service flag, and prouder still of those who shall not come to us again, but upon whose memories we have pinned the eternal glory of the Golden Star. From its first inception almost, the Olympic Club has had some share in the organization of this regiment, and its history is full of interest. Who shall say that when leading the great Preparedness Parade, so tragically interrupted by the bomb of the murderous Mooney, Thornwell Mullally was not seized with the inspiration to organize a regiment to show his belief in preparedness, as a rebuke to those of whom Mooney was after all the tool, no matter how willing he was? At all events, it was not long afterward, that this ambition took form, and he began work in earnest. His first idea was for a cavalry regiment, as will appear on perusal of the graphic story of Sergeant Bunch, published on another page in this issue. But reasons were given why heavy artillery would be of greater service, and the California Grizzlies soon became an enthusiastic fact. The Olympic Club, through its officers, developed amazing activity in the good work, with President* William F. Humphrey as chairman of the Enlistment Committee, and he furthermore obligated the Club to the formation of an entire battery on its own account, and Battery B was the result. The meeting at which this Battery was enlisted, was a most impressive one, as Colonel Mullally so eloquently sets forth in his telegram describing its record abroad. During the long months of training at Tanforan, Olympians, encouraged by their President, kept their nerve ever on edge, and fired them to true soldierly ambition. After their departure for the fields of France, the work of financial activities began, and our record stands second to no club in California, in the generosity of its contribution to the Liberty Loans, to the Red Cross, and to every other organization that applied for

assistance. This statement is relative, for there are clubs composed almost exclusively of millionaires, while the Olympic Club's membership is for the greater part made up of young men in business or trade. But in the ratio of comparison between our financial capacity and theirs, we claim the record. Who shall dispute it?

According to the financial statement, operations for the first two months at Lakeside show a loss, which is encouragingly out of proportion with the advantages offered, and the comparatively small attendance when the large membership of the Club is considered. But the management sees no reason to be pessimistic with reference to the future of this superbly perfect country club, which it is no difficult matter to establish as having no equal anywhere with relation to site and advantages offered. The attendance shows an improvement that is most gratifying, and it is safe to say that when in addition to the perfect golf links, the trap shooting and athletic grounds are completed, and easy transportation provided, a handsome profit will be assured before the two years have elapsed, during which the Club must decide upon whether or no to continue to operate the property. It is doubtful whether there are many members of the Olympic Club, who have taken time to consider that no athletic organization in this or any other country has so much to offer in return for its dues, or which has so few extra charges. Think seriously of this, Olympians, and use what in other clubs you would have to spend for swimming, baths, and athletic instruction, in furthering fulfillment of the hope that before the two years' trial has elapsed, Lakeside will have become a not only desirable, but much needed permanency. It

is the one chance of a lifetime, so why not play it for all it is worth?

Those members of the Club who believe that it pays to advertise are urged to consider the advisability of advertising in *The Olympian* without a too stringent application of the rules that govern the choice of mediums. Cursory glances at other club magazines and newspapers, published by organizations whose memberships are smaller than our own, develop the somewhat painful fact that all of them contain more advertisements than *The Olympian*. There is no gainsaying the fact that this is not as it should be. Aside from the standpoint of sentiment, which is of itself quite worthy of consideration, it is believed that this little publication is a good medium because it certainly reaches more than ten thousand readers. Moreover, care is taken to so place the advertisements that they can not very well escape inspection. The subscriptions are not sufficient to guarantee such a publication as is the earnest aim of the Editor in Chief, but a few more advertisements would accomplish this much to be desired result. The suggestion has been made that *The Olympian* should be issued bi-monthly. A point well taken, but this redoubling of effort toward the encouragement of the necessary volume of brain-storm, can only be given in exchange for the equally encouraging purchase of a little more than twice the amount of advertising space. Get us?

Attention is recalled to the offer of a gold watch and chain, to be given for the best story of the war written by a member of the Olympic Club who has been overseas, or anywhere else in the service of the United States. It should not exceed five hundred words in length,

and actual experience will be a strong factor in governing the final decision. The competition is open to all writers, professional or amateur. This is a fair provision, as many of the best stories of the war have been written by tyros making their first attempts. What is wanted is the most exciting and thrilling story, and not necessarily the best in a technical literary sense. It is proposed to begin the competition with the Old Glory Number, to be issued on Washington's Birthday, so it behooves all club literateurs, as well as those who are ambitious for that distinction, to don their thinking caps. Non-winners will receive due consideration, in that their efforts will be received as contributions, and the best ones published serially in *The Olympian*.

A Toast

GIVE a pledge and a toast? Ay, that will I and two:

RIGHT* into your face with the wine!

INTO your souls with the cheer of the brew!

ZOWEE! Comradeship makes the high sign.

ZIP! Whoop! Drink as men to the valiant and brave;

LET no son of a gun try a dollar to save.

YIP! Whee! To the Grizzlies, and long may they wave!

THE BIRTH OF THE GRIZZLIES

By SERGEANT FREDERICK BUNCH

THE Grizzlies—the 144th Field Artillery—were the realization of an ideal. Their history begins in 1915 when the great world war was young. The public spirited men of America were just awakening to the appalling unpreparedness of this nation, when one of San Francisco's leading citizens grouped about him a few practical patriots and began to do his bit toward damming the river of impending disaster. Thornwell Mullally, master of men and affairs, dreamed a military dream, so visionary that he became the laughing stock of those who were born to scoff. While the first business men's training camp at Plattsburg was in its infancy he conceived the idea of a volunteer regiment drawn from among the loyal citizens of California, and officered by selected men who would train and study for the emergency.

So the San Francisco troop came into being. It was organized by Thornwell Mullally and sponsored by Major General Murray. On August 21, 1915, Mr. Mullally sent a telegram to the General then commanding the Western Department, but on leave, asking that a regular army officer be detailed as instructor. The General replied, heartily endorsing the plan and referring Mr. Mullally to Major Eben Swift and Major James G. Harbord. With the help of these officers and Major H. H. Whitney, the troop was formed, composed of polo players and expert horsemen with a leaning toward cavalry service, and it began weekly instruction and drill at the Presidio. The troop had varying vicissitudes and two drill periods for a year and a half, or until February 5, 1917. On that date, within twenty-four hours after diplomatic relations were broken off with

Germany, through Captain Joyce and the then First Sergeant Mullally, the troop offered its services to the War Department as a troop, or the nucleus of a volunteer regiment of cavalry. This offer was placed on file.

With the formal declaration of war, Mr. Mullally, who in the meantime had been promoted to the captaincy of the troop, and Captain Joyce, began the formation of the regiment. All plans had been formulated on the assumption that the President would call for volunteers. In May, however, Congress passed the draft act, when the volunteer system was killed, and the services of the troop were then offered to the State as a unit, or the nucleus of a regiment of the National Guard.

The need for cavalry in modern warfare having passed, and the need for field artillery being paramount, authorization for the raising of four batteries of the latter service was obtained from Washington and announced by Adjutant J. J. Boree of the California National Guard. Then followed what General Boree afterwards characterized as the greatest recruiting drive in the history of America. A fund of \$25,000 was raised by subscription, and many of San Francisco's leading business men were named on a finance committee. They were: William H. Crocker, chairman, Walton N. Moore, William Fitz-Hugh, Francis Carolan, Walter Martin,



L. O. Head, John Britton, Roy Bishop, William B. Bourn, R. B. Schlessinger, Herbert Fleishhacker, Frank B. Anderson, Herbert E. Law. The first big step toward filling up the authorized batteries was taken on July 10, when, at a luncheon of the recruiting committee held at the Palace Hotel, Colonel J. J. Flynn announced that the League of the Cross Cadets would form one battery, and President William Humphrey promised that the Olympic Club would undertake the recruiting of another.

On the same day Stewart Edward White, the author, began a speaking and writing campaign in Southern California, with marked success. Frederick Hussey toured the State as a general supervisor of recruiting. Peter B. Kyne, novelist and short story writer, lent his voice and pen to the drive through the central and northern parts of the State.

By July 20 the work was so far advanced that Tanforan Park, relic of the old race track, was rented for the concentration and drill of the four batteries, independent of the Government, and within a week the old site for a model camp had been prepared, even to a splendid system of shower baths in the old paddock.

On August 21 the regiment had its first pass in review, in honor of Brigadier

General W. A. White, hero of the Marne, and Chief of the British Recruiting Commission. Then in rapid succession it was at various times reviewed by Sir George Jordan, General Hunter Liggett, and Brigadier General Le Roy S. Lyon, all of whom declared their unbounded faith in the new regiment.

On September 21 the Grizzlies made their first formal appearance in the parade through the streets that marked the departure of the second draft contingent for American Lake. With the inspection and review by General Arthur Murray, on October 12, came the realization of Thornwell Mullally's ideal. General Murray is the godfather of the regiment, for he it was who made it possible for the men who organized this unit to get their training and equipment. Two years after he replied favorably to the telegraphic request of Thornwell Mullally, he returned to San Francisco to find the regiment then projected an actuality, and with the departure of the last unit for the south on March 23, Colonel Mullally's dream had come true.

(NOTE: Apologies are due to Sergeant Bunch for the curtailment of his graphic history of the Grizzlies, made necessary by the limited space afforded in this little magazine.—EDITOR.)





THE BAND OF THE GRIZZLIES

THE GRIZZLIES ARE HERE!

By THOMAS LLOYD LENNON

BEAT the bing-bong lustily! Wallop the old tom-tom! Clash the cymbals, rattle the snare-drums, smite the pots and pans! Make a mighty noise and a large, loud sound! The Grizzlies—California's own regiment of bravery and brawn, and the especial pets of Olympia—are home from the war!

Up the old main drag they came Saturday, a body of men as fine looking as any that ever paraded Market street. Beautiful women, pretty flappers, and neutrally pulchritudinous representatives of the violent sex showered them with flowers of spring and smiles of welcome and prima-donna encore kisses. Strong men felt stronger as they gazed upon the tanned and laughing leather-biters. And even those of us still wearing uniforms felt a little throb of remorse because when we volunteered we hadn't the luck to join our fortunes with the Grizzlies.

It is a d— good thing to see these boys again. Different they are, of course, in their physical aspect. Sturdy and thin of hip, straight and broad of shoulder—by God, if there is a regiment their equal anywhere today, trot it out, trot it out! But though they're different physically, it's a sure thing they're unchanged otherwise, and that for all their year of absence they're the same good fellows they were before wo'.

A great greeting they got—and a great greeting they deserved. It is universal knowledge that San Francisco needs only a siren or a ringing bell to turn out and celebrate. But on this occasion there really was something to enthuse about. And the glad hand the well-known prodigal son got from the Old Man and the Folks when he returned from the Palestine night-life was an Alameda Valentine party compared to the welcome thrown at the Grizzlies.

These hardened young gentlemen represent to us more than a mere troop of artillerymen. They symbolize the spirit of all the West, the spirit of San Francisco especially—and you know what the men of the West did in this war! They typify the patriotism of a Slope mis-named Pacific as a necktie typifies its wearer. That's why we are for them as men always are for a realized ideal. That's why the Big Town is theirs, that's why they own Olympia, that's why they rate—which is military talk for they-are-entitled-to—anything that strikes their fancies from Twin Peaks to the Ferry Tower.

Behind the Grizzlies is a record of achievement quite wonderful in itself. For when Colonel Thornwell Mullally conceived the notion of a distinctly Californian organization officered by men of its own choosing, a terrific rumble-bumble of protest was heard in high places. The re-

sult of prejudice merely, the protest was of course the veriest flapdoodle, and the speed with which enlistments were secured effectually silenced it. Mullally, indeed, was putting over the very idea Colonel Roosevelt himself sponsored at the outbreak of American hostilities, the difference being that Roosevelt wanted his proposed volunteer army incorporated into the regular division of the United States forces and was checked by the opposition of regular army officers and the Federal Government, while Mullally engineered his troop into service through the California National Guard, and when the guard was finally made part of the agglomerate military strength of the nation the Grizzlies of course went with it. But if Colonel Mullally had to lead his regiment to war through the back door opened by Adjutant General Boree, what boots it? He's got it out on the front porch now, so here's three rousing cheers!

The one thing to be regretted in connection with the celebration is that the Grizzlies didn't really get into the fight. But the regrettable element is more than offset by the universal pleasure that is felt

because every mother's son of them is back, safe, sound and healthy.

It was no fault of Colonel Mullally that his boys were not out there blowing hell out of the German kamerad-shouters. He had them ready, and they were willing before they were ready. But the fortunes of war seem to be ruled by the little fishes rather than the gods, and the glory of actual battle, granted some of Uncle Samuel's nephews, though denied the Grizzlies, is compensated for by the fact that the Grizzlies are volunteers who jumped into khaki long before they were asked to. So if they won no Victoria Crosses while they were "over there," they have nevertheless been decorated with enough Croix de Popularity "over here" to last them for many a day. They did everything they were required to do; and few men in this war were able to do more.

So beat the bing-bong lustily and lay on the old tom-tom! Rattle the snare-drums and blow loudly on the brass! Clash the cymbals and wallop the pots and pans! The Grizzlies are home and we're all d—— glad they are!

THEY'RE COMING

By EDGAR POMEROY

Each Olympic lad responded when he
heard the call "To Arms,"

And left his Club on Post street, with all
its wholesome charms,

And they went away for training to where-
ever they were sent,

For to teach the Kaiser something, all their
energy was bent.

They taught that guy a lesson that he
never will forget,

And they're coming home a-singing, at a
swinging gait, you bet!

They are coming in the Navy, in the air,
and Army too,

Not forgetting our own Grizzlies, who
went there to see it through.

We, who kept the home fires burning, and
the water in the tank,

Will welcome with a loud hurrah each red-
winged warrior Yank.

So gather at the entrance, all of you who
stayed behind,

To welcome back our battery, sent forth
to save mankind.



COL. MULLALLY AND LIEUT. COL. DEVEREUX FRESH FROM THE TRANSPORT

TELEGRAMS FROM GRIZZLY OFFICERS

IMEDIATELY on the arrival of the Grizzlies at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, President Humphrey telegraphed Colonel Mullally, Major Stewart Edward White, Captain Peter B. Kyne, and Captain Gregory of Olympia's own organization, Battery B, asking for articles, stories or sentiments to be published in *The Olympian*. A reply came to the effect that Major White and Captain Gregory were still "over there," but the following telegrams were received from Colonel Mullally and Captain Kyne:

"William F. Humphrey,

"Olympic Club, San Francisco.

"Deeply appreciate telegrams. Get history from Abbott, adding that regiment went to France and splendidly performed all duties opportunity offered. Expect to leave in few days for Presidio. More then if desired. Grizzlies send greetings to all Olympians. Will wire movements.

"THORNWELL MULLALLY,

"Colonel 144th Field Artillery."

"William Humphrey,

"President Olympic Club,

"San Francisco.

"Will be unable to do any writing until I am mustered out of service. Against army regulations. After then I am, as formerly, yours to command. Regards to everybody.

"CAPTAIN PETER B. KYNE."

Later on, Colonel Mullally telegraphed more fully and in the following vein:

"William F. Humphrey,

"Olympic Club, San Francisco.

"Further answering your telegram, use the following, as you desire, in magazine or otherwise. The enthusiastic co-operation of President William F. Humphrey, Board of Directors and members of the Olympic Club was a most efficient factor in the organization of the regiment of California Grizzlies. The Olympic Club has the proud distinction of having furnished a battery of heavy artillery for service overseas in the world war, Battery B of the 144th Field Artillery, and composed mostly of Olympians. It is probably the only club that holds such a record. This record will constitute a tradition of the Club of which it may well be proud through all the years to come. This battery is indeed a remarkable one, made up as it is of athletes and splendid young Americans, sound in body and mind, manly and of high character. They brought into the service of their country those qualities which were developed by their training and membership in the Olympic Club. It was just these qualities that were particularly required for winning this war. The enthusiasm and fine spirit which characterized the patriotic service of the members of the Club, was strongly manifested



THE HOMEWARD BAGGAGE TRAIN

on two occasions which should be memorable in the history of any club. One of these was the inspiring assemblage in the Olympic gymnasium, in which one of the most distinguished officers in the war, Major General Hunter Liggett, participated, and which marked the beginning of the enlistments in the regiment. The other occasion was the presentation by the Club to Battery of its guidon. Battery B has been faithful to its trust, for it has splendidly performed all duties assigned to it. "THORNWELL MULLALLY,

"Colonel 144th Field Artillery."



THE RECEPTION

THE fourth Victory Dinner of the year on the 21st, was given to commemorate the return of the Grizzlies as well as to emphasize the pride of the Olympic Club in the splendid record of Battery B. The great "gym" was decorated with more lavishness than usual, and covers prepared for six hundred, which were nearly all filled by returned heroes and very proud and enthusiastic Olympians. President Humphrey presided with perhaps more than his wonted display of eloquence, and, after toasts to the Presidents of the two great sister republics, the United States and France, a poem written for the occasion was read by the Associate Editor of *The Olympian*, which is printed on next page. Then followed a corking good vaudeville entertainment in which Harry McKenzie and William Jennings La Rue especially shone, when followed the speeches of the evening. Colonel Mullally gave a vivid and eloquent narration of the formation of the Grizzlies and their excellent record over seas. Peter

Of this telegram couched in gracious phrase and teeming with official praises that come from the true heart of a soldier, all Olympians should be proud. And when this war has been filed away among the pages of memory, and the men shall gather in friendly groups for anecdote and reminiscence, they can find it among the most valued archives of the Olympic Club, so that they may show it to those who were not there, and say to them with thrills of friendly pride: "This was my Colonel, God bless him!"

Kyne was in his usual happy vein of humorous sally and amusing anecdote, and the very youthful Captain of Battery B, Winfield Baker, was so self-possessed and so modestly eloquent, that he inspired some doubt as to his stateemnt that this was his maiden speech. Probably the most popularly remembered address of the evening was that of Chaplain Clampett, who chose for his subject the enlisted man, and declared that the Grizzlies in personnel, morale, patriotism and a rigid attention to duty could not have found its superior—if indeed its equal—in all the armies of the United States. It was a most unusual function, this welcome home to the Grizzlies, and will long be remembered as having been the most enthusiastic one ever given by the Club. As a matter of course the banquet was strictly "dry" and the toasts drunk in French Vichy, but that seemed to make but little difference, the occasion in itself automatically furnishing its own spirits and inspirations.

TO THE GRIZZLIES

By CLAY M. GREENE

The blessing of God be upon you,
 For that you've done ever your best;
 That the lore of the future has won you
 To honor our loved Golden West!
 Fame's pen oft shall write of your story,
 And music will praise you in song,
 And woman shall share in your glory
 So long as affection be strong.

The strength of all men's admiration
 Will follow you on to the the end;
 The sweetness of love's fascination,
 The thrill from each soul of a friend,
 The pride of wives, sisters and mothers,
 And those who've seen never your face,
 Will hold you as best of all others
 With never of envy a trace.

No face here can woo recollection,
 No voice that I ever heard;
 Still I'll glory in fond retrospection
 Of tonight, when my manhood was stirred
 And the pride in my flag was made stronger,
 And my loving for men that are true,
 Brought the hope to live longer and longer,
 Till I be companion wth you.

I honor the name of Mullally,
 Who fought with the fervor of might,
 And laughed at each critical sally
 From idlers who never are right.
 I glory that manhood's ambition,
 So kind to the lesser than he,
 Won for him the right by commission
 To lead his men over the sea.

Will Devereaux' name I shall honor,
 So long as affection be mine;
 And Gardner, and Graves, White and
 Hussey,
 And Anderson, Alton and Kyne!
 Young Bergovin, Richmond, Salinsky,

And Bekeart, and Tathem, and Krantz,
 And Sweeney, and Daniels and Lockhart,
 And all who gave succor to France.

Ah, had I Bret Harte's pen and diction,
 To place upon memory's throne
 That story, far grander than fiction,
 Of Battery B that's our own!
 I honor Tom Gregory's story,
 Who proudly its destiny led,
 But to Baker I yield double glory,
 He rose from the ranks to its head.

Forgive me that time in its fleeting
 Forbids me to mention ye all;
 But here in this wonderful meeting
 I'll time and convention forestall,
 And write on my memory's pages
 The name of each one I have missed,
 And pray that adown thro' the ages,
 Each one shall by Fortune be kissed.

So, the blessing of God be upon you!
 If the burden of age hath denied
 For my name the bright guerdons that
 won you,
 Down the year I shall thrill with my
 pride
 In the dreams I shall nourish and foster
 Of the night 'neath Olympia's dome,
 When I couldn't be writ on your roster,
 But could give you a fond welcome
 home!

And this welcome I'll store in the larder
 Of memories dear of the brave;
 And you shall share with me the ardor
 Of pride in each glorified grave.
 Now, hand in hand, clink we our glasses.
 And drink to your colonel with glee,
 And the land that all others surpasses,
 The birthplace of you and of me!



BATTERY B BREAKS CAMP

SOMETHING ABOUT BATTERY B

BATTERY B the Olympic Club may feel justified in calling its very own, for the reason that it was almost entirely recruited and officered from among the Club membership. Its original Captain, Thomas Tingey Gregory, is a native son of California, born in Suisun, October 4, 1878, the son of Judge John M. Gregory and Evelyn Tingey Craven, both justly numbered as among "the first families of Virginia." The Captain comes from a good old fighting stock whose names run back into much of the most important history of America, while in the present war the Gregory family boasts of twelve service stars, representing as many different members of it who have joined the great American army.

He was educated in the local country schools, after which he entered Stanford University, being graduated in 1899 with the degree of A. B. Continuing his studies he was graduated from the law school in 1900, and rapidly acquired fame in his profession, specializing in corporation and financial work. He is to be congratulated for a patriotism which inspired him to lay down his unusually large responsibilities to serve his country, at an age beyond the draft limit. At the declaration of hostilities, his inherited military ardor impelled him to follow the flag, he prepared himself by a severe course of

training for a command, cast his lot with the Grizzlies, and was made Captain of Battery B. It is to be regretted that the Captain did not return with the regiment, but officers with executive minds were still needed in France and he responded to duty's call and remained behind, yielding his command to Winfield Baker, Jr., who had risen from the ranks to Regimental Sergeant Major, and was now commissioned Captain and assigned to the command of Battery B. Captain Wakefield is a Californian, scion of an honored California name, and once again has proven that water must seek its level, and merit attain its just reward. There were other names on the original roster of Battery B who are entitled to honorable mention. These are those of First Lieutenant Lawrence D. Sweeny, Second Lieutenant Richard Tathem (since commissioned Captain), First Lieutenant Alexander W. Bergovin, and Second Lieutenant David Crabtree (since commissioned First Lieutenant). To conclude, there is one dominant fact of which the fostering parent of Battery B should be especially proud, for it is a matter of enviable record that of the original roster of the Battery, more than fifty per cent of its members have been made commissioned officers and their places filled by privates from other units.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN VANCE

CAPTAIN CHARLES A. VANCE, whose two sons, Charles A., Jr., and Ludwig Hoefler, are enthusiastic juvenile members of the Club, writes this letter to his family, and it is published with thanks to our worthy Vice-President:

Paris, December 2, 1918.

Dearest —: So much has happened I hardly know how to start, but will begin at the time we parted from our division at Deynze to go to Brussels. We stayed two days in Ghent, and left Brussels, first asking if the Germans were out. At the Belgian Army headquarters we were told it was not sure, and we might take the risk of being captured; however, at the hotel we met a Red Cross Civilian Relief Man who said it was safe, as he had just come from there, so away we started. ("We" means Chaffe, Frazer and myself.) After a three hours' ride, we came into the beautiful city. I am safe in saying that probably not over three other Americans were there at the time, so you can say we were the first Americans the Brussels people had seen in four years. What a reception we had! Of course the town was wild with excitement on account of the departure of the hated boches, and it was one continued carnival on the streets. We stayed five days and left, more because we could not stand the pace than for any other reason. They were madly keeping it up when we left and are, no doubt, still at it.

On the second day of our visit the King and Queen of Belgium, accompanied by the Princess and two Princes, made their entry into their capital. All rode horses and led the parade, consisting of American, Scotch, English, French and Belgian soldiers. A magnificent sight, all troops slicked up and bands blaring, flags flying, and the people gone mad. I am trying to

write a faint idea of it all, but will have to wait to tell you, as it is not possible to write what I feel. So many things happened. The people were wonderful to us. It was the nearest approach to a fairy tale I ever had in all my life.

But it was a case of being killed with kindness, so we left for Paris, passing again through Ghent and then through Lille, Lens, Amiens, Arras, Beuvais, getting here at 9:30 in the morning. The reason for our haste was that we heard that King George of England was to parade in Paris that day, and to see him we had to keep going.

Well, the parade was not very much. A drizzly rain was falling, and while many people were out, the enthusiasm was dampened. The Prince of Wales and President of France, with Generals, etc., were in the party.

I understand the Belgian King comes to Paris next Thursday, so I shall, no doubt, see him again. I imagine there will be a big time for him. Some time this month President Wilson is expected, and later the King of Italy.

While in Brussels we went to Waterloo, saw the battlefield monument and interesting sights, also went to the execution place where Edith Cavell was shot and buried. We had met a moving picture man in Brussels, taking official pictures, and at my suggestion we got a wreath and I placed it on her grave. You will see the pictures at the Orpheum some time soon; they could not tell me when, but I should imagine three or four weeks from now. So expect to see your husband on the screen doing stunts. The man is in Paris and today he told me they "came out fine." He also took still pictures of us at different places, and I will

get all of these the latter part of the week to send you.

By the way, it is no longer Lieutenant Vance, it is now Captain. I succeeded to the rank and everything else of Captain How.

Paris is very crowded, but with my usual good fortune I managed to get installed in the same place as before—the "Mont Thabor." Prices are very high and they will reap a harvest from now on, as the city will be filled to overflowing for many months to come. After the peace conference it will then be tourists and they will surely pay the prices in Paris.

The weather here surprises me, it continues very fair. I expected it to be cold and stormy, but it seems so far to be no worse than at home. They tell me little snow falls in Paris.

My conduct, for your information, con-

tinues, like Ivory Soap, to be 99.44 pure, the remaining 56-100 is for snoring.

Everything is much improved here since my first visit. Shops are looking up, better people returning to town, clothes, theatres and lights being more in evidence.

As soon as I get to it I intend to see more of the sights. I expect even if I get released to have to stay some time before being able to get a steamer, and other affairs, arranged. Will no doubt sail from Bordeaux, as all the sailing is from that port now.

I am fed up on traveling and have no present desire to go to Italy, Spain or anywhere else. I suppose it will be the same old story: Always saying what a fool not to have gone when I was so close, but "enough is enough, Morris."

Give to all the folks my best love, and for my kiddies and yourself all I have.

Your

BILL.

RIGHT IN THE THICK OF IT

HERE is another letter from an Olympian, whose ambition to see active service must have been more than gratified:

With the American Expeditionary Force, November 15, 1918.

My Dear Friend: For some time I have meant to drop you a line, but you know I have been on the go since early May, and now that things have quieted down and the great victory has come so much sooner than I had hoped for, I'm going to drop that long-promised letter.

Since my arrival in France last March I have had an opportunity of seeing the big game in all of its phases. You know, my regiment, which is considered about the best little 75 regiment in France not only by our own officers, but by the French as well, is a part of the American Second Division. No doubt you have read

about the achievements of this little old outfit in the papers at home. I'll tell you, now that the big game is over and the historians start to classify the war, the Second Division will have a brilliant page in the summary, for its gameness and tenacity throughout the war. You know by the time our citations are compiled and given to us in pamphlet form it will make a pretty good sized book. They are from both the French and American headquarters and I shall always be proud to say that I was a member of this division, and that I carried the "Winged O" throughout the campaign with me.

My first initiation of fire was at Chateau Thierry, when we stopped the Hun advance on Paris and started them back toward the Rhine. From there we went to Soissons, and made history. In my mind this was the beginning of the end for



the legions of Wilhelm. Then to the Toul sector, which was a good rest. From there we had the toughest part of the St. Mihiel offensive, taking a two days' objective in less than a day. From there to the bloody Champagne, taking bitterly contested ground, and advancing to the Aisne. From there we went to the final big push that ended the war to the north of Verdun, so you see I have been kept some busy.

The Boche is a great fighter when things are running smoothly for him, but he does not like the bitter taste of defeat. Then it is "Kamerad." You would be surprised at the number of joyful prisoners that we have taken, for they are happy to be alive after the artillery opens up with a real American barrage. Hell sure does turn loose, I tell you, and I sure like to be on the sending end, but would hate to be on the receiving end.

Now that it is all over, of course we are mighty anxious to get a look at this place they call the Rhine, and by all accounts we will see it, when our hopes will be for back home. Believe me, the sooner I can get a train for San Fran-

cisco, why the happier I'll be when I can get in the steam room at the Club and get rid of one element that friend and foe alike detest. That is the "cooties." I tell you, they are our worst enemy, daily and nightly.

I have seen quite a few of the boys from "Olympia" over here in the past few months. They all look like champions, all feeling the same: "Get the war over, and then for a plunge in the swimming tank."

Personally I have been quite fortunate in not having a gold stripe on my right arm, but I have had enough close calls, and if they had been any closer, I should be calmly resting now under a little black cross. But you know, "all's well that ends well," so why worry over what hasn't happened?

Remember me to any of the boys about, and wishing you a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year, I am,

Sincerely,

CPL. FRANKLYN M. O'BRIEN,
Headquarters Co. 15th F. A.,
Amex Forces, France.



OUR TRAP SHOOTING INSTRUCTOR

ONE or two brief interviews with Mr. O. N. Ford, whose valuable services have been retained exclusively for Lakeside, develop the fact that he has already entered upon his duties with commendable ardor, and that Olympia's perfectly equipped shooting grounds will be the best equipped and situated home of this sport in the country. In fact, it would be no supererogation to say that, aside from the wonderful picturesqueness of the grounds at Monte Carlo, it will be among the world's top notchers, at least so far as location is concerned.

Mr. Ford is in every way equipped to adequately perform the duties that will be assigned to him, both as Instructor and Supervising Engineer. He has followed the trap shooting game continually for nineteen years and has perfected himself in all branches of this delectable sport. Raised in the State of Iowa, he learned the rudiments of his profession from such rare shots as Captain T. A. Marshall and Fred Gilbert, both noted prize winners.

Since coming to California, Mr. Ford has staged and managed the largest shoot ever held on the Pacific Coast, namely, the 1917 Pacific Coast Handicap at San Jose. He has always been emphatic in his opinion that San Francisco should be the home of the best gun club on the Coast, and predicts that now, since the Olympic Gun Club at Lakeside has become an established fact, it will, within two years or less, be

quite the equal of this or any other country, with very few exceptions. He assures the Olympian that here we have all the special features to make them almost if not entirely perfect. The trees on the

north and west will eliminate deflecting interference from too brisk ocean breezes, and when the shooter gets the first glimpse of the flying clay as it leaves the bulkhead, it will first show against the calm waters of Lake Merced, which is located some two hundred yards away, just far enough from the eye, so that the glare will not be taken up by the gun barrel as might be the case at a closer distance, and then only the blue sky will be the background. Four

sets of traps have been arranged for, and in addition an aerial tower is projected, to admit of practise in overhead shooting, as is used in England to perfect marksmen in pheasant shooting and will be of great value here for those who haunt the marshes in search of the elusive duck.

The ladies, too, are to have their inning at the shooting grounds, for Mr. Ford is also an expert in archery, and aims to organize teams of mixed sexes, to properly introduce again this beautiful and healthful practice of refined marksmanship. So, altogether, the Club is to be congratulated on having secured the valuable services of so competent and courteous a marksman, and his energy and sporting wisdom are sure to provide plenty of sport for the lovers of gun, powder, pistol, bow and quiver.



O. N. FORD

THE NEW YEAR'S OCEAN DIP

THIS year's run and dip into the frigid waves of the Pacific, was very successful indeed, and those who have attended other similar meetings in the past, pronounced it the superior of any of them. No doubt this was mainly because the course was shorter, the roads better, and then the finish was on the Club's own property at Lakeside, where the advantages for the allaying of thirst and appetite were close at hand and without limit.

With reference to the mileage covered, however, there seemed to be some difference of opinion. President Humphrey, who led the run, setting a somewhat stiff pace for it, conservatively placed the distance at three and a half miles; Secretary Foran, with muscles hardened by many jousts at handball, thought it was hardly that far, while Judge Fitzpatrick, whose judicial exactness was more or less blemished by a bluff, declared that "it was nothing at all—just a pleasant little jaunt." Other opinions vary according to the "wind" of the contestants, while Tom Bunyan, who had a heavy grip to carry, unhesitatingly set down the distance as twenty miles, and then some.

The party proceeded in street cars and automobiles to the other end of the Twin Peaks Tunnel, the word was given by the President, and they were off in a more or less straightaway line for the beach. Abreast of the Country Club at Lakeside the less athletic members awaited the two hundred stalwarts, and marveled at the, to them, killing pace, as they neared the dressing tents. A test of the temperature of the ocean by a non-believer in cold water, placed it at not far from zero, and he shivered when two hundred bodies writhed in the waves without a shudder, floundered about for a few moments as though they really enjoyed it, changed bathing suits for mufti by the blazing fire and hurried to the club house to make sure that it had not gone dry during the run. The President was the last to struggle up the long and sandy incline to the club house, as some one, either by design or accident, had neglected to place his stylish suit of khaki in his dressing tent. But he finally reached there beaming with his usual good nature, and led his phalanx of lusty Olympians into the spacious dining room, where there was enough cheer,



AFTER THE DIP

food and liquid, to "go around twice." The President spoke, of course, in his usual enlightening way, others had something to say, and then followed a programme of music and story, in which the most applause was given to an amazingly clever singing dog.

The ocean dip of 1919 will be long remembered, as having been not only athletically, but liquidly and gastronomically enjoyable, but it demonstrated to the members who had not been there before, the remarkable advantages to be had, almost for the asking, at Lakeside.



A FOOTBALL ALIBI

By PHIL SHERIDAN of the *San Francisco Bulletin*

IT was mostly because of the lack of condition and training that the Olympic Club's American football team was not successful during the season that has closed. The rest of the "alibi" will have to be confined to a little word that is easily found among the few of any fan: "robbed." We'll dwell on that later, however.

After much hemming and hawing, the team finally got under way, after a vain attempt by Arthur O'Connor to get one together. Jack Spaulding was the main reason that the team was formed, and quite a few players answered the call of the gridiron. By the time the season closed, the team numbered among its men a veritable aggregation of all-stars from about the bay, but woefully in need of a period of training.

The men who played with the Club during the season are: Brozzone, Hanly, Guerin, Spaulding, Korbel, Cowen, Morrison, Zollas, Hahn, Benning, Edwards, Eastman, Schroeder, Ensell, Hampton, Voyne, Krause, Turkington, Blake, Gor-

don, Mitchell, Silva, Trigido, Shaw and Feilinger.

On paper, they "doped out" as good as most of the elevens in the State, but that's as far as it went.

The first game was played with the Fort Baker eleven, shortly after the formation of the team, resulting in a clean and hard-fought victory for the "Winged O," 7 to 0. Kenny Eastman's touchdown in the first quarter featured the game. He took the ball over from the middle of the field.

The members of the team were quite enthused over this victory, and started to schedule games with the best of them. Spaulding had games scheduled with the Mather Field Aviators on three different occasions, but every time that the date of the scheduled game drew near, the inevitable always happened, and the game was not played.

Then along came the Naval Reserve team of San Pedro, who looked not a little like easy prey for a good team. They had just won from the oft-beaten team

of St. Mary's College of Oakland, and Spaulding scheduled a game with the "gobs" for December 8, at Ewing Field.

He had reckoned without Jupe Pluvius, however, as the field was just one solid, or rather liquid, mass of water when the time came for the kick-off, and so there was no game played Sunday afternoon.

So then along came the Mare Island Sailors, fresh from their 19 to 0 defeat at the hands of the same Mather Field Aviators, who had balked on the Olympic Club game idea. The Club team was just itching for a chance at the flyers, and so they took on the sailors. The game, played at Vallejo, on December 14, on a poor field, resulted in the administration of a 39 to 0 trimming heaped upon the clubmen.

And here's where the "robbing" comes in. It all happened in the second quarter. Head linesman Carl Walters of Vallejo was entrusted with the watching of offside plays, but something was the matter with his eyesight, it seems, as one of these plays happened not more than ten feet from the spot on which he was standing. Three men were offside, among them Gregory, the captain of the Sailors' team, who later admitted the fact. The offside play was the direct result of a touchdown made about two minutes later by Buck, the Sailors' fullback, after two line plunges. Football players, like everyone else, are only human, although they may seem a bit brutal in the eyes of spectators, and the "robbery," as it was termed, had a disheartening effect on the men.

They let men pass them on the field without making a visible effort to stop them, and that was the cause of the 39 to 0 score.

Then the team laid aside their grid togs for preparation for the Camp Lewis game, played on Christmas Day, at Ewing Field, resulting in the second defeat for the "Winged O," 27 to 0.

It is all we can say when we quote a well known coach: "Condition is everything."

The team went through the season without a coach. Although Kenny Eastman and Freddie Schroeder both acted in that capacity, they played with the team, and were not able to pick out the weak spots as easily as an "outside" coach.

The team was not able to perfect a set of signals, as the men came and went through all the games, and, in fact, most of them do not, to this day, know all of the signals, or at least, the greater part of them. Ask Gene Trigidgo about it. He laid on his back during the Vallejo game, while time was called out in one instance, and, in the middle of the field, made an attempt to learn them from a slip of paper that he was carrying.

Too much credit can not be given to Jack Spaulding, Tony Korbel, Merve Cowen, Kenny Eastman and Freddie Schroeder, for their work for the team and the Club. Not that the other men did not do their share of the work, because they did, but the brunt of it all fell on these men.



GEORGE F. WELCH—A TRIBUTE

By WILLIAM A. MCCARTHY

ALMOST at the dawn of the new year, in the bright days, when the world is filled with laughter and happiness and hope, San Francisco was shocked and saddened at the announcement of the death of George F. Welch.

In the comparatively few years of his life he had grown to prominence, not for any position that he had sought for himself, but for the generous aid, the kindly assistance and the ever willing counsel he gave to those who sought his influence and his help. They were many, but his the hand that was always willing to lift the burden from the tired back; his, the voice that never failed to speak the kindly word for the needy and for those in want; and his, the step that never hesitated or faltered on Mercy's errand.

And so people came to him and people looked to him. Standing over the flower-draped casket in St. Mary's Cathedral and before a sorrowing host of friends, the Reverend Philip O'Ryan, but poorly concealing his own grief, said: "Even as a boy in old St. Peter's Parish, George Welch was a leader among boys and so in after years he became a leader among men." Some men lead through power, through wealth; some through affection and esteem. George F. Welch was a leader, first, because he possessed that unknown something, that indescribable attraction that draws men, even as the magnet draws the steel. Born leaders we generally call them. Secondly, he was the more the leader, for when men were attracted, they met no sophistry, no cheap flattery, no unfulfilled promise. They found one whose word was his bond and who gave what he had willingly, helpfully and unbegrudgingly.

What need to tell the story of his life? San Francisco knew him best in his constant care of the interests of Senator James D. Phelan, with whom he had been associated from boyhood. The high regard of his employer, his unlimited confidence in his integrity and capability, his earnest concern during his few days' sickness and his open sorrow and grief at his death are, perhaps, the highest testimonials to the worth, the ability and the loyalty of George F. Welch.

His life was a busy one. As manager of the large interests of the Phelan Estate; as a lawyer, as an active member of many organizations, he will be missed. The League of the Cross Cadets will mourn the passing of one of their veteran officers.



GEORGE F. WELCH

The Native Sons of the Golden West will grieve over the loss of one of their Past Grand Trustees. The Knight of Columbus and of the Fourth Degree are saddened by an empty chair that time can not fill, and in the care free atmosphere of the Club, the Olympians will miss the laughter of one of their favorite mates. In many a sick room, in many a home of the poor, by the many whom he helped, George Welch will be missed.

Called in the fullness of his manhood, called in the hour of his promise, called when he was needed most, called when ambition and hope and life were brightest, Death somehow seemed more terrible, more heartless, more severe. But the ways of

the Master are strange. In the short span of years he had fulfilled his destiny and the Master called. George Welch left heavy, sorrowing hearts behind him, but out of their sorrow and grief, their sympathy goes to the brave little wife and children and the gray-haired mother. Theirs is the loss, theirs the heavy cross, theirs the bitter tear that even Time will find it hard to heal. And we, his associates, who respected him; we, his comrades, who admired him; we, his friends, who loved him, can only hope that the God who sent will give to the wife, to the mother and to the children of George F. Welch the strength, the heart and the courage to bear this great affliction.

BASE BALL PROSPECTS

By HUGO G. POHEIM

As we pass from the completed base ball season of 1918 to the prospective one of 1919, we do so with a spirit of optimism. While our Club of 1918 was continually reduced in membership owing to war-time conditions, the personnel of the present play-



ing forces are being strengthened each day by the return of many "reliables" from the service, and these will be augmented and strengthened by players developed throughout the year in our regular Sunday morning league at Ewing Field. This league has been created with the desire of fostering base ball within our Club, along the same lines as hand ball, basket ball, tennis, golf and all other kindred sports, namely, for the benefit of all Club members, the mediocre players to have the same opportunity as those of

ability. As a result of our weekly combats this league of business men, as well as aspiring talent for membership in our first team, has so developed that approximately one hundred of our regular members have availed themselves of the same.



However, at the present time, our attention is more particularly drawn to the assembling of the Club's first team for combat with the various universities, colleges and teams of like calibre, including even Coast League society. Consequently, we hope and trust that by the next issue of *The Olympian* we may be able to interest our readers with data as to the players and their ability, both as members of our first team and the Sunday morning Ewing Field League.

ADVICE FOR BEGINNERS AT GOLF

By W. J. BRADLEY, Instructor at Olympic Country Club

ALL wooden clubs should be gripped a little way down the shaft, a half inch or so at least. This gives you more command over the club head and the club will have a better feel and balance, though on iron or short shafted clubs you will get a better result by gripping at the extreme end for full shots. Unless the club be extra long and the head very heavy, never grip off the leather in any shot.

There are many varieties of grips and I would advise the player to adopt one suitable to him and stick to and perfect it. When your grip does not feel right—and all players have this experience at some time or another—you will find yourself playing very badly. The old fashioned grip, or both thumbs around the shaft with the two “v’s” described by thumbs and forefingers in a line, has great driving power and is still used by numbers of good players, although in the shorter shots they invariably change to thumbs down the shaft and grip more in the fingers, so as to get feel and touch in placing the ball. The Vardau or overlapping grip is the most popular grip; this differs from the old fashioned grip as the club is gripped in the fingers as much as possible with the two “v’s” in a line, the left thumb down the shaft, the little finger of the right hand overlapping the forefinger of the left hand, and the left thumb is buried in the palm of the right hand, the right thumb tip touching the tip of the forefinger of the right hand. The latter is very important in any grip, as the tip of the trigger finger and thumb tend to feel and guide the club, whereas if gripped in the second joint of the forefinger you will not be as accurate. Most all good players use this grip. Persons with a small hand will get a much

better result by modifying the Vardau grip, that is to grip with the fingers as much as possible, keeping the two “v’s” described by the left thumb and forefinger and the right thumb and forefinger in a line and placing the left thumb down the shaft and gripping over it with the right hand, letting the forefinger tip of the right hand and thumb touch, and not overlapping with the little finger. You can not get your hands too close together, and in all short shots put your thumbs down, not around the shaft.

Addressing the Ball

In addressing the ball, the player must first get his balance and have his weight so arranged to get the best result. He must figure that, as he now stands, the moment of impact of club and ball when the stroke is played should be the same as when addressing the ball. The preliminary wiggle of the club head passing backward and forward over the ball, which many new players feel is done for effect, is very necessary, although when overdone is very annoying; two or three times at the most is enough; it helps the player to relax, which is one of the secrets of good golf, gets him his distance from the ball, for if the club head goes directly over the ball once or twice without effort it assures the player of his distance and stance. While addressing the ball the player should select a given place for his ball to land and not shoot at random. A good many golfers play billiards or pool, still not one of them would hit his cue ball without first addressing it. The same applied to golf you will find to be a help. The addressing should be done entirely with the wrists, elbows well in to the sides and the right shoulder slightly lowered. First take the

(Continued on Page 36.)

CAN THEY COME BACK?

FOR a long time Olympians have been promised a boxing tournament in which only clever "has beens" shall be pitted against each other. The announcements have been received with more or less skepticism by those who have never boxed themselves, and there have been many predictions as to what might occur if A. were to be pitted against B., and X. against Z. These sallies of wit with an utter lack of boxing wisdom, have emanated from the round tables in the cafe, whose habitués know much more about the dice box than the twelve-foot ring, as is often evidence by the signed cards of the losers.

George Green, however, expresses much expert confidence in the ability of many of the old timers to give a satisfactory account of themselves, if properly matched. But there seems to be among the aspirants a "come back" fame, a decided over-estimation of their separate prowesses, accompanied in many instances by an amazing overcalculation as to the difference between welterweights and lights, featherweights and heavies. As instances,

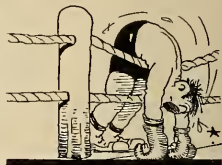
the Boxing Instructor says that Jimmie Fox, who is only a bantam weight, has a notion that he would surely best Phil Noonan, who is distinctively a heavyweight, because of the latter's preponderance of paunch, which would prove to be a dangerous handicap, and result in his certain undoing. Again he calls attention to the inevitable conclusion of a bout between Eddie O'Brien and

Steve Vecini, because they are matched only in their capacity to brag, and not at all in a physical sense. At the same time he seems willing to "sic" them at each other, if only to prove the force of his contention. Our artist has faithfully



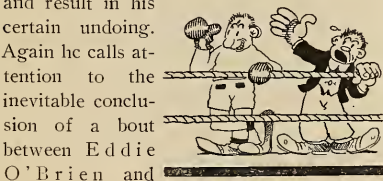
depicted the result of a match between George Gallagher and Eddie Graney, who, although evenly matched, have probably both lost their keen sense of guard, and either might disappoint his backers in the pools and be knocked down instead of coming back.

The instructor expresses more confidence as to what would be the result of a match between Bob McArthur and Frank Paul, for each of them has a good punch left and knows how to land it. At the same time over-confidence might prevent its landing in the proper place.



Altogether, however, it is confidently predicted—and our artist seems to have divined this most elaborately—that the tournament of the past grand masters of the stuffed glove will create a lot of fun, if nothing else. More power to them.

Our well known member, Dr. Victor J. Gorla, besides having passed the last State Board of Examinations with very high standing out of a class of thirty, has just been accorded the distinction of being attached to the Clinical Research Staff of the University of California, in the Dental Department. Considering the fact that the Doctor came into the Club three years ago utterly ignorant of a word of English, this is surely going some.



BASKETBALL

By HARVEY WING

ROSPECTS for several Olympic Club teams winning State championships are exceedingly bright this season. Although many of last year's team members are in some branch of the service, the teams this year compare favorably with fives of past years.

Practice under the watchful eye of Frank Foster, who is acting as coach of the team, was started several weeks ago. Tuesday and Thursday evening found the boys practicing on the Club court, and now after several weeks of good stiff work, the teams have learned the finer points of the game, and in their practice games played so far this season, show promise of developing into some of the best teams who ever wore the "Winged O." A great deal of credit for the efficient organization of this year's basketball teams belongs to Joe Ryan, who, for several years, managed the famous Olympic Club Cardinals. Joe is always working for the interests of the Club and no little praise can be given him for his tireless efforts on behalf of the basketball teams.

Four teams of various weights will represent the Club this season. So far the Club has played five games and has been victorious in all of them. Tournaments for the championship of the State will start soon.

The team personnels and results of games played so far this season follow.

The 120-pound five is very fast and is one of the best teams of this weight to ever represent the Club. The little fellows are hard workers and from their work so far should have little trouble winning the State title. This team has played one game so far, winning from the Berkeley Y. M. C. A. on the Berkeley court, 55

to 22. J. E. Manahan is captain of the team

The 130-pound team will be under the management of Joe Ryan, and will resume the name of Cardinals. The original Cardinal quintet won the State championship six years in succession. Many well-known players are included in this team's line-up and show promise of setting a better record than the original Cardinal five. No practice games have been played by this team this season. Joe McLaughlin will captain this year's 130-pound team.

Next comes the 145-pound team, which I will say without hesitation is one of the best that ever represented the Club. Every man on the team is a fighter, and the closer the game the harder each man works. The team looks like a championship winner. So far this season they have played two games and won both. The first of these games was played December 28 at the Oakland Y. M. C. A. against the Y. M. I. team and the Club was victorious by one lone point, the final score being 34 to 33. The other game was played against the fast Polytechnic High School unlimited team and was won by the Club, 41 to 26, after being on the short end of a 21 to 10 score at half-time. The team is managed and captained by George Gavin.

The unlimited five, though not as heavy as teams in past years, shows promise of being a championship winner. The players practice hard and are rapidly learning the finer points of the game. Only one veteran of last year's team remains. The team has played two games this season and has won both of them. They beat the Lowell High School team on the Club court December 21, 46 to 21. On January 7, on the Club court, the Cogswell

High School team was beaten, 67 to 38. Bull Miller captains this team and Handsome Harold Fried will look after its affairs.

The teams:

120-pound—Dunning, Citron, forwards; Manahan (captain), center; Bivens, Schneider, Domenicni, guards.

130-pound—McDonald, Garrigan, Friedman, forwards; Simpson, center; Mc-

Laughlin (captain), Welsh, Schweitzer, guards.

145-pound—Gavin (captain), Schweitzer, Lauterwasser, forwards; Boyle, center; Kruger, Schumer, Armando, Hullings, guards.

Unlimited—Al. Stadfelt, W. Stadfelt, Kearns, Fried, Kelly, forwards; Funderer, center; Toso, Mandisch, Miller (captain), guards.

HOW DO THESE BACHELORS KNOW?

By TIV KRELING

ACCORDING to Vincent Finnigan, "marriage is an ancient custom which has been revived since the war started, along with Colonial candlesticks, economy and the art of letter writing."

From John Plover I learn that "it is now almost as fashionable and quite as popular as divorce. In Germany it is becoming a necessity and an obligation, but in America it is still a luxury."

Hear what Oscar Turnblad says: "Marriage is not, as has often been declared, 'a failure'; husbands and wives may be failures—but so are a lot of painters, sculptors and authors. Marriage like art requires special training."

Billy Mcfish also ventilates his expert opinion: "Marriages have been called love's demi tasse—the black coffee which a man takes to settle him after love's intoxication."

Not to be outdone, Billy McCarthy butts in: "Marriage is the miracle which transforms a man from whatever he happens to be into something different—a spendthrift into a miser; a rounder into a fireside companion; a lover into a life critic; a rake into a grub, and vice versa."

I then called on Harry Cosgriff, who responded willingly: "The main trouble in marriage is that most people rush into it blindly and then recover their sight, in-

stead of going into it with their eyes open and then closing them forever. Before marriage they look for perfection; afterwards for imperfections. Before marriage they regard each other through rose-colored glasses; after marriage through a microscope."

"Marriage should be a privilege, not a prison; and husbands and wives jolliers, not jailors," was all I could get from Harold Maundrell.

Milton Healy was equally brief in his opinion: "In marrying, a wise man tries to get the woman he loves; a wise woman tries to love the man she marries. Both feats are equally difficult."

Babe Fay really seemed to know something about it, for he said: "A woman always marries when she finds a man with whom she thinks she can be happy. A man never marries until he finds a woman *without* whom he *can't* be happy (thinks he can't). No man proposes in the first moment of inspiration; he waits until he loses his head. He regards other marriages as mere incidents; his own as an accident. And then he calls marriage a failure. At least he did before this blessed war began—but now—now he is beginning to see that it is his greatest blessing and that having 'somebody who belongs' is the one thing that makes life

worth living, wars worth fighting, and men worth anything."

Here is the sage notion of Hugoenheim: "The complete success of marriage is unanswerably proved by the fact that the widows and widowers, grass or sod, are always in such a hurry to do it again, and the man or woman who passes up the wine of love for fear of headache or heartache gets about as much joy out of life as the dyspeptic who is afraid to eat his dinner for fear of indigestion."

Harry McKenzie now claimed the floor and said: "Marriage, like the weather, is mighty uncertain, and people who are the happiest are those who are neither looking for storms nor banking on sunshine, but are willing to go along sensibly and take the things as they come."

He was followed by Otto Walfisch to this effect: "Lots of theorists have offered substitutes for marriage, but as yet no substitute, from Henry VIII to Henry James, has discovered anything which will quite take the place of good, wholesome

marriage—the plain, old-fashioned monogamy; the kind that mother used to make."

And now the author concludes with two or three shots of his own:

Marriage may be so easy that you are suspicious of it. Tying yourself to one woman may seem hard when you think of untying yourself from all others. Variety may be the spice of love, but there is nothing quite so deadly and monotonous as continuous variety.

And, after all, life without marriage is like a pipe without a light, an egg without salt; a man without a sweetheart—nothing but penance.

Obeys that impulse—marry the girl. Fighting for an ideal, for your country, for humanity, is a glorious duty, but fighting for a *woman, one who loves you, your own woman*, is an inspiration and a pleasure.

Of course none of us ever got married, but what has that to do with it? The testimony of the fellows who did is warning enough for us to lay off.

FROM THE BUSINESS MEN'S PRESS AGENT

WHILE *The Olympian* can not guarantee the authenticity of any of the following good-natured slams, they are sent in by the more or less authorized press agent, and he ought to know.

* * *

Colonel Clem Krueger announces he will make his famous dive at 12 sharp on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Don't miss this, boys; it's a scream!

* * *

McClure Kelly prefers the roof class so that the sun can shine on the McRoskey on his chest.

* * *

We expect to have with us this year

three old timers staging come-backs: Sid Lippert, the boy wonder; John Bruener, the medicine ball demon, and George Garritt, old Father Time, whose joints creak like a rusty hinge when he goes through the Swedish exercises.

* * *

Kewpie Austin swings the chest weights like a four-rounder at Dreamland swings hay-makers.

* * *

McLeash, our Scotch friend, says he has lots to be thankful for. Well, there is one thing we know of that Mac should be thankful for, which is that Piano Thompson did not show up at the Golf Club Thanksgiving Day. What they wouldn't have done to him—

THE CROSS CITY RACE

By PHIL SHERIDAN of the San Francisco *Bulletin*

THE hope, and then the realization of that hope, came to Billy von Poellnitz, veteran trainer of the Olympic Club and right-hand man of Coach Frank Foster, with the passing of the Eighth Annual Cross-City Race. For it was Billy's one hope to get five of the Club runners over the finishing line at the beach in successive positions.

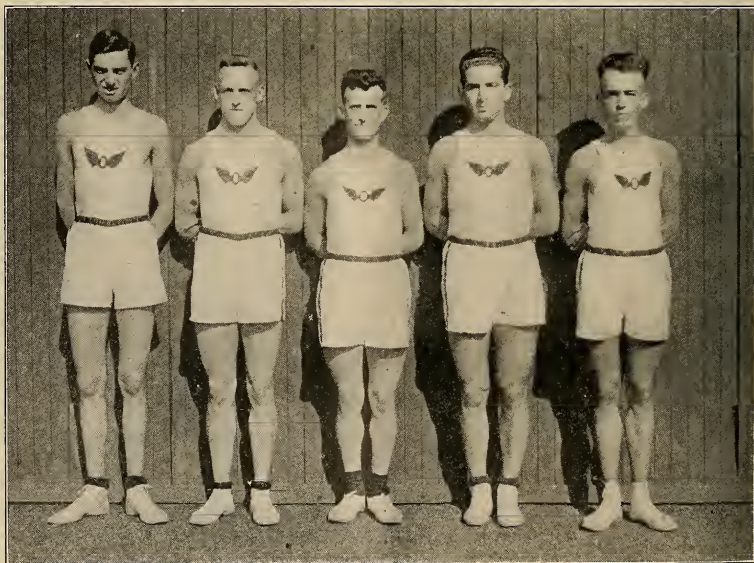
Harry Ludwig, who had finished second and third in former races, and who was touted as the winner before the race because of his experience, broke the tape after leading all the runners from the Ferry Building. His time was 42:45 2-5, which would have been much better, without a doubt, had he been forced in any part of the race.

He was closely followed across the line by Clifford Carroll, W. J. Churchill, A. Washauer, and Andrew Ahearn, respectively, all of whose time was better than 46 minutes.

Two other Club runners, Donald MacAuley and Howard Miller, finished tenth and thirteenth.

The day for the race was ideal, the air just crisp enough to let the runners "step out," and before Harry Ludwig had passed the Bulletin Building on Market street, the five "Winged O" emblems flashed out in front, and kept there.

Ludwig ran a beautiful race, and we who were following thought at first that Oliver Millard's record for the course was in danger. On all level ground, and on



THE WINNERS

the hills, he kept up a ten-mile-an-hour gait, down hill, he increased to eleven, going through the park to the straight-away on the beach, he was going a steady twelve, and was going between fourteen and fifteen miles an hour when he broke

In all, Frank Foster went to the office of the sporting editor and took away with him a little over \$200 in merchandise orders, the prizes for his winners. The \$50 cup, awarded to Harry Ludwig, has been placed in the trophy room of the Club by Foster.

HORSE BACK RIDERS

By EDGAR D. PEINOTTO

TIME and patience will bring results. Recently I called our worthy President Humphrey's attention to some of the needs of the horseback riders of the Country Club. His reply was:

"It's all your fault. I told you to see that proper equipment and accommodations were provided."

Therefore, Olympians, make your wants known.

A responsible caretaker for horses will be provided as well as a drinking trough. one should notify the office, because during the times that there are no horses in the sheds the man will be engaged in other employment. Wraps and blankets will also be provided as well as a drinking trough. The sheds will be improved so as to avoid as much draft as possible for the horses.

Will all devotees of the sport please

communicate with me so that I may have a list of those interested in horsemanship? I have already had conferences with prominent Olympians, among them being Judge Kerrigan, Don Lee, Roy Pike, Lou Hoeffler and others.

The writer, on behalf of the Club and equestrians in general, called the attention of the Park Commissioners to the fact that equestrians were not permitted on the track at the Park Stadium. The Park Commissioners at a regular meeting granted the permission and changed the rule so that in future horseback riders would be permitted to use the track except at times when in use for a drive meet, or, when, by reason of the weather, the track must be closed.

Further suggestions will be thankfully received.

AUTOMOBILE SHOW

THE Third Annual Pacific Coast Automobile Show, San Francisco's big yearly event, will be held this year in the beautiful Exposition Auditorium in the Bay City during the week of February 6 to 15.

The big show, which will be given under the auspices of the San Francisco Motor Car Dealers' Association, is under the management of George A. Wahlgreen, one of the best known automobile men and show managers in America.

For the past two years the San Francisco exhibition has gained an enviable

reputation of being the most beautiful show in America and the management is making every effort to make this victory exhibit even more beautiful in its setting and decorations than the shows that have gone before.

Both passenger cars and trucks will be shown. The main floor of the big Auditorium will be devoted to the passenger car display; the basement to the power wagons and the accessories will be shown in the spacious balconies.

Over one hundred thousand attended the exhibit last year and an even larger throng is expected at the coming show.

"THREE SWIMMERS' LETTERS"

By LINC. JOHNSON

HOLIDAY proclivities sort of knocked on the head all swimming activities for the month of January. As a consequence all swimming news in this issue is suggested by the letters from three famous Club swimmers at the present time in the service. Although these men—Ernie Smith, captain; Bill Lynch, ensign, and Tut Gardner, sergeant—have long been away from our local doings, nevertheless their thoughts are fairly representative of swimming thoughts "and other things." We intend to fully elaborate on the "other things" as the reference to swimming is so pointedly apparent.

It can not be disputed that the service has been a great equalizer of mankind. The democratic spirit has been thoroughly embedded in all our individual national defenders, but still there is that yawning abyss between the different ranks and grades of the service that never will be leveled by democracy.

Now Ernie was a captain, Bill was an ensign, and Tut was a sergeant, in the service. Around the Club each was a darn good swimmer and a darn right better sport. As swimmers, their respective responsibilities were all the same. Each swam as hard as he could to place as high as was possible the glory of our Club.

In the service their respective responsibilities increased in a ratio proportionate to the offices that they occupied. Now Ernie was a captain and naturally you wouldn't expect a captain to dwell upon the same thoughts as, for instance, a private would, or in this case as a sergeant did. Remember that Ernie, Bill and Tut as swimmers were all on a par, but as national defenders there was a slight dif-

ference. Note the sreiotts tone of Ernie's letter. It doesn't have that old jazzy nonsensical atmosphere that you would find in a dog-robbing buck private's letter. Here's what Ernie had to say:

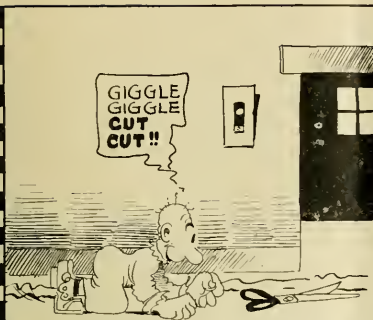
"The vagaries of war have tossed me here and there, but never 'over there,' in spite of my intense desire to get into the big fracas." (Ernie was stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia.) "Like many others who were too impetuous and volunteered for immediate service, I have been kept in the silver chevron class by various sorts of perverse fate, while those who waited for the summons from their local boards have gone over and done their part in the active zone. By the way, Ludy Langer is in the same sort of a boat, doing the work I have done, down at Camp Gordon, Georgia. The only bit of consolation that I have is the realization that much of my work has gone over seas. I have sent fifteen hundred men to France from my company, which, after all, is a contribution to the big windup."

You see how seriously Ernie took the army life of a captain. Now contrast it with the following breezy letter I received from Sergeant Tut Gardner, a member of the Third Army of Occupation in France. Tut as a sergeant didn't have to be nearly as composed as did Ernie the captain. Here is how Tut starts out:

"Hello, you dirty beer bum! (Which might be said to be a coarse but very pleasant salutation.) This is sure some war, boy! Soup it up all the time. Talk about rough house, why it has got the old "Bucket of Blood" backed into the gutter. The Germans are sure getting a dose of it. They are rattling good run-

FONEY FILMS OF CLUB MEMBERS

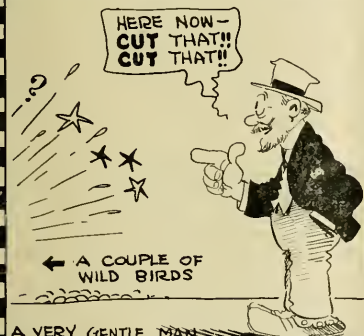
By Billy Hon, S. F. Examiner



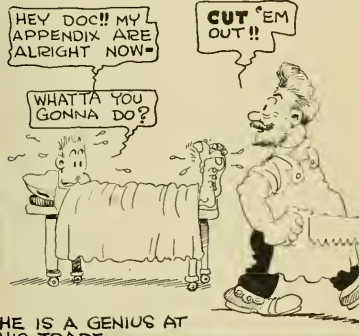
SHOWED SIGNS OF HIS PRESENT OCCUPATION WHILE VERY YOUNG.



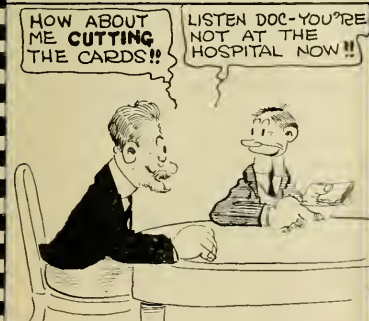
AN INTERESTING SCENE SHOWING HIS FIRST OPERATION.



A VERY GENTLE MAN.



HE IS A GENIUS AT HIS TRADE



SCENE DEPICTING AN OCCASIONAL NIGHT AT THE CLUB.



-Hon-

THREE SWIMMERS' LETTERS

(Continued from Page 32.)

ners when they get started, but generally their self-commencers are gummed up. We've traveled over darn near all of France during the last two months, and, believe me, traveling over here is some tough job, because you don't sleep while you travel and the meals aren't like those they serve at Herbert's. The French "boudoir cars" are about as commodious as a Butchertown cattle car, including the swell floor covering and the lattice work windows. They jam about forty fellows into one car, together with their packs, and the fight is on. If you ever sit down you never get up because some other fellow will swipe the hole that you vacated when you sat down. These trains are the nuts. They run as fast as twenty miles an hour—five along the track and fifteen into the air. It took us four years and twenty minutes to travel 90 kilometers on our last trip. That's about as far as it is from the old "Thalia" out to "Shorty" Roberts' place. At present we are many days' travel from the sea and dangerously close to the Hun border. How is everything at the Club? I understand that Bond and Steiger enlisted in the Hooligan navy. How is polo coming along? I hear that Duke Morrison fell for a Japanese girl on the trip that he made to Japan and Russia as a coal passer. Remember me to Duke and all the other burglars, as ever, etc."

Tut's letter shows that all the worries of a Captain are not on his shoulders, but he is more concerned in actual conditions of life. Bill Lynch, the ensign, sees an entirely different view of life than either Ernie, the captain, or Tut, the sergeant. Bill has an inherent Irish streak of humor, together with an insatiable love "for all things beautiful." Bill was never troubled with the worries of a captain or the conditions that confronted a sergeant. Bill

really was in a position to enjoy himself and from all appearances he didn't miss a guess. Bill visited most of the Atlantic ports while on the East coast and, like all the rest of the bad sailor men, left a weeping heart in every port. Here is the way Bill expresses his love "for all things beautiful": "I have seen, met and talked with all types of wimmen in my travels up and down this coast, ranging from the blonde-haired, sallow-faced so-called 'Southern beauty' to the pretty, dark-haired come-as-it-may New England type, not excluding the real unadulterated 'dark meat,' and I am here to say that I am strong for the Northern girl (Esquimaux) every time. She might be giddy and gay and speak in a fast and glibbersome tongue, and she may say 'buddie' and forget the 'g's' on her 'ings,' but at least she doesn't say 'youuns are' as is the wont of the Virginian."

Now all that Bill has said might be the truth, but if I were one of our local girls and should read this article about what Bill said—I knew Bill real well—you can bet your bottom dollar that Bill would have to make an accounting to me.

Lets hope that our three boys—Tut, the sergeant; Bill, the ensign, and Ernie, the captain—will soon be footless again, so that they can be part of the gang once more and not subjected to the discomforts found east of the Rockies.

TWO JOKES FROM PUNCH

English wife, prattling to a neighbor: "It do make me larf to think uv it! There's my ole man been three years in the war and ain't got a scratch. What a joke that is on the Kaiser!"

Sergeant to Soldier at the front: "Never mind lookin' at yer watch, I'll tell yer wife what time it was yer went over."

THE OLYMPIAN

PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT DECEMBER, 1918

INCOME:

Dues	\$12,113.45	
Initiations	3,775.00	
Department Operations	1,194.20	
Visitors' Cards	226.00	
Commissions	95.45	
Discounts	30.03	
Interest	939.43	\$18,373.56

EXPENSE:

General Club Expense:

House	\$5,503.42	
Engine Room	1,815.99	
Store Room	330.12	
Electricity	819.31	
Water	484.10	
Library and Periodicals	246.27	\$ 9,199.21

Administrative and General Expense:

Office Salaries and Expenses	\$2,131.79	
Administrative Salaries and Expenses	438.50	
Taxes	471.82	
Miscellaneous	344.25	
Telephone	200.12	
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00	
Insurance	236.76	\$ 4,023.24

Other Expense:

Interest	\$2,176.13	
Depreciation	925.00	
Special Events	89.16	
Athletic Activities	296.79	
Donations and Subscriptions	265.00	\$ 3,752.08
		\$16,974.53
		\$ 1,399.03

NET PROFIT

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

I have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of December, 1918, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Profit for the month of December, 1918, of \$1,399.03, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES O. SULLY,

Certified Public Accountant.

ADVICE FOR GOLF NOVICES

(Continued from Page 25.)

club back, keeping it inside the ball, then follow the same path forward and over the ball the same distance as it was taken back, then back and sole the club directly behind the ball, slightly favoring the masc as most golfers overswing; then do not hesitate to long or you will become tense and your address will be of little use. "He who hesitates is lost." You can readily apply this in this instance. I have know of many golfers to greatly improve their game by this simple method.

TWO PHENOMENAL GOLF RECORDS

Mike Brady shoots five consecutive holes at the California Club in threes, the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and first in the individual match between Brady and Black, Brady winning at the nineteenth hole.

Bill Bradley, in a recent round at Lakeside, makes five birdies and one eagle, a feat that will probably never be made again on the Lakeside course, a most exceptional record, a birdie being one stroke under par, and the eagle two under par.

Both of these sterling players use Victor 31 exclusively.

TRUE TO HIS PATRONIMIC

Patient—Doctor, I have a notion that when I cut out the four or five Gibsons every afternoon, my neuritis disappears. Then, when in a weak moment I get to shaking "fours wild" for three or four rounds, the pain returns again.

Dr. Rumwell—I'm disposed to dispute that, for in my opinion alcohol is the most potent dissipator of pain know to medical science. All pain killers are largely composed of it, and it goes without saying that the cocktail is much the pleasanter way of taking it.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP,
DECEMBER, 1918

ACTIVE

Sanford, Roy, vice-president and manager A. M. Castle & Co., 822 Monadock Bldg., S. F.

Woolams, Leonard A., comptroller California Packing Corp., 101 California St., S. F.

Stevens, William E., physician, Shreve Bldg., S. F.

Peet, H. C., manager Ellery Arms Co., S. F.

Andriano, Sylvester, attorney, Bank of Italy Bldg., S. F.

Dimond, E. R., shipping, 310 Sansome St., S. F.

Derby, Albret T., dentist, Butler Bldg., S. F.

Heath, J. G., Pacific Coast manager, Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Co., 12 Geary St., S. F.

McKee, John Dempster, banker, Mercantile National Bank, S. F.

McCarthy, Alfred M., treasurer Matson Navigation Co., 120 Market St., S. F.

Hardy, V. S., mgr. Continental Salt & Chemical Co., 1 Drumm St., S. F.

McGregor, Campbell, capitalist, 2800 Pacific Ave., S. F.

Snyder, J. T., material engineer, Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., S. F.

Beck, Jas. L., bookkeeper, Antioch Dredging Co., American National Bank Bldg., S. F.

Elliott, Harry C., advertising, Frederic Pabst & Co., 941 Monadnock Bldg., S. F.

Hoyt, R. S., Pac. Coast mgr. Antoine Chris Co., 606 Fife Bldg., S. F.

O'Brien, Daniel J., captain of police, Hall of Justice, S. F.

Martin, Carl W., buyer, The Emporium, S. F.

Pope, Sexton, physician, Butler Bldg.

Sanborn, W. B., warehouse, 700 Mason St., S. F.

NON-RESIDENT

Kolb, Clarence, horticulturist and comedian, 1201 Pine St., S. F.
 Stall, Frank, mining, Golconda, Nev.
 Stall, G. E., mining, Golconda, Nev.
 Nordstrom, S. F., mechanical engineer, 121 Second St., S. F.

SERVICE

Young, W. M., Jr., lieutenant, U. S. N., Chancellor Hotel, S. F.
 Shoemaker, R. B., lieutenant, U. S. N., Chancellor Hotel, S. F.
 Baker, C. F., lieutenant, U. S. N., Bloomfield, N. J.
 Walton, George W., lieutenant, U. S. N., Rutherford, N. J.
 Lally, Robert E., ensign, U. S. N. A. R., Ferry Bldg., S. F.
 McCormick, John E., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Millbrae, Cal.
 Mader, C. P., major, M. T. C., U. S. A., 1514 Lake St., S. F.

Mund, C. J., lieutenant, col. C. A. U. S. A., Fort Baker, Cal.

Pearson, S. B., colonel, M. T. C., U. S. A., Monadnock Bldg., S. F.

Stuart, Theodore M., Jr., captain judge advocate, 1004 Santa Fe Bldg., S. F.

Morgan, J. R., chaplain, U. S. A., Presidio, S. F.

Morgan, R. T., ensign, U. S. N., Ferry Bldg., S. F.

Schrope, R. W., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Sheldon Bldg., S. F.

Wetherby, Henry V., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Hotel Plaza, S. F.

Swift, E. L., major, M. C., U. S. A., Post Hospital, Presidio, S. F.

Kayser, Frederic V., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Hotel Plaza, S. F.

Haynes, Gilman B., ensign, U. S. N. R., 1274 Eighth Ave., S. F.

Butler, John M., ensign, U. S. N. R. F., Cecil Hotel, S. F.

(Continued on Next Page, Column 1)

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ATHLETIC

Sheridan, J. P., sports writer, S. F. Bulletin, S. F.

McMillan, Lane J., stenographer, U. S. Immigration Service, Angel Island, Cal.

Baker, W. G., warehouseman, 625 Third St., S. F.

Dreusike, Frank, sheet metal mechanic, 1223 First Ave., S. F.

Harrington, Emerson, student, U. C., 2331 Blake St., Berkeley, Cal.

Dixon, George E., clerk, Dixon Transfer Co., 230 Devisadero St., S. F.

Johnson, Elmer A., sports writer, S. F. Examiner, S. F.

JUNIOR

Irvine, Myford, 2421 Pierce St., S. F.

Pope, Saxton T., Jr., 249 Cherry St.

JUVENILE

Goodale, George Henry, 219 Thirty-second Ave., S. F.

Pope, Willard S., 249 Cherry St., S. F.
Cole, John Gordon, 1115 Stanyan St., S. F.

Howlett, Frank, Jr., 162 Ninth Ave., S. F.

Lutticken, Harry F., 2219 Santa Clara Ave., Alameda, Cal.

Bullion, Alfred H., Jr., San Anselmo, Cal.

Howard, Charles G., 3845 California St.

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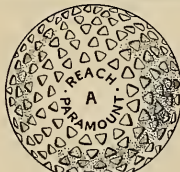
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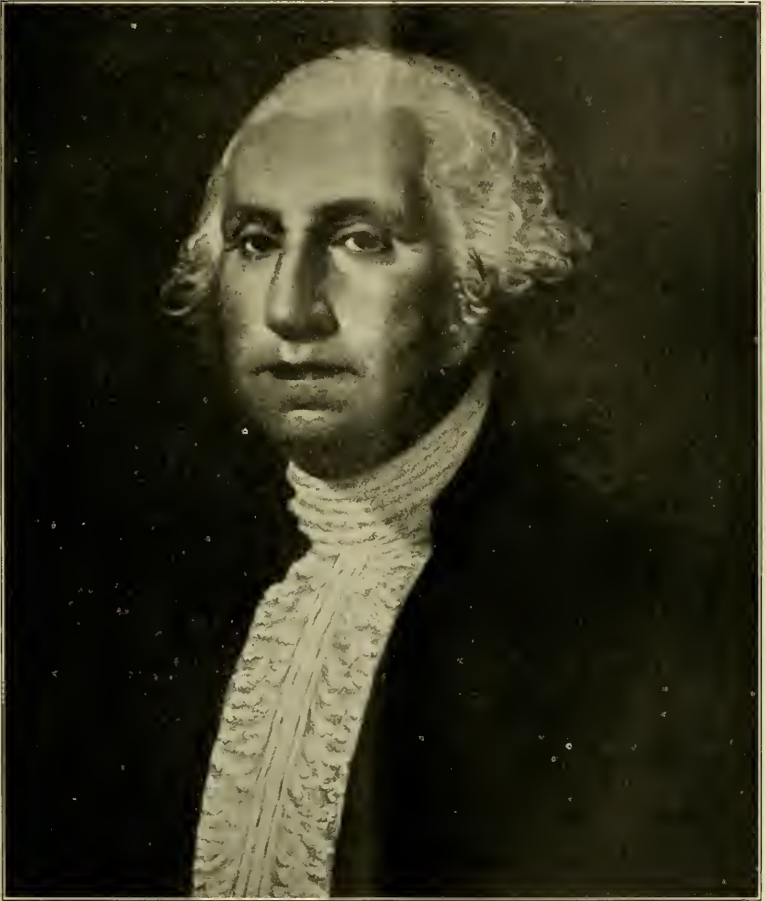
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Mighty wert thou indeed, whom retrospection
Thralls with the glory of thy fame's reflection.
Since thou hast died no chief hath held thy place,
Nor spoken word thy wisdom to efface.
For none hath said, nor learned, nor genius brought
One single lesson but that thou hast taught.
None hath said word whose seed was not in thee,
Thou brightest star of Freedom's history.



Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

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Vol. VII FEBRUARY, 1919 No. 74

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

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From a purely patriotic point of view, it is truly regrettable that the old-time celebrations of the birthday of **The Day We Celebrate** Washington have lost their inspiring functions of splendid pomp and become simply a day on which the toiler may rest, the employer of toil take to shooting or golf, and the idler of the pave regard with contempt the slender lines of the few organizations that still remember the day and what it means. Of course, editorial columns will glisten with the pyrotechnics of studied rhetoric in lauding the Father of His Country, and recalling incidents of his career with which we are already familiar but can not read too often. The street vendors will peddle the little flags and hatchets; father will take them home to the boy, repeat again the story of the cherry tree, and the boy will wonder if it was true, and, if true, what there was wonderful in it, since all good little

boys are supposed to tell nothing but the truth anyway. There will probably be more banquets in honor of the day among the American colonies in European cities, than among Americans at home, and doubtless the Peace Congress at Versailles will pass soberly and heavily expressed resolutions in honor of the natal day of the Father of the Country that also produced the at present dominant figure of the Congress, Woodrow Wilson.

It is not at all likely that anything will be said with reference to George Washington's warning to his countrymen on the subject of "entangling alliances," for the President's paramount project, a League of Nations, pre-ordinates a number of them, if he has not mis-stated its aims and purposes. The boys at the front; the armies of occupation in Germany, and the ludicrously small force that is fighting Bolsheviks in Siberia, will be the only Americans who will observe the day as it should be observed, and in voicing their patriotism at the holiday spreads, they will wonder why they are there and not at home. But like true soldiers they will be conscientiously aware that it is not "theirs to reason why," and in their toasts they will drink to the Commanders in Chief of the then and the now, who are "first in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of their countrymen."

* * *

The true significance of the day can not be too strongly impressed upon our children, nor should we who are older, even when obsessed by **What the Day Means** more pressing and selfish considerations of the moment, permit ourselves to forget it. We should remember that George Washington was the propelling force that ensured us our national existence, and sowed the seeds of the power and richness and might, that grew and grew, until in the bloody crisis

through which civilization is passing, we find ourselves at the head of the nations of the world. We should not forget that, small as we were in his time, we have been shown in our greatness that his inspired lessons of government, justice and wisdom, are as potent in the history we are making now as they were when he taught them to a handful of liberty loving compatriots, struggling for existence. In all of them there was a recrudescence of prophecy that neither time nor circumstance have kept from fulfillment; there was not a hope that has not become realized time and again down the pathway of years marked by our century and more of national existence. No pen so able that it foretold anything forgotten by him; no statesman so eloquent as to create a suggestion, or a prediction, or a threat that had not already sprung from the soul of George Washington. There is no anniversary, or holiday, or celebration inspired by patriotism—not even excepting that of our National Independence—which is so worthy of the awakening of the true patriotic spirit, as is the day that marked his birth in the little Virginia home beside the silver sweep of the Potomac.

The fame of the presidents that followed him, every one of them, had inherited the mantle of his fame; the glory of our men of arms, shone in the reflection of his glory, won on the bloody fields of the world's most justified revolution. We have not been a peaceful nation, but in every struggle our arms have made, his spirit has guided our soldiers to victory. Men and women change, fashions come and go, customs are altered in the seeming necessities of growing greatness. But let no man nor woman change in their veneration for the grandest page in the history of their country; let it be never the fashion to forget, nor the custom to alter the splendid significance of the birthday of George Washington.

According to George Harvey, the trenchant editor of the *North American Review*, and an equally illuminating newspaper, *The Weekly*, the recently ratified Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution, promises much delay "in giving vitality to the measure, even if it does not result in its ultimate defeat." He declares that this vital question is left in such hopeless confusion as to place under the suspicion of being insincere, the Congress that passed it. It is even intimated that they must have known, nearly all being "keen lawyers of prominence," that it could not pass when they voted upon it in obedience to a rabid constituency, after having so worded it that it could not become effective without further long and exhaustive conference if at all. The closing clause of the act reads:

"The Congress and the several States shall have *concurrent power* to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

It is asked how this concurrence between the Federal Congress and the Legislatures of the several States is to be established. If an enforcement act passed by Congress went to the several States for concurrence, it might by each of them be sent back to Congress with amendments to be discussed and debated, tossed back and forth from Federal House to Federal Senate, until accepted or defeated as the case may be. "In such case," says Mr. Harvey, "were we living in the days of Methuselah, some of us might possibly survive long enough to see the Prohibition Amendment enforced. But it would be rash to wager even on that."

The New York Sun, an advocate of prohibition, is equally pessimistic with reference to the enforcement of the Amendment, and editorially implies that the entire Prohibition Amendment legislation and ratification would have to be done all over again, and it is stated that the

legislatures involved were either dolts or hypocrites, betraying a heartless levity of intelligence, or character, or both, in approaching so serious a matter as amending the Constitution of the United States. So after all, we may be still shaking dice at the same old stand, long after January 1, 1920.

* * *

The attention of all Olympians, those who are charitably inclined, as well as those who are interested in what our athletes are doing, is called to the Mardi Gras Carnival for the benefit of the Children's Hospital, which is to be given at the Civic Auditorium on the 4th of March. In point of numbers interested, the quality of entertainment offered, and the sumptuousness of decoration, costumes and other details, it is confidently asserted that it will eclipse all previous efforts of the already famous Board of Managers. In addition to the usual attractions inseparable from an affair of this nature, the athletes of the Olympic Club will be on the floor in large numbers to open the ceremonies of the evening with a mastodonic burlesque circus which will embrace travesties of every form of that popular style of entertainment, requiring nearly two hundred of our best acrobats, boxers, wrestlers, clowns and travesty equestrians, as a befitting introduction to the grand entree of the Carnival Queen in her resplendent car, drawn by stalwart Africans and attended by a galaxy of noted society misses as maids of honor. Following these events will come the Carnival Grand March, preparatory to the kaleidoscopic splendors of the bal masque itself.

Elaborate prizes will be given as usual, and so good a time is assured that every Olympian who can be present will miss something worth while in keeping away, to say nothing of aiding the Children's Hospital to the extent of five dollars.

* * *

The editorial department earnestly requests the assistance of contributors, advertisers, bookkeepers, managers of departments and accountants, **A Cry for Help** in the issuance of the next edition of *The Olympian* at the time set for it by the Editor-in-chief and waited for by subscribers who really want to read it. This can be achieved only by the earnest co-operation of all who are concerned in the make-up of the magazine, and without it some delay is unavoidable. In any publication nothing is so deadly as news that is stale and there should be in it nothing that is untimely, or that we know all about before it can reach the mail. All departments mentioned are at fault and the entire editorial and mechanical staffs are bowed in supplication. Contributors should send in their copy earlier and not write about something that has already long been known and discussed in the Club house. Advertisers are also requested to make up their minds earlier in the month as to the subject matter and make-up of their space, and internal officialdom is urged to get to work sooner upon its ledgers, so that other work may not be placed upon the presses and the issue of *The Olympian* unnecessarily delayed. All of you are at fault, gentlemen, and are urged to be more considerate in the future, so that your little paper may be set before you on the day appointed for it.

TWO SONS OF FEBRUARY

By HON. HENRY A. MELVIN

DURING the great war in which this nation has been bearing so noble a part, two sons of February—Washington and Lincoln—have been quoted and cited as examples more than any other men of history, save only the Man of Bethlehem. To them and to their utterances have all the nations on the side of righteousness turned for inspiration and strength. Their words, their statesmanship, their ideals, have thrilled the peoples of the earth and have given to us and to our allies hope in time of disaster and joy in victory. Now, as we approach that which we fondly hope will be a lasting peace, it is well to turn to them for guidance.

Personally, I have always been glad that our two great national heroes were manly, athletic men. Both had been men of the woods; both had excelled in manly sports; both had been soldiers on the frontier; each believed in physical discipline which tends to build a sound body for a sane mind. And while each passionately loved peace and deplored the grim necessity of war, each believed in preparing the nation against the possibility of aggression. How these men would have rejoiced, had they lived in our day, to see the returning soldiers and sailors, keen, athletic, disciplined, clean-souled Americans! Mr. Lincoln in addressing an Ohio regiment said: "It is not merely for today, but for all time to come, that we should perpetuate for our children's children that great and free government which we have enjoyed all our lives." And in the same speech he declared: "The nation is worth fighting for to secure such an inestimable jewel."

The great leader, Washington, the an-

niversary of whose birth we commemorate in this issue of *The Olympian*, said, in a speech to both houses of Congress delivered on January 8, 1790: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

Prophetic words were these! If this nation had followed these teachings, how much anxiety, how much peril, how much sickening delay might have been prevented in the war against the Hun! And how are we going to take advantage of the lesson so dearly learned? Are we going to keep this nation filled with young men of strength, discipline and self-reliance, and young women who know the arts of nursing, knitting and all the other wonderful aids to victory? In short, are we going to accept one of the greatest lessons of the war, the necessity for universal military training? You Olympians, devotees of physical training and prowess, real red-blooded men, should be the leaders in a movement to train men and women for the protection of our national life. This war has brought woe and death and self-sacrifice, but it has also brought increased patriotism, better manhood and womanhood, much-needed national and personal discipline, and a realization that each citizen is a part of the very sovereignty under which we live. Our educational system makes national training more easily attainable than it would be in any other country. The details will not be difficult. Experts we have, not a few, who can chart the way. In San Francisco we have a famous expert in the person of our splendid, patriotic Congressman, the Hon. Julius Kahn, who for a quarter of a century, has been eloquently advocating this

WHERE THE HATCHET STORY FAILED

By ONE WHO KNOWS

“I WANT the job,” the old man said to the employer, “but I’d like to be put in some department where nobody’d have to ask me anything that had to be answered.”

“That’s an odd request,” said the employer. “What’s the idea?”

“Because I couldn’t tell the truth to save my life.”

“Are you telling the truth now?”

“Yes,” replied the old man with a regretful sigh. “It’s the first one I’ve been guilty of in forty-five years, but I couldn’t help it because I’m an honest man. By gosh, there goes the second truth!”

“I don’t get you at all,” from the employer with a strangely puzzled look.

“Well,” continued the old man, twirling his hat, “it came about just this way, that all through my life I’ve hated the truth. This began when I was a shade past ten years old, and it was Washington’s Birthday. Mother had just finished telling me the story of the Little Hatchet, as she had done on every Washington’s Birthday I could remember, finishing with a kiss and a hope that I’d take example from little George and grow up just like him.

“I promised what she asked, and meant it at the time, but I didn’t know then what a lot o’ trouble the truth could get a boy into if he stuck to it. With my mother’s kiss still warm on my cheek, I went out into the yard. Stuck into the chopping block in the woodshed, I saw the hatchet I used when mother wanted kindling. I thought of my promise to her and resolved to begin right now and emulate George Washington. We didn’t have any cherry trees in our garden, but there was a plum tree with red plums on it, that I thought would do just as well. I’d had lots of experience with that hatchet, and

soon made a clean job o’ hewing down that plum tree. I saw father coming in at the front gate and ran up to him.”

“Father,” I said, proudly, and looking him straight in the eye, “I can’t tell a lie. I chopped down that plum tree with my little hatchet.”

“Did my father do as George’s did, and pat me on the head and say, ‘noble boy, father is proud of you because you’ve told the truth?’ No, sir, he didn’t! He took me by the scruff o’ the neck, dragged me into the woodshed and beat me with a big butter ladle until I was black and blue from the roots o’ my hair to the tops o’ my boots.”

“But I remembered my promise to mother and vowed that I wouldn’t store up anything against father for the mistake he’d made, but would go right on telling the truth no matter what happened.”

“Well, a short while after that my brother chopped down a young pear tree and blamed it on me, backed by another young liar who lived across the road from us. Father grabbed me by the hair and yanked me over to the pear tree. In vain did I try to convince him that I wasn’t guilty. He believed my brother and the dirty little rat from across the road, so he belabored me for a minute with a sucker off o’ the pear tree. Then he stopped for a spell and yelled out for the truth. I swore between sobs that I’d told him the truth, but it was no use, and swish, bang, went the sucker again. This happened two or three times but still I remembered my promise to my little mother. Pretty soon, the sucker was raising great welts underneath the seat of my pants, I couldn’t stand any more, and acknowledged that I had cut down the pear tree. Then my father

held me up as an example to my brother and the other young liar, patted them on the heads for telling the truth and sent me to bed. When mother brought me my supper I told her my story and she kissed me and said she believed me. But when she hoped I'd keep right on loving father in spite o' the wrong he'd done me, and I swore I'd hate him all my life, she tried to make me recall my oath. Then when I refused she spanked me with one o' father's slippers that was more'n a foot and a half long."

"The next day I was a changed boy, and who could wonder at it? Father'd licked me twice for telling the truth, and I'd had to lie to save my life. Mother'd licked me for telling the truth about hating my father, and he sent me to school without my breakfast and a swat on the ear when she told him of it."

"From that day on I never told the truth when a lie would do just as well, and it worked great. At first I tried it on my young wife, but it was a mistake. Whenever I told the truth about being out late or the number o' drinks I'd had, there was hell to pay. But a succession o' well-thought-out lies kept us both contented, and happy and loving."

"So, mister, that's my story. I'd like to work with you, but I'm an honest man, and if I've got to tell the truth every time I'm asked a question, I just don't want the job."

"You're the most truthful man I ever saw," said the employed, and I'm going to put you to work right now."

OUR LIBRARY

The Club Librarian calls attention to the fact that the library in most clubs is ornamental rather than useful, but the Olympic Club library is going to be useful in the first place, and ornamental as a secondary consideration.

As the custodian of the Olympic Club's

treasury of thought and thinkers, the Librarian's responsibility is great indeed. The world is now entering upon an era of intellectual progress and this great and terrible war during which the force of arms decided the fate of the civilized world, will be followed by great and renewed efforts of the nations to enjoy and to secure the continued enjoyment of the blessings of peace.

Members of our Club wishing to enrich their intellects have not far to go. Right within their arm's length are the choicest pieces of literature as any of the best known libraries of the country might justly be proud of.

Members interested in books generally will be glad to know that we have sixteen volumes of great antique value, three of these are two hundred and ten years old. Books on the early days of San Francisco, books on all sorts and conditions of athletics and sport. Many rare volumes on natural science and biology, several sets of the best known philosophers of world-wide renown—these are some of our books.

Those of you who love the inner life will find our library a veritable haven of refuge from the wear and tear of daily life.

IN THE GYMNASIUM

Small Boy—Father, what are those funny looking guys pulling at those weights for all in a row?

Father—That's the Business Men's Class, training up and down, my son.

Small Boy—and does the same training make the thin men fat and the fat men lean?

Father—No, but so long as they can kid themselves into thinking it does, what's the difference?

Small Boy—I wish I could kid mother that way when she wants to give me castor oil.

THE SECRET OF BATTERY B

The top was all still in the ruddy glow
That followed a setting sun;
The bravest among us was glad to know
That another death-day was done.
Then, like a fair sprite out of Fairyland,
There rose from the trench's gloom,
A little French maid with uplifted hand,
Like a spirit from out of a tomb.

The men were all startled, and still as death,
And stared at the gladsome sprite,
And even the bravest ones held their breath
As her soft voice cleft the night.
Her musical words were voiced in French,
Which few of us understood,
Save the few phrases learned in the school
of the trench,
And with accents a mile from good.

Her home was all battered to bits, she said,
And the men of her kin were slain,
And the one she'd have married was long
since dead,
And she mightn't be loved again.
But a sister had married a Yankee man,
And her happiness grew and grew;
So she thought of adopting the self-same
plan,
And marry a Yankee too.

There were tears in her eyes as she softly
spoke:
"Un mariée s'il vous plait!"
But never a soldier the silence broke,
And the demoiselle turned away
With: "I will be patient. I live out there
In the hut with the single light.
I've a dowry to give, and a love that's rare,
And I'm waiting there every night."

Then out of the silence there came a shout,
And all of us looked askance;
A little French wife had been auctioned
about,

And nobody'd shake for a chance.
And 'twas passed about in the gathering
night,
That we all of us must be blind,
To idly turn down such a beautiful sprite,
Who'd be faithful, and true, and kind.

But there was a soldier retiring and shy,
Who was full of the close mouthed art,
And he thought such a chance he would
not slip by,
For the dowry and maid won his heart.
No one ever knew how the courting was
done,
Midst the roar of the battle's stress,
But the chaplain and soldier, next day at
one,
Were missed from the Battery mess.

We questioned, but never came any reply,
And yet every one of us knew
That some one had married the girl on the
sly,
But we couldn't decipher who.
Not even when victory brought us peace,
And we marched out of stricken France,
Could we dope out who'd clipped off
Love's Golden Fleece,
By taking a fighting chance.

Some day, when the tales of the war are
old,
And we single out only the best,
The secret of that one night'll be told,
Out here in the Golden West.
And when we shall welcome that sprite of
the trench,
Most like we are sure to see,
A bevy of kiddies, half Yankee, half
French,
From the secret of Battery B.

—A. NONNYMUS.



AT LAKESIDE
"AT THE CLOSE OF A PERFECT DAY"

SEASON'S TRAP SHOOTING PROGRAMME AT LAKESIDE

SHOOTERS will be divided into five classes: A, B, C, D and novice; A class composed of those who shoot 91 per cent and over; B class, 86 to 90 per cent; C class, 80 to 85 per cent; D class, 70 to 80 per cent; novice, all who shoot under 70 per cent.

There will be four trophies given in each class, the eight best scores counting. Two trophies will be given at the end of the season for the longest straight run and second longest straight. Two trophies also to the two shooters who make the greatest number of 25 straights, all scores to count, practice or otherwise.

A cup will be given to the novice shooter who shows the most marked improvement at the end of the season.

The official Olympic Club season will commence March 1, and end September 1, 1919. The winter season programme will be announced later. Official Club shoots will take place on the second and fourth Sundays of each month, and the programme on these days will be at 100 targets. The first 25 will be known as the Olympic Club Handicap. Second 25 as Lakeside Handicap. Third 25 as McConnell Handicap, and the fourth 25 as the Rucker aHndicap. The first three events will be bird handicaps and the last (Rucker) will be a yard handicap—16 to 22 yards rise.

All scores made in these four events will count in the four classes during the six months' season. All ties will be decided on day of contest. No shooting up back scores will be allowed.

Championship at doubles will be shot during the season. The member who makes the highest score on 100 pairs will be the Olympic Club doubles champion and a suitable trophy will be given. Entrants for this event may shoot at 12 pairs

or more at any time during the season until the 100 pairs are completed.

Juniors and Juveniles will have 10 bird contests twice monthly on second and fourth Saturday mornings at 10 a. m. Stars will be given as for excellence in other activities.

On the third Sunday of each month the members will shoot for the H. R. Everding trophy—a gold watch especially made for the Olympic Club, and given by Mr. Everding of Portland, Oregon. There will be six shoots for this valuable prize, the best four counting. It will be a handicap affair and conditions will be announced later.

Charles W. Lindermann of the Olympic Club has given a valuable prize that will be contested for through the season. This trophy will have to be won three times for permanent possession.

Special inter-club matches and practice every Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday, other than the second and fourth Sundays. Traps open to all Olympians, their ladies and guests every day in the week except Monday.

The Club has purchased some special trap-guns for the use of the members who have none. Two of these are especially made for Juniors.

Mr. Ford will be pleased to meet any members at any time, and impart the knowledge he has of the game without charge.

The Club has gone to a great deal of expense in giving its members the finest shooting grounds in the United States. It expects your patronage. Come and indulge in an out-door sport that is clean, healthy and sporty.

Show your appreciation of Olympia and get on the firing line.

PRELIMINARY SHOOT AT LAKESIDE

THE trap shooting grounds at Lakeside received their first public baptism of powder, shot and dismembered blue rocks on Sunday, the second, with every promise of lasting success. It is safe to predict that when the present somewhat tentative conveniences have been perfected, we shall have a home for marksmen of the swirling disk, second to none in the State, and perhaps we may as well claim, with becoming Californian vanity, that there will be no better anywhere.

The conditions were ideal. Old Boreas seemed to have decided to lay dormant for this special event and furnish the contestants with a zephyrless sky. The background chosen for the marksmen against the calm waters of Lake Merced reduced the percentage of misses to a minimum, as may be easily seen by inspection of the unusual scores. Here they are:

George Stall did the best work of his trap shooting career when he shattered 142 out of 150 and made the highest ground run recorded so far on the new

traps. Ninety-two was as high as he could go without missing a bird. Tom Wilkes also knocked out 142 targets and made a long run of sixty straight. A. G. Wilkes did somewhat better, with a perfect ninety-seven on his first hundred. Mrs. A. G. Wilkes was again on hand, breaking 91 x 100, one of the best records ever made by a woman at a practice event. The following scores were reported to Manager O. N. Ford:

Out of 150—Tom Wilkes, 142; George Stall, 142; Frank Stall, 136.

Out of 125—A. G. Wilkes, 119; S. Westerfield, 105.

Out of 100—Mrs. A. G. Wilkes, 91; C. D. Lindeman, 90; Ed Garrett, 88.

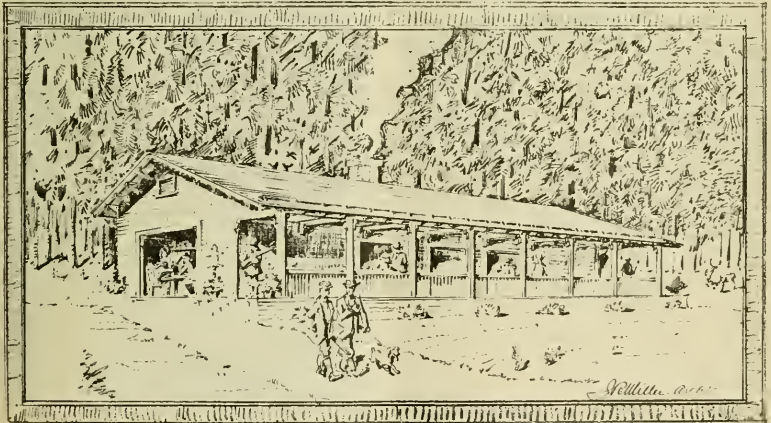
Out of 75—Jack Nelson, 68.

Out of 50—Dr. Ed Topham, 47; Lieutenant W. Basqui, 35; M. Poas, 30; L. D. Whitney, 38; J. F. Harlan, 35.

Out of 25—Dr. C. D. McGettigan, 24.

Not every one was there who should have been, but no doubt the grounds will

(Continued on Page 36)



THE TRAP SHOOTING LODGE AT LAKESIDE

EDSON W. A. WATERHOUSE

ANOTHER good man gone, another congenial spirit stilled, another gentle soul summoned to receive its final reward! A bereaved family and a host of friends can never forget that on the thirtieth of January nineteen hundred eighteen, all that was mortal of kindly, companionable Edson Waterhouse was laid away to rest. The Olympic Club has been deprived of a member who was singularly attached to it, for his name was not on the roster of any other club or society, and he has often said he could always find here all that was needed in the way of social relaxation or mental rest from the cares of business. It was in the Club three weeks before his death that he suddenly collapsed from cerebral hemorrhage, and was taken to his home at 3840 Clay street, doomed to an untimely death. He was born in San Francisco, August 9, 1873, the son of Columbus Waterhouse, one of California's pioneer wagon makers, and a prominent figure in the political history of early San Francisco. He attended the Mission Public School, received his final education at the Cogswell Polytechnical High School, and then entered the large concern of which his father was the founder and head, as a laborer in the lumber department. His rise was rapid and in 1898 he became president of the corporation founded in the early fifties by his father. He was a national figure in the manufacture of wagon and automobile supplies, and during the Panama-Pacific Exposition was president of the American Iron, Steel and Heavy Hardware Association, besides being chairman of the executive committees of the Automobile Accessories Association, and the Steel and Supply Association of California.

The name of Edson Waterhouse was added to the membership list of the Olym-

pic Club in 1907, and up to the time of his death he was one of its most enthusiastic members, for, as has been said, he desired no other social connection, and it was his pleasure to mingle with his fellow members at all gatherings in addition to his regular tri-weekly visits. He is survived by his widow, two sons and a daughter, his mother, a sister, Mrs. Dorne, and a brother, S. W. Waterhouse of San Jose. A loving husband and father, a dutiful son, a sterling companion, and a power in the business world has been removed from a life of affection and usefulness, to prepare for a happier reunion some time, in the mysterious beyond. Requiescat in Pace, Edson Waterhouse!



EDSON WATERHOUSE

OLYMPIC CLUB WINS FROM LOS ANGELES

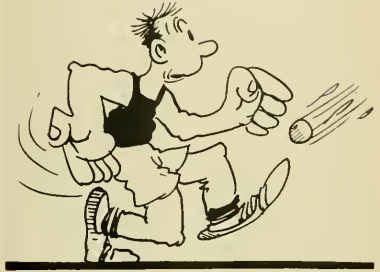
By A. L. SHANNON

WHEN we went upstairs to the handball courts on a certain Sunday morning a few weeks ago a good sight met our eyes. It was just like old tournament times. The galleries were full to the roof, and the walls echoed with greast gusts of applause. There in the front row sat Jim Nealon and John Janet in the accustomed seats of the referee and scorer. And down in the high-walled arena were two lithe-muscled, hollow-stomached boys putting up a battle that made you weak and limp to watch.

One of these boys was Joe Lacy, the champion handballist of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. He had come five hundred miles as the special representative of his club to pit his skill against our boys.

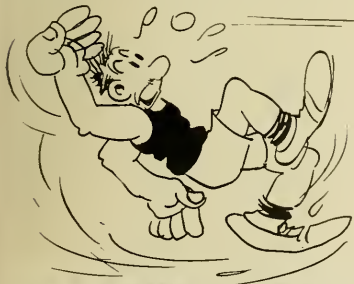
Two matches had been arranged, one to be played with the soft, or regulation tennis ball, and the other with the semi-hard ball. This was justly necessary inasmuch as both clubs are not accustomed to use the same ball, the Olympic Club being devoted almost exclusively to the soft ball and the Los Angeles Club to the semi-hard ball.

Mervin Friedenberg was delegated to meet Lacy in the first match with the soft



ball, with which he is a wonderful performer, concededly the champion of our Club, and it was no surprise, not even to Lacy, I think, that he won his match handily. Be it said to the credit of Lacy, however, that for one who is practically a stranger to the soft ball, he did surprisingly well with it in this match.

Now it was not so easy to find one of our men whose knack with the semi-hard ball could be calculated to give the southern city champ a contest. But although we knew that Mr. Lacy, no matter how he ran our representative, could not weaken his stout heart nor make those great shoulders weary, still there was considerable doubt in our minds that the brawny boy was even on speaking acquaintance with the peculiarities of the semi-hard ball. At any rate we pinned our faith on Joe Murray, otherwise known as "Red."



During the time that it took Lacy to make seventeen points in the first game, Red was on the short end of a 17 to 2 score. But at this point something happened. Some great psychological upheaval must have taken place within that ruddy dome. In one inning Murray had run fifteen points, evened the score, held his own until it was twenty all, and then

lost the game by the narrowest possible margin.

There was a complete restoration of Murray's confidence now. He took the second game quite easily. At the opening of the third spasm Lacy was plainly showing the effects of the gruel, but by brilliant flashes of recuperation he managed to keep the score fairly close until the last point. It was here that he held Red at bay by some of the most remarkable and spectacular playing of the whole match. Twice he saved the game by superhuman returns. But it was too late. Murray finally got one to his liking, shot it dead to the bottom board and walked out of the court with victorious strides.

It was a pretty match, replete with first-class playing, marked by fair and sports-

manlike conduct on the parts of both players, and, best of all, entirely free from those deplorable tactics of blocking, hindering and interfering, which some think are evidences of skill and finesse, but are, after all, an ugly smirch on a good, clean game of handball.

This game has opened our eyes to the possibilities of instituting handball tournaments among the members of the various clubs on the Pacific Coast. All that stands in the way is the necessity of the mutual agreement between the clubs upon a standard tournament ball. This should be forthwith settled by a committee of representatives of the different clubs and arrangements made for a tournament, the interest in which would itself go far toward the meeting of minds on the ball question.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF WOOING

(NOTE: Tiv Kreling has been interviewing many Olympian bachelors with the following results:)

Diplomat McCarthy says: "Ah, let us form an everlasting alliance, presumably of peace!"

★ ★ ★

Captain Baker, the soldier: "You gave my heart an incurable wound; you came, I saw, you conquered."

★ ★ ★

Dr. McLeroy: "Only you, after gentle prognosis, can cure my ailing heart."

★ ★ ★

Florist Rossi: "Just one fragrant word from your lips and our pathway through life shall be strewn with roses, and, maybe, orchids."

★ ★ ★

Tom Lennon, the sailor: "Loveliest maiden, enlisted with you, I could brave the fiercest storms of life."

★ ★ ★

Sorenson, the jeweler: "This little gold-

en band shall form an endless chain between us."

★ ★ ★

Builder McLeran: "Let us plan, and contract for, our little cottage together."

★ ★ ★

Fat Larue, the scientist: "Ah, let me analyze and explore your heart to read my happiness in your soulful eyes!"

★ ★ ★

Maggini, the motorman: "Be you the joy ride of my life and let me supply the Ford."

WANTS A SHOT AT A TRAP

(CHARACTERS: *Dr. McGettigan and George James.*)

Doctor—George, aren't you going to sign for the Trap Shooting tournament?

George—Don't know, Doc, for I'm afraid the company will be a little swift for me. But if you can fix it so's I can get a shot at Cunningham's trap, I'm there with both feet.

WHY IS WATER POLO?

By ERNEST MAYNARD SMITH

ONE of the primal instincts of man is combativeness. This inherent human propensity lends itself well to the contemplation of combat. Nero had a bully time sicking his gladiators at one another just for the soothing sight of pools of Roman gore on the white Colosseum floor, and the mob for whom he promoted his shows was the most notable of the progenitors of our gallery gods of the Friday Night Four Rounds.

A fight is a fight whether it is a cock-show or a bull-fight or a human combat, and deep down in the inner man of each of us, there is a lurking, half-admitted craving to witness matters of physical might. I have seen an aesthete, in whom the vision of a woodland stream would arouse ecstatic emotions, and in whom the sound of sweet music would induce soulful intoxication, rise from a ringside bench in vertiginous enthusiasm and scream frenetic exhortations at one of the principals to use his left and cross with his right and flatter out the redhead. Show me a mild soul and I will show you a rugged heart. Gentlest men make fiercest fighters.

We all like a good fight because that has been the busiest department in the business of life since Earth, Inc., became a going concern. The chief occupation of our ancestors for several hundreds or millions of years has willed us, unwilling or willing, a natural combativeness, which, whether masked by mild or savage countenance, is a part of the very marrow of our being.

So the safety valve, in these modern days, for this truculence of spirit, is the athletic field. Here with the saw-edge of battle dulled into regulated competition,

we loosen the latent fires of fight. On the gridiron, court, in ring, and in pool, men liberate their combative impulses.

In the pool—ay, there's the rub. For many years the swimming pool has been the object of much contemplation and thought. How could a tank of water be converted into a battle ground?—or, better, battle water? The result of much cogitating is water polo. Here is a game for aquatic supermen, for Neptunian gladiators, for human armored cruisers. Mars smiles when the whistle blows.

In Olympia water polo has done well. Mr. Whitaker, a swimming authority from the shady side of the Rocky Mountains, has said that the feathered Wing that sprouts from the "O," shelters a school of marine poloists which can scream defiance successfully at any septet in the United States. Three years ago Mr. Bachrach of Chicago, pedagogue extraordinary of the Illinois Athletic Club swimming team, visited this Club with his proteges. Among the events arranged for competition on that evening was a water polo game between the National Champion I. A. C. team and the Olympic Club. Chicago won; but only after a terrific fight, and only by a questionable stratagem. The score was five to three.

Since then every Wednesday night a faithful group of enthusiasts has gathered to keep the game alive, and to purge themselves of their innate scrappiness. The result of this constant practice is that the Olympic Club is represented by a water polo team that is second to none in the United States, and that is covering considerable territory.

The martial mariners include Otto

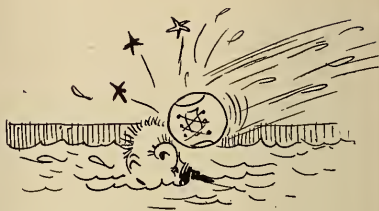
WATER POLO AND THE HIGH MORTALITY RATE

By LINC JOHNSON

ONCE again the Johnson tramp team of water polo gangsters triumphed mightily over Resleure's outfit of "finished" polo players.

This game followed a pleasant evening of amusement furnished by basket ball games and a quarter-mile swim. The swim was a ripping sort of a race and jolly well contested right up to the last ten feet. It was a handicap affair and had such a long list of entrants that it was necessary to run off the races in a series of eliminative heats on Wednesday preceding the final contest. Four heats were necessary to give each contestant a fair chance and each one of the heats was a "gumswizzler for jazz." Liberal handicaps were meted out to those swimmers of undetermined caliber, handicaps running up, in some instances, as high as a minute and a half over the scratch man. Don't understand that this scratch man had ever engaged in any "cootie" races.

The first heat was captured by Hueter, a junior, in size about as big as a minute, but oppositely so as a swimmer. This little fellow had the honor of defeating Jim Resleure and Walt Pomroy. Jim Carson captured a heat, and O'Brien, a junior, also captured another. In the finals a goodly array of talent toed the mark, con-

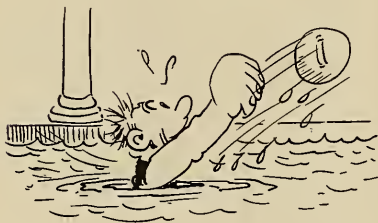


sisting of the following contestants: Tait, Murphy, Pomroy, Shaw, Resleure, Carson, Hueter, Young, O'Brien and Moore. Carson, with a lead of 10 seconds on Resleure, won first place over Tait. Tait finished second and Resleure third.

From the viewpoint of a spectator, the race was replete with many spectacular thrills. At one stage of the race the tank was full of evenly spaced bobbing heads all bound for a common goal, all going at different rates of speed, and about half of the whole number going in an opposite direction to the other half. One would wonder how they all would ever get straightened out, but the handicaps had been so arranged that on the last lap all the racers were but inches apart and all headed for home, like a bunch of cows just previous to milking time.

For dessert after the wonderful swimming race a beautiful game of water polo was dished up. As usual, this game was a hell roarin' contest and faintly tinged with just enough rivalry to make it interesting. A polo game without some personal enmities is like eating potatoes without salt. The taste isn't there.

To all those knowing the status of the polo players in the Club it still remains to be figured how it was that Jim Res-



leure's team bit the dust, or rather swallowed the spray. None of that team can find an alibi on which he could lay the blame, and, most sickening of all, is the fact that none of the conquered wants to even reminisce a little bit over the game. They certainly have been walloped without a come back. The teams were lined up thusly: Resleure, Shaw, Lee, Julian Goodman, Coen and Schultz on the losing outfit, while the winners were Johnson, Smith, Carson, Day, Pomin, Tait and Collins.

The game was fast and snappy right from the start. Johnson's team, with all the freshness and virility attributable to the rising generation of the new America, punctured the goal post of Resleure's team three times before they even knew the whistle had blown. Then it was that Captain Resleure himself scored two for his side just before the half time whistle blew. The first round showed that Johnson's team had the far superior team work, together with that same unconquerable spirit manifested on the West Front by the Yankee A. E. F.

The second half right off the bat called forth the plaudits of the crowd when once again Johnson's team rang the bell three times. These scores were due to energetic

Ernie Smith in combination with Carson and Tait. Upon them fell the heavy duty of getting the points, and I am here to say they got 'em. After Johnson's team had a total of six points they slackened up a bit and allowed the losers to catch up to five points. This made the losers all the more peeved because you know how it is when some one is holding something just without your reach, and try as hard as you will you can't just reach it.

The most wonderful happening in the game was this: Otto Schultz, who has been classed among Who's Who in Water Polo for twenty years, in this game failed to score even one goal. Resleure and Goodman for the losers played a very commendable game and if ever a championship team is to be picked to represent the Club in the Olympic games they should at the very least be given the privilege of trying out. With a little coaching they could be shaped into very adaptable material.

The winning team, needless to say, had no individual stars but played as one unit. As Abe Lincoln said, "In union there is strength." Johnson's team is a living representation of this maxim and leaves nothing to be desired as a combinative entirety of polo players.

DO YOU KNOW—

By PETER P. CARNEY

Five hundred thousand shotguns are manufactured in the United States yearly?

There were only 500 gun clubs in the United States in 1900 and that there are 4323 today?

The United States Government distributes weekly 1,000,000 clay targets to the aviation schools for use in shotgun shooting?

Trap shooting equipment is to be found in every aviation school in this country and France and that Uncle Sam's air men

are taught to shoot with the shotgun before flying?

More money is invested in trap shooting than in any other sport?

The Grand American Trap Shooting Handicap is a bigger event than any other sporting classic, and costs more to stage than the world's baseball series?

Trap shooting is being featured by resort hotels and 200 country, golf and yacht clubs have added the clay target sport for winter diversion?

THE OPENING OF THE GOLF TO

THE glorious possibilities of the Country Club at Lakeside, not only as an ideal home for the great game of golf but as a pleasure resort, were established on Tournament Day after a fashion that could have left no doubt in the minds of the most skeptical. A large crowd was present—much larger than had been expected—and the parking space was taxed to its utmost capacity and many cars forced upon ground not intended for that purpose. The weather was perfect, and the tournament began in very business-like fashion with ninety-three entries and perhaps double that number of spectators and those who would have entered but for fear that their experience was too limited for so important an event. The poor player developed quite as much earnestness as the best one, and Phil Fay was supremely proud of his score of 190 because it beat his brother Stanley's 197 by seven strokes. Some excellent scores were made, con-

sidering the rather difficult course, the best ones being made by Dr. H. E. La (89) and F. S. Mitchell (95). Following are the remaining scores, and it is to be regretted that lack of space forbids charts of the flights. The first number represents the total score made, and the second number the order in which the players qualified:

Dr. G. Goodale, 120-41; W. G. McMahon, 104-16; A. O. Harwood, 109-2; S. A. Ackerman, 102-10; W. A. Sheldrake, 127-55; S. Strassburgher, 103-12; J. Fleishhacker, 145-71; G. J. Cleary, 126-5; A. J. Cleary, 139-68; J. R. Cahill, 138-6; Marshall Dill, 163-75; P. J. Fay, 190-7; S. J. Fay, 197-77; R. Lyons, 100-8; J. Mason, 103-13; W. D. Cann, 123-48; J. Braddock, 119-38; H. Brayton, 117-3; H. E. Alderson, 133-64; W. G. Wood, 98-6; Oliver Dibble, 101-9; H. T. Moore, 138-67; W. T. Powell, 113-27; N. Richmond, 127-70; Wm. Barrett, 143; F.



HUMPHREY AND FLEISHHACKER



WM. McMAHON



TENT AT LAKESIDE

Mitchell, 95-2; C. S. Boas, 124-50; E. H. Pierce, 145-72; S. L. Plant, 128-59; F. A. Hauseworth, 132-63; J. E. Cosgrave, 131-62; Stanley Girard, 118-35; J. H. Riordan, 121-43; G. T. McDaniels, 113-28; P. T. Cumberson, 126-54; L. A. Woodlans, 113-29; W. Wadleigh, 146-73; A. L. Shannon, 135-65; L. R. Lorzelene, 115-31; W. W. Gilkison, 113-30; A. O. Stewart, 116-32; Jas. F. Brennan, 111-24; M. H. Casey, 103-11; G. A. Stephens, 125-51; E. W. Prentice, 110-22; J. D. Mahony, 123-46; E. P. Mervy, 118-34; C. R. Bricca, 130-60; Leo J. Levlin, 128-57; J. J. Pfeister, 112-25; O. J. Olson, 119-36; W. H. Sullivan, 143-69; Col. F. F. Wing, 98-4; Eaton McMillan, 96-3; J. D. Lederman, 121-42; C. S. Howard, 108-18; F. S. Rutledge, 106-17; D. A. White, 108-19; F. P. Curtin, 130-61; Dudley Sales, 98-5; T. G. Whitaker, 104-14; Judge Fitzpatrick, 112-26; Wm. F. Humphrey, 120-39; L. B. Chandler, 125-52; J. H. Holman, 124-49;

E. B. Partridge, 122-44; H. W. Law, 104-15; C. D. Woods, 109-20; Dr. H. E. Law, 89-1; C. G. Chipchase, 119-37; Dr. F. E. Rhoner, 98-7; Phil M. Wand, 120-40;

A large number of ambitious golfers, too diffident to appear in this first tournament, are earnestly preparing for the next one which will be held very soon. Coach William Bradley expressed himself as being more than satisfied with the results of the day and said: "It was very gratifying to me to see some of the stars of the Club, who have been maintaining that they were not yet old enough to play golf, entered in this tournament, and I have often seen these fellows get up before daylight, morning after morning, and sneak out to the course for practise. And some of these same one-time sneerers at golf were entered in the tournament today." Mr. Bradley also announces that within a short time indoor golf will be inaugurated with advantages second to none in the country.



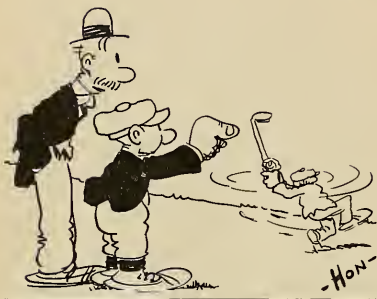
DR. H. E. LAW



T. I. FITZPATRICK

GOLF FOR THE LITTLE ONES IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

By UNCLE CLAY



WHAT do those men do?
What do you think they do?

I think they walk up and down the hill with great ease, swing their strange sticks, and try the best they can to lose a small white ball.

You are wrong. Those men play golf.

And what is golf?

It is a game in which strong men who do not like to work can make a bluff at what they think will put strength in their limbs so that they may not grow old too soon.

That big man who belts the small white ball with so much rage that he would seem to break the stick is not young. He seems as old as yon sea.

That is true. But he kids his soul into the thought that golf has

made him as young as that young chap who should be at base ball.

He makes me laugh. Why does he swipe a mad stroke at the small white ball with his stick and miss it and then swear so loud that you can hear him through all the lot? Is it not a sin to swear?

That is a club and not a stick. Men who play golf will chide you if you call it so.

But is it not a sin to swear when he does not hit the small white ball?

Not when you play golf. It is the one game in all the world where a man may swear and not call down the rage of the Lord.

But it is the Lord's Day, and still he swears with all his might and main.

That is all right. He who plays golf makes no count of days when he does what he feels should bring forth an oath.

Now he hits the ball. But why does he swear again and tear his hair as it flies into a bush and he sends a small boy to hunt for it?

Because he is a bum shot, and bum shots could not play golf but for the small boy who brings his lost balls from the bush.

Where should he knock the ball if not in the bush?

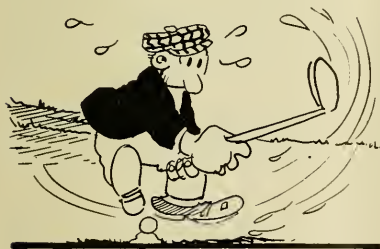
It is not a knock. You must call it a stroke, or the man who plays golf will think that you are a mutt. He should have sent the ball where you see that small flag on the green.

I think the old man is a mutt, for the bush is most half a mile from the flag on the green.

Once more you are right. He is a mutt, but so are most men who play golf, and yet they are so vain as not to be wise to it.

It will take the old man a lot of strokes to get the ball where all those small flags on the greens are.

Oh yes! A lot more strokes than there are cents in a two-spot note. But when he has gone the rounds, he will think that he has had a hell of a time, go to the club house for a high ball, and feel that he is young once more.



See how he smites the ball the boy has brought back. It was not the small white ball's fault that he lost it in the bush. Why does he hate it so?

All men hate what they have not the power to beat in a fight, and

in the game of golf the small ball is all there is to fight.

There must be a lot of flags on greens where the bad old man who swears so much must send the ball. There are ten and eight of them.

Then let us go home. It will be night when the old man has beat the small white ball to all the greens.

Then you will not have seen a game of golf.

It is but a way to pass the time and not a game. I will go home and play a game of hand ball at the club, for that is some game.

I think you have a lot of sense. Come, we will go.

SECURING A FLAG POLE

(SCENE: *In the Cafe, with dice boxes at a round table. DISCOVERED: Dr. McGettigan, Sam Rucker and others of minor importance.*)

Doctor—I have been presented with a fine fir spar sixty-five or seventy feet long, for a flag pole at the Lakeside traps, but that's as far as it goes.

Rucker—How's that?

Doctor—Why, we can't use a rough stick, you know, and we haven't the money to have it smoothed out and set up.

Rucker—That's easy. I'll have that done for you myself.

Doctor—I appreciate that, Sam. It's very nice of you, very! But how about the flag?

Rucker—Well, you can charge that to me, too.

Doctor (*making notes in book*)—Some party when we have that flag raising!

THE CUNNINGHAM-JAMES FEUD

By WILLIAM J. TINKLER

"SAY, Bill, have you read those recent articles appearing in *The Olympian* by Jack Cunningham and George James?" asked Dr. Victor Gorla, while down in the steam room the other night.

"You bet I have," I replied, "and I just want to say that I have known Jack Cunningham ever since I was a boy; I lived in Jack's neighborhood, and he was the most well-liked and best thought of young fellow 'South of the Slot.' He was highly respected by both the roughnecks and the church-going property owners, and, as far as the throwing of the tomato is concerned, I want it to be known that in those days it was a great habit of the gang on the corner to throw such missiles at Chinamen, and to let you in on the secret, this particular antiquated tomato was intended for the party who had accompanied Jack to his home, South of Market.

"Now, speaking of my friend, George James, I want to tell you of an incident which happened on a trip I took with George through the South. After visit-

ing a lot of people throughout Texas, Louisiana and South Carolina, whom George said were merely friends (?) of his, we stopped over for a few days in New Orleans. One afternoon, George left me to take a car ride out to see some relatives and upon boarding the car seated himself in a section reserved for "Colored People Only." After he had journeyed a short distance past the main part of town, a lady (white) got on, and George very courteously got up and asked the lady to have his seat, which the lady naturally refused. By this time George began to get uneasy and the perspiration on his brow commenced to show itself, and in the middle of the block he alighted from the car and ran all the way back to the hotel and locked himself in our suite. I asked George what in the world was the matter, so then he told me of his experience; also stating that he was in fear of being lynched, and advised a quick trip to Chicago, the result being that we had to get up at six bells in the morning and got the first train North for the "Wnidy City."

AN APPEAL TO PIPE SMOKERS

By ONE OF THEM.

AT times, the world seems to progress with feverish rapidity. Old ideas, that for generations have been obviously unsound, are suddenly discarded. New ideas, that for centuries have struggled for recognition, are suddenly given general approval. Apparently we are in such a period. There appears to be a general movement toward democracy and self-determination. By taking advantage of

this world-wide current, it may be possible to remove the absurd bar that exists in the Club against smoking a pipe.

An exasperating feature of the rule is that it has no reason to support it. Discussing its merits is like opening the doors of an abandoned house and showing the rooms to be empty.

Comparison may be made with other clubs and institutions, but this should be

unnecessary. We should have courage and intelligence enough to draw up our own constitution and declaration of independence. But it is to be observed that the only clubs in San Francisco that forbid pipe smoking in the club rooms are the Pacific-Union and the Olympic. The Bohemian, Elks, University, Union League, Argonaut, Family, are all against us. Our only ally is the Pacific Union. Do we possess a delicacy of sense that is shared only with the members of the Pacific-Union Club? In the Faculty Club at Berkeley, pipes are more in evidence than cigars or cigarettes. Have we reached a refinement of culture that is unknown in academic circles? A still more humiliating circumstance is to be considered. Publicly, in the presence of an attendant and sundry members, the writer was permitted peacefully to smoke his pipe in the Women's Athletic Club!

• The courtesy due to guests deserves

some consideration. Can anything be more embarrassing than to invite a friend for dinner at the Club; to see him, in his moment of relaxation, reach for his pipe, and be compelled to advise him that pipe smoking is not permitted?

The advocates of pipe smoking welcome discussion in that field. If a man's club has any purpose it is to avoid the restrictions that the charming companionship of woman imposes. A further comment may be hazarded—the women that object to pipes are usually of advanced years. They seek to impose the standard of a past generation. Here, perhaps, we approach the reason for the Club rule. Pipe smoking is now good form, and the Club rule is probably the survival of an effort to avoid bad form. But, in the course of time, form has changed. And a rule that was aristocratic at its best period has ceased to be even that. It has become merely stupid.

BUSINESS MEN'S NOON-DAY CLASS

By PROF. ELWOOD

IN writing this article I am actuated mainly by the desire to bring before the members of the Club the proper functions of the noon-day or Business Men's Class and to point out the numerous benefits to be derived therefrom.

In view of the various questions asked me by members desirous of joining this class, there would seem to be an existing impression that it is restricted to athletes or those conditioning themselves for athletic purposes. The contrary is absolutely the case. The object is primarily to give the business man or active member an opportunity of availing himself of a course in physical culture in a class composed of others in like physical condition with himself, and no athletic ability is necessary or required. To that end, I have ar-

ranged a course consisting of setting up and deep breathing exercises, followed by mat, wall-weight and medicine ball work, that is not hard nor an overexertion. In fact, the goodfellowship that prevails in the class makes the exercise a pleasure and affords, aside from the physical fitness, a mental relaxation, the value of which in assisting a man in his business pursuits is beyond calculation. In verification of this I refer to any of the present working members.

The class meets at about 12 o'clock every day (Sundays and holidays excepted) and a new pupil should attend daily, starting with a few minutes' work and increasing gradually for about two weeks, after which he will find himself fitted to take the whole course, when an

attendance of three or four times a week will be sufficient. The full course consists of about a half hour's work, followed by a hot shower, a plunge in our commodious tank, a brisk towel rub, a light lunch, then back to the office feeling like a two-year-old and with the assured knowledge that the elixir of youth has been found. All of this should not consume more than an hour, which the busiest member can spare three times a week, and the physical and mental benefits derived soon convince him that the small investment of time would be invaluable.

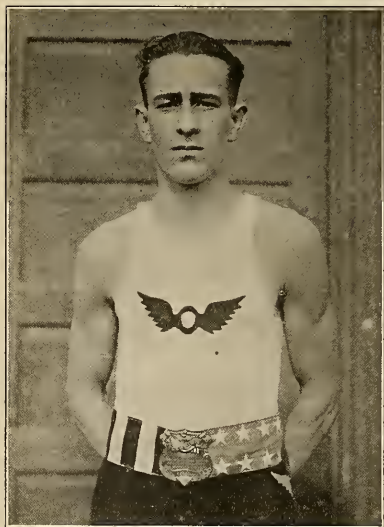
I am happy to be able to state that interest in this work has increased wonderfully during the past year, the register showing a monthly attendance of from 275 to 300. But there is still room for all who care to join, the Directors having kindly had additional apparatus installed, and it should not be forgotten that all instruction is absolutely free.

I shall be delighted to answer all questions or furnish further details to those desiring same, at any noon hour in the Club gymnasium. For this are we instructors and we expect to be quizzed.

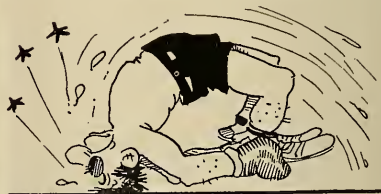
OLYMPIC BOY WINS CHAMPIONSHIP

At the close of the War Camp Community boxing contest on January 29, the totaling of the events and their results developed the interesting fact that Henry Domeniconi of the Olympic Club had won the 115-pound champion-

ship with a clean score. In the final deciding bouts he knocked out Sailor Wilkinson of the Naval Port Guard in the second round, and Sauzer of the United States Shipping Board in twelve seconds, thereby making a record which recalls the victory of the famous yacht *America*, when she won the Queen's cup back in the 60's. At the close of the race, when the American yacht crossed the line with no competitor yet in sight, Queen Victoria asked who was second, and received the reply, "Your Majesty, there is no second." And that's about the way it was with Domeniconi. The illustration represents Artist



HENRY DOMENICONI



Billy Hon's idea of the decisive knockout, and while it may not be altogether photographic in accuracy, it certainly has all the earmarks of a knockout that counted strongly enough to make it the precursor of others yet to come.

THE HEART OF PETER KYNE

AMONG the French troops, in one of the bloodiest sectors, there appeared one day a strapping ten years of age, armed and uniformed, demanding that he be allowed to fight along with the battle scarred veterans. His name was Marcel Dupuy, he said; his home was in ruins, his entire family among the victims of the Huns, and he had sworn to avenge them. The acceptance of a soldier of such tender age was contrary to regulations and his formal enlistment impossible. But the sentimental natures of the French soldiers warmed to him, nothing was said to the officers, and he was accepted by the men on their own as their beloved secret. Many times he went over the top; many times he wreaked revenge upon the murderers of his father and mother. When the Americans came, in some manner known only to himself, he was thrown among them and liked them. They appeared more cordial and encouraging to him than even his own people had been, but he was not permitted to fight with them, and soon disappeared, perhaps to go where he was permitted to be an active soldier.

One day, many months later, a stow-away was discovered on the transport that was bringing the Grizzlies home. He gave his name as Marcel Dupuy, but there was no such name on the roster of any company, and there was nothing left for a boy of such tender years, but to be returned to France on the next steamer going east. The boy's eyes filled with tears in spite of his stout little heart, and he pleaded piteously with the officers not to be sent back. He had no one at home to care for him, not even a friend whom he could find, or whose name he knew. But the officer in charge was obdurate and declared that he could do nothing to help him.

Then into the midst of the curious circle

of admiring soldiers appeared a Captain who knew how to write of the sweeter things in human nature. His name was Peter Kyne, and his heart full of the sympathy of true humanity went out to the brave little stowaway. "Don't send him back," he said. "He's got in him the stuff that real men are made of, and I'll be responsible for his care and education from now on."

The big heart of the California, himself once a boy as poor almost, as the little hero before him, had won, and amid the cheers of his comrades, he declared the boy his adopted son.

And so it was that Marcel Dupuy had found a champion and a father. He landed in New York with him, came across the continent with him and was taken into his home as part and parcel of it.

* * *

Since that time everything has been rosy in the Kyne home for the little waif of the trenches. He has justified in every way the hope of his foster father when he made himself responsible for him that day on the transport. He is a child and yet a little man. He is gentle, obedient, resourceful, in work or play, and is acquiring the English language with a rap-



MARCEL DUPUY KYNE

idity that is truly amazing. He is forgetting the stirring scenes through which he has passed and adapting himself to those of peace. His foster parents are

justly proud of him, and who shall say that the time will come when he will ever bring a throb of regret into the heart of Peter Kyne.

FROM TROOP SHIP TO AUTO

THE Olympic Club is soon to lose the smiling face of George H. Thomas, Jr., who is to be established in the automobile business in Sacramento in partnership with G. L. Renstrom.

Thomas went overseas with the United States Navy and had many thrilling and interesting yarns to spin upon his return about holiday time, and the fact that he wore two gold chevrons, indicating as many encounters with Hun submarines, made his stories all the more realistic. He left San Francisco on March 18 of last year on a converted Dutch liner by way of the Panama Canal to the Atlantic seaboard. Nearly every one of the many trips overseas was enlivened while passing through the submarine zone by slight encounters with these demons of the deep. But on the third trip there was a real battle royal with the Hun's undersea dogs about half way across the Atlantic, which, it has since developed, proved to be one of the most desperate attempts of the German U-boats to sink troop ships carrying American soldiers.

But Uncle Sam's navy was more than equal to the occasion and the fleet of submarines was so vigorously attacked by the destroyers and battleships convoying the troop ships, that no damage was sustained by the American flotilla and several of the attacking fleet is believed to have been sent to the bottom. In discussing this encounter, Thomas says that two torpedoes passed within a short distance of his ship, but by prompt maneuvering the vessel changed its course and the messengers of

death went sailing on, their course being plainly marked by a ripple upon the surface of the ocean. "There can be no adequate description of the feeling that thrills one as he stands on the deck and watches that ripple go by, just far enough out to barely miss your boat," says Thomas. Fear, joy, hope and despair are intermingled, each fighting with the other for the upper hand; and it takes several days for a fellow to get over the thrills of those few seconds.

At the first appearance of the U-boats the transports and dreadnoughts sent up their screens of smoke and the destroyers got busy with their depth bombs, dropping them over the entire surrounding waters so that it became practically impossible for a submarine to last within shooting radius of the troop ships.

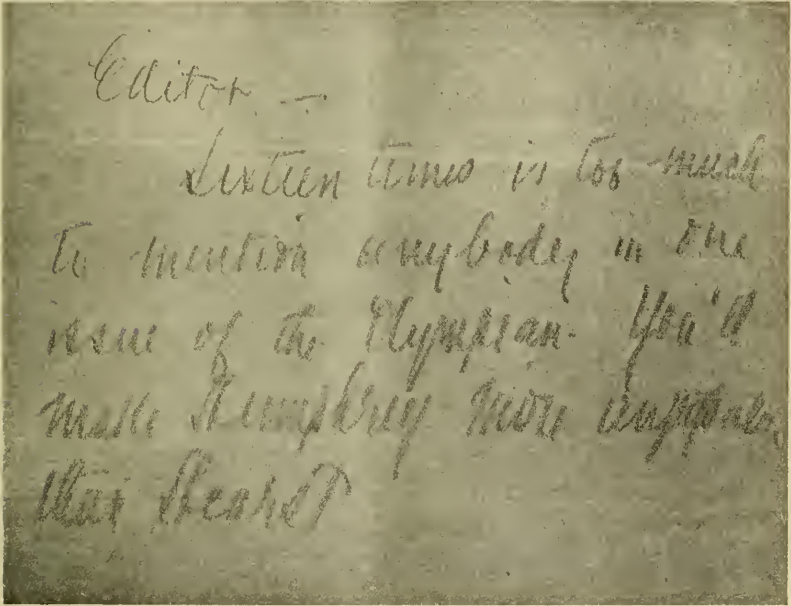
Altogether Thomas had a wonderful experience during his service in the Navy and says that he would not have missed it for almost any old thing he can think of. But he says that he is now going to forget as much of it as he can, for the time being at least, or until he can take his grandchildren on his knee and recite those times over again—magnified, of course, about a million times. In the meantime all good Olympians will wish him success in his less exciting but more profitable venture.



IS THERE A BOLSHEVIK AMONG US?

The anonymous communication here reproduced was sent to *The Olympian* with a marked copy of the last issue calling at-

tention in ink to the references objected to. Comments are unnecessary and the reader is left to make them for himself.



BASE BALL

By HUGO POHEIM

IN the columns of the last edition of *The Olympian*, the writer advised that the present edition would acquaint fellow-Olympians with the personnel of our representative "ball club," as well as the merits of the individual players. It is with a degree of satisfaction that our theoretical belief of ability has been practically demonstrated in the defeat of St. Mary's College on Sunday, February 16.

For years our team, making creditable

showings against all other contenders, has accepted defeat at the hands of St. Mary's, until we proclaimed this college a veritable "jinx." We herewith announce complete annihilation of this "jinx," namely, score 8-3.

Medcraft, our mainstay in the box, pitched eight innings of shut-out ball, easing up in the ninth with the game safely tucked away. Casey, on the receiving end, caught superbly, throwing

out all base stealers and taking for himself two singles and one three-bagger, going out twice more on perfect line drives. Maloney contributed a two-bagger and two singles, also stealing three bags and fielding errorless ball. Ed Benn took eight chances at third base in big league style. Kennedy contributed a one-hand catch running to center field fence. Kelly, Morrissey, Norton, Burns and Iredale filled in all remaining necessities for victory. Dud Pyne's monologue on the coaching lines complete a satisfactory picture. The appended box score represents the game in detail:

OLYMPIC CLUB

	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	SB.
Benn, 3 b.	4	1	0	0	0
Kennedy, c. f.	4	3	1	0	1
Kelly, l. f.	5	1	1	1	1
Maloney, s. s.	4	1	3	0	2
Morrissey, r. f.	3	1	1	0	1
Iredale, s. b.	4	0	0	0	0
Norton, 1 b.	2	0	0	0	0
Burns, 1 b.	3	1	1	0	0
Casey, c.	4	0	3	1	0
Medcraft, p.	4	0	0	0	0
Totals	37	8	10	2	5

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	SB.
Silva, c. f.	5	0	0	0	0
Garcia, s. s.	5	0	3	1	0
Scott, 2 b.	4	0	1	0	0
Brandon, p.	3	1	1	0	0
Oeschger, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0
Doran, 3 b.	4	0	0	0	0
Branley, l. f.	2	1	1	0	0
Valencia, 1 b.	3	0	1	0	0
Snow, c.	4	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	3	8	1	0

Summary—Bases on balls—Olympic 5, St. Mary's 4. Struck out—Olympic 5, St. Mary's 4. Two-base hit, Maloney. Three-base hit, Casey.

FROM THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION

A. W. O. L.

THE caption in military parlance means "absent without leave," and the following letter from an old Olympian, "Jerry" Baldwin, furnishes a brief but exciting account of his adventures during a period of French leave in France itself. A Grizzly captain has declared that under the regulations these adventures could not possibly have extended over so many days without discovery and return to the command of the narrator. But evidently the captain is not acquainted with the intrepid Jerry, or he would have known that the letter would not have been written unless supported by facts. Under the assumption that the adventures related are true, we have no hesitation in saying that Jerry should have been promoted instead of courtmartialed.—Editor.

Peringeux, France, Dec. 17, 1918.

Dear Tom: Best regards for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

I have just been released from the guardhouse for going A. W. O. L. from the 18th Engineers to the front and after waiting fifteen days to be tried by a special courtmartial was tried and released the following day. I hated to think of going back after sixteen months in France without seeing the front, so another lad and myself beat it and went on the front about thirty-five days and were then discovered and sent back to our outfit, arrested, tried and released, and were very lucky not to get sixty or ninety days for it. The only thing that saved us was the fact that we had a fine letter from the outfit we were with up there and that they notified the 18th that we had reported to them for duty and told them we were A. W. O. L.

We arrived up there two days before the last drive after traveling for six days, and

saw everything that was to be seen; we were bombed, under gas and shell fire; got crummy; lived in dugouts; so it would have been well worth the trip even if we did get sixty or ninety days out of it.

I certainly wish I could be there for the old New Year's Run; my feet are sure itching to get back. The latest rumor is that we are leaving for America the 4th of January, but it is not official, and can not be relied upon. It can't come any too soon to suit me. Sixteen months in this country is plenty for me.

Give my best to Handley and any of the old gang that might still be there.

JERRY.

From an Olympian Engineer

Bruttig, Germany, Jan. 4, 1919.

The Olympic Club,

San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sirs: It has been over a year since I have received any sort of communication from you and I've wondered whether or not some mistake has been made in my address or whether my name still appears on your roster. The last time I visited the Club was in December, 1917, and from that time on have not heard from you.

I am at present a member of the army of occupation, in command of a company of engineers on the Moselle River. Our regiment has borne its part in the fighting at Chateau Thierry, the Vesle, St. Mihiel and the Argonne, and I have been lucky enough to come through all without a scratch, except being slightly gassed on the Vesle River.

Captain Wendell C. Hammond, also a member of the Olympic Club, is in command of A company of this regiment, and there have been many times, with a bath seeming as far in the future as the end of the war, that we have wished together for a plunge in the tank once more.

Hoping that you will look into this matter, and if it is something that can be rectified, I surely will appreciate a letter from you very much.

Hoping to hear from you usoon, I remain,

Respectfully,

B. C. HILL,

1st Lieut., Engrs., U. S. A.

This from Frank Marisch

Vraincourt, near Verdun,

New Year's Eve, 1918.

My Dear Frank: Gee, this is a lonesome place to spend New Year's Eve!

We are still up here on the old No Man's Land, but move south tomorrow to near Toul, in the old Lorraine sector.

Last year this time I was in school at Annapolis, Maryland, and this makes the second Olympic Club run to the beach I had to miss; all on account of the insane Kaiser.

If I ever get home again, and no war on, I'll bet I will never miss another New Year celebration. I've seen enough of the Old Country, and now I'm finished.

Lieutenant Al Raisch is in camp several miles below us here. I drove over last evening to say good-bye. Al's company is now on road reconstruction, working Hun prisoners.

On December 12 I had to go into "Paree," and Al was my guest. We were there when the President Wilson celebration was on, and the French people fairly went wild. I met Major Jim Lannigan while there on leave, and he rode back here with Al and me, Jim's company being at Souilly, nearby. Jim was in every American drive, was never wounded, and never lost a man. He expected to be on his way home soon.

While in the Big City I also met Captain Dr. Green (Olympian) of the Grizzlies. He was anything but cheerful. He

told me the Grizzlies arrived over here in September and were then at Bordeaux ready to sail for home.

Before going to Paris this last trip, I just returned from Germany with our 3rd U. S. Army of Occupation. I was with the famous 42nd Division (Rainbow), and they are sure the crack outfit of the U. S. A. No division in the world today can beat these boys.

We traveled through Belgium and Luxemburg. It was my most interesting trip; and I will never forget the wonderful honor of going with a victorious ramy into the heart of defeated Germany.

I forgot to mention that on Sunday in Paris, Major Jim Lannigan and his Colonel drove over with Al and me to Versailles. We saw the world-famous art gallery; also the part of the Louis XIV Palace where the Allied Peace Congress will sit in January. This immense palace is wonderful, and its gardens beautiful.

Going to Paris, Al and I stayed one night in Rheims, and saw the once-famous city with its huge cathedral, all in ruins. Just a shame, and it made me feel sick to see the many shell-torn stone homes. No one at all lives there now, for the city is quite deserted. Out of 14,000 stone buildings only 100 good ones stand.

We also stopped at Chateau Thierry, but it's not so bad, as many of the inhabitants are back in their homes.

Good luck to you, and hoping to be home real soon.

Sincerely your friend,
FRANK MARISCH.

Tom Dooling Writes

Mullenbach, Germany, Jan. 10, 1919.

Dear Doctor: A line to say hello, and tell you that I was at Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel, the Argonne and Meuse, and got through O. K. Sometimes it was hot and unpleasant, but always interesting, and I'm

glad I came in time for the whole show. Came into Germany December 3, over the Moselle at Renich and am now billeted in the above town, awaiting peace terms, the details of which will have quite a bearing on our future movements. We are about twenty miles west of Coblenz and seventeen north of Bad Bertrich, where our division P. C. is located. 'Tis not a very interesting country, but I guess we are here for the winter; have already had much snow and cold. I have been adjutant of the battalion for the last year and at present am also personnel adjutant, summary court, billeting and intelligence officer—quite a variety of duties, but all fine experience. Some day hope to be able to tell you all about it.

Sincerely,

TOM DOOLING,

1st Lieut., S. C., 8th Field Signal Bu.,
4th Division, American E. F.



JAMES McLAUGHLIN

Making a picturesque and effective drive at the golf tournament.

FONEY FILMS OF CLUB MEMBERS

By Billy Hon, S. F. Examiner

SKIBBLE
SKIBBLE
SCUTTLE
COO-COO!!

ALWAYS USED
THE COAL
SCUTTLE
FOR A
PLAYGROUND.

SAY LISTEN MICKEY !!
IF YOUSE DON'T DO
BETTER'N THAN WHAT
YOU'SE IS DOIN' YOU'RE
CANNED SEE!!

LATER GREW
UP TO BE THE
KING OF THE
SANDLOTTERS.

AT HANDBALL -
THE MAN IS
A GENIUS.

NOTE
KILLER

HE IS NOW
THE CLUBS
SECRETARY.

THIS IS A
NICE EASY
JOB!!

ALSO VICE
PRESIDENT OF
THE KING
COAL CO.



PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

JANUARY, 1919

INCOME:

Dues	\$11,976.29	
Initiations	7,465.00	
Department Operations	2,036.10	
Visitors' Cards	200.00	
Commissions	100.33	
Discounts	111.70	\$21,889.42

EXPENSE:**General Club Expense:**

House	\$6,547.34	
Engine Room	1,782.82	
Store Room	344.83	
Electricity	889.42	
Water	522.80	
Library and Periodicals	78.30	\$10,165.51

Administrative and General Expense:

Office Salaries and Expenses	\$2,110.31	
Administrative Salaries and Expenses	426.00	
Taxes	471.82	
Insurance	257.84	
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00	
Telephone	353.37	
Miscellaneous	150.00	\$ 3,969.34

Other Expense:

Special Events	\$1,558.49	
Interest	1,867.13	
Depreciation	925.00	
Athletic Activities	474.76	
Donations and Subscriptions	104.00	\$ 4,929.38

NET PROFIT**\$ 2,825.19****CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT**

I have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of January, 1919, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Profit for the month of January, 1919, at \$2,825.19, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,
JAMES O. SULLY,
 Certified Public Accountant.

See Martin M. Hartmann for
Quality Motor Cars

APPERSON EIGHT

AND

ELGIN SIX

AND

OAKLAND SIX

THE APPERSON EIGHT is today admittedly a proven quality car. Years of experience in manufacturing America's oldest car have made possible the high position which the Apperson holds today in the hearts of the American motoring public.

THE ELGIN SIX, "the car a year and a half ahead," affords the greatest value of any car selling at anywhere near its price. New improvements, added refinements, minor mechanical changes, make an instant appeal to the discriminating purchaser.

THE OAKLAND SIX, a high quality motor car that meets the requirements of the most exacting at a price which makes it a most attractive purchase.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

Hartmann Motor Company

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1910 VAN NESS AVENUE

Phone Prospect 227

OAKLAND BRANCH, 3340 Piedmont Ave.

WHY IS WATER POLO?

(Continued from Page 17)

Schulze, Jim Resleure, Lincoln Johnson, Walter Pomeroy, Donald Day, Billy Pomin, Wally Walterspiel, George Shaw, Jim George Herrington, Jack Collins, Duke Morrison, Sandy Goodman, and Bill Lynch. Soo too, the noise of George Bond and Tut Gardner will live the game.

May Fate and the A. A. U. Championship Committee conspire to make it possible for a "Winged O" water polo team to participate in the National Championship this year!

PRELIMINARY SHOOT AT LAKESIDE

(Continued from Page 13)

be crowded with expert shots and their admirers at the grand opening slated for the 23rd. On this festive occasion Olympian marksmen will compete for the William Humphrey handicap trophy, and, judging from the already large number of entries, an extended and exciting contest is assured. It should not be forgotten that all members of the Club are invited to practice at the traps every day except Monday, when expert attendants will be on hand to train them for the all important grand opening.

TWO SONS OF FEBRUARY

(Continued from Page 7)

very thing. Military training will not encourage but will prevent war. The exercise of arms for the nation will stimulate patriotism and the physical training will make and keep us a nation of stalwart men, and of fair women, of such frame that "life might be all poetry and weariness a name."

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP, JANUARY, 1919

ACTIVE

Bannan, P. L., mgr. Pacific Gear and Tool Works, 1035 Folsom St., S. F.

Barrett, Dr. Gilbert M., surgeon, 516 Sutter St., S. F.

Bender, John W., contractor, Monadnock Bldg., S. F.

Carlson, Walter L., shipping, 485 California St., S. F.

Campiche, Dr. Paul, surgeon, 516 Sutter St., S. F.

Drake, Charles F., general agent, Missouri State Life Ins. Co., Hobart Bldg., S. F.

Dempsey, Geo. J., importing and exporting, 244 California St., S. F.

Edwards, Thos. R., dental supplies, 323 Geary St., S. F.

Flynn, D. P., automobile dealer, 500 Golden Gate Ave., S. F.

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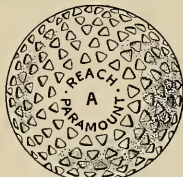
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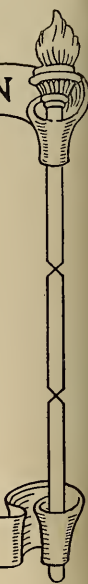
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Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

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Vol. VII.

MARCH, 1919

No. 75

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This month's *Olympian* has been dedicated to the cause of long-suffering Ireland. Following the last issue, which was published during the month whose chief holiday was the birthday of Washington, it had been deemed advisable to commemorate in a small way the struggle for independence of a people which for many hundreds of years has been denied any voice whatever in its own government. More especially was it believed that a dispassionate and well considered discussion on the self-determination of Ireland might interest those of our readers who are of Irish blood, without creating any dissension in minds opposed to, or disinterested in, a cause which has been revived never to be abandoned until it has been won. Unfortunately, however, such an interest does not exist, or if it does, there appears to be a reluctance in permitting it to appear in print. With one exception, in each case where an appeal has been made for a

contribution to this symposium of liberty, there has come a politely worded declination, which has forced the writer into the conviction that the making of the appeal was not well advised, perhaps on the ground that politics or religion should not be discussed in a publication of this nature. If a mistake in editorial judgment has been made, in his own defense this writer feels constrained to say that without discussion no good result was ever achieved, and he finds himself in the somewhat equivocal position of arguing his own side of the case, almost unsupported and unopposed, which was not the posture aimed at in the beginning. Be this as it may, he believes, as does the greater part of the thinking world, that the time has come when Ireland must be reckoned with, and her self-determination conceded by the British government, out of gratitude for what Irishmen have done in the world's war if for no other reason. It would be difficult to conceive how the recently published interviews and writings of Cardinal Gibbons on the subject of the submission of Irish self-determination to the congress of nations, could possibly be opposed or even contradicted by a mind committed to a sense of right or justice. The same may be said of recent speeches of our own Senator Phelan, who has the courage of his convictions and loses no opportunity of expressing them after his calm, incisive, but always logical washion. It is believed that even England is not going to contradict them, for her apparent apathy during the recent Sinn Fein activities, as well as her recent decision to release all political prisoners, would seem to indicate a conviction that the only solution of the Irish question lies in a submission of it to the Irish people themselves. If they can not bring about a co-ordination of their widely variant parties, both political and religious, no doubt an agreement can be reached by which home rule can be effected under the

protection of the Crown, which may be the better solution of the problem after all.

* * *

The question has been often asked why the Irishman is such a good citizen of any adopted country and such an

Some uncompromisingly bad one of
Reasons his own? Excepting to the
Why officials appointed to govern

him, and the power that appoints them, the answer is obvious. He has no country that he can call his own, for no country is any man's who can have no voice in its government. There is an equally obvious reply to the criticism that the Irishman is entitled to small serious consideration, because in song, story, drama or in pictures he is represented as being either quarrelsome or stupid. Putting the last first because of its utter flippancy, let it be said that Ireland's governors have made but little effort to secure mental education of the lowly. but, in spite of this her sons may point with pride to such notable names of history as Grattan, O'Connell, Burke, Emmett and Moore. The other alleged characteristic of the Irish race is an inheritance from the far remote ages whose chronology has been handed down to us through the dimly outlined pages of poetical myth or vaguely outlined history, founded upon legend. These myths of pagan Ireland are singularly beautiful, and in fact imaginative fairy tales, which develop an existence that must have been sweetly peaceful, with no intimation that there could be such a thing as war. Then came the first clouds of contest with the invasion of the Norwegians or Norsemen, and peace was gone forever. The Danes made a futile attempt to overthrow the Norsemen, the various tribes were enlisted upon one side or the other, these divided again into other tribes, and then came the beginning of the long list of Irish Kings, who were almost as numerous as the counties of Ireland. These were constant-

ly at war for centuries upon centuries, and then came the hope of union and peace with Brian Boruma, son of Kennedy, who was killed in battle, and the Norse element apparently dominated until the coming of the English and Normans. These seem to have eliminated the Norsemen, while inaugurating a struggle with the Irish and their kings which existed long after the kings were dethroned. Saving that now and then there was an intermittent armed truce, this contest of the two races existed for centuries upon centuries and its cloud still hangs over a benighted land, whose history has been written with blood. Small wonder then, hunted, and persecuted, and trodden upon as he has been from the beginning of his recorded history, that the Irishman has become fiery, impatient and quarrelsome, and again demands what from generation to generation he has been taught to believe is right and just.

* * *

A combination of conflicting elements seems to have struck an ominously discordant note in President Wilson's reported harmony with reference to the Paris conference. Many of these already existed on this side of the water, and, strange to say, the discord can not be called purely political, since it was not voiced only by his party opponents in the Senate. But his notable colleagues in the conference seem to have been playing tricks upon him during his absence, singularly enough, with the sole exception of the British representatives, from whom most of us have been expecting more or less dictatorial attitudes. The chief promoter of discord in the lyre of the world's peace is France, who wants her doughnut now and even seems disposed to refuse to accept one with the tiniest kind of a hole in it. She insists upon indemnities which it will be impossible for Germany to pay, and the latest

rumors are to the effect that she will exact rent and damages for the land used for camps and docks by the American soldiers, entirely forgetting that but for them, and them alone, the Germans would now be holding their Lenten festivities in Paris. Italy refuses to yield a single inch of the Dalmatian coast to the new Jugo-Slav republic, without which she could have no outlet to the sea, and Japan is as equivocal and vacillating as usual in specifying just what her attitude is going to be. Mr. Wilson may be able to smooth the turbulent Versailles waters with a plentiful application of his incisive oratorical oil, but most of the expert commentators seem to doubt it. It will be difficult for him to convince the conference that the American people are with him in his efforts to organize a league of nations in spite of the amazingly enthusiastic farewell at the Metropolitan Opera House on the eve of his return to Paris. Then too there seems to exist a disposition of impatience for that the President's project has been given precedence over all others, even that of the definite securement of peace. Even the President's most bitter enemy knows in his heart that a league of nations would be the most glorious diplomatic achievement of history, but the forcing of it to an issue at the present time, and formulating a constitution before the nations are in peaceful union, are matters that are open to serious debate.

* * *

The same lack of preparedness which, but for her invincible navy, would have brought certain disaster to England at the outbreak of the war, **Prepare,** land at the outbreak of the war, **Smokers,** may be assigned as the main **Prepare!** cause of the hopeless defeat of the liquor interests by the long prepared armies of Prohibition. On the dry side of the question the fight has been lamentably conducted, from its very outset. The distillers and brewers knew of the

rapidly strengthening cause of prohibition, but entrenched as they believed themselves to be behind their supposedly impenetrable walls of capital, they prepared no sure fire ammunition. Then, when positive danger threatened, the brewers broke away from their natural allies, the liquor men, and published books to prove the destructive influences of whisky and the healthful influences of beer, which was a food as well as a beverage. The results of this crass mismanagement in minimizing the power of a well prepared enemy, is already too well known, and this same enemy, flushed with victory, is massing its forces for the abolition of tobacco. A National society has been formed which has hundreds of branches, and anti-tobacco literature is being distributed by the hundreds of tons. It is being shown that tobacco is an baneful in its results as whisky ever was, and there are millions upon millions of acres devoted to the cultivation of tobacco, which should otherwise be used for food producing cereals. The tobacco trade represents many millions of capital, and supplies at least fifty or sixty millions of consumers. If these do not unite in a solid front of indignant opposition, tobacco is doomed. After that, there will come a Sunday closing law, then imprisonment for bad language, a fine for whistling on the Sabbath, social ostracization for dancing, and personal liberty of any kind will be throttled forever.

TOAST TO WOMEN

The ladies lessen our sorrows, double our joys and treble our expenses. Long may they live!

—"Tiv."

ON PROHIBITION

We took this country from the Indians and when it goes dry we will give it back to them.
—"Tiv."

DE VALERA, THE IRISH PRESIDENT

THIS is what Irish patriots, at present in the city—and many of them have been interviewed—persist in calling the remarkable man who is the chosen head of Sinn Fein, although he is a fugitive from justice and has neither capitol nor official residence. Following his romantic and sensational escape from Lincoln prison, in England, about three months ago, his whereabouts have remained a mystery, which has just been cleared by a correspondent of the United Press. This correspondent was approached by an emissary of de Valera, who wished to send a message to his friends in the United States, and under pledge of secrecy, he was taken blindfolded to the chief's hiding place and granted an interview, the substance of which has already been published in the daily papers, and shows beyond a doubt that the Sinn Fein movement is a serious one and organized as a certain permanency.

The British newspapers which at first hailed de Valera as an interloper and a foreigner, are now inclined to agree that, humiliating as it must be to the politicians in London, he had matched his wits against theirs and made even the great Lloyd George, to say nothing of Sir Edward Carson, seem a trifle insignificant by comparison. A recent issue of *Current Opinion* gives the best account of his origin and career that has yet come to hand, and due credit is here given that periodical for the information that forms the basis of this article. He is described as being good looking, of military bearing and muscular frame, although the prison experiences of the past four or five years have aged him considerably, and he now looks, with his lined and pinched face, somewhat older than his thirty-seven years.

The father of de Valera is said to have been a political refugee from Spain, who,

on coming to America, met and married the Irish girl who was to become the mother of the Sinn Fein hero. The little boy received the name of Edmond, which has since become Eamonn. His first language was English, learned from his mother, and when six years of age he was taken to the country of which he aspires to be—and believes he will be—the first recognized president, although his published statement acknowledges that "we are going to have a hard time of it." His first education was received at a school near Blackrock College, and through the vindictive anti-British prejudices of his



A CHARACTERISTIC POSE

mother, he grew up passionately Irish. At eleven years of age he could speak the Gaelic language with great fluency, and by the time he was seventeen he had become so proficient in the higher mathematics, that he amazed his examiners, who, when they gave him his degree, advised him to become an astronomer. But, as has since been amply proven, he had widely different views.

He is a brilliant talker, with a strong, forceful style of oratory, and his courage is beyond question. He rallies his men under fire as no man could who has not the gift of military command and inspiration. He received the death sentence with imperturbable calmness, and when a reprieve was granted he betrayed no noticeable emotion whatever, and his self-control is said to be little short of marvelous, although at times he becomes irritable and talks incessantly. He has a most tragic platform manner, with flights of oratorical frenzy, which make him seem in no sense the cool and calculating geometrician. At times he is diffuse and somewhat incoherent, but in a moment more he is calm, collected, and begins amusedly to narrate some fresh instance of British stupidity. There have been times when

he has gone so far as to say that the British are not irreconcilably bad, but merely stupid, and the topic is dwelt upon with a wealth of felicitous illustration from the Irish patriot point of view. Strange to say, too, one of the paradoxes of his situation is that he is personally quite popular with some of the most patriotic Englishmen in Ireland. De Valera's favorite illustration of the stupidity of the English is drawn from the state of Ireland, a country very easily governed, and inhabited by a people glad to respect a strong government intelligently conducted. At Dublin he once predicted that if the time should ever come when the English decided to put him to death, "they will in their dense stupidity impart a superfluously sanguinary character to the act."

This would seem to imply that he can almost foresee disaster of this kind, but he is unafraid, and declares that if the league of nations refuses to receive Ireland into its conferences—and he believes they will so refuse—an organization has been perfected which is ready to answer the call to arms at any time. It is to be hoped that this call will never come, for Ireland can be made reasonably independent without it.

SELF-DETERMINATION FOR IRELAND

By REV. GEORGE G. FOX, S. J.

Now while the wrongs of centuries are being righted; when the Belgians, Poles, Slavs, Serbians, Finns and Czechs are being guaranteed their liberty, why should not dear old Ireland come unto her own?

She is not asking for anything which England, America and other free nations do not possess. She is not on her knees begging a favor—she is simply asking *back* what is her own God-given, natural right of self-determination—a right she once en-

joyed and exercised 600 years before the American Republic saw the light of day.

I am, thank God, an American, and since I have just received my honorable discharge from the American Army and offered my all to my country during the war, I think that I can claim a hundred per cent rating.

Like all thoroughbreds, I love freedom and would bring freedom to all the peoples of the earth.

Why then should I deny it to the Irish?

aye, I should bring it to them more than to any others because I believe that they merit it more than others. In the first place, I'd bestow it on them out of sheer gratitude.

Ireland did more than any other nation to win freedom for us. General Harry Lee held that "one-half of the soldiers of our Continental Army were from Ireland." Joseph I. C. Clark says that "not less than 40 per cent of the enlisted men of the Union Army were of Irish descent." Secretary Josephus P. Daniels declared that "one-third of our recent American Army and over 40 per cent of our Navy were of Irish blood," and it has been computed that if America had given in proportion to her population the same numbers which poor old Ireland gave to the Allied armies in their battle for democracy, we would have given five and a half millions of men!

In the face of these facts how can any one gainsay the proposition that we Americans, and the English, and the rest of the peoples of the world, are not largely indebted to the Irish for freedom's victory?

But to bring up a single philosophical argument: Professor Burgess has defined the ideal state as "a national unit in a geographical unit, the two coinciding." This has come to be known in political and sociological science as the Principle of Nationalities.

The nineteenth century carried Europe a long way in the direction of such a system of states on such an ideal basis. But the failure of the universal application of this principle is put down by George H. Allen, Ph. D., of the University of Pennsylvania, as one of the leading causes of the Great War.

Now according to this principle, generally accepted by the savants as evident, should not Ireland be free and self-determined?

Indeed she should. Geographically, the

boundaries of the Emerald Isle were fixed by God Himself, and no man—not even an Englishman—can ever unfix them. Ethnologically, the Irish stand by themselves—distinct scions of the Celtic race—and no grafted Orangeman will ever assimilate them—having in former times her own code of laws, her own language and her own customs.

Her generous contribution to the civilization and education of Europe and the whole world is a patent historical fact.

Ireland never surrendered her own natural characteristics as a nation, her own language, laws and rights of self-determination. Centuries of persecution have not wrested them from her. She has struggled to throw off the galling yoke of English rule ever since 1172. Why, only during the last century and a half—during the short life of our American independence—she has fought against English oppression in five armed rebellions—1798, 1803, 1848, 1867, 1916.

And may she go to it again! We Americans are backing her—and with our encouragement and the help of God, she will continue her noble fight until she gets back the use of her right of self-determination—a right dearer than life itself—an inalienable right which every decent American would lay down his all for—if it were ever stolen from him.

"This prohibition outlook is a trifle expensive.

"How so?"

"Why, I've just had to build a second addition to my wine cellar." —"Tiv."

WILLING TO SHOW HIM

Judge Oppenheimer—It is utterly incomprehensible to me how you could have killed that man with one blow of your bare fist.

Accused—Shall I show you how I did it? —"Tiv."

MY FIRST VISIT TO LAKESIDE

ENCOURAGED by assurances from the editor, to the effect that my name will not be divulged—and the reasons for this must be all too obvious—I have consented to recount what happened to be the misadventures of my first visit to the Country Club at Lakeside. To those who are familiar with the remarkable advantages offered to members of the Olympic Club by this splendid addition to its many blessings, a misadventure of any kind would of a necessity be deemed far beyond any reasonable limit of possibility, but I had mine all right, and it came about in this way:

I had just reduced the "money in bank" clause of my tax declaration, and added to the "personal property" clause, by blowing myself for a speedy little roadster, and had come to the time when the demonstrator said that it would be safe for me to venture, on the highway for a little spin. I had not yet acquired confidence enough to feel justified in taking my family along, so I invited a friend, for the reason that if I smashed him up instead of the wife and children, it wouldn't make so much difference. You see, in that case his folks would only have one funeral to pay for, while I would have six, to say nothing of doctor's bills and six times as many flowers.

The day dawned auspiciously, and it

seemed as though I couldn't wait for the half holiday of the afternoon, but it came and off we started. I managed to negotiate the streets without being arrested, but it is only fair to say that if there had been any police about I would not have escaped. We spurted through the park like real veterans, but in trying to shift gears or something, going up the hill toward the Sutro forest, something went wrong and the machine stopped. My friend got out to crank up, when I touched something, off she started, and the car went over him. But as good luck would have it, no harm was done barring the tearing away of all the buttons on his vest and pants. As soon as we brushed the dust and other foreign substances off of him, we were on the way again, and I allowed the drinks and lunch were on me as a punishment for the lack of knowledge that almost ground my best friend into chopped beef. At last we arrived at the club house and parked. I paid the first installment of my fine for near murder in a couple of pints of champagne at four per, and then we went to lunch. I was so happy not to have been compelled to take my friend home in an oil can or wine box, that I told him not to stint himself, and he didn't. I may even go so far as to say that he threw it into me good and plenty, thereby showing a revengeful spirit



which I had never known him to possess before.

When the lunch was over I asked for my check and it was handed to me on a silver salver, and with a smile from the waiter, indicating that he must be certain I was a millionaire. I gulped a little when I read the figures, but I was too much of a sport to show it, and besides I wouldn't have let my friend think I was stingy now if it summed up ten times its amount of \$23.15. So I signed with a classy flourish and called for some more brandy and benedictine and the best cigars in the house.

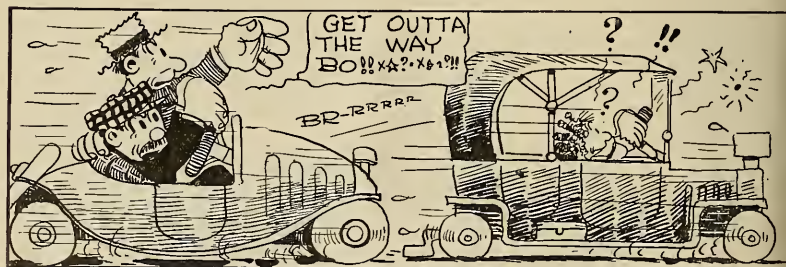
In a few moments the waiter came back and told me that there was no such name as mine on the list of members, and a lady who seemed to be the manager, stood in a door, glancing at me as though she felt sure I had come there with the intention of stinging the place for the best there was on the menu.

"Isn't this the Olympic Country Club?" I asked, refraining from bad language because there was a lady present. But I was some mad, you hear me.

"No, sir," was the reply, "this is the San Francisco Golf Club." And then my friend gave me a hollow, sneering laugh that made me feel for all the world like sticking a fork in him. But I didn't for I knew the consideration due to a guest, and so I dug in my jeans for the money to pay the bill and then apologize politely for my stupidity. I did this with some mis-

givings, for I felt afraid that I had not brought so much as \$23.15 with me. And, by George, I hadn't. All I could show up was \$14.21! I asked my friend to help me out, but all the cheap skate had was eighty cents, a latch key and a couple of war saving stamps. I looked about the club in the hope of being able to touch some acquaintance but there wasn't a soul about whom I knew. I telephoned to Lakeside, but it was an off day and there wasn't a soul about the Club house. The lady, who by this time must have seen that I was an unfortunate victim of circumstances, told me that if I would go to Lakeside and get some one to vouch for me, she would trust me that long for the amount of my check. Then my fool friend butted in.

He felt sure that he had been internally injured when the car scraped off his buttons, and must be hurried back to town to consult a doctor. This terrified me, so I induced the lady to accept my check, hurried my friend into the car, and back we started at a forty per hour speed, after nearly tearing the near wheels off half a dozen machines coming the other way. When we got to the Club I discovered that my friend had been bluffing, for he wasn't injured at all, but merely wanted to clean up and keep a date. So my first visit to Lakeside was no visit at all, for I didn't even see it and haven't been there yet.



GOLF HANDICAPPING, HANDICAPS AND HANDICAPPERS

By HUBERT E. LAW, M. D.

THERE are perhaps as many systems of handicapping as there are people with ideas on the subject, and all have their faults. The United States Golf Association has accepted and uses the Calkins System of Handicap, which is also used in practically all of the Pacific Coast clubs, and therefore will be used in the Olympic Club.

The principal feature of this system is that not only is the good player handicapped because he is a good player, but the bad player is also handicapped because he is a bad player. The reason is this: The object of handicapping is to put all players on the same level, and if an allowance of a certain number of strokes is to be made to the less skillful player because he can not play as well, some allowance ought to be made to the more skillful player because he can not improve as much.

The Calkins Handicap System is based on the par of the course. Par means perfect play without flukes and under ordinary weather conditions, always allowing two strokes on each putting green.

On holes up to 250 yards, inclusive, par is 3. On holes of 251 to 415 yards, inclusive, par is 4. On holes of 446 to 600 yards, inclusive, par is 5. On holes of 601 yards and upwards, par is 6.

Theoretically a club handicap list should be so made up that each player has as good chance to win as any other, but no better, whenever a competition is held. But as handicaps can not be readjusted daily, it is evident that the chances will not really be equalized unless some measure is taken of relative probabilities of improvement in play.

Mr. Calkins, whose system was introduced in 1905 and revised in 1910, has prepared a handicap scale which shows at

a glance the handicap for any best score average from 62 to 109 on any course whose par is between 65 and 76. In handicapping with this system, therefore, it is essential that each player's best score average be known. This does not mean his average game but his average *best* game. No player should win a competition except when playing his best game. A scratch man is sometimes off his game, playing perhaps six or eight strokes above his true form, but it is evident that a handicap list will be worse than useless if it attempts to make any allowance for the tendency—common to all players—to fall off at one time or another from true form. or that reason a player's handicap is not raised until it is proven by constant competition during four or five months that his play is permanently inferior to what it was, and not that he is only temporarily off his game.

The best score average means a player's average best game. If, for example, the par of a course is 74 and a player has made a 75 and 76 and 77, his best score average would be 76. The same would be true if he made a 72 once, since an exceptionally low score not duplicated is disregarded as a "freak."

Of course no system is absolutely infallible and the handicapper is forced sometimes to use his judgment in rating a player.

Handicaps

No one has any inherent right to a handicap. Theoretically, all players should start at scratch, and the burden of proof is always on the player to show that he is entitled to a handicap. Practically, however, and in our case, where so many of the players are just beginning to realize the delights of golf, it would spoil our fun and certainly lessen the interest in com-

petitive play to abide by theory. And for that reason, handicaps have been given to players on a very meagre knowledge of each one's ability. In many cases, the handicaps have been computed from one score, because other scores were not available.

It is realized by the Tournament Committee that these handicaps may not be right, and the committee has therefore arranged its schedule of tournaments so as to enable the handicapper to quickly arrive at each player's best score average.

The safe maximum limit handicap of any club is 30, but as there are a considerable number of Olympic golfers for whom this handicap is inadequate, they have been divided into five classes according to their past performances.

Class A contains players whose best score average is between 74—the par for Lakeside—and 100.

Class B, best score average between 101 and 110.

Class C, best score average between 111 and 120. *

Class D, best score average between 121 and 130.

Class E, best score average between 131 and 140.

The class handicap of each player in each class is based on the minimum score limit for that class. In class competitions there will be one prize for each class so that every player in the Club will have an equal chance for a prize.

There are two kinds of handicaps. One is called the medal handicap; is used in medal competitions and refers to strokes. The other is the match handicap; is used in match competitions and refers to holes.

In a medal play handicap competition the winner is the player who has the best net score. This is arrived at by deducting his handicap from his medal score for the round, which is called his gross. The efficiency of the handicap is shown by the

nearness of the winner's net score to the par of the course.

While there is a recognized and official medal handicap system, there is no official method of arriving at a player's match handicap, though on the Pacific Coast it is almost universal practice to establish a player's match handicap at one-half his medal handicap, though the handicapper's discretion is used in determining whether the match handicap should be more or less than the fraction resulting in the division of an odd number. For example, if 15 were the medal handicap, one half would be $7\frac{1}{2}$, and the match handicap either 7 or 8, according to the player's ability in match play.

In match play competitions against par, each player starts with an advantage of a certain number of holes up on par. That is to say, if his medal handicap is 10, his match handicap will be 5 and he will start his match play round 5 up on par. If during the round he fails to beat par on 5 holes but gets the par figures in 13 holes, he will be all square with par. If he loses to par on 4 holes but equals par on 14 holes, he has only lost 4 of his allowance and is therefore 1 up.

It will be seen that with a maximum medal handicap of 30, a number of our players will start 15 holes up on par, and if they make no par figures during the round, they will only be 3 down to par at the end of 18 holes.

Two methods of match handicapping are in use. One is called the "Holes of Start System," which is used at Lakeside, and the other is the "Stroke System." The first has been explained. The second establishes the match handicap at three-quarters of the medal handicap and consists of the allotment of a stroke at certain holes. However, there is no common method followed by golf clubs in selecting the holes

THE BIG I AM

By PETER B. KYNE

IN the beginning he was a National Guard infantry captain—a large imposing person with a fighting face, who, because he had no brains to speak of, was a serious and solemn ass whose reticence had inculcated in his colonel's mind a hallucination that Captain Dugan's seven and three-quarters head was quite filled with valuable thoughts. On the occasions when he did condescend to speak he talked shop; in heavy, rotund tones of flat finality he was wont to hold forth upon the value of punctuality and strict discipline. (As a matter of fact, he had as keen an understanding of military discipline as he had of the nebular hypothesis.) If he had ever read the opening paragraph of Army Regulations, to-wit: "Military discipline shall be administered with firmness, kindness and justice" (the authors of The Regulations forgot to include the words "tact" and "common sense"), he had forgotten it. Consequently, when he commanded a company his men hated him, for he was a driver, not a leader; his administration of his command was severe, and exacting, bordering on the tyrannical; since he was devoid of imagination he did not know that the judgment of one's inferiors is something to be reckoned with; that their affection and respect once lost can never be regained.

Dugan's company gave three cheers and a tiger when he appeared before them for the last time at retreat, informed them he had been promoted to a majority and detailed as adjutant to brigade headquarters—and bade them good-bye. The cheers caused Dugan to flush with pleasure. He thought they were cheering for him—and thanked them kindly. Thus his monumental conceit came to light, and that night he received his nickname. He was

formally christened "The Big I Am."

Brigade Adjutant Dugan, under a kindly and easy-going brigadier, had considerable power which he exercised mercilessly. As the direct representative of the brigade commander he could and did ride his late colonel without spurs until the latter cursed the day he had recommended Dugan for a majority. Then about the time his adjutant had succeeded in ruining the esprit de corps of the brigade officers, the brigadier discovered the reason for it.

Now the brigadier was proud of his brigade; in fact, he loved it. He was unwilling to relieve Dugan as adjutant and return him to duty with his old regiment, for that meant the presence, in his brigade, of one battalion which must necessarily be commanded by Dugan, the driver, and the brigadier knew that in action that battalion would get nowhere without a leader. So he did the next best thing to rid himself of the incubus. He recommended Dugan for a lieutenant-colonelcy, pulled a few strings, had him transferred to the Inspector-General's Department, and forgot that such a person as Dugan had ever existed.

And then Fate switched the cards on that brigade. One quiet night in France Lieutenant-Colonel Dugan from the Inspector-General's office appeared in their trenches and raised the devil. The men's hair needed cutting; too many of them hadn't shaved that morning; pots and pans in the kitchen were not bright enough to suit him; sentries were not sufficiently alert; salutes were all too frequently dispensed with; he criticized harshly a tendency toward fraternity which common danger and common suffering inevitably breeds between humane officers and human soldiers. At the conclusion of one of his

stodgy lectures on the value of strict military discipline he departed, with the announcement that he would return later and see if he could note any improvement. His old company, which had borne the brunt of his visit, prayed that he might be killed on his way back. The company commander, however, forebore to pray and instead did some thinking. For reasons which it is not necessary to mention here he knew that whenever Fritz grew excited and laid down a machine gun barrage, one of the spots covered was a certain cross roads half a mile in the rear of the American line. It was now eleven o'clock and the supply train was not due at that point until one o'clock. Dugan, however, was due there in approximately fifteen minutes.

Twelve minutes later Dugan's old command opened rapid fire on the Hun. Down came Heine's machine gun barrage in reply, searching the back areas with a view to keeping possible reinforcements at a respectable distance. In seven minutes the flurry of fire subsided, and the company commander retired to his dug-out fervently hoping that God had been good and that The Great I Am would harry him no more.

Vain hope! Anxious inquiries developed the information that Dugan had been caught at the crossroads but had strolled calmly through the barrage and without injury. And three nights later he returned to raise more hell.

"When I leave tonight," he warned the captain, "I want this outfit to refrain from drawing the German fire, no matter what the provocation. I'll not be caught at that cross-road again. Now, then, captain, when you call for a barrage how long does it take to get it?"

"In from eighteen to twenty seconds, sir. The artillery is very alert and gives up very good support at all times."

"Hum-m-m! I wonder if they are.

Guess I'll see for myself. What do you use that rocket for?" He pointed.

"That, sir, is the rocket we use for a general barrage."

"Light it," commanded The Great I Am peremptorily.

The company commander glanced swiftly at Dugan—a thin small smile flashed across his countenance. He took the rocket, and stepped out of the dug-out into the trench. Dugan followed. In the trench one of his second lieutenants stood talking with the first sergeant, and the captain paused beside them.

"Colonel," he began humbly, "I don't like to light this rocket. We're not supposed to light it except in case of emergency." He drew from a crypt in the trench wall another rocket. "I suggest that we use this one, sir. It calls for a one-shot trial barrage."

The Great I Am drew himself up. "You will obey my order without further discussion, sir," he replied frigidly.

"Very well, sir," the captain replied and touched a match to the rocket. "You know it all—and without asking—and you ordered me to do this in the presence of witnesses. Colonel Dugan, you've ridden an officer and a gentleman for the last time. The inspector who takes your place will probably be called upon to demonstrate that he knows something of the art of modern warfare before they send him into the front line."

With a swish and a roar the rocket mounted. As it burst over No Man's Land the top sergeant, who had suffered under The Great I Am of old, hummed audibly:

"I hear them calling you,
Way up at G. H. Q."

Whatever reply Dugan had formulated in his slow brain was lost in the crash of the American machine guns and trench mortars. Ten seconds later the first flight of shells from the 75's whistled over; then

OBITUARY—J. FRANK MORONEY

A GAIN has a merry, friendly, trustful soul answered the call of its Maker; again has the too small army of sterling manhood been lessened by the visitation of the hand of Death; again does boon companionship weep for that one of its best beloved has been taken away to return no more! The 10th of March, 1919, will long be held in mournful memory as having been the day on which Frank Moroney's spirit departed from his body to take its place in that mysterious beyond, which an abiding faith in the religion of his kin had taught him must be one of happiness and peace, and eternal rest with the beloved ones who had gone before. Born in San Francisco of good old pioneer stock, he inherited the keen initiative and ambition for advancement so characteristic in the early state builders. He received his first business training from his father and then he became bookkeeper for a stock brokerage firm. After his marriage he entered the wholesale liquor trade, but, after a few years' experience in that line, he adopted the insurance business and there continued with unvarying success up to the time of his death.

Still he had no wish to die. In spite of the disappointments, and sighs and cares that seem to be inseparable from true manhood's soul, the world was beautiful to him. It had its pleasures, its extravagances, its friendships, and, best of all, its dull moments could be brightened by the love and respect of two beautiful girls who bore his name. But years ago the warning came with the visitation of a dreaded malady for which medical science had found no cure. Still he believed not those who told him so, and was cheerful and unafraid, mailed by the iron will of a man who had fought life's battle to win it. His career had been full of pitfalls

and adversities; he had overcome them by the power of an unswerving determination, and, as he so often has said: "I'll beat this out, too."

Those who have been nearest to him during the past two years, have known of the gallant fight he was making in defiance of the Dark Angel, and encouraged him with cheering words professing an abiding faith in the unequal contest. Even when the final call was sounded, this strangely rooted courage did not desert him, and the end came with no touch of fear or despair, for then he knew what was shining for him beyond. His funeral was largely attended by those who loved him best, and there was not a heart among them but beat with pride, for that it had known the sweetness, the manliness and the friendship of James Frank Moroney.



J. FRANK MORONEY

"THE FIRST TO FIGHT"

By CLAY M. GREENE

"Marines are the first to fight,"

The posters read.

Defenders of Freedom's might

To battle led.

Who, as he wrote his name,

Hungry for martial fame,

Saw the unequal game,

Counting the cost aright:

First, too, among the dead?

Who, as he marched away,

Dreamed of that cost?

Saw in that primal fray

The hundreds lost?

Caught the commander's glance

Sounding the loud advance,

What he believed the chance

There in that death-array

Of many a fearless host?

But they were summoned first;

No one had lied.

Oft as they had rehearsed

With gallant pride,

How to first strike the blow

Facing a cruel foe,

No one had asked to know

Either the best or worst

On fields where comrades died.

Savior! That first attack!

Sea soldiers plod

On, not to halt nor slack

Till called to God.

Never a thought of flight,

Never to pause till night,

When, by the torches' light,

Were hurried who came not back

Under the blood stained sod.

Came there no tear nor sigh

On beds uncouth,

Counting who did not die

Midst gloried youth,

They dreamed but of duty done;

They saw but a morrow's sun

Lighting a battle won.

Ah! how could they now deny

The gaily printed truth?

Aye, they were first to fight,

On terrains gory;

First of whom men shall write

In Freedom's story.

First in the valor tales,

Told of the never-fails;

First where no courage quails;

First on the pages bright

Writ of their country's glory.

We Need Dictionaries!

THE Club Librarian, having been asked a few days ago for a Spanish dictionary, imparted the somewhat amazing information that our library contains no dictionary whatever other than English. The Olympic Club, it is confidently believed, is the only organization extant possessing a well-equipped library, which can show so singular an oversight on the part of its projectors and the librarians who have not called attention to it. This information is given by way of an appeal to the liberally disposed to supply the following dictionaries: French, Spanish, Italian, German, Classical, and Roget's Thesaurus of English words, which will cost the insignificant sum of \$10 for ordinary library editions, and of course more for better ones.

THE STRANGE CASE OF CUNNINGHAM vs. JAMES

(Continued)

“GEORGE,” said Joe Mulvehill to Mr. James at the round table one night last week, “I see another fellow takes a whack at you in this month’s *Olympian*.”

“Oh,” replied Mr. James, with a sinister leer, so truly characteristic of him, “You mean Bill Tinkler. Why that’s nothing more nor less than a cheap *nom de plume* for Jack Cunningham, who is afraid to say anything about me unless he’s under

“How do you explain that?” asked Mulvehill, becoming deeply interested.

“Why,” replied Mr. James, with a somewhat vindictive flash from his usually smiling eyes, “you see, I threatened to expose a few more of his numerous peccadilloes if he didn’t lay off me with that libellous literature of his, and he doesn’t want his brother-in-law Billy McCarthy to get anything more on him than he already is wise to.”

“I see. Well, what then?”

“Well,” continued Mr. James, after another crook of his busy elbow, “to return to ‘Tinkler,’ I am reminded of a line from my favorite Shakespeare, ‘How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is to have a thankless child!’”

“What has that to do with Tinkler?” asked Mulvehill, now somewhat puzzled at the amazing knowledge of Mr. James.

“Why, just this,” replied the Shakespearean student, “I once proposed a trip east via the southern route, and invited this so-called ‘Bill’ to go with me. He never refuses anything that looks soft to him, so he gladly acquiesced. Then I took him back to my princely old Southern homes in Galveston and New Orleans, giving him unrestricted entree into the F. F.’s of Dixie, and I must say that, for a wonder, he managed to deport himself like a real

human being and a gentleman. But little did I think that after all that, he would continue his atavistic attacks upon me, and by way of a gentle comeback I want to tell you of another one on him.”

“Cunningham or Tinkler?”

“Never mind. We are speaking of ‘Tinkler’ now. However!

“In New Orleans they still preserve some of the relics and landmarks of other days, and in one of the buildings they have a prison and guillotine. As the attendant explained the different points of interest, of course he called our attention to the guillotine, and the prison where they had incarcerated the pirate Lafitte and subsequently beheaded him.

“As soon as we were outside again, ‘Bill’ turned to me and said: ‘I don’t remember anything in the history class at school about Lafitte, or that he was ever beheaded. I always supposed he was a French officer who came over with Lafayette to help us lick England.’

“And this ignoramus presumes to parade me in print before my fellow club members under an assumed name! Thank you, I’ll take the same.”

(EDITORIAL NOTE: The above story is contributed, with the statement that this subject has been of interest to readers of *The Olympian*, and with that understanding it is printed. But the editor gives no guarantee of the authenticity of the story, and regrets that he feels compelled to doubt it, on the ground that its author is obsessed with some sort of personal bias and has a fondness for vituperative villification. But in order that this unfortunate feud may be properly threshed out in all of its bearings, we should be glad to publish a statement from Mr. Tinkler, disclosing his true identity.)

LOS SABUESOS DE LOS BANOS

(The Tank Fiends)

By LINC JOHNSON

URGENT demands on the part of the swimmers' union for a forty-four hour working week, the total demolishment of milk drinks and the shortening of the present skirt length or bath costumes, came to such a stage that Sid Cavill felt it his bounden duty to do what he could towards settling matters. Sid accepted himself as arbiter, and right off the bat committed a speech, thusly:

"Hit hisn't hanybody's business why me old man settled in H'australia but hi'll bloody well soy that hi'am a H'american now." (Applause.) "Certain swankers h'amongst your midst 'ave been too bally lazy to swim in our competition, probably because they were too bloody well full of milk shakes. H'i h'agree with the union that milk drinks should 'ereafter be h'ostracized. But h'only milk drinks, mind you!" (Clapping from the rear.) "It 'as been deemed a duty to me to h'inform you than from 'enseforward on a forty hour swimming week will be in force. No Wednesday nights will be allowed h'off h'except in case of sickness or marriage. The breast stroke which has lately been proven to 'ave driven more men crazy than Mack Sennett comedies, will in the

future be h'absolutely barred from being swum in our tank. As to shorter swimming suits I do not feel as if I can offer any enlightenment on that 'ere subject." (At this point Mr. Cavill was interrupted by vociferous applause and dead cats.)

* * * *

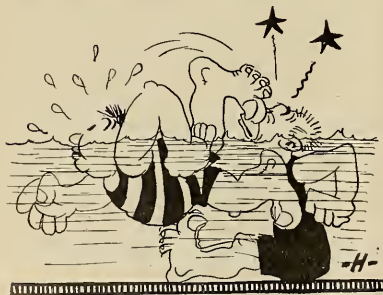
Water polo has become such a popular sport of late, and is apparently developing into so gigantic a proposition that our guiding mentors thought it necessary to have



available supply of material. To properly shape together such a team all of the swimmers, divers and polo players banded together and selected Jim Resleure to be captain.

This election was held under an Australian ballot system wherein all of the voters voted on the same sheet. Sid Cavill proposed this system and it was conducive to the happening of many interesting events.

Fat Bond nominated himself for the position and received one vote. Schultz, who voted after Bond, said that just before George voted he didn't have any check mark after his name, but between the time that Bond left the ballot and



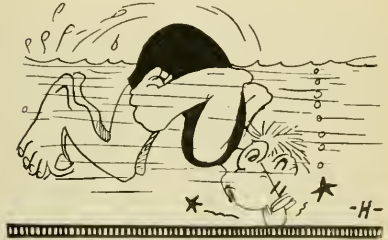
Schultz voted, one check had come from somewhere and placed itself after Bond's name. This gave rise to the inference that Bond voted for himself. Schultz, also a candidate, was more honest than Bond and really did fail to vote for himself. As a result Otto got the consolation prize. Paul Young, a candidate from the Crocs, tied Schultz for doorkeeper. Four swimmers openly declared that they would have voted for Otto Schultz only for the fact that his feet weren't mates. Jim Resleure, the elected captain, had the writer as the most dangerous contestant. Cap Coen, a close friend of Jim's was so excited over the closeness of the contest that he placed a check after the writer's name instead of Resleure's and had to erase it. The Coal Burning Swimmers' Protective Society were successful in having Coen's name kept off the ballot.

The swimming and diving handicap competition that has been raging in the Club for the past three months is rapidly nearing a finish with Jim Carson as the probable ultimate winner. The next two battlers after the scalp of Carson are Jim Resleure and Sandy Goodman. A narrow margin of but a few points separates the three leaders.

Jim Carson, who looks to be the party entitled to first place cup, is the first real swimming product of our Junior class. Jim joined the Club at the rosy age of eight as a quiet and unassuming youngster. During the ten years since then he has

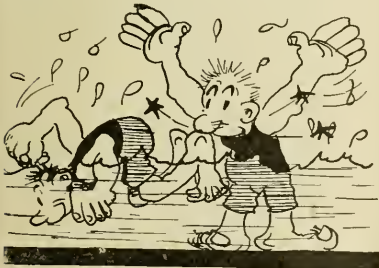
tried and been most successful at all of the sports fostered by the Club, with the exception that he was especially talented along amphibian lines. For the past four years he has battled his way up in the ranks until today he is the king pin swimmer of our coming swimming flock and is still the same quiet and unassuming fellow that he was at the age of eight. Jim has a remarkable faculty for seeing, remembering and accomplishing. These three requisites are all that are necessary to make him a second Ross.

Jim Resleure, second place man, is a familiar fixture around the Club and it was upon him that was placed the duty and honor, if so it may be called, of being "scratch" man. Considering some of the



handicaps that Resleure gave to many of the contestants, and the closeness with which he finished to them, his performances and times were nothing short of remarkable. Had the competition not been a handicap affair Resleure would have been so far ahead of the balance of the contestants, in points scored, that he could have cut his score in half and still won.

Sandy Goodman, third place man, needless to say, is some swimmer, even though he was handicapped away out of sight. Sandy had gobs of hard luck in getting places, but still managed to crawl into one of the first three. Rawlins, another junior of the Carson type, has a secure grip on





AT THE

HERE is a picture of the large assemblage of trap shooters on the opening day at Lakeside, and it is pleasant to be able to add, that the attendance has been almost as large at each subsequent meeting. Some remarkable scores have been made. Jack Nelson has the largest straight of 101 and Frank Stall is second with 69. Jack Nelson has four 25 straights to his credit, Dr. McGettigan 3, George Anderson 3, and S. B. Glacier 3.

Following are the scores for the first round for the Everding watch, shot off on March 15: Topham, 94; Peet, 92; Stall, 92; McGettigan, 90; Dimond, 89; Thomas, 89; Howell, 88; Garratt, 87; Neuman, 86; McLenahan, 86; Sanborn, 85; Burns, 85; Linderman, 84; Hostater, 83; Bosqui, 83; Magee, 80; Harlow, 75.

The next shoot for this valuable prize will be held Saturday, April 19, 100 birds, sliding handicap, 16 to 20 yards.

Below manager O. N. Ford gives the official standings of the shooters up to date in the five classes. A shooter counts every score of 25 shots made on the grounds,

other than registered shoots, and his twelve who makes the highest score has the advantage that when he shoots a high string out of 25, and the lower one dropped, and all are ambitious to have possible score of twelve 25 straights by September 1, the closing day. There are four trophies in each class, also trophies to the two largest scores of 25. The official scores follow:

Class A—McGettigan, 287; Nelson, 287; Stall, 285; Topham, 269.

Class B—Thomas, 278; Burns, 272; Garratt, 270; Hostater, 268.

Class C—Derham, 273; Howell, 260; Gordon, 246; Harlan, 230.

Class D—Ohlandt, 223—the only shooter in Class D to shoot 300 shots, and there have been none so far in Class D or the novice class.

Mr. Ford announces that the juveniles are doing splendidly, and showing marked improvement. At the second shoot held March 8, the wind blew half a gale, which made it very difficult to hit the clays, and yet Brick Moran, with a little 20 gauge broke 10, which is considered a wonderful



TRAPS

ce of shooting. The Pierce Brothers
e said to be natural trap shooters, while
three McGettigan boys are true chips
the old block. At this shoot P.
icroff made the fine record of 12 out of
the first 17, missing the first 8. The boys
et again on March 22.

★ ★ ★

MERCHANDISE TRAP SHOOT

in order to form the nucleus of a fund
improve the roads at the Country Club
Lakeside—more especially to provide
approach to the trap shooting grounds,
which at present have none at all—a mer-
chandise prize shoot, open for all trap
shooters in California, will be held at the
Lakeside traps on Sunday, April 6. Con-
siderably over a hundred valuable orders
for merchandise have already been do-
nated, many entrants have already paid
the fees out of which the fund is to be
but scores count a possible 300. Great
interest is being taken in this, as a shooter
provided, and a large and exciting contest
is already assured with a prize for nearly
every marksman who faces the traps. The
following committee is authorized to re-

ceive contributions of prizes: J. E. Hos-
tater, J. D. Derham, Jr., W. J. Hynes,
L. W. Linderman, and Joseph Harlan.

★ ★ ★

LODGE NOTES

Every shooter wants to know when the
road will be built.

Builder Miller swears that he will have
the fireplace built in ten days.

The electricity connection is promised
for this week.

Don't forget that the Merchandise shoot
is open to all amateurs in California.

The drinking fountain is in and the
water fine, so shooters are advised to get
in and grow used to it before the fateful
next July.

Instruction for beginners, Tuesday, Wed-
nesday, Thursday and Friday from 9 to 4,
and the third Sunday of each month.

Dr. McConnell is making a splendid
come back after ten years' lay off from the
traps.

J. E. Derham has made the most im-
provement so far, and Wm. Ohlandt is
going strong.

O. N. FORD.

TRAP SHOOTING IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

By UNCLE CLAY

Oh, see those boys all in a row
armed with big guns! Are they
there to learn to fight in war?

Oh, no! They are there to learn
to shoot blue rocks.

Where are the blue rocks? I
see no rocks at all.

See those small white things
whisk in the air. They are made
of mud and tar and are sprung in
the air for the boys to hit with the
gun.

That boy points the gun in the
wrong way and yet does not hit
the blue rocks? Where is the
blood?

There is no blood in the game
now. Like most boys, you talk too
much. Here is the tale: All men
save those who have no right to
wear pants—

What men are those who have
no right to wear pants?

There are more of them than



Then he should hit it with the
gun and not shoot at it, for lo! he
has shot at it and it falls to the
ground quite whole.

He will hit it in time. His dad
is there to teach him to shoot blue
rocks and not miss them.

Why are blue rocks?

It is a long tale that was at first
one of blood and is now one in
which no blood is shed, save when
a boy may point the gun in the
wrong way.

you think, as you will find out
when you grow up. All save that
kind of man was born with a love
of blood and a thirst to take life.
Once on a time, in trap shoots,
men shot at live birds let loose
from the trap, and more birds
were killed and maimed each week
than would fill our Ford car. But
kind men who could not brook the
flow of blood when it meant but to
take a life for no good, had a law
made to stop the use of blood at

the traps. So they made blue rocks to take the place of the birds.

That boy might just as well shoot at birds for he does not hit the blue rock.

Do not fear. His dad will see that he will learn in time. When he grows up he will not miss. That small still man with a red chin piece whom the men call "Doc" does not miss one blue rock in a score of shots.

Fine! I guess I will learn to shoot blue rocks.

You must take one more guess, my son. To learn to shoot blue rocks will cost you more than all you spend for sweets, and cake, and gum, in a month, and then some more.

I do not care. I will sell my cart, my bat and my ball, and even my small horse. But you hear me I will learn to shoot blue rocks.

You are a rash and fresh boy, but you may do what you durn please with your own cash, so go to it.

And will that small still man with the red chin piece teach me to shoot blue rocks.

Oh no! It will be his job to care for you when some boy shall shoot you full of shot. But that big man who looks like a duke as he sits in that tall seat and cries out "dead!" and "lost!" will teach you all there is to know.

What is his name?

His name is Ford, but he is not

such a "fliv" as is our car, for he does not miss fire.

And will you pay him to teach me not to miss fire?

Not on your life. You must pay him with your own coin.

But you pay all those who teach me, why not him?

You have a long head and one day will be a king of trade. You are on, my son.

Take me then to him now, for if I do not hit the blue rocks I can make a noise and all boys like noise. Are you glad to have me learn?

There is no sport I would like to have you learn more than this.

AT SAN QUENTIN

Warden Johnson (to prisoner)—Here is the money that is due you. I hope you will find an honorable way of making a living.

Prisoner—Certainly, sir, you may depend on it.

Warden—Well, we shall see; you may go now. Why are you hesitating? Want to say anything?

Prisoner (whose burglar kit had been taken from him when he was arrested)—Might I ask Your Honor for my tools. In the words of Shakespeare, you should not take from me the means by which I live.

—"Tiv."

IN THE DINING ROOM

Waiter—What do you wish me to order for your dinner?

Attorney Brennan (pointing to the kitchen)—I leave that to the mercy of the court! Heaven rest my soul!

—"Tiv."

IN THE FENCING ROOM

By EMILIO LESTRATO

It is very pleasing to announce that there is considerable and encouraging activity in the fencing room, as a number of the members who have been drilling now realize that a course of study and practice with the sabre and with bayonet and musket is required to make more complete the military knowledge being acquired by those meritorious and alert Olympians who are placing themselves in better condition in a military-athletic way. Although the Club has a fair supply of sabres, muskets, jackets, and the like, yet, as the directors have inhaled deep breaths of "preparedness," a larger supply of sabres, etc., is being secured to accommodate a large class in sword practice.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays there have been inaugurated sword practice classes

from 12:15 to 1:15, and Professor Miller has been instructing from six to eight of our military student members during the lunch hour on these days. As many members do not know the class hours of Professor Miller, it may be well to repeat them as follows: Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights, 8 to 10 p. m.; Monday and Wednesday afternoons, 3:30 to 5:30 p. m.; Saturday morning, 9:30 to 11:30, besides the lunch hour on Tuesday and Thursday.

Already with a few brief lessons the drilling Olympians who have taken up the sabre commence to display progress and in two or three months these swordsmen may have attained sufficient skill to justify a competition or small tournament between our Olympic military swordsmen.

FROM OUR MOST REGULAR WAR CORRESPONDENT

Verdun, France, Jan. 30, 1919.

To: The Olympic Club, San Francisco.

From: Frank Marish, Lieut., 23rd Engineers.

Subject: With the triumphant 3rd U. S. Army of Occupation into Germany.

No. 1: Ten months today, as a member of the A. E. F. in France.

No. 2: The armistice was signed early the morning of November 11, 1918. Hostilities ceased exactly at 11 a. m. the same day. We were in the Argonne Forest over three months; took part in every drive, and I am happy that we were at the front to the last. After two weeks' rest and clean up, the triumphant march into Hun Land was on.

We hit the road early every morning; traveled through Verdun to Metz; South-

ern Belgium; into Luxembourg, over the border to Treves, Bitburg and Prum.

The country we traveled through had been wonderfully picturesque; very rolling terrain, heavily wooded for the most part, and practically every valley along the roadside holds a tiny all stone village.

In France and Belgium these villages, for the most part, were either entirely burned, or shell torn, just wantonly destroyed.

Ah, but these people have gone through a living hell for the past four years! Every village has its list of atrocities—not mere thieving and such pillage as is expected in time of war, but things that make you shudder when you hear the poor people tell of them.

When we gained the area behind the

old German line, where the civil population commenced, the people treated us most royally. The towns were decorated with evergreens planted along both sides of the streets; flags were flying everywhere, while streamers of tiny Ally and American flags were hung across the

streets. Goodness knows where all these flags came from, but they were everywhere in evidence.

Longingly yours,

FRANK MARISCH.

P. S.—Boost the Red Cross and the Salvation Army!

A DISTINGUISHED OLYMPIAN

THIS is not, as the photograph would seem to indicate, an alien from the land of Harry Lauder, but Bob Lundie, who prior to the war was gen-



erally recognized as being one of the best all round athletes that the Olympic Club has ever turned out. He entered the Club

as a juvenile and at once set about learning the rudiments of all branches of athletics. Before he had advanced very far into the junior class, he had perfected himself in swimming, boxing, wrestling and tumbling, and might have become famous in all of them had not the outbreak of the war awakened in him a slumbering military ardor, the existence of which had not before manifested itself. The United States had not yet become a belligerent, and so he proceeded to Canada and enlisted in the first Canadian army to be sent over seas. Expressing a wish to be numbered among the soldiers of the land of his forefathers, he was transferred to the 4th Battalion of Gordon Highlanders, with whom he has remained ever since with credit to himself and the well won glory of Scottish arms. He is here shown in Hut 76, at Edinburgh, Scotland, anxiously waiting for the discharge that shall restore him to Olympia and permit him to revive and add to his acrobatic and athletic record.

A GREAT TEMPTATION

Judge Fitzpatrick (to a prisoner)—How did you break into that house?

Prisoner—Your Honor, it was two o'clock in the morning—no policeman in sight—an open window. Why, Judge, you yourself would of went in.

—“Tiv”

A CROIX DE GUERRE OLYMPIAN

Le Mans, France, Feb. 23, 1919.

Dear Friend Steve:

I haven't heard from you for a hell of a time. I received the San Francisco Chronicle here the other day and, Lord behold, what confronted me but your beaming deemanor interlarded with other husky Olympians. It looked so natural that I just said "Hello, Steve." I sent it the same day to "Swede" Smith, who is still with the Army of Occupation in Germany. I am sure he will also get a "kick" out of it.

At 8:45 this morning I thought of you and tried to figure out just what you were doing there. That would make your time there about 12 o'clock midnight. At the time the incident occurred I was sipping a rum royal. Some drink, believe me. We were seated in the back of a French cafe confabulating with the whole family. My friend flings the lingo much better than I do and we got along just "lovely."

Rumor now has it that we will embark some time in March. The perennial question throughout these foreign cities is "When do we go home?" Nobody really seems able to answer the question. I gave up long ago.

I was greatly surprised to read of the federal prohibition amendment being ratified. I thought the people of California expressed themselves in unmistakable fashion last November. What is the sentiment there? By the way, is Baily still on the Bulletin? Occasionally I run across a copy of the Bulletin, but never see any articles by him. Modestly I now speak, but on my return you will note upon my palpitating breast the French Croix de Guerre, awarded for extraordinary courage upon the firing line. In addition to this I received a regimental citation. The dedication took place at the Chateau Loire,

France. Not so bad, is it? for one who little dreamed of distinction in this here war game. Too many incidents are involved in it for me to relate the citation in full. It would read like a war story. A part of it was my being gassed and yet holding my platoon in the fire and then crawling out over the field and bringing in the wounded while Mr. Hun's snipers peppered the immediate vicinity where I was operating. It sure was exciting. More so, I can assure you, that "rolling them" for orange blossoms. I have a souvenir for you. It is a napkin ring hammered out of a French seventy-five which added to the Hun's discomfiture in the Argonne Forest. It was fired by our artillery. I am also going to present one to Mr. Humphrey of the Olympic Club as well as four ash trays—all made from shells fired in the great offensive in the Argonne. You may inform him of the forthcoming present.

Sincerely, as ever,

CPL. NELSON G. MILBURN,

Co. C., 316th Engrs.

A. E. F., A. P. O. 776.

IN THE LAUNDRY

Neighbor—What in the world is your husband doing in the laundry all morning?

Mrs. Pommery, the poet's wife (angrily)—He is forever writing poetry on his cuffs. Now he is hunting in the wash boiler for the fourth verse of his last poem.

—"Tiv."



PALAM QUT MERUIT FERAT

THE COSTER AND HIS DOG

By GEORGE R. SIMS

(One of the most effective recitations ever written)

Now, look a here, Mister Preacher,
 You're goin' a bit too fur.
 There isn't the cove as is livin'
 As I'd let sa wa word again 'er.
 She's a rum lookin' beast, that I own to,
 And there is a fierce look in 'er h'eyes,
 But if any cove sez ez she's wicious,
 I sez, in his teeth ez he lies.

So gently, old woman come 'ere now,
 And sit by me side on the bed;
 I wonder who'll 'ave yer, me beauty,
 When 'im as ye're all to's dead?
 'Ere, stow yer palaver a minnit!
 I know as the end is nigh,
 But is a cove to turn round on his dog like,
 Just 'cause 'e's goin' to die?

Oh yes, I was sartin yer'd sa yit,
 I's allers the same wiv you;
 Come, give it us straight now, Guv'nor,
 What 'ud yer 'ave me do?
 Think o' the Lord? I do, sir.
 Think o' the Savior? Right!
 Don't be afeared o' the bitch sir,
 She ain't goin' to bite.

Tell me about me Savior;
 Tell me that tale agen;
 'Ow 'E prayed fur the coves as killed 'Im,
 And died fur the wust o' men.
 I alwus liked that story,
 And bound fur the eternal shore,
 I thinks it aloud to meself, sir,
 And likes it more and more.

I've thumbed it out on the Bible,
 And I knows it now be 'eart,
 And it's put steam like in me boiler,
 And made me ready to start.
 For a prayin' fer coves ez 'ud kill us
 Is a beautiful act—you bet!
 Ez I never 'eard tell about no one,
 'Cept o' 'Im and o' that there Bet.

'Twas a year ago come Christmus.
 P'raps yer'll remember the row—
 There wus fears about 'ydrophoby,
 Same ez there be just now.
 And the Bobbies comes down on us Costers,
 Comes in a regular wax,
 And them as 'ad got no license
 Was summoned ter pay the tax.

But I'd a friend among 'em,
 And 'e comes in a friendly way,
 And 'e sez: "Yer must settle yer dawg, Bill,
 Unless yer've a mind ter pay."
 The missus wus dyin' o' fever,
 A livin' I couldn't get,
 I couldn't afford ter keep 'er,
 So I sez, "I'll drown me pet."

I warn't goin' ter lose her;
 I ain't such a brute, you bet!
 As ter leave 'er dyin' be inches,
 Uv 'unger, and cold and wet.
 I never said nowt ter the missus—
 We both on us loved 'er well—
 So I takes 'er the follerin' Sunday
 Downter the Grand Canell.

I gits 'er tight be the collar—
 The Ford furgive me sin!—
 And kneelin' down be the tow path,
 I ducks the poor beast in.
 She gives a sudden whine like,
 And a look comes into 'er eyes,
 As'll last furever in mine, sir,
 Up ter the day I dies.

She floundered about fur a minute,
 And fancyin' I 'eard 'er moan,
 I grabs 'er around the throat, sir,
 A-beatin' 'er skull wiv a stone.
 Yer can see the mark uv it now, sir—
 That scar on the side uv her 'ead—
 When a sudden she ceased ter struggle,
 And I fancied as she wus dead.

I'll never know 'ow it 'appened,
 But, goin' ter loose me 'old,
 Me knee slipped over the tow path,
 And inter the stream I rolled.
 Down like a lawg, I went, sir,
 And me eyes wus filled wiv mud
 And the water wus tinged above me,
 Wiv a murdered creetur's blood.

I gives meself up fur lost then,
 And I shrieks in me wild despair,
 When a sudden I rose ter the surface
 And sumthin' grabbed at me 'air.
 Grabbed at me 'air and loosed it;
 Then grabs me agen be the throat;
 And she wus a 'oldin' me 'ead up,
 And some 'ow I kep afloat.

The two on us struggled ashore, sir,
 And I sees ez the bitch wus weak,
 And she lay on 'er side a pantin',
 A, waitin' fur me ter speak.

Wot did I do with 'er, eh?
 Yer'd 'ardly need ter ax;
 But I sold me barrow o' Monday,
 And paid the bloomin' tax.

That's right, Mr. Preacher, pat 'er!
 Yer ain't not afeard uv 'er now—
 'Ang this 'ere tellin' o' stories,
 Look at the muck on me brow!
 I'm weaker, and weaker, and weaker,
 I know as the end ain't fur,
 And that's why 'ere on me deathbed
 I thinks o' the Lord and 'er.

And 'E Who be man's 'ands tortured
 Uttered that prayer divine,
 'E'll furgive my linkin' 'Is name like,
 Wiv a dawg as furgave like mine.
 And w'en the Lord in 'Is mercy calls me
 Out o' the cold and wet,
 I want yer to treat 'er kindly—
 Promise ter take my pet!

FROM THE SIBERIAN FRONT

Siberia, Dec. 11, 1918.

The Olympic Club.

Gentlemen: I recently wrote you in regard to a bill I owe and although I stated I was doing so, I neglected to enclose the money. I am doing so now and trust you have straightened out the matter of the locker rent. Needless to say, I miss greatly the comforts and pleasures of the Club.

As far as I know there are no other members out here. If there should be, I would be glad if you would let me know their names. I am not permitted to say much about things here, but you may be interested to know that we are at present in Kharbarovsk, at the junction of the Ussuri and Amur rivers. I can not

tell of any notable deeds accomplished by our regiment, but I may say that after a review recently held here, in which Japanese, Chinese, Cossack and American troops took part, the reviewing officer, General Oi of the Japanese Army, stated that the First, our battalion, was the best body of troops at the review.

The weather is very cold, sometimes the thermometer registers as low as 45 degrees below zero, but we are well clothed; in fact in our furs we look more like Esquimaux than American soldiers.

Hoping to enjoy the benefits of the Club again when our job is done, and wishing all Olympia a Happy and Successful New Year, I remain, proud to be a member,

LIEUT. C. D. HUDSON.

THE QUESTION OF CADDIES

By ELLIOTT H. PIERCE

THAT the Club has secured a great asset, both for the present and the future, in the Lakeside golf links, is becoming increasingly evident each month, and that considerable development in this outdoor feature of our Club life is bound to result, needs no argument.

The enthusiasm with which the members are availing themselves of the golfing and trap shooting shows clearly that Lakeside is filling a long-felt want, and as summer comes on and the days lengthen, its popularity will embrace the entire membership either as participants or spectators.

The links, the Club house, the service and the entire personnel of the management are all that the most exacting could ask, but there is one very grave fault, that needs consideration and a remedy, if it can be found.

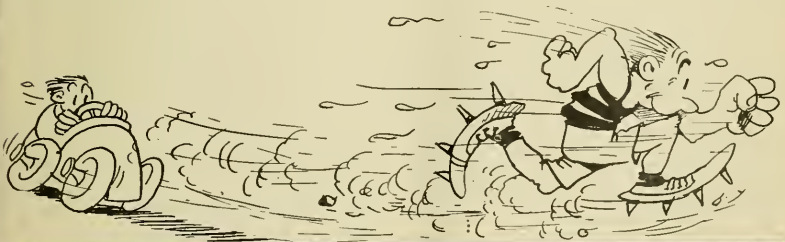
I refer to the caddie situation. To see four large, prosperous, well-groomed gentlemen, stalking over the hills, tagged at the heels by a nondescript crew of dirty, ragged, disheveled, bedraggled, inattentive, inefficient and, worst of all, dishonest, rag-a-muffins, gives a touch of ridiculousness to an otherwise charming picture, to say nothing of frequently spoiling the entire day for some new player, not wise enough

to the rules and customs of the game to protect himself against imposition.

There is no question but that the caddies who come to Lakeside are well paid and well treated. That is evident from the number of larger boys who are now coming in from other links, and it is these larger boys who tend to disorganize the caddie master's rules, and who are a bad example in manners and habits for the smaller.

I am told by those in charge, that the caddie situation is a delicate one, and has to be handled very gingerly, otherwise they may strike or boycott the links. I imagine that the difficulties we have to contend with are to be found in like measure in all the other clubs on this side of the bay, and that if the management of the other clubs were consulted and a set of universal rules regarding caddies formulated, much of the threatened boycott danger would disappear.

One of the first requisites for inculcating some idea of responsibility would seem to be to have the caddie wear, while on the links, a uniform of overalls and jumper of a color selected by each club, which the caddie could put on over his own clothes, and turn in when through, to



the caddie master before being paid off, no caddie to be allowed on the fairway without uniform. This would do away with the annoyance of having stray caddies stepping on your ball in the rough, and picking it up when you have abandoned the vain search.

Would it not be a good idea to consult with the heads of some of the orphan institutions with the view of having their boys come out on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays? It would be like a day in the country for those little fellows, they would earn some money, and make acquaintances with men that might be of great assistance to them a few years later. The art of caddying is not difficult for a quick-eyed boy to learn, and in fact the best and most satisfactory caddie I have met on the Lakeside links was a new boy, who didn't know a mashie from a mid iron.

THE BIG I AM

(Continued from Page 14)

the four point sevens and the 155-mm. howitzers and G. P. F.'s came over with a whoosh and ere twenty seconds had passed the naval guns, ten miles in the rear, had joined in the frightful chorus.

The commander held a stop watch under Dugan's nose. "Twenty seconds," he yelled in Dugan's ear.

Dugan turned a smouldering glance upon him. "Very good," he yelled. "Now stop it."

The company commander placed his lips to the large red ear of The Great I Am. "I have no authority," he shouted. "You called for a forty-five minute general barrage, you've gotten it and now nobody but God Almighty can call it off. You're going to be held responsible for the wasting of a million dollars' worth of ammunition. It's a big price to pay to get rid of you, but it's worth it."

The investigation lasted twenty minutes. Three days later Patrick Aloysius Dugan

was headed for the land of the free and the home of the brave; upon his arrival in New York he was "honorably discharged for the convenience of the government, his services being no longer required."

Moral: No bird ever flew so high that he didn't come down to roost.

LOS SABUESOS DE LOS BANOS

(Continued from Page 19)

fourth place. The following men rank in position as designated: 5, Herrington, Duke Morrison, Collins; 6, Paul Young; 7, O'Brien; 8, V. Smith; 9, Fredericks; 10, Julien; 11, Pomeroy.

* * * *

The last water polo game on the most recent ladies' night once again resulted in a victory for the Johnson team of tramps. Resleure once again captained the opposing side but was pretty well tired out by the half mile he had swam previous to the game. The score of this game was 4 to 3 and as usual was a game filled with many spectacular features, such as these for instance: Collins tending goal for the winners, who has such a great habit of talking while playing, stopped two thrown balls with his face, forgetting to use his hands. Sandy Goodman whiffed about three aviation throws over the top of the goal and still maintained he hadn't lost his heaving eye. Otto Schultz didn't play. Ernie Smith, in a beautifully laid down barrage of the most accepted military style, put across a couple of scores that would fool the most foxy eyed.

Edgar Pomeroy, sponsor and nurse to the Club soccer team, refereed the game, and at no stage of it gave any decisions that warranted him spending more than the balance of his life in the hoose gow. Frank Shaw and Donald Day each made some scintillating plays, that far outshone the effulgent rays of the most brilliant electric light bulb anywhere about the

tank. Sid Cavill kept time in his usual brilliant fashion and expects eventually to be the undefeated champion time keeper of the P. A. A.

GOLF HANDICAPPING AND HANDICAPPERS

(Continued from Page 12)

at which strokes are granted in handicap match play, some clubs allotting the first stroke on the longest hole, others on the shortest hole, and working progressively to the opposite extreme alternately between each 9. The system is obviously not adapted for inter-club tournaments.

In all Olympic Club competitions the "Holes to Start System" will be used.

In individual matches the difference between the match handicap is given to the player with the highest handicap who starts the match with that many holes up. A's match handicap is 10. B's is 8. A starts 2 up on B.

The Handicapper

A handicapper's life is not a happy one, perhaps because many of the players believe that as far as competitive golf is concerned the handicapper holds the destiny of the player in the hollow of his hand. Nothing could be further from the real state of affairs, because the player establishes his own handicap by his own performance. The handicapper is a very much over-worked individual and has a thankless task. His duty is to collect the scores of each player, work out their best score average, give them every advantage that his personal knowledge of their ability justifies, and smilingly stand a good deal of well meant but destructive criticism.

The efficiency of the handicapper is shown by the results in competitive play, by the evenness of matches and the proximity of net scores to par. He can only be efficient if he has material to work with—that is, the scores of each player. For some unknown reason, pride perhaps, golf

players seem reluctant to turn in their scores. They sometimes blush to be seen with them. As if the handicapper cares what their scores are! Golfers never play well any way. There has only been one golfer in the recollection of the writer who ever admitted that he was playing well. The shock was so great that he hopes golfers will continue to deprecate their respective games. The reason is, possibly, that we golfers as a rule have an idea that we can play better than we really do. There is always some past performance haunting us which we set as a standard and anything that doesn't approach the standard is just plain "punk."

Efficient handicapping can not be done without scores being turned in regularly, and for that reason the caddies have been instructed to keep the player's score for him. The caddy doesn't count or add well, therefore check his guesses and be kind to him. He will not be paid unless the score is turned in. The caddie is instructed not to accept his fee from the player, but must be paid by the Caddie Master. The caddie fee will be charged to the player's account, or if he desires to pay cash for his caddie the amount is to be given to the Caddie Master, who will recompense the caddie for his services.

The players who have not received handicaps can get them by turning in at least three of their signed score cards each showing eighteen holes played. *Every putt must have been holed out.*

HEARD AT THE ROUND TABLE

"My wife is attention personified! Some time ago I happened to mentioned all lilacs, and what do you suppose I saw when my birthday came around?"

"Why, a beautiful bouquet of lilacs on the table," said Babe Fay.

"No, sir! My wife in a new lilac dress."

—"Tiv."

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Bldg., S. F.

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McElroy, Rev. Francis P., priest, 546
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Hall, S. F.

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Howard, Dr. Albert L., physician, 1234
Lombard St., S. F.

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Merchants Exchange Bldg., S. F.

Wills, Bert G., automobile insurance, 401
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Pheby, Thos. R., atty., 718 Mills Bldg.

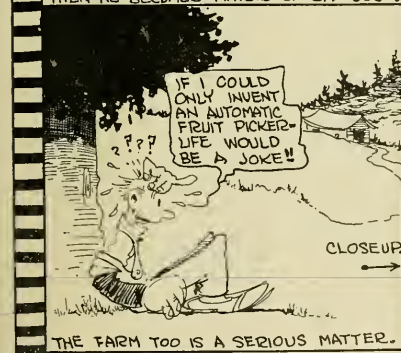
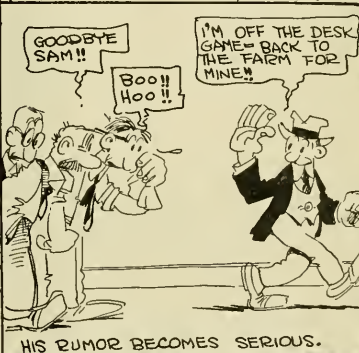
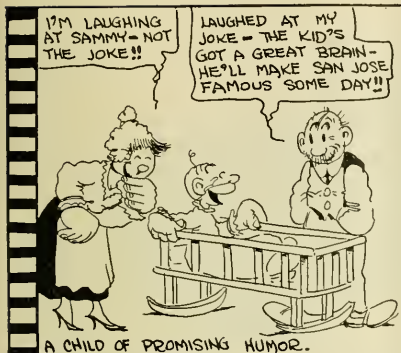
McAllister, Rev. E., priest, 221 Valley
St., S. F.

Trainer, John W., pres. Trainer-Par-
sons Optical Co., 186 Geary St., S. F.

Sykes, F. C., contracting engineer,
Crocker Bldg., S. F.

FONEY FILMS OF CLUB MEMBERS

By Billy Hon, S. F. Examiner



PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT FEBRUARY, 1919

INCOME:

Dues	\$12,947.66	
Initiations	10,070.00	
Department Operations	2,682.34	
Interest	1,150.00	
Visitors	234.00	
Commissions	87.51	
Discounts	30.21	\$27,201.72

EXPENSE:**General Club Expense:**

House	\$5,715.89	
Engine Room	2,010.84	
Electricity	859.09	
Water	503.54	
Store Room	344.20	
Library and Periodicals	130.90	\$ 9,564.46

Administrative and General Expense:

Office Salaries and Expenses	\$1,663.89	
Administrative Salaries and Expenses	472.95	
Taxes	471.82	
Telephone	300.58	
Insurance	270.14	
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00	
Miscellaneous	150.00	\$ 3,529.38

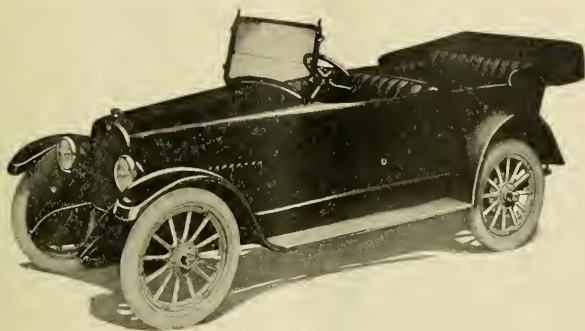
Other Expense:

Interest	\$1,867.13	
Depreciation Reserve	925.00	
Athletic Activities	411.28	
Donations and Subscriptions	275.00	
Special Events	21.50	\$ 3,499.91
NET PROFIT		\$16,593.75 \$10,607.97

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

I have audited the accounts of The Olympic Club for the month of February, 1919, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Profit for the month of February, 1919, of \$10,607.97, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,
JAMES O. SULLY,
Certified Public Accountant.



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Rucker, De Witt, real estate, Rucker Realty Co., San Jose, Cal.

Day, Harry L., mining, Wallace, Idaho.

Cooper, Earl P., merchant, 1014 Twelfth St., Sacramento, Cal.

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Gwynn, Laurance H., 3868 Jackson St., S. F.

de Laveaga, Miguel A., 2 West Clay Park, S. F.

Dozier, Paul C., 2514 Green St., S. F.

Costello, Richard W., Jr., 215 Cherry St., S. F.

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McPheen, Julian A., ensign, U. S. N., 3324 Twenty-first St., S. F.

Newlands, Welles K., ensign, U. S. N., 949 Ashbury St., S. F.

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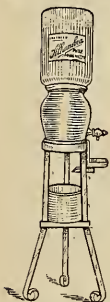
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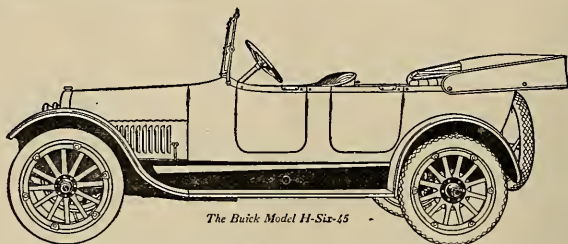
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AMID THIS WASTE STOOD THE DONOHUE MONUMENT THIRTEEN YEARS AGO



Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

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Business Manager: Thomas Bunyan.

Vol. VII.

APRIL, 1919

No. 76

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; J. R. Hanify, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, Stanley Fay, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, Thomas J. Coleman.

Truly enough the cycle of thirteen years just ended has been a singularly fortunate one for the Olympic Club. A retrospective glance through it should eradicate forever from **Olympia's** memory that number the awful superstition of evil that has hung about it through many ages. The sudden blow that fell upon it thirteen years ago was indeed a stunning one. It had gained its spurs in a long struggle for supremacy among other organizations of the kind; it had builded itself what was then a completely equipped home of athletics; there was friendly co-ordination among its members, and a glance into the future showed no stumbling block that could impede its progress. With the horrifying visitation of that never to be forgotten eighteenth of April, there came, destruction, disillusionment, chaos. The pessimistic members—and what organization is without them?—in weak-kneed discouragement, felt certain that the Olympic Club had received a death

dealing blow from which it could never survive. To rebuild would entail an added burden of debt which they themselves might eventually be called upon to lift. Resignations came in in appalling numbers, reducing the membership to less than 1100. But these eleven hundred were of the mettle that ill fortune could neither frighten nor dismay, so with brawny shoulders to the wheels of progress, and armed with a courage that no conflagration yet visited upon man could wither away, set about lifting Olympia from its smoking ruins. The rest of the story is familiar to all of us. How the first temporary quarters were secured through the splendid hospitality of Mr. Lent, in his home on Eddy Street. How the barn-like structure hastily erected immediately adjoining the ruins, demonstrated the fact that the Club was not dead nor even sleeping; how the present stately monument to grit and enterprise arose from the ashes to frighten the members with its magnitude, and then to prove inadequate for the accommodation of a membership that had increased within those lucky thirteen years, from 1100 to nearly 4400 and is still increasing with confusing rapidity. The recalcitrant pessimists have come back and are now as optimistic in regard to the future of the Club as was the friendly phalanx of never-say-dies who fought its fight under a heavy handicap. In union there is strength and we have developed the strength that comes of harmony in purpose and cohesion of government. Thirteen years ago the addition of the Country Club at Lakeside would have been regarded as a fantastic dream impossible of fulfillment or even the promise of it. It has added to the Club membership hundreds of desirable men who otherwise might not have made application; it has become an asset whose values can scarcely be overestimated, and above all, it has proved that to united Olympians nothing is impossible. This with our great preponderance of other available assets, in-

spires the prediction that before the next cycle of thirteen years has whiled itself away, there will be no similar organization in this or any other land, possessed of greater wealth or importance than the Olympic Club.

* * *

On another page will be found a letter touching upon the financial condition of the Club and making suggestions as to the best way of bettering it, which should be of interest to all members. It is requested that all interested

Olympians who dissent from these suggestions should voice their objections in writing to the Board of Directors, so that said objections shall be presented and considered before a meeting of the Board soon to be held. The name of the writer of this letter is withheld for reasons that would not appear to be obvious ones, except that he has requested it, and this is to be regretted for many reasons, the principal one being that a member who is so unselfishly interested in the future welfare of the Club, should be known to all of us, instead of disclosing his identity only to a chosen few. But in requesting frank expressions of opinion upon this subject, which is a most important one, the same concealment will be made in cases where it is requested, and, if published in *The Olympian*, no names will be printed, but permission will be asked to furnish them upon request. No official action has been taken with reference to this matter, and in fact it had been only tentatively discussed prior to receipt of the letter. Then it was decided to invite written discussions of the changes suggested in it, by writing to the Directors or submitting opinions for future publication in *The Olympian*. In discussing so vital a question as the raising of dues, it is asked that personal considerations be set aside, and that only the welfare of the organization be placed in the

crucible of well balanced argument. With reference to any possible losses resulting from application of the Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution, the Club is prosperous enough to pass that by almost unnoticed. But there are other avenues where an increased revenue could be used to great advantage to the Club in addition to the liquidation of a considerable bonded indebtedness. The Directors dissent from some of the views expressed by their correspondent, but in the main he is quite correct.

* * *

Worse and more of it! On the face of it, such a thing would seem impossible of belief, and yet last week, evidently growing out of an alliance between the woman's christian temperance union, and a dry head assemblyman known as the hon. c. c. mc cray, the Assembly of the State of California actually passed a bill which solemnly prohibited the use or manufacture of coca-cola on the ground that it contained caffeine. This insidious drug, it was shown, was a dangerous narcotic, the use of which must surely jeopardize the health of the children of the State. No reason seemed to enter the minds of these strangely influenced solons, to also prohibit the use of tea and coffee, which contain much more caffeine than coca-cola does. In this, however, they no doubt were also guided by the w. c. t. u., whose members are averse to depriving themselves of their favorite beverages, unmindful of the tastes of other people who like to use even more innocent ones. Then came an explanation of this latest example of the tyrannical doctrines of cant. It appears that at first the wets regarded the introduction of the bill as a good joke and a hearty laugh followed. Then, with that singular dullness that seems to have all along been characteristic of many of the methods of the wets, every one of them voted for it, by way of what they considered

**Can You
Beat It?**

a reprisal, and because they thought their cause might be helped by having such silly legislation spread upon the records. It will do nothing of the kind, gentlemen, and such amazing stupidity is what is going to lead you to defeat.

* * *

It is with sincere regret that attention is again called to the receipt of anonymous communications. It is customary in all newspapers or

Mr. Anonymous Still Busy magazines, to consign all unsigned letters to the waste

basket without comment, but since *The Olympian* is published in the interest of the Olympic Club, and expected to be perused only by its members, the editors feel that complaints of any nature whatever should receive consideration, and the matters complained of adjusted whenever it may be possible so to do. It is respectfully submitted, however, that fair play, all the world over, assumes that it is neither wise, manly nor courageous to ambush a man from a hole in the wall, without giving him a chance to meet his antagonist and avert the attack in a manly way. For instance the Club member who wrote, "Why not confiscate all our money?" in red ink, on the receipt slip for one dol-

lar for a year's subscription to *The Olympian*, should have signed his name to it, so that it might be answered as other communications of the same nature have been answered. The same criticism may also be made with reference to the secretive member who mailed the Editors a copy of the March issue, in which all of the articles bearing upon the Irish question of self-determination were ill naturedly blue-pencilled, accompanied by such intemperate remarks in blue as: "What the hell do we care about Ireland?" and "Why don't you give us something pretty to look at?" In reply to this it may be said that there are many millions of reputable citizens of the United States who do care, and several of them are members of the Olympic Club in good standing, as announced by the newspapers in commenting on the great meeting at the Civic Auditorium of the 12th of April. In the same issue some humorous paragraphs contributed by one of our number on request, are also ill naturedly blue-pencilled, apparently for no reason other than that the pseudonym of the contributor appeared several times. If this indignant member will give the Editor his confidence, it is promised that all of his objections will be satisfactorily explained.

Thirteen months since the city's fame
Thirteen months since destruction came.
Held in the fetters of venom'd fate,
Hurried to rise from her embered state.
Into the future the brave ones sped;
Into the future by courage led;
Rested they never a day, until
Ruins were cleared from the valley and hill.
Timber and plank, brick, and mortar and stone,
Touched by magic and thrift, then—a city grown!
Ere we'd forgotten that day of tears,
Ere thrift had throttled our dead'ning fears,
Enter we now into Fortune's gate,
Enchaining despair and a kindless Fate.
Now hath the dread of thirteen gone by,
Now is our summit of greatness nigh.

The Call=Chronicle=Examiner

SAN FRANCISCO, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1906.

EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE: SAN FRANCISCO IN RUINS

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION HAVE BEEN THE PATH OF SAN FRANCISCO SHAKEN BY A TERROR AT 8:15 O'CLOCK YESTERDAY MORNING. THE SHOCK LASTING 45 SECONDS, AND FOLLOWED BY FLAMES THAT RAGED DIAMETRICALLY IN ALL DIRECTIONS THE CITY IS A MASS OF SMOLDERING RUINS. AT 8:15 O'CLOCK LAST EVENING THE FLAMES BEGINNINGLY PLAYING WITH INCREASED VIOLENCE, THREATENED TO DESTROY SUCH SECTIONS AS THEIR FURY HAD REACHED DURING THE EARLIER PORTION OF THE DAY. BUILDING THEIR PATH IN A TRIANGULAR CIRCUIT FROM THE START IN THE EARLY MORNING, THEY JOCKED AS THE DAY WAVED. LEFT THE BUSINESS SECTION, WHICH THEY HAD ENTIRELY DEVASTATED, AND KEPTED IN A DOZEN DIRECTIONS TO THE RESIDENCE PORTIONS. AS NIGHT FELL THEY HAD MADE THEIR WAY OVER INTO THE NORTH BEACH SECTION AND SPRINGING AHEAD TO THE SOUTH THEY REACHED OUT ALONG THE SHIPPING SECTION DOWN THE BAY SHORE OVER THE HILLS AND ACROSS, TOWARD THE TOWN AND TOWNSHIP STREETS. WAREHOUSES, WHOLESALE HOUSES AND MANUFACTURING CONCERNS FELL IN THEIR PATH. THIS COMPLETED THE OBSTRUCTION OF THE ENTIRE DISTRICT KNOWN AS THE "SOUTH OF MARKET STREET" NOW AS THEY ARE REACHING TO THE SOUTH ACROSS THE CHANNEL CANNOT BE TOLD AS THIS PART OF THE CITY IS ABOUT OFF FROM SAN FRANCISCO PAPER.

AFTER OVERSEENING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE HOMELESS WERE WAITING THEIR WAY WITH THEIR BLANKETS AND SCANT PROVISIONS TO GOVERN DATE FARE AND THE REASON TO FIND SHELTER. MORE IN THE HOUSES ON THE HILLS JUST NORTH OF THE WATER VALLEY. WRECKED SECTIONS FELL THEIR BELOWHOLE IN THE STREETS AND EXPRESS WAGON AND AUTOMOBILES WERE HAULING THE THINGS AWAY TO THE SPARSELY SETTLED RESIDUE. EVERYBODY IN SAN FRANCISCO IS PREPARED TO LEAVE THE CITY. FOR THE BELIEF IS FIRM THAT SAN FRANCISCO WILL BE TOTALLY DESTROYED.

DOWNTOWN EVERYTHING IS RUIN. NOT A BUSINESS HOUSE STANDS. THATS ARE CRUMBLING INTO HEAPS. FACTORIES AND COMMISSION HOUSES ARE SMOLDERING ON THEIR FORMER SITES. ALL OF THE NEWSPAPER PLANTS HAVE BEEN RENDEZVOUS USELESS. THE "CALL" AND THE "EXAMINER" BUILDINGS, EXCLUDING THE "CALL" EDITORIAL ROOMS ON STEVENSON STREET BEING ENTIRELY DESTROYED.

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT THE LOSS IN SAN FRANCISCO WILL REACH FROM \$100,000,000 TO \$200,000,000. THESE FIGURES ARE IN THE ROUGH AND NOTHING CAN BE TOLD UNTIL PARTIAL ACCOUNTING IS TAKEN.

ON EVERY SIDE THERE WAS DEATH AND SUFFERING YESTERDAY. HUNDREDS WERE INJURED. EITHER BANGED, CRUSHED OR STRUCK BY FALLING PIECES FROM THE BUILDING. AND THE DEAD WERE FOUND IN THE STREETS. THE NUMBER OF DEAD IS NOT KNOWN BUT IT IS ESTIMATED THAT AT LEAST 500 MET THEIR DEATH IN THE HORROR.

AT NINE O'CLOCK, UNDER A SPECIAL NARROW "IRON PRESIDENT" ROULETTE THE CITY WAS PLACED UNDER MARTIAL LAW. HUNDREDS OF "BOOTS" PATROLLED THE STREETS AND DROVE THE CROWDS BACK. WHILE HUNDREDS MORE WERE SET AT WORK ASPIRING THE FIRE AND POLICE ORDERS. THE STRICTEST ORDERS WERE ISSUED. AND IN THIS MILITARY SPIRIT THE SOLDIERS OBEYED. DURING THE AFTERNOON THREE THIEVES MET THEIR DEATH BY BULLETS WHILE AT WORK IN THE RUINS. THE CURIOUS WERE DRIVEN BACK BY THE ARREST OF THE MEN THAT THE CAVALRY AND COOL AND ALL THE CROWDS WERE FORCED FROM THE LEVEL DISTRICT TO THE HILLY SECTION BEYOND TO THE NORTH.

THE WATER SUPPLY WAS ENTIRELY CUT OFF AND MAY BE IT WAS FELT AS WELL. FOR THE LIVES OF FIRE DEPARTMENT WOULD HAVE BEEN ABSOLUTELY USELESS AT ANY STAGE. ASSISTANT CHIEF QUINNERTY SUPERVISED THE WORK OF HIS MEN AND EARLY IN THE MORNING IT WAS SAID THAT THE ONLY POSSIBLE CHANCE TO SAVE THE CITY LAY IN EFFORT TO CHECK THE FLAMES BY THE USE OF DYANITE. DURING THE DAY A BLAST COULD BE HEARD IN ANY SECTION AT INTERVALS OF ONLY A FEW MINUTES AND BUILDINGS NOT DESTROYED BY FIRE WERE BLOWN TO ATOM. BUT THROUGH THE CAPE MADE THE FLAMES JUMPED AND ALTHOUGH THE FAILURE OF THE HEROIC EFFORTS OF THE POLICE FIREMEN AND SOLDIERS WERE AT TIMES SICKENING, THE WORK WAS CONTINUED WITH AN OBSESSION THAT WILL LIVE AS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE TERRIBLE DISASTER. MEN WORKED LIES FIELDS TO COMBAT THE LAUGHING, BOARING, OUBURNING FIRE DEMON.

NO HOPE LEFT FOR SAFETY OF ANY BUILDINGS

San Francisco cannot expect to escape destruction. With a house on the edge of the Pacific just below the bay, we have seen the end of the town of destruction. The course of the fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked. The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked. The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked.

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Continued on Page Two

BLOW BUILDINGS UP TO CHECK FLAMES

The destruction of buildings is the result of the fire. The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked. The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked. The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked.

WHOLE CITY IS ABLAZE

The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked. The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked. The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked.

CHURCH OF SAINT IGNATIUS IS DESTROYED

The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked. The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked. The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked.

MAYOR CONFERS WITH MILITARY AND CITIZENS

At 11 o'clock yesterday afternoon the Mayor, the Chief of Police and the United States Military authorities in the city office in the basement of the Hall of Justice. They had been summoned there by Mayor Schiavo early in the forenoon. The military authorities of the situation having heard themselves upon the condition of the city of San Francisco. The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked. The fire has been checked and will end in the triangular district. It has not yet been reached, but the fire has been checked.

TITLE PAGE OF THE JOINT PAPER ISSUED BY SAN FRANCISCO'S THREE MORNING DAILIES ON THE DAY AFTER THE DISASTER OF 1906

INCIDENTS OF THE FIRE

Condensed from a narrative by MARY AUSTIN

ALMOST before the dust of ruined walls has ceased rising, smoke began to go up against the sun, which, by nine of the clock, showed bloodshot through it as the eye of disaster.

It is perfectly safe to believe anything any one tells you of personal adventure; the inventive faculty does not exist which could outdo the actuality; little things prick themselves on the attention as the index of the greater horror.

I remember distinctly that in the first considered interval after the temblor, I went about and took all the flowers out of the vases to save the water that was left; and that I went longer without washing my face than I ever expect to again.

I recall the red flare of a potted geranium undisturbed on a window ledge in a wall of which the brick work dropped outward, while the roof had gone through the flooring; and the cross section of a lodging house parted cleanly with all the little rooms unaltered, and the halls like burrows, as if it were the home of some superior sort of insect laid open to the microscope.

Down on Market Street Wednesday morning, when the smoke from the burning blocks behind began to pour through the windows, we saw an Italian woman kneeling on a corner praying quietly. Her cheap belongings were scattered beside her on the ground and the crowd trampled them; a child lay on a heap of clothes and bedding beside her, covered and very quiet. The woman opened her eyes now and then, looked at the reddening smoke and addressed herself to prayer as one sure of the stroke of fate. It was not until several days later that it occurred to me why the baby lay so quiet, and why the woman prayed instead of flying.

There was a young man, who, seeing a broken and dismantled grocery, meant no more than to save some food—for already the certainty of famine was on the city—and was shot for looting. Then his women came and carried the body away, mother and betrothed, and laid it on the grass until space could be found for burial. They drew a handkerchief over his face, and sat quietly beside it without bitterness or weeping.

Two blocks from us a man lay all day with a placard on his breast stating that he was shot for looting, and no one denied the aptness of the warning. The will of the people was toward authority, and everywhere the tread of soldiery brought a relieved sense of things orderly and secure.

In the parks were the refugees huddled on the damp sod with insufficient bedding, less food and no water. They laughed. They had come out of their homes with scant possessions, often the least serviceable. Hot, stifling smoke billowed down upon them, cinders pattered like hail—and they laughed—not hysteria, but the laughter of unbroken courage.

Before the red light passed into the murky dawn thousands of people were vomited out of the angry throat of the street far down toward Market. Even the smallest child carried something, or pushed it before him on a rocking chair, or dragged it behind him in a trunk.

All the women saved their best hats and their babies, and, if there were no babies, some of them pushed pianos up the cement paveemnt. I came out of my home, stool in the pale, pinkish glow and saw a man I knew hurrying down toward the gutted district. "Bob," I said, "this looks like the day of judgment!" He cast back at me over his shoulder unveiled disgust

at the inadequacy of my terms. "Think so? I think it looks like hell!"

It was a well-bred community that poured itself into Jefferson Square, where I lay with my friend's goods, and we were packed too close for the minor deficiencies, but nobody I saw forgot his manners.

"Beg pardon!" said a man hovering over me with a 200-pound trunk. "Not at all!" I answered, making myself thin for him to step over with an "Excuse me, Madam!" Another, fleeing from the too-heated border of the park to its packed center, deftly upended a roll of bedding, turned it across the woman who sat next to me, and the woman smiled.

Right here, if you had time for it, you gripped the large, essential spirit of the West, the ability to dramatize its own activity, and, while continuing in it, to stand off and be vastly entertained by it. In spite of individual heartsinkings, the San Franciscans during these days never lost the sense of being audiences to their own performance. Large figures of adventure moved through the murk of those days—Denman going out with his gun and

holding up express wagons with expensively saved goods, which were dumped out on the sidewalk that food might be carried to unfed hundreds; Father Ramon cutting away the timbers of St. Mary's tower, while the red glow crept across the charred cross out of reach of the hose; and the humbler sacrifices—the woman who shared her full breasts with the child of another whose fountain had failed from weariness and fright—would that I had her name to hold in glorious remembrance!

Everybody told you tales like this, more and better. All along the fire line of Van Ness Avenue, heroic episodes transpired like groups in a frieze against the writhing background of furnace-heated flame; and, for a pediment to the frieze, rows of houseless, possessionless people wrapped in a large, impersonal appreciation of the awful spectacle. I have said houseless people, not homeless; for it comes to this with the bulk of San Franciscans, that they discovered the *place* and the *spirit* to be home rather than the walls and furnishings. No matter what landmarks, what treasures of art are vanished, San Francisco, *our* San Francisco, is all there



NOW THE CITY WAS SURELY DOOMED

yet. Fast as the tall banners of smoke rose up and the flames reddened them, there rose up with it something impalpable, like an exhalation. We saw it breaking up in the movements of the refugees, heard it in the tones of their voices, felt it as they wrestled in the teeth of destruction. The sharp sentences by which men called to each other to note the behavior of brick and stone buildings, contained a hint of

the warning already accepted for the new building before the old had crumbled. When the heat of the conflagration outran the flames, then, reaching over wide avenues caught high gables and crosses of church steeples, men watching them smoke and blister and crackle into flame said shortly, "No more wooden towers for San Francisco," and saved their breath to run with the hose.

LITTLE WONG FOO

A Story of the Great Fire

By CLAY M. GREENE

THE fire was moving up the hill in mighty waves of pitiless destruction that swept everything before them, leaving behind a seething track of ghastly ruins, where in the morning there had been blooming gardens and stately homes. Beyond lay the ruined city, a monstrous cauldron of angry embers, and hot clouds of smoke that carried thousands of burning brands upon the wind to spread further destruction.

Mrs. Dean stood upon the vine-clad portico of her hill-top home, viewing with blanched face and streaming eyes the approaching carnage, and her nervous fingers dug into her fevered palms, stamping upon them the imprint of utter helplessness. But her home was high on the hill she thought and the fire might not reach it. God in his infinite wisdom could quench the burning flood with merciful water from weeping skies, if he would, and she prayed for that. As she knelt upon the hard flagstones she clasped close to her her little daughter Margie, whose big eyes regarded her mother smilingly because she did not know how close they were to hopeless disaster. Close behind them stood the Chinese house servant, Wong Foo, a boy of perhaps fourteen

years of age, his eyes trembling with earnest expectancy. He knew the danger that lay in that torrent of flame rushing on from that fiery furnace below, and trembled for the safety of the little girl he idolized, and for whom he had often been heard to say that he would like to die some day.

The telephone rang and Mrs. Dean arose from her knees as though it were a message from the grave. There had been no telephone service for two days or more and there seemed an uncanniness about the sound that frightened her. She flew to the receiver and listened. Her husband was at the other end of the wire.

"Thank God, the line is open, dearie!" said a terrified voice. "He must have opened it just for us two, and perhaps only for a moment. I can't leave my company just now even for my beloved ones who are suffering so. But from where I am standing I can see that the fire is sweeping up the hill and must soon reach our home. I'm sure you can find a haven of refuge somewhere. Perhaps at Mother's or Carrie's. Suppose you leave Margie with Wong Foo and then—"

The voice ceased and Mrs. Dean knew that he connection was broken—burned

OLD ST. MARY'S THEN AND NOW



OLD ST. MARY'S IN THE TRACK OF
DESTRUCTION, APRIL 20, 1906.

Compare this
gaunt, lonseome
and ghost-like
pile of deadly
solitude; dread
memory of what
we revered, ere

that cruel morn, as the home of a gloried
faith, with what have now the captains of
the armies of the cross, pledged to teach
that faith, builded within its dead, black
shell, that had withstood a generation of
weakening storms thro many winters' rain
and the destruction dealing earthquake's

shock, with its
attendant fire,
another shrine
as enduring as
that burned to
ashes, and like
to it in shape
just as one of
its sweet bene-
dictions to an-
other. And now
worshippers of
the olden time
shall adore it
as tho' it were
a binding link
between a holy
past, and purer
holier futures,
in praises for
the living God
and the valors
of its restorers.

away. Her husband was right. God must have opened the wire just for a moment, in time to give her a warning which she must obey at once. Why had he told her to leave Margie with Wong Foo? Why should they not all struggle to safety in some way together? But perhaps he knew best. He wanted her to find the place of refuge first, so that his little one might not risk the dangers of the crowded streets with nowhere to go. With a few hurried words to Wong Foo, she kissed her wondering little one hysterically and plunged into the rapidly thickening smoke hatless and wrappless.

Margie began to cry now, and Wong Foo put his arms about her tenderly. "All litee, Margie, maybe fire no come. If come, Wong Foo takee Margie, get 'em wagon, lun away where fire no ketchee."

A glance down the hill told him that the fire was coming rapidly. Two or three sharp explosions less than two blocks away warned him that the house was doomed indeed. With the keen instinct of the servants of his race that are faithful—and there are many of them—he hastily threw what prepared food he could find into a basket, lifted Margie in his arms and hurried down the hill toward Van Ness Avenue. Clay Street was already a mass of flame, so were Washington and Jackson, and he staggered under his load of love down Hyde Street toward the bay. At the foot of the hill he came upon a crowd of the rougher class of homeless ones. They were mostly children like himself, but there were also some men and women near, and all were of the kind to whom disaster meant unrestricted license for pillage and, if need be, murder. A burly young ragamuffin had seen the basket in Wong Foo's hands; guessed what was in it, and decided to possess it.

"What's in that basket?" he asked.

"You let him 'lone!" shouted Wong Foo. "Him baby dinner!"

The boy pushed forward and Wong Foo retreated to a fence, tore a board from it, and stood on the defensive, with Margie clinging to him. One by one he felled the young ruffians as they approached him, and a man came forward to the rescue of his kind, wrenched the board from the weakening hands of the Chinese, and dealt him a smashing blow on the head.

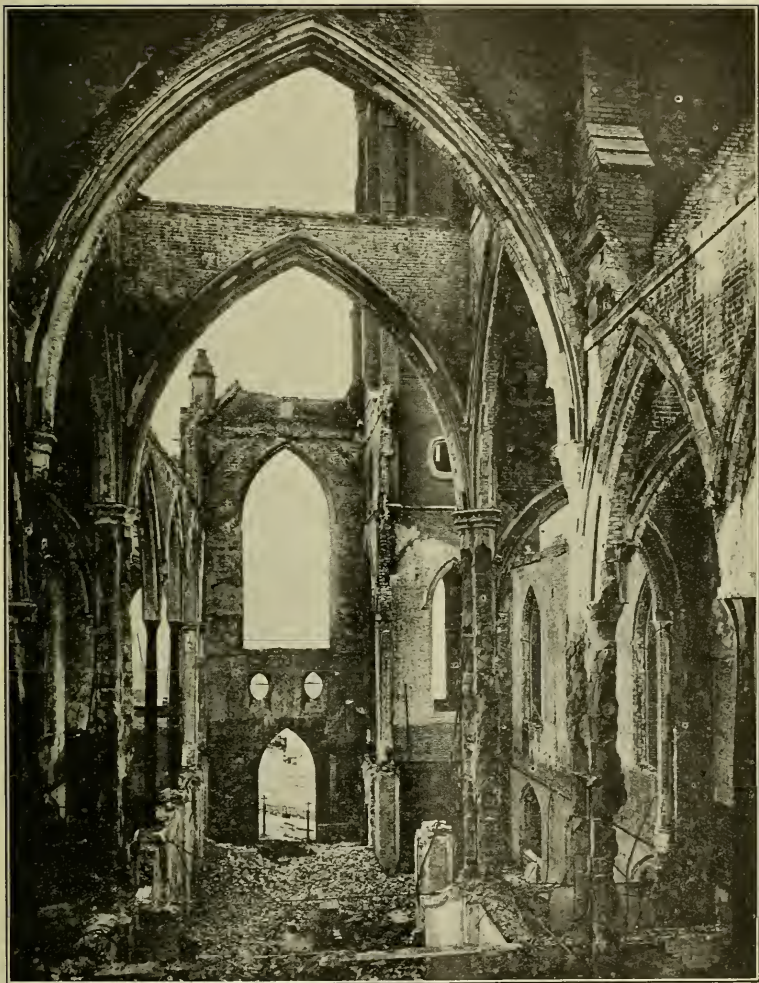
As he fell with a plaintive wail of pain, the crowd decamped, taking the basket of food with them, and the frightened child bent weeping over the still form of Wong Foo. It was long before he spoke, and the sun was sinking behind the reddened horizon beyond the Golden Gate. His voice trembled with the pain which even his strong courage could not conceal, but his arm was free and he threw it about her and drew her to him as if to allay the gathering cold with the heat of his body. She was crying bitterly now with cold, hunger and terror. He drew her closer to him and spoke, every word reflecting the pain which had come never to leave again in life.

"All litee, Margie, all litee. No kly no more. Bymeby Wong Foo—better—takce Margie home—ketchee mamma. No kly—go—go—sleepee."

"I'm so cold," the little one cried, and, though writhing with pain, and struggling against the fingers of death that were rapidly closing about his throat, that proscribed heathen tore away his blouse and undergarment, wrapped them about her, then faintly crooned the lullaby he had so often heard her mother sing to her at bedtime:

"Bye, baby sleep—angeles watch—and—keep—bye—bye—sleep—sleep!"

The next morning homeless hundreds fought their way to the vacant lot down by the shore, driven by the pursuing flames. Those who were in advance of the crowd



A MAGNIFICENT RUIN

How like a ruin in Hun devastated France! And yet 'twas this scene that the conflagration left of Tempel Emanuel, to whet the courage of those that made it new again.

forgot their own troubles in contemplation of the two still forms that lay stretched at their feet. A Chinese boy, naked and with a bleeding wound upon his forehead, pressing to his lifeless body a sleeping child with his clothes wrapped tightly about her.

Somebody's mother lifted the little one to a breast that knew what baby sufferers needed most, and tears coursed down her pale cheeks as she looked upon the hero of a forbidden race and moaned:

"Can yer beat it! A pore miserable little Chink done this!"

CONCERNING THE HORSE

By EDGAR D. PEIXOTTO

I HAVE been asked to write some reminiscences concerning the horse during the memorable days after the great fire. Everything that had a foot or a wheel was pressed into service. All automobiles were commandeered by the army or the police, and used for moving people and their belongings to places of safety. Every horse, young and old, able and decrepit, and every wagon of every description, was pressed into some sort of service. I, alike with others, was on the continuous lookout for something to get about in, and borrowed and begged from hour to hour something in the form of an automobile or a horse and wagon.

Whilst I was going about two days after the fire I met a man that I had known as the coachman of a prominent family. He was driving a horse in an old milk wagon. I hailed him and asked him if I could borrow the horse and wagon for a short time. He replied that he was about through with what he had on hand to do and that I could have the horse and wagon if I would be responsible to the owner, a California Street stableman, for its return. I would have accepted under any conditions, and gladly under these.

I appeared at my friends' home, the proud possessor of this horse and wagon. I was a hero, a man of the hour, a great necessity, and from morning until night I

was in demand and did an express business that almost made Wells Fargo look insignificant. Within a few days I had moved my family and some of their personal effects over to a friend's house in Alameda. I shall never forget the ride down to the Ferry from the Western Addition. From Van Ness Avenue clear to the bay was a desert waste of devastation and charred, smoking ruins. Streets were unrecognizable. A sort of path had been beaten by the never-ending, ever-moving sombre traffic.

Every able-bodied man, pedestrian or driving, was pressed into service by police or the military, and made to throw bricks and help make the road passable.

In driving about the city I met a man, who claimed to be a friend of a friend of mine, and he likewise asked me if he could get some of the use of the horse and wagon. His identification as a friend of a friend of mine was satisfactory and I arranged with him to meet me at the Ferry in the morning and I could use the horse and wagon as much as I wanted during the day and he to have it at the other hours, and keep it at the Presidio during the night. Thus we worked conveying the effects that were left of various individuals, and happy at our priceless possession, we gave its use freely to those we happened to meet, as well as those who pressed us into



SO LIKE TO RUINED ROME!

Who would have thought that from this scene of beautiful desolation, could ever rise so soon that shining jewel of the builder's art, the present City Hall?

their service. I certainly appreciated the meaning of Shakespeare's lines, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!"

Within two weeks after the fire I was called East on business and took my family with me. I left the horse and wagon with a friend. On my return the kind individual from whom I originally borrowed the horse and wagon appeared in my office, seemingly very much dejected, and stated that he had been sued for the value of the horse and wagon. I told him that he could forget the matter, turning the papers over to me, and I would relieve him of all liability. I looked up my friend, explained the situation to him, and he explained that both horse and wagon had disappeared from the Presidio shortly after I had left, and was lost. He, however, volunteered to contribute his share, I con-

tributed mine, soon settled with the owner, and I know of no bargain that I ever received greater value therefor.

Of all the horses I have ever known or possessed, this was the most prized and useful of them all.

* * *

The accommodations for horseback riders at the Lakeside Club are now quite complete. A portion of the sheds have been fixed to obviate drafts; ropes, blankets and drinking trough, together with a competent attendant, are at hand, and all horseback riders have expressed their appreciation for the accommodation. I am pleased to note that the privilege is quite popular, as many as eighteen horses receiving accommodation on one Sunday. In time further improvements are promised.

BARRYMORE'S EARTHQUAKE EXPERIENCE

That admirable young actor, Jack Barrymore, happened to be playing in San Francisco at the time, and on the night preceding the fateful April 18th went to bed in his room at the St. Francis Hotel. The earthquake awakened him and he hurried half clad into the streets, and before night was at work heaving bricks with one of the press gangs. He wrote his uncle, John Drew, somewhat as follows: "The shock came at 5:30 in the morning, I got out of bed and was thrown through the bath room door right into the tub. I threw myself into some clothes and hurried into the street. Caruso and the opera company were there all scared to death. The capacity of Caruso's tenor voice to holler never was so great in all of his career. The next day the whole city was on fire and I took a walk down the street to see what damage had been done.

Imagine my surprise when a soldier pointed a bayonet at me and compelled me to heave bricks out of a cellar. This I had to continue till nightfall." On receipt of the letter John Drew looked at it with one of his characteristic chuckles and said: "Ha! Just like Jack. It took a convulsion of nature to get him into a bath, and the army of the United States to make him work!"

ON GENTLENESS

In the morning a child is so full of life that words don't mean much to him. But when the play of the day is over, he comes home all tired out, and is mighty glad to pillow his head close to mother's heart. Then it is that the seeds of gentleness are easiest sprouted.—George James on Childhood.

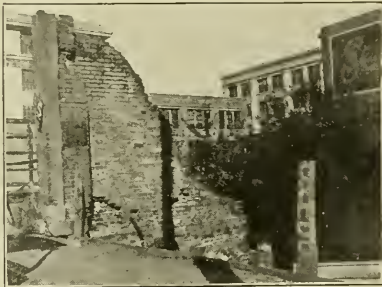
THIRTEEN YEARS OF THIS!

THE pictures on this page represent the present condition of four pieces of San Francisco property, among many dozens of them, which stand today, except for the agglomerations of weeds, as the fire left them thirteen years ago. Their owners, if they have any public spirit

with shrubs and flowers, thereby creating beauty spots instead of preserving them for the inspection and ridicule of critical sightseers. Some years ago, the writer, not having visited San Francisco since the fire, was shown a large number of photographs of still standing ruins to his deep



THE TEVIS HOME



HEART OF THE BUSINESS SECTION

at all, have diverted it to other locations than those where once stood their palatial residences and places of business, leaving them as ghastly reminders of a calamity which can never be forgotten, but which a small expenditure of money might hide away. Some owners, mostly all of them not so able to do so as are the owners of the properties photographed, have either fenced in their ruins, or had them planted

disappointment, having understood that the city had been almost entirely rebuilt. He then discovered that the kodak fiend had selected only ruins to snap, and the pictures had been preserved as a rebuke to the city that permitted them to exist. He was told that a society had been formed for the purpose of transforming these unsightly places into garden spots, but that it had long ago ceased to perform its functions or



THIS AT TAYLOR AND PINE!



A NOB HILL MANSION

transferred them to some one else. The acres of hideous signboards are bad enough, but the standing ruins are much worse, and if they are not soon levelled by their owners, they should be removed at the public expense and the costs collected in the tax bills.

The lot adjoining the Olympic Club is a

case in point. This has, at comparatively small expense, been made an ornament to the entire neighborhood, and the same good example set by the Club, should be followed by the present economical offenders, through personal requests if they will listen, and if they refuse they can be reached by the law.

DEERING'S SOLILOQUY

By WILLCLAY GREENSPEARE

Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a magnum.
Or that psalm singers had not passed a law
'Gainst shaking dice that one might win a drink.
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Must be this world when there is no more booze!
A tangled, unkempt garden grown to seed;
Things stale and witless must possess it merely.
Fie on't, Oh fie! The darkened future holds
No remedy for revelry's self-slaughter.
But three months more! Nay, not so much as three.
Why, ere these white locks need another cutting,,
A cloud, dark and foreboding will have come,
To drown the lustres of convivial nights;
To still the dice-box, and transform its cubes
To toys for children, with no other use,
Than that their mothers may turn them about
As if they were condensed arithmetics,
And teach their brats to count from one to six.
So sweet it was when all the lids were up,
And lured good sports to revelries unbridled!
So excellent a time! That was to this,
A bacchanalia to a Sunday school.
Yet in less than three months it all must cease,
And leave us stupified with melancholy,
That could not lift a laugh out with a crowbar,
Or lure a smile from out a ghastly corpse.
It is not, and it can not come to good,
But break by heart, lest I can quench my thirst!

THE ATHLETIC MEET AT THE STADIUM

(From S. F. *Chronicle*, April 14.)

OLYMPIAS, both young and old, held sway yesterday on the turf at Golden Gate Park Stadium and on the cinder path, as well. It was athletic carnival day for members of the "Winged O" and there was a turnout not alone of athletes, but of officials and the membership at large. Races of all sorts, exhibition wrestling and boxing, with a battle royal for the kid scrappers of the Club, were features of the programme that gave sight-seers something worthy of their attention.

Frank Foster, Tom Bunyan, Louis Mc-Lane, George James, Frank O'Kane, Walter Christie and many others assisted in handling the events that were staged. President William F. Humphrey and members of his official family on the Board of Directors added their presence to the occasion.

Moving pictures were taken of most of the events and as soon as possible the films will be thrown on the screen at the Olympic Club.

The best event of the afternoon, the three-mile run, was spoiled to some extent by a dispute over the finishing line. The boys were started fifty feet back of the line in order to give the movie men a chance. When it came to the finish of the race Charlie Hunter thought the race ended where it started. Eddie Stout forged ahead with a wonderfully good sprint and took the victory. Hunter protested, but it was disallowed by the judges.

Results:

Three-miles run—Won by Eddie Stout, Charlie Hunter second. Time, 15.45.

Partnership race for juveniles—Won by Willett McFarland and Tom Wilkinson.

Bicycle race for juveniles—Won by Jack Rawling, Leo Devlin second and Paul Lisle third.

Discus throw—Won by J. Dooling, J. McEachern second.

120-yard low hurdles—J. Pyne and Johnny Norton tied for first place. Time, 0:14.

Fifty-six pound weight—Won by J. McEachern. Distance, 34 feet.

Sixteen-pound shot—Won by Bill Doolin, J. McEachern second. Distance, 43 feet.

Sixteen-pound hammer throw—Won by J. McEachern. Distance, 165 feet.

100-yard dash—Won by E. Snoden, R. Shermund second, George Keefe third. Time, 0:11.

Pole vault—Won by W. Volkmer, J. Kennedy second and E. Gisin third. Distance, 11 feet 2 inches.

300-yard run—Won by A. Newhoff, R. Shermund second. Time, 0:33.

Seventy-five-yard dash—Won by E. Bordella, J. Pyne second and J. Melville third. Time, 0:08 2-5.

Forty-yard dash for juveniles in three numbers—First race won by B. Drake, A. Falney second and R. Costello third. Time, 0:08. Second race won by Bob Leando, Frank Smith second and J. Lyons third. Time, 0:07 4-5. Third race won by R. Russ, G. Lenaris second. Time, 0:07 2-5.

ON HUMAN EMOTIONS

Human emotions are like clocks. Some of them will run longer than others, but all are liable to run down unless they are wound up again ever so often. Even fear will only run so long. After you have scared a fellow to the greatest possible extent, it's well to let him alone. This for the reason that if you keep on adding to his horror, his fear is likely to run down and the chances are that he'll become irritated and swat you.—Maxims of George James.

A LETTER ALL SHOULD READ

To the Board of Directors,
The Olympic Club.

Gentlemen: Contemplation of the financial statements of the Club for the past two or three months, to me at least, seems to force the somewhat regrettable conclusion that they are in a sense misleading. My statement of this conviction is based principally upon the more or less equivocal announcement of profit as determined by the Public Accountant who is responsible for the financial statements as published in the Club magazine, and these are naturally figured from the reports rendered by the Club bookkeepers. For the past three months there has been noted an increase of profit which has been little short of amazing. Approximately, this profit has risen from \$800 to \$2000, and from that to over \$15,000 in that surprisingly brief period. But I feel compelled to submit to your honorable body that these profits are fictitious in contemplation of the correct meaning of the word profit. Profits or losses, in their strict sense, mean the good or bad results from bargain and sale, investment and return, or buying and selling. It is my opinion that the recent profits as printed in the financial statements are misleading, if not altogether false, in that none of these profit or loss bearing elements enter into them at all, but result entirely from the counting of initiation fees as profits, which they are not. Truly the accretion of so abnormally large a list of new members is a most healthy sign and it is truly gratifying. But the resultant receipts from initiation fees are not profits from any business transaction, and should not be regarded as such. Eliminate these fees and your financial statements must demonstrate the deplorable fact that as a business enterprise the Club is actually losing money. To remedy this loss, which must become greater and greater as Prohibition assumes its profit destroying func-

tions, something must be done to meet the impending tidal wave of deficit, and the one obvious relief is to be found in an increase of dues. The Olympic Club enjoys the distinction of furnishing greater advantages, privileges, emoluments or facilities, proportionate with the cost of providing them, than can be shown by any club, athletic or even purely social, in the United States. Golf clubs may be also included, and even these, which furnish only golfing privileges to their members, impose much greater fees than does the Olympic, which furnishes social, golfing, bathing, all branches of athletics, with instruction, and also trap shooting under capable instructors, all for the same initiation fee and dues. In support of my contention I have taken the trouble to provide myself with information as to the fees charged by many Eastern and local clubs, which is furnished herewith. Initiation fees are also included, since your honorable body may dissent from my view with reference to the custom of counting them as profits. In each case the first figures represent initiation fees and the second figures dues:

San Francisco Clubs

University, \$150, \$7.50 monthly; Pacific Union, \$400, \$10; Bohemian, \$300, \$8.50; Family, \$200, \$9; San Francisco Golf, \$250, \$10; Presidio Golf, \$250, \$6.25. In addition to these figures there have been heavy assessments in several of them.

Foreign Clubs

Cleveland Athletic, initiation fee of \$100 cash, and one share of Club stock at \$100, dues of \$75 per year. Chicago Athletic, \$300, \$100 per year; Illinois Athletic, \$200, \$80; Pittsburgh Athletic, \$75, \$80; Missouri Athletic Association, \$200, \$80; New York Athletic, \$200, \$75. The initiation fee in the New York Athletic was reduced to \$100 for the period of the war, after

which it will return to its old figure. The Los Angeles Athletic reports the same initiation fee and dues as our own, while the Multnomah Amateur Athletic of Portland, Ore., is the only club responding to queries, whose initiation fee of \$25 and dues of \$3 per month are less than those of the Olympic.

In the face of such documentary evidence as this, all of which is appended to this letter, I am at a loss to understand why, with possible losses arising from prohibition in the near future, to say nothing of sadly needed additions to the club

house, and improvements at Lakeside, the Olympic Club should not meet these impending losses and added expenditures by an increase of both initiation fees and dues.

As I am not an official of the Club, but a quiet business member who has the best interests of the Club always in mind, I ask that my name be not published, should it be deemed best to make this letter public. Consequently, for this as well as for one or two reasons of a private nature, I subscribe myself

AN OLD TIMER.

GOLF MATTERS AT LAKESIDE

INSTRUCTOR WILLIAM BRADLEY reports everything booming with unexpected reverberation on the Lakeside course. More players appear ready for frays than can be comfortably accomodated, and it is explained that the delay in the elaborate system of tree planting, which John McLaren is anxious to begin, has arisen from the efforts of the committee led by Mr. Vincent, to provide an additional course of eighteen holes, in order that no expectant player may be disappointed. It is not yet definitely decided where this new course will be located, but it may be stated that it will be much easier than the present one, so that choice may be made between the difficult and the less fatiguing one.

A continuous position tournament is now in progress, and is creating no little interest, since no player, as expressed by Mr. Bradley, "likes to see his name below the fellow he has a hunch he can trim." Up to the present time, Dr. H. E. Law holds first position and L. R. Larzelere is last. He also expresses deep satisfaction with the Tournament Committee appointed by President Humphrey, for the reason that every member of it is an active golfer,

and a schedule of events has been arranged for the year which will tend to develop the new players and make interesting competition for the others.

The scores of the tournament held on the 15th and 16th of last month were sent in too late for the last issue of *The Olympian*, but as a matter of record the winners in the several classes are here given:

Class A, Dudley Sales, 94-16-78; Class B, O. A. Harwood, 104-6-98, and T. G. Whitaker, 101-3-98; Class C, Oliver J. Olsan, 106-7-99; Class D, Dr. W. C. Goodall, 108-0-108; Class E, F. A. Houseworth, 115-sc-115, and F. P. Curti, 117-2-115.

* * *

In reply to many queries it may again be stated that guests may be invited to play at any time; that ladies may play on all days except Sundays and holidays, and that the restaurant and bar are always open under the same rules that apply in the city club house.

* * *

Golf and Motor is responsible for the story of an instructive rebuke administered by Bill Bradley to divot sinners who conceal their identification.

On a tour of inspection of the battered fairways, after they were resting from the energies of 200 enthusiastic Olympians in a Sunday's play, his eye caught a monstrous divot, some four inches long, three inches wide and over an inch thick. Bill picked it up mournfully, and was about to replace it tenderly in its proper home, when a bright idea inspired him.

Instead, he carried the divot to the club house, tied a piece of string to it—it should have been crape—and hung it up over the nineteenth hole with the inscription, "Who did this?" As each Olympian toasted his victor or victim, this soul-searching query met his eye; qualms of conscience and guilty reminiscence gurgitated—"Say, was it you, was it I?"

★ ★ ★

PISTOL SHOOTING

It is pleasing to be able to announce to those who are interested in pistol shooting, that the Olympic Club team in the indoor matches with pistol and revolver clubs in the United States, has again been unofficially announced as the indisputable winner, with an unbroken record of victories for the season of 1918-19. While so far this good news does not bear the stamp of official announcement, those interested may be assured that there is no doubt as to the reliability of it, and with the announcement of the victory comes the assurance that the official scores will be mailed forthwith. Mr. George Armstrong, who has this branch of Olympian sport in charge as Chairman of the Committee, expresses himself as being deeply gratified, not to say surprised at the splendid showing made by the Olympic Club team, for the reason that five of the best shots are still in the service and were unable to participate in the matches, which would seem to indicate that when they again report on the ranges we shall have a truly invincible team.

The indoor Championship matches of the

U. S. R. A. for 1919 will be shot on the Olympic Club Range, April 24th to May 24th, governed by the same rules that have been in force during previous years. Contenders will please communicate at once with George Armstrong for targets and information as to supervision. He expresses the hope that there may be no delay on the part of pistol marksmen in registering early, nor any indifference developed on the ground that no one can beat us anyway, so why be anxious about it? The old Olympian spirit which has always been dominated by "the best or nothing" idea must not be allowed to relax in this beautiful and interesting branch of sport.

★ ★ ★

"HOLED OUT IN ONE"

A letter from ELLIOTT H. PIERCE

HAVING been among those present on March 15th, playing a foursome with Perry and Mrs. Cumberson, when Ralph T. McMillan holed out in one, on the twelfth of our Lakeside Links, it occurred to me that the details of this remarkable feat might be interesting to our other members.

To those who have as yet not played over the course, it may be explained that the twelfth tee and green lie an even hundred yards apart, paralleling, on a high cliff, the ocean shore, and affording a most magnificent view of the Pacific Ocean, with the Tamalpais Range to the north, Point Montara to the south, and the Farallone Island, shimmering in a mauve haze, like a Kunzite jewel in the band of the western horizon.

From a scenic viewpoint the situation is magnificent, but from a golfing one, it is fearsome indeed. Twenty feet to the left of the line of flight the ball must take, yawns a deep, dark canyon, from whence a hooked ball returns no more to its rightful owner. Stray caddies unceasingly prow about its bottom and mark its fall,

but not for you; while a slice finds bramble and a steep sand bank, or both; and between tee and green are cute little hummocks and sand pits, that heavily penalize a dubbed shot.

Mr. McMillan arrived at the twelfth tee in good condition; a little out of breath, but outwardly calm. He cast one quick glance seaward, noted that the Farralones were still in the same place as the day before, and shot without hesitation. The ball flew true as a bullet to the little rim of the green visible from the tee, and landed on the near side of the convex slope of the southeast corner, peregrinated up the farther side, back again, rolled to the edge of the cup, stopped; and then, true to the nature of golf balls, saw a place to

hide, and crept into the hole, snuggling down at the bottom behind the pin.

I have submitted the foregoing to Mr. McMillan, who states that it is substantially correct, except that the ball hit the further curve of the aforesaid slope, but that the back spin, which he uses extensively on his approach shots, caused the ball to retrace its steps, and run back into the hole. However, he thinks the way I have described might be better, and anyway, he will vary the monotony by occasionally doing it as has been described, whereat Mrs. McMillan, who had accompanied us as an interested (and sympathetic) gallery, remarked that she had often noticed that whatever sport Ralph took a hand in, rapidly developed into a game of chance.

SOCCKER FOOTBALL

By EDGAR POMEROY

OUR Soccer football team has almost come to the end of a long and exciting season. It has acquitted itself better than was expected at the beginning of the season in October and, now that the boys are filtering back from the more serious game of war, prospects for next season are mighty good.

Two things made good soccer football possible in spite of the draft; first, the fact that workers in the shipyards were exempt and this left many expert kickers to fill the teams; and, second, luckily for the Olympic Club in particular, the fact that so far as soccer football is concerned, the League of Nations already existed, for football of the soccer variety is governed by an international board and is played in every civilized country.

Thus, by vigorous recruiting, the ranks of our football players, thinned by the draft and by voluntary enlistments, were filled out again with men not eligible for

United States service and by a few above and below the age of the draft.

The career of our team has no doubt been followed by the readers of this magazine in the daily papers, so would not be news of interest, but the national make-up of the team is perhaps not so well known and is certainly interesting from the standpoint of internationalism.

Think of the following bunch of perfectly good Olympians (after a season of hard knocks given and taken for six months in Olympic uniform) all talking their own individual language, and you'll realize what a melting pot soccer football and the United States is (Some of them still swear in their native tongues.): There is Ankersmit, the tall, blonde young Hollander, who once played on his nation's eleven against Denmark; Paaum, six feet two, another Hollander; Deb, a little, dark, plucky young Hindoo, who learned his football in Calcutta, and whose record,

copied from San Francisco papers, is published in the Calcutta and Bombay papers in Hindoostanee; Vasquez, from the Philippines, another clever little juggler, whose football shoes, until the "flu" destroyed his usefulness, seemed bewitched; Kuhn, the handsome Austrian, whose football record in Austria and also in Kobe, Japan, was A-1; Bovier, the wounded French aviator, whose wounds did not preclude powerful kicking; Kelly, the diminutive Manxman, whose vocabulary was the wonder of Uncle Sam's navy when we played at Mare Island; Washauer and Ebert, Germans, but not Huns, both clever, fast and well muscled; Meissner, the dashing Swiss half back; Tapella, of sunny Italy, our captain, who, with Van Tonder, another player from Holland, were taken out of

our team just when most wanted by the "flu"; and last, but not least, big, jovial Tom Wigton from Shanghai, probably the best football player in California today. Had he come over earlier in the season it is doubtful if anything could have prevented us from winning unbrokenly. Such was the composition of our team, reinforced by such young Americans as Ralph Ebner, Bert Aceret, Billie Blackburn, Harry Alter, A. A. Catton and such older men as Frank Loney and, occasionally, Bert Singer.

Meantime, Uncle Sam has returned to us Charlie Anderson, George Jackson, the two O'Connors, Geoff. Marlow, E. A. Sheehan and Don Ebro. In July we expect Lieutenant Hudson from Siberia. Then we'll be all set for next October.



WATER POLO

The coaches consider this an unbeatable team.

TOUCHING UPON WATER POLO

By ERNEST M. SMITH

OLYMPIA's water polo team is one of the best bets of the season in aquatics. It is an all-star aggregation, to use that trite phrase, and this sidereal quality does not interfere with team work that is delightful to watch. After seven years of victory the "Winged O" water polo players are working together like a truly Olympian band, and it has been said that there is no outfit in these United States which surpasses our team in speed and watermanship.

Skipper Jimmie Resleure, that veteran of the pool, whom aquatic statisticians declare to be truly a prodigy, a sort of marine Methuselah, having initiated his local swimming in the 1909 Portola Festival at Spreckels Lake, has chosen his team with rare sagacity. From front rank to goal keeper, every man is an experienced player, and every man fits into his place like a well dovetailed timber.

In the field of aggressive fighting he has Sandy Goodman, Otto Schultz and George Bond. Goodman is a crack sprinter. Schultz, the fighting Dutchman, is the scarred veteran of an hundred battles, while Bond is the elusive chap who scores consistently. In the back field there are Captain Resleure, E. M. Smith and Linc. Johnson. Under the goal, Jack Collins tries to stop 'em.

Sid Cavill, the pedagogue extraordinary of the Club's ichthyological collection, is not economical with his declarations about the team's ability. According to Sid, the team will beat anything on fourteen legs in the water polo tank. In the Pacific Coast Championships which will probably be held in Alameda this year, the Olympic Club team will have an opportunity to measure fins with Vance Vieth's much-talked-of L. A. A. C. septet.

A CREED FOR THE LINKS

Republished from *Pacific Golf and Motor*

(Swearing on the links is a reprehensible, if occasionally alleviatory, practice, but the sort of swearing recommended by George Parsons, one of California's veteran golfers, is thoroughly commendable. Here is the oath and resolutions which may be adopted by every player who has the ambition to be known as a good and true golfer.)

I solemnly swear that for the season of 1919 I will not forget that the finest thing about golf is its spirit of consideration for others and fair play, and that I will religiously observe the following, so that the grand old game will go forward more

fairly and happily than ever before.

I will not drive from the tee or play through the green until the players in front are out of range.

I will not walk ahead or by any other act disturb the shot of my opponent or partner.

I will not play an approach shot to a green until the players thereon have finished putting and moved away.

I will not fail to wait for players following to play through and get out of range when my match has lost a ball, or has signalled the match following to pass.

I will not forget that a match of two

players has the right of way over all other matches, and that it is a serious breach of the rules, as well as great discourtesy, to refuse to allow these to pass promptly, especially at the nearest tee.

I will not forget that a single player has no rights on the course and will be careful not to interfere with the progress of matches whether ahead or behind me.

I will not forget that the jolliest and most popular form of golf—namely, the four or five ball match—can thoughtlessly do much to seriously delay the game of others clear around the course, and thus the afternoon's pleasure of a great number of persons be destroyed, especially when all four or five insist on putting out; and that individual matches, when combined with four-ball matches, especially where wagers are involved, cause the greatest delay.

I will not try my putts over while others are waiting to play.

When starting my match at No. 10, I will not fail to give precedence to all other matches that have played the first nine holes and are ready to play.

I will not forget that the greens committee and others are giving largely of their time to improve and develop our course for my pleasure, and remembering this—

I will not drive from the tee in front of, or outside, the limits, as marked by the plates, for constant driving from one spot soon ruins a good tee.

I will not drop my caddie bag on the putting greens, as the dropping of heavy irons on a really good green will rapidly ruin it, and the better the green the worse the injury.

I will not forget to replace divots, as a good fair green can soon be seriously injured by such scars.

I will never play golf any more with my high-heeled shoes on, for I won a hole yesterday by my opponent's ball settling in

my own heel mark on the eighteenth green, and I have felt mean about it ever since

Lastly, I will not forget that the finest achievement in play is always to attempt courageously shots from difficult lies, whether with success or with failure which enforces giving up the hole, and that to know that the fundamental integrity of play has been observed in playing the ball absolutely as it lies, is golf as its founders intended it should be.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN BERLIN

(Contributed by DR. McGETTIGAN)

Berlin, March 17, 1919.

Dear Doctor: Just a line to tell you where I am celebrating this day. 'Tis sure a great place here—'tis the first regular city I have seen in nearly ten months. Am here for a few days on special duty. All is going well, but sure will be glad to return. Very few members of the A. E. F. will get this far from Tipperary. There are about 25 officers here now representing the American Mission, and so am I.

Sincerely,

T. H. DOOLING.

P. S.—Met a Dr. Barbour here last night who used to have an office in the Schroth Building; more power to it and you.

DOG AND MASTER

The dog has no moral sense. He's only a reflection of his master. A decent man has a decent dog and a vicious man a vicious dog. When it comes to living according to a fellow's own standard, a dog has us all beaten. When a dog signs anything he doesn't whisper something else under his own breath. He just wags his tail and says: "This here feller is exactly my idea of what a feller ought to be, and I'm for him so long as his heart beats. —From *Natural History*, by George Jams.

BOXING MADE EASY FOR THE LITTLE ONES

By UNCLE CLAY

Now, my son, Pa will show you how the strong young men of his Club learn to box.

What do they box?

One of them stands up to box his mate.

In what kind of a box does he box him?

You are a dense kid. He does not put him in a box at all. To box, means to teach a boy how to fight, and when he has soft gloves on it does not hurt. You shall see when the boys get in the ring.

I see no ring. I see a square place with a fence of rope, but

that from God's pure fresh spring. That is the one kind of booze to keep men straight on their feet and their heads clear.

I see now that was not the kind of booze you had drunk when you came home last night.

Let us not speak of that now. Look! The boys stand up and box. Go on, Red! Slap him on the chin! Jab him in the slats!

Pa, why do you yell so? Do you want Red to hurt his friend?

He will not hurt him. Those gloves are big and soft. Look out, Red! One more like that and you



that is not a ring. A ring is round.

Do not make your Pa sore. Like you, I know it is square, but all the same it is a ring. But see! The young men come in the ring to box.

Who are those hard faced men who come in the ring with them?

One of them is the judge of fair play, and the rest wipe off the blood, fan them with a cloth, or give them a drink when they thirst.

What kind of booze do they give them?

They give them no booze save

go out sure!

When he goes out where will he go?

He will go out, you young simp! And there he goes now!

Why does that man stand at Red's side and count?

When he counts ten the boob on the floor will be out!

Out where?

You make me sick! Eight, nine—Ha! Now he has come back! Go to it, Red, old man! Kill him, kill him!

Pa, you said those gloves were

soft, and yet they put Red out, and the face of each boy is smeared with blood, and you yell for Red to kill White.

That is all right, for it will teach them to fear no man and fight their way through life.

Why must they fight their way through life?

I think it is great, but it took a lot of time. Today I knocked out Tom Jones with one blow from a bat.

No one with a fine sense of what a brave man is would use a bat to get the guy who does him wrong. You must learn to box. Pa will take you to George Green and he



All men except the rich do that in some form, and this is some fight. Look out, Red, or you are gone for good!

Hit him White! Red is a dub! Go on, White! I am for you!

My son, I am glad to see that at last you can find some joy in a good bout.

Look, Pa, look! Once more Red is out! Is not White a peach?

Yes, he is a peach all right! Eight, nine, ten! And he has cost me three bets of five bucks each. Well, what did you think of it now, my son?

will teach you how to hold your own in a fight.

And will he teach me how to do to Tom Jones what White did to Red?

You may be sure he will.

Then lead me to George, Pa, for Tom said today that the next time he saw me he would eat my face off.

Some men will rob a horse by sleeping an hour late in the morning and then making the horse even up by traveling beyond his gait.—*Horse and Horse*, by George James.



LONG YEARS BEFORE THE FIRE

By ONE WHO WAS THERE

IT was at a time when there were no New Year's Eve celebrations at hotels, cafes and cabarets to encourage abandonment of decorum, legalize disorderly conduct in public, and inspire shocked reformers to the dissemination of "dry" propaganda. It would be idle to deny that we of today do not enter into the spirit of these celebrations with disorderly zest and an utter disregard of the conventions, but then opportunity is an insidious tempter to the pleasure-seeker, and there are those of us who, even while wearing the guilt of unexpurgated riotry, can not refrain from listening to the whispers of memory that tell us how much better the Past did these things, say in the early seventies. There were then no rowdy crowds choking the streets to pester the passer-by with clouds of loaded confetti, talcum blowers, deafening horns, ticklers and other instruments of nerve-racking torture. There were no automobiles driven by drink-enthused chauffeurs, to slay and dismember careless or similarly enthused merrymakers. In those days we did most of our celebrating in homes, for all homes were open to friends, and the friends of friends. Mere acquaintances were equally welcome, at least as far as the demeanor of the hostess was concerned, for the bars of social preferences were lifted, and even the most exclusive circles resolved themselves into meetings of strangely indiscriminate Democracy.

Not that there was no rowdyism even in those days, but, be it said, that more of this was of an amateur kind, exploited by frivolous youths who knew better, and who, inspired by the spirit of the day, committed all manner of indiscretion, while the professional rowdy arrayed himself in his best "bib and tucker" and went calling like

a real gentleman. The ceremonies began before noon, with every one in full evening dress, and hacks were of course pressed into service at extortionate rates. It is recalled that on one occasion a party of eight or ten of us, indignant at the fare exacted by two hack drivers, hired an express wagon, improvised rows of seats out of boards, and made our calls with as much ceremony as could possibly have been the case had we been conveyed in equipages of regal state.

All old San Franciscans will remember, upon information and belief, if not through actual experiences, the humorous exploits of Alexander Badlam and his equally reckless fellow practical joker and boon companion, Fulton Berry. Badlam claimed to be perhaps the most expert amateur pick-pocket in existence, especially with reference to watches and scarf pins, while Berry once offered to bet a considerable amount of money that he could commit any ordinary robbery and defy detection.

One New Year's Day it fell to the good fortune of Frank Unger, of tender memory, and his chum, the writer, to join the two older men in making New Year's calls. Groups of four visiting cards, prodigious in size, and bound together with coarse brown twine, were provided in great numbers, and on each of them was emblazoned the name of one of the callers in large blackface type. Badlam and Berry were attired in their roughest business suits, while the younger men wore immaculate evening dress. Many calls were made, and in one of the homes Badlam managed to relieve one of the men callers of his watch. This being discovered by the owner, he made an indignant outcry, when Berry came forward seriously.

"What can you expect," he said, "with a man like Alec Badlam in the house? He's got your watch."

The watch was returned to the somewhat amazed owner, and as we bade the lady of the house farewell, and entered our carriage, Badlam remarked to the highly amused Berry, "I'll get even with you for that!"

And so he did, for in the house of the Cornelius O'Connors, Berry stole away from the drawing room for a moment, went upstairs, appropriated Mrs. O'Connor's watch and chain, and told Badlam of it, expecting that of course he would make a humorous exposure of some kind. But Badlam said never a word, and hid his time, apparently leaving it to Berry to restore the plunder to its owner in his own way.

Later in the evening we heard the robbery reported by a man who had just come from the O'Connors', and it was deemed so serious a matter that it had been placed in the hands of the police, in the apparent belief that some burglar had entered the house. We were at the house of Joseph Le Count, a close friend of all of us, when a loud ringing was heard at the doorbell. Le Count answered it, and soon returned with the discomfiting announcement that a policeman wanted to see Mr. Berry.

Berry hurried to the door, when, to his surprise, the policeman handed him a bona fide warrant, signed by Chief Crowley, and charging him with robbery on complaint of Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor. Berry of course protested that it was all a joke, but the policeman knew only that he had an arrest to make; the warrant left him no discretion, and his prisoner must go with him to the City Hall. Badlam was called upon, but declared that he knew nothing about the warrant; that it seemed to be no joke, and there was nothing left

for Berry to do but quietly submit, go to jail, and then hustle to get bail. Moreover, he would go so far as to sign the bail bond himself, if Berry would sit in his cell and wait patiently until the Le Count dance was over.

Berry was now very angry and declared that he would not go with the policeman, whereupon he was rudely handcuffed and taken down town to the Chief's office. Chief Crowley assured the now frightened practical joker that, as far as he was concerned, the warrant had been issued in good faith; that it had been sworn to by Con O'Connor in person, and must be proceeded with in due form according to law. He agreed, however, not to treat the prisoner as a common offender, so he was not placed in a cell but given an easy chair in the office. It was two o'clock in the morning before we arrived with Badlam, and bearing an apologetic note from Mr. O'Connor saying that the robbery had been satisfactorily explained and that he wished the warrant withdrawn. It then transpired that while we were at the O'Connor house, Badlam had induced O'Connor to swear out the warrant and have it served. As we left the Chief's office Berry turned to his still convulsed partner and said:

"The laugh's on me now, but some day I'll catch you in one of your pickpocket tricks, have you arrested and see that you're not released until you're tried, sentenced, sent across the bay and then pardoned."



THE SCRAP FOR THE BLEACHERS

FIRST OR NOTHING

THE popular young Olympian, John K. Norton, who has just been discharged from the army, evidently started out in life with the determination to be first chop in anything he set out to do, or not attempt it. As a track athlete he was one of our best, not deeming it best to dally with all branches of track athletics, he devoted most of his attention to the 220-yard high hurdle events and eventually secured the worlds record in that branch of track work.

His army record is best told in his own words and here they are:

"Shortly after the declaration of war against Germany several well known psychologists, among them Dr. Lerman of Stanford, met in Washington and worked

out a series of tests designed to be of value in the mobilization of the army. I was among some forty men summoned to try out these tests on some of the first drafts. The results were satisfactory to Washington and a general order established the psychological tests as one of the examinations each incoming recruit underwent. During the period of the war I was on duty at Camps Oglethorpe, Pike, Travis, Stanley and Taylor. At the last named camp I was in charge of the branch of the work popularly—if not entirely accurately—known as "nut-picking," that is, the weeding out of those men of such a low degree of mentality that they would have been a menace to the army. No man was rejected who could perform the mental processes of a child of eight."



JOHN K. NORTON

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP,
MARCH, 1919

ACTIVE

Barkan, Fritz, diamond importer, 704 Market St., S. F.

Crowther, Herbert S., buyer, F. W. Woolworth Co., 410 Rialto Bldg., S. F.

Cassinelli, Stephen, Jr., coffee importer, 112 California St., S. F.

Crabtree, Rev. David, minister, Redwood City, Cal.

Dawson, Wm. C., physician, 133 Geary St., S. F.

Fennell, John P., retired, 1133 Dolores St., S. F.

Harrison, H. O., motor car dealer, Post and Van Ness Ave., S. F.

Herrmann, Gerald F., V. P. Geo. Herrmann Co., 300 Front St., S. F.

Johnson, C. Malcolm, importer, W. R. Grace & Co., 332 Pine St., S. F.

Martine, Henry P., mgr. Gutta Percha & Rubber Co., 34 Fremont St., S. F.

Mallen, Howard John, mgr. and V. P.,

W. B. McGerry Co., 41 Montgomery St., S. F.

Morton, G. E., buyer and dept. mgr., The Emporium, S. F.

O'Brien, M. J., mgr. Kleinert Co., 153 Kearny St., S. F.

Thompson, R. F., automobile dealer, Howard Auto Co., 1595 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

Van Sicklen, H. D., marine insurance, 433 California St., S. F.

von Phul, William, Jr., clerk, United Railroads, 58 Sutter St., S. F.

Lockhart, S. B., coast mrs., Utah Condensed Milk Co., 112 Market St., S. F.

Sullivan, Celestine J., executive sect., League for the Conservation of Public Health, 902 Butler Bldg., S. F.

Watkins, D. E., sect., Cal. State Automobile Association, 1628 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

Buckley, Fred A., shipping, Ocean Shipping Agencies, 485 California St., S. F.

Brickall, J. C., Brickall Estate, 215 Lick Bldg., S. F.

Costello, John D., attorney at law, 603 Phelan Bldg., S. F.

Collett, C. W., men's tailor, 791 Market St., S. F.

Evans, D. S., export mgr., Paraffine Companies, Inc., 34 First St., S. F.

Holt, Rev. W. T., chaplain, Seamen's Church Institute, 68 Clay St., S. F.

Harder, Walter G., physician, 516 Sutter St., S. F.

Jones, Harrison A., ensign, U. S. N., 757 Sixth Ave., S. F.

Kibele, O. B., general supt., Shaw-Batcher, 19 Baldwin Ave., San Mateo, Cal.

Lemon, Frederick, lieut. of police, 581 Eighth Ave., S. F.

Fickett, Jas. E., credit mgr., Bank of Italy, Montgomery and Clay Sts., S. F.

Landsberger, Ramon Hill, student, University of California, 2710 Elmwood Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

Lux, W. D., banking, Crocker National Bank., S. F.

McBryde, Warren H., sugar mfg., California & Hawaiian Sugar Refining Co., 230 California St., S. F.

Montgomery, George G., attorney, Security Bank Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

McNab, Stewart, pres., McNab & Smith, 38 Davis St., S. F.

Redman, James C., iron and steel, Thos. R. Heywood Co., Rialto Bldg., S. F.

Seaman, Horace W., import and export, W. R. Grace & Co., 332 Pine St., S. F.

Smith, Thomas S., Insurance Company of North America, 223 Sansome St., S. F.

Sloss, Louis, Jr., treasurer, Sloss Securities Co., 310 Sansome St., S. F.

Tuley, C. M., salesman, Eby Machinery Co., 35 Main St., S. F.

Arnold, C. F., freight broker, Lunham & Moore, Merchants Exchange, S. F.

Bliss, R. O., cattle dealer, 300 Front St., S. F.

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Roche, Albert T., attorney, 110 Sutter St., S. F.

Golcher, B. M., salesman, H. C. Golcher Co., 508 Market St., S. F.

Hopper, Wm. C., physician, 724 Chronicle Bldg., S. F.

Sweeney, G. J., physician, 1159 Masonic Ave., S. F.

Bogart, Harry C., bus., mgr., S. F. Chapter, American Red Cross, S. F.

Green, Allan L., General Machinery & Supply Co., 39 Stevenson St., S. F.

Smith, Robert A., auto salesman, Chester N. Weaver Co., 1560 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

Allen, Harvey A., mgr., Auto Ins., Niagara Fire Ins. Co., 334 Pine St., S. F.

W. E. Cashman, attorney, 201 Sansome St., S. F.

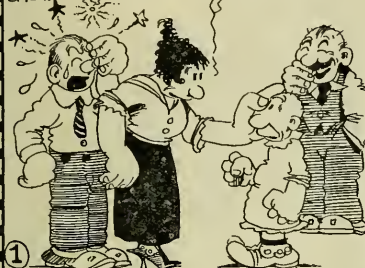
Fyfe, Joseph, Jr., lumber and shipping, 1 Drumm St., S. F.

FONEY FILMS OF CLUB MEMBERS

By Billy Hon, S. F. Examiner

SWUNG A WICKED FIST WHILE ONLY A BABY.

A FINE INHERITANCE YOU'VE WISHED ON THE POOR CHILD!!



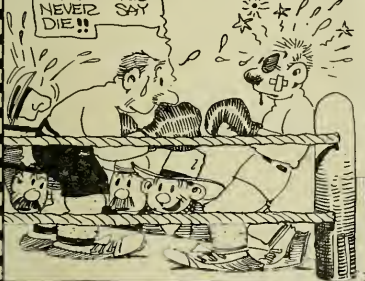
I'VE TAKEN THIS DICK AWAY FROM YOU WOP- NOW BEAT IT OR I'LL GIVE IT BACK TO YOU- RIGHT IN THE GIZZARD- GET ME?

BUNYARNO!! GARLIC!! ☆ ☆ ? !!-!!



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PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

MARCH, 1919

INCOME:

Dues	\$13,639.75	
Initiations	13,300.00	
Department Operations	4,019.07	
Visitors' Cards	216.00	
Commissions	112.90	
Discounts	15.43	\$31,303.15

EXPENSE:**General Club Expense:**

House	\$5,908.66	
Engine Room	1,914.95	
Electricity	794.04	
Water	603.80	
Store Room	332.85	
Library and Periodicals	94.30	\$ 9,648.60

Administrative and General Expense:

Office Salaries and Expenses	\$2,039.37	
Administrative Salaries and Expenses	463.15	
Taxes	471.82	
Telephone	292.20	
Insurance	315.90	
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00	
Miscellaneous	75.00	\$ 3,857.44

Other Expense:

Interest	\$2,040.73	
Depreciation Reserve	925.00	
Athletic Activities	374.86	\$ 3,340.59
NET PROFIT		\$16,846.63
		\$14,456.52

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

I have audited the accounts of the Olympic Club for the month of March, 1919, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Profit for the month of March, 1919, of \$14,456.52, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES O. SULLY,

Certified Public Accountant.



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Winkler, C., Java-Pacific Line, 60 California St., S. F.

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Rose, Cameron A., captain, M. C., Post Hospital, Presidio, S. F.

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Kiersted, Henry Stevens, major, M. C., U. S. A., Post Hospital, Presidio, S. F.

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Bannan, Berchman, 1150 Cabrillo St., S. F.

Martin, Sheldon, 320 Upper Santa Rosa Ave., Sausalito, Cal.

Macfarlane, Willett J., 1215 Sixth Ave., S. F.

Pike, Thomas P., 16 5th Ave., S. F. Clark, Gerald, Fairmont Hotel, S. F.

ATHLETIC

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Healy, Francis J., clerk, 332 Pine St., S. F.

Kern, B. Stanley, mechanic, 3646 17th St., S. F.

Simpson, Melvin J., note teller, Bank of Italy, S. F.

Howard, Earl R., asst. cashier, Raphael, Weill & Co., S. F.

Bell, Thomas F., deputy sheriff, City Hall, S. F.

Sheftel, Sanford, clerk, 995 Market St., S. F.

Noreen, Ralph W., salesman, Shell Oil Co., 343 Sansome St., S. F.

Terry, Ernest C., Shaw-Batcher Co., S. F.

Merrill, R. M., mining, 1558 Pacific Ave., Alameda, Cal.

Spaulding, Leland J., student, 172 32nd Ave., S. F.

Costello, Walter, clerk, 603 Phelan Bldg., S. F.

Schneider, Maurice A., student, 959 Powell St., S. F.

Everett, Earl B., clerk, 657 5th Ave., S. F.

Armando, Ernest J., clerk, 201 Sansome St., S. F.

Kienzle, Fred, clerk, 235 Pine St., S. F.

Hollis, Clayton W., accountant, San Rafael, Cal.

Shermund, Ralph C., student, 1293 Stanyan St., S. F.

Friedman, W. L., M. D., oculist, Hotel St. Francis, S. F.

Anderson, Mervyn, clerk, 210 Sansome St., S. F.

Lord, P. W., insurance, Insurance Exchange Bldg., S. F.

Mueller, Jacob, Presidio Golf Club, S. F.

Frontin, Clark, J. A. Clark Co., 110 Bush St., S. F.

Miller, J. W., Jr., 2442 Mission St., S. F.

Mandich, Spiro, 3640 17th St., S. F.

Laughland, W. L., merchant, 1139 Oakland Ave., Piedmont, Cal.

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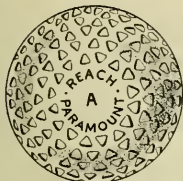
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Memorial Day Number

Vol. VII.

MAY, 1919

No. 77



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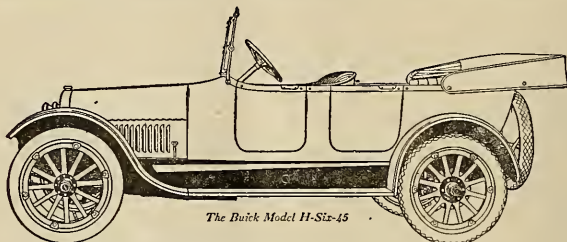
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For fit and style will never last, nor the “looks,” in clothes, unless the “parts unseen” are right, sincere, good.

Wear, service, is the test that tries fit, style and looks.

On whether the “parts unseen” are built to withstand wear and service, depends your satisfaction in clothes.

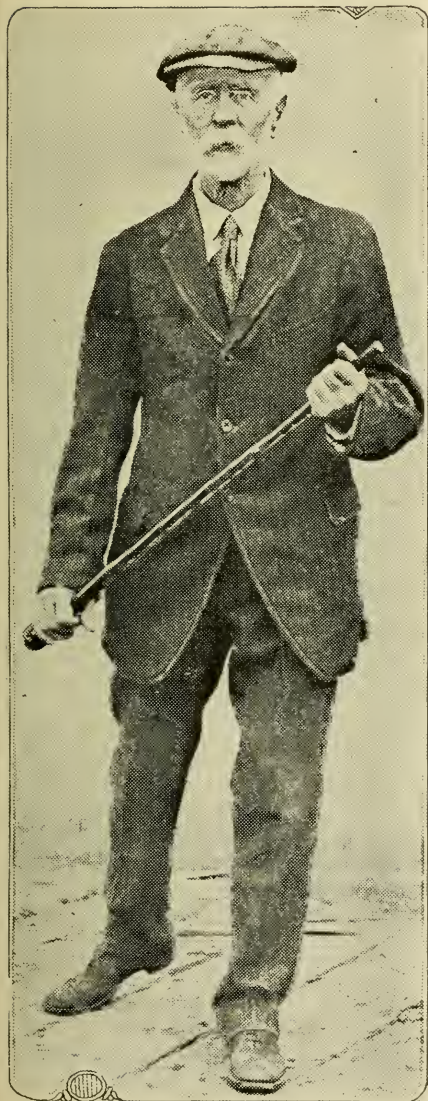
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William Greer Harrison
on his
Last "Cross Country"
(See Poem)



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Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents.

For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

Editor-in-Chief: William F. Humphrey.

Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, Clay M. Greene.

Associate Editors: Edgar Pomeroy, Soccer; P. C. Gerhardt, Track and Field; A. L. Shannon, Handball; Sven O. Philip, Wrestling; Lincoln Johnson, Swimming; E. Lastreto, Fencing; M. L. Jenne, Bowling; Dr. O. B. Burns, Billiards; Louis McLane, Juniors and Juveniles; W. R. Larzelere, Baseball; A. Kemp, Basketball; Dr. Rumwell, Medical Department; Edgar D. Peixotto, Horseback; Jack Spalding, American Football.

Business Manager: Thomas Bunyan.

Vol. VII.

MAY, 1919

No. 77

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; J. R. Hanify, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, Stanley Fay, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, Thomas J. Coleman.

"Lest We Forget"

In dedicating this issue of *The Olympian* to the ennobling sentiments that inspired the setting apart of the thirtieth of May as a national holiday for all time, on which to decorate the graves of the nation's soldier dead, there is no intent to mourn or to drape ourselves in the crape of memory. This is in no sense the meaning or the purpose of Memorial Day. Long before most of you were born, the heads of a grateful government, in response to a united request from its millions of aging veterans, created and legalized it, so that, laden with flowers and moved by martial music, they might spread the blooms of memory upon the resting places of those who had paid misfortune's toll in the chances of war. But this was not done then, nor should it be done now, in a spirit of mourning or lamentation. The tears dried when Nature had covered

the upturned soil with the mantle of clustered bloom and green, and the mourning was over when the first mimic flagstaff was pressed into the yielding sod, and the folds of the miniature flags responded to soft winds laden with the perfumes of lilies and of roses. There are many spots of hallowed earth upon which Nature's tear-dispelling mantles have not grown; many which have not yet yielded to the little flagstuffs fluttering amidst the soft odors of flower-strewn memory. Above these may ye weep, O, stricken ones, yet a little while, for your wounds are fresh and your partings close upon the near-by yesterdays. But when another year has fled, and the heroes of Appomatox shall hand-in-hand march with rhythmic tread to the strains of soldier bands beside the heroes of France, then must ye weep no more. Then should there be rejoicing that you have made the great sacrifice that set those suffering millions free, and be the flowers you spread fair symbols of courageous resignation, and the heart mementoes to a memory that shall be eternal! They are gone but not forgotten; they are not dead but sleeping, and we shall all of us awaken one day together.

* * *

For Auld Lang Syne

On the middle pages of this issue of *The Olympian* will be found what is intended to be a symposium of friendship in a collection of familiar faces, memories of whom are stretched along the pathways of memory in the past history of the Olympic Club. Some are those of the living, others of those who, assigned to other spheres under sealed orders, are preparing for us a habitation of eternal peace, perhaps in some glorified Olympus beyond the stars. But all have made their mark along their chosen lines of athletics or the government of them, and while those who have been spared may have relaxed in their activities,

they are none the less remembered of the grateful, and so the past and the present, alike revered and perpetuated, are placed side by side, for Friendship is eternal and can not die. The old friends who were part of that glorious past, can still foregather with younger friends in the every-day ministrations of those whom they have chosen to govern them. It will be noticed that the cover design has upon it none of the hues of mourning. There is no purple, nor black, nor white, but in their stead are the brighter colors that shall keep the old memories green, and the newer ones that are making, roseate in the freshened flushes of Friendship. It is easier to smile than to frown; easier to praise than to complain; sweeter to compromise than to avenge. All of the truer things of life can be better kept alive by closing the eyes to what is evil and seeing only what is good, for the sake of the friendships that were, away back in the haunts of Memory and Auld Lang Syne.

★ ★ ★

An Unfortunate Incident

The Board of Directors deeply deplore their recent drastic action in withdrawing the privileges of several athletic members who have been responsible for many enviable records in amateur contests. But at the same time they felt this action not only entirely justifiable under the circumstances, but absolutely mandatory in maintaining the dignity of the club and protecting the membership from happenings under its roof which can not but militate against their comfort and self-respect. Immediately following the incident of May 17, which resulted in the severance of hitherto pleasurable and valuable relations, there were several of the less serious regular members who were disposed to regard it as having been a mere mischievous prank which an official rebuke might have disposed of to the satisfaction of everyone concerned.

If it had been indeed the impulsive, unpremeditated prank of youthful Olympians, it might have been passed with a less severe punishment. But the act was the result of premeditation, and apparently intended to advertise a swimming bath at the expense of the club's dignity and reputation. It was planned for two weeks. Rooms had been engaged at a near-by hotel, where the participants donned their bathing suits. They entered the club under a misrepresentation, and plunged into the tank during the evening's exhibition. The affair was so carefully planned that newspaper reporters and newspaper photographers were present, in order that the details of this "triumphant scoop" might be published to the world. It was apparent that at least some of the offenders cared more for their success in advertising a business venture than they did for the club, its members or its guests—else why did they seek photographs for obvious purposes of publicity?

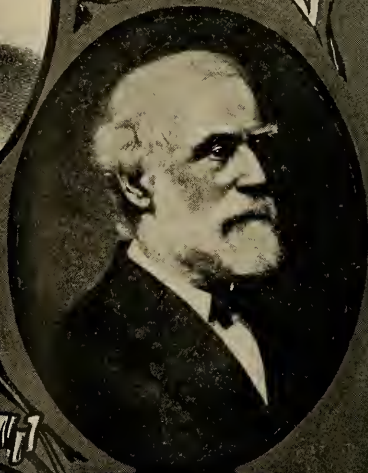
This part of the incident was further aggravated by the fact that, in spite of official protest, these pictures were taken elsewhere, duly published in the newspapers, and the whole affair given a publicity which seriously affected the dignity of the Olympic Club, and the respect which its officers will always maintain, no matter on whom the mandates of discipline may fall.

An infraction of rules that may be overlooked in a club of men who have passed the age of majority, must be punished where the effect of ignoring such infraction may be a bad example for junior and juvenile Olympians. The incident was carefully planned for some unknown purpose of the parties interested; it was an infraction of the rules that could not pass unnoticed; the members of the club who participated merited the punishment they received, and the incident is closed.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY



ULYSSES S. GRANT



ROBERT E. LEE



TO
WILLIAM GREER HARRISON

By GEORGE STERLING

Oh! if you found another life,
Far in another Land,
I think the fighting-men came up
And took you by the hand.

All brave and gentle warriors
Of whom are legends told,
They met to watch your barque come in
Across a sea of gold.

Roland and Alexander came,
I love at times to dream,
Du Guesclin and Leonidas
And Chandos, eyes a-gleam.

But first of all Ulysses stood,
To give you welcome there
And set the bright and ghostly bays
Upon your reverend hair.

For most like him you seem to us,
Whom tenderly we find
In memories of other days—
So gray and wise and kind!

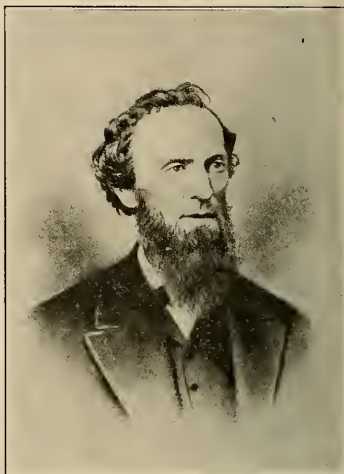
CHANGE OF GOLF INSTRUCTORS

Mr. Harry Kennett has been employed as Golf Instructor at Lakeside in place of William Bradley and Mr. R. W. Ball will be instructor at the Club House on Post Street. Lessons will be given by appointment at the City Club at any time between the hours of 7:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. and at Lakeside between 9:00 a. m. and 6:00 p. m. Charges will be \$1.00 for every half hour. No cash will be paid for these services but cards must be signed as is customary when making purchases at the Club.

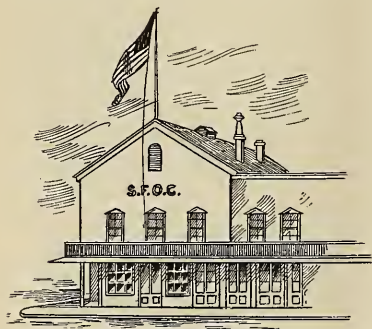
Mr. Kennett has had years of experience in England and in this country. He learned his game at Eastport as a player and as an instructor. Mr. Ball is the son of John Ball, famous golf link designer and constructor, and has been associated with golf from childhood. Unquestionably both are in every way competent to give golf lessons.

ORIGIN OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB

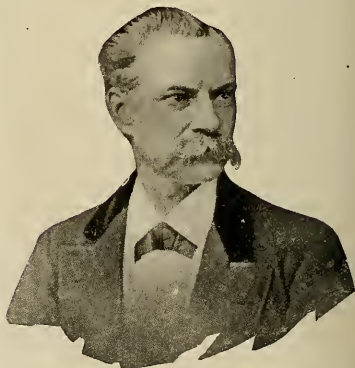
As early as 1855 Charles and Arthur Nahl maintained a gymnasium in the back yard of their residence for their own use, being accomplished gymnasts and believers in athletic culture from all points of view. Soon, however, it was discovered that so many of their friends in the Fire Department were using their little open-air gymnasium, that adjoining back yards were pressed into service, and exhibitions were given there. Then the need of a properly organized athletic club became apparent, and a meeting was called for May 6, 1860, at the house of the old Lafayette Hook and Ladder Company on Broadway. At this meeting was formed the first athletic club in the United States, the date being six years prior to the formation of the New York Athletic Club. Its first name was the San Francisco Olympic Club, with G. W. Bell as President; E. Bonnell, Secretary; H. G. Hanks, Treasurer; Arthur Nahl, Leader, and twenty-three charter members. The first club house was in a rented hall on the corner of Clay and Kearny streets, and the amazing progress made during the forty-eight years since then is a record in club history which will never be broken.



THE FIRST PRESIDENT



THE FIRST CLUB HOUSE



ARTHUR NAHL, FIRST LEADER

SOME OLYMPIAN MEMORIES

By C. M. G.

THERE are many of you who do not remember Billy Lawton, and yet he was probably not only the most versatile acrobat and "stunt" performer the Olympic Club has ever known, but quite the equal of any professional in whatever line he chose to attempt. Before the decade of '60's had faded away, the matchless William Hanlon came to San Francisco with his hitherto unknown Zampill-aerostation, or Flying Trapeze, and the town was wild with wonderment and awe. No such act had ever been seen before and there was much doubt as to whether it would ever be attempted by any one else. Nevertheless, Billy Lawton was there on the opening night, and did not share in the general pessimism with reference to the perpetuation of the act. At all events, within a few days the three trapezes were set up in the gym of the old club on Sutter Street, and within a few weeks the wonderful stunt of the supposedly invincible Hanlon was duplicated and shortly thereafter presented in public at a club exhibition. This was a feature which in those days was given annually, and should be given now, as an impetus to acrobatics.

A few years later the first Japanese troupe of acrobats came to San Francisco and appeared at the old Academy of Music, on Pine Street, below Montgomery. The most amazing stunt in the programme was a slide for life from the gallery to the stage on a slack wire, using an umbrella as a balancer. Billy Lawton was there, too, the dare-deviltry of the act feazed him not in the least, and he mastered it himself in a month! In fact, there was no feat of acrobatics too difficult for Billy, and he not only mastered it himself, but unselfishly demonstrated to

the daring that they could do it equally well themselves.

* * *

The six-day walking match craze struck the town somewhere in the early '80's with the coming of O'Leary, who arrounced that he would walk, heel and toe, 500 miles in six days. At the end of the sixth day the old Mechanics' Pavilion on Union Square was "crowded to suffocation" to listen to the announcement that the amazing feat had been accomplished. But there were present two well known Olympians, Horace Fletcher and Slason Thompson, who doubted the accuracy of the count, so informed the management, and when O'Leary heard of this imputation upon his integrity he expressed himself as being ready to lick any member of the Olympic Club who would repeat it to his face. But a better proof of Dan's sporting honor was devised, for it was arranged that on a certain date, the 500 miles in six days feat would be repeated, under the auspices of the Olympic Club, with club members as referees and official scorers. On the appointed date Fletcher, Thompson, and two or three other Olympians whose names are forgotten, were at the scorers' table. A great crowd was present, and there were many adherents of Dan O'Leary who cast threatening glances at the doubting Thomases who had dared to even hint that their favorite could possibly be other than on the level. But they probably knew not of this antagonism, and if they did it was water on a duck's back to them, for they were quite unafraid in their determination to prevent hippodroming in professional athletics. All day long, all night long, during those six monotonous days, relays of Olympic scorers held their silent

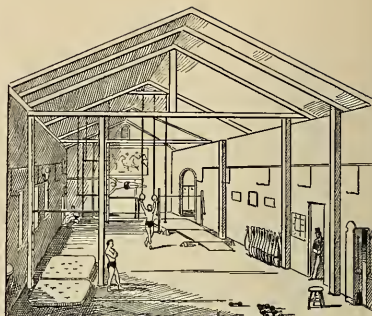
watches at the score table, and in order that no unfairness might be alleged, volunteers were secured to walk with O'Leary and cheer him on toward the success that was hoped for. On the last day, when it became all too apparent that Dan must increase his speed or lose, the walking companions were sometimes doubled to egg him on, and a relay band was provided so that there should be no lull in the music. But the result proved that the estimate of Horace Fletcher as to the fairness of the management's scoring had not been in the least unjust, for in spite of the cheering of crowds and the encouragement of walking mates, the best that O'Leary could do was 458 miles.

* * *

There was another palpable fake showed up by the club which nearly all of the old time Olympians must remember, and which should inspire similar action with



HENRY B. RUSS, GENERAL ATHLETE



THE FIRST GYMNASIUM

reference to public athletics of the present day. The club had, as a boxing and wrestling instructor, William Miller, who up to that time had been acknowledged as the world's undefeatable Greco-Roman champion. The great German wrestler, Bauer, challenged him and the match was arranged to take place in the old circus building on New Montgomery Street. The building was packed and the odds were largely in favor of Miller, the local Olympians backing him to their utmost limit. The first fall was won by Miller with great ease; the second was quite as easy for Bauer; Miller won the third fall, and palpably rolled over on the fourth, when Billy Lawton leaped into the ring in a state of great excitement.

"Gentlemen," he shouted, "this exhibition has been a disgraceful hippodrome, and, as referee of the contest, I declare all bets off!"

The house was now a pandemonium of excited rage, and a rush was made for the two wrestlers. Miller tried to protest, but was compelled to retreat to his dressing room before the threatening crowd, and on the following day he was discharged from the club, and soon left the city.

POWDER RIVER

By DANIEL E. DORAN

“POWDER RIVER, a mile wide and an inch deep, and she flows up hill. Let 'er buck!”
 That's the slogan of the 363rd, San Francisco's own regiment of the 91st Division. The men brought home as their mascot a little back cat, which they named “Powder River.”

There was hell to pay that mornin' (Guns a poppin'; hell to pay);
 We had given Fritzie warnin' (We were due to go that day);
 Powder River lay between us (Powder River wide and dry);
 Not a stump of tree to screen us from the river to the sky;
 But we knew we had to do it,
 Knew we had to go right to it,
 Knew we had to smash right through it,
 Even if we had to die.

Well, we didn't stop to worry (Powder River, one inch deep);
 We were in an awful hurry (Powder River's pretty steep);
 First we knew we all were jumpin' (Powder River, let 'er buck),
 Up the hill we start a humpin', trustin' most of all to luck,
 Fritzie doesn't stop his shootin',
 Just because he sees us scootin',
 Must have pitied us all rootin'
 Deep in Powder River's muck.

Well, we hadn't fairly started (Powder River, let 'er buck)
 When in front of us there darted (Powder River, trust to luck)
 Just a little frightened kitty (Gee, but I can see her now),
 Didn't look so very pretty (Didn't understand the row);
 Black as tar, and I, as you do,
 Know what all but mighty few do,
 Black in cats is surely hoodoo;
 Kitty only yelled “Me-ow.”

All this time the Huns were gunnin' (Men were droppin' left and right);
 Still the gang just kept on running' (Up to Powder River's height);
 Only one man stopped a minit; grabbed that kitten in his hand,
 Jerked his blouse and dropped her in it; then kept on to beat the band;
 Gee! It almost made me shiver,
 But he didn't even quiver,
 Just kept on up Powder River,
 Like the army staff had planned.

Well, I guess you know the story (Powder River's one mile wide);
 We ain't seekin' any glory, but we surely hit our stride,
 Busted right against the Teuton, gave him hell and something more,
 Then he had to do some scootin' (Gee, I'll bet that Fritz was sore);
 But—that cat—that's no invention,
 She's still gettin' our attention,
 Brought her back from France, I'll mention,
 That's her goin' out the door.

A NEAT AFTER-DINNER SPEECH

(Delivered by that rare raconteur and noted actor, Wilton Lackaye, at a recent banquet given by The Lambs of New York, to Gene Buck, in recognition of his inauguration of Wednesday evening camp-fires to wounded soldiers.)

GENTLEMEN: I am not going to make a speech, but in the spirit of the evening, with a little assistance, I am going to read something to you, recite something to you:

"In Flanders fields the poppies grow
Beneath the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high:
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

A few weeks after that was written, the man who was its author died on the field of battle, and qualified himself for a place among the crosses, where the poppies grow, as this verse had qualified him for a place among the elect of English literature.

For a year, we have seen coming back the boys, who took his warning, who took up the torch, the falling sword, that the world might be saved from the crucifiers of soldiers, from the ravishers of women, from the monsters who speared babies on bayonets. We have seen them coming

back, and in their armless sleeves and sightless eyes, their wrecked bodies, and sometimes in their wrecked brains, we have seen mute testimony of the spirit with which some of our boys tried to hold that torch. For six or seven months before our public woke up to the fact that these boys were returning, the "Lambs" had folded them to the breast of "Bohemia" at the behest of Gene Buck. For nearly a year while hired agents of puttering paternalism and scrimped charity made up their minds what to do, the wounded were being brought to our Club, and five thousand men, up to the time the city woke up, gave testimony that if the "Lambs" had never done anything else, this one act, sponsored by Gene Buck and carried along by the Club, should justify our existence. We love Gene Buck. If we ever do wrong, some part of our answer to our detractors must be "Gene Buck was one of us."

There must be some quality in this Club, too; there must be something in the air; there must be something in the attrition of artists; there must be something in our association that made out of a slinger of slang, a famous writer of lyrics for the Follies: A man with the efficiency of a Schwab and the soul of a sister of charity (applause)—

With all honor to him, we have especially honored ourselves. We are giving ourselves a reason for existence. We are justifying ourselves, not to the world, but we are justifying ourselves to ourselves. This night will pass away, and that silver may become tarnished: we may forget this occasion, but there will come at the end of time that gray, last day, when those who tried to do right are separated from those who chose to do wrong; there will be a time when ten thousand soldiers will make the clouds ring, when the "Great

Stage Manager," who sits on the right hand side of God, says to a modest Lamb shrinking among the Celestial Choir, "Fall into line, come out here, do your stunt,"

and then to the assembled angels in a little higher voice—

Gene Buck! A little order, boys! give the kid a chance!

NOTES AND HINTS ON GOLF

By HUBERT E. LAW, M. D.

Two cups have been donated for handicap medal play competition; one by Dr. George W. Goodale and Mr. Oliver J. Olson for Class A, and one by Philip, Paul and Stanley Fay for Class B.

The classes will compete for their respective cups every other Saturday afternoon until the Goodale-Olson trophy is won three times by the same Class A player and the Fay par cup is won three times by the same Class B player, both of which winners will thus come into permanent possession of the trophy. The names of the players who secure wins on these trophies will be inserted on them, thus materially increasing the value of these two cups. Play for these cups begins on May 10.

The Match Play against Par Tournament held at Lakeside on April 19 proved full of surprises, not the least of which was the size of the entry list. For a club whose membership is large enough to stage a tournament of as many flights as the recently held Northern California Championship, the entry list in our first Match Play Tournament against Par was decidedly small. However, it proved a welcome change from the steady diet of Medal play which we have been having and which affords the minimum of golf competition and only the questionable excitement of adding up a score at the end of the round.

In a Medal Play Round one wins or loses once and then it is all over. In a Match Play Round each hole is a match,

and as each stroke played may lose or win a hole, interest is sustained and competition is great.

In this particular tournament each entrant had a match with par and not, as was supposed by some of the entrants, against the player who happened to be his partner. Nor did the total medal score have anything to do with the results, because in match play against par you either win or halve or lose the hole, and in the latter case it does not make any difference how many strokes you take. If a hole is Par 5 and the hole is lost, the loss by one stroke is just as much of a loss as it would be if the score was 20 strokes.

C. D. Woods was first in Class A, having finished all square with par. Eaton McMillan was second with 3 down to par. Dr. George W. Goodale was third at 4 down to par. The Handicap slate was shattered in Class B. E. H. Pierce, with a handicap of 8 up, romped home 3 up on par, which made him 11 up altogether. P. T. Cumbersome was 5 up and Dr. J. J. Phister was 4 up. It is greatly to the credit of the winners of both Class A and Class B that they played better than they have played heretofore.

Indeed, nearly all of the players are improving rapidly. It is true that the course is losing its winter heaviness, but no matter how propitious the condition of the course is, Lakeside will always be a test of golf, and while it may not be realized by the novices who yearn for easier holes and less exacting situations, our links will

prove good schooling and among such a large membership many should graduate with honors and prove real contenders for the golf crowns that the community offers.

There are some 180 members who play at Lakeside, and that number is on the steady increase, which will soon bring us face to face with the difficulty of congestion on the course. There is already serious contemplation of building an additional course of nine or eighteen holes for the beginners. Not a few eastern clubs have two courses, consisting of one course of championship standard and a less exacting course for those whose proficiency at the game has not reached the point of permitting them to keep up with the playing pace of the better players. Should such a second course materialize at Lakeside, this would prove a boon to the novices as well as to those who had served their golf apprenticeships, for the former as just as desirous of not holding up the play behind them as the latter are to not be held up. There is no more disastrous situation possible in golf than that of trying to keep your place on the course while playing twice the number of shots twice as rapidly as the match behind. It is well in such a case to cheerfully insist on the observance of that rule concerning rights of players, which one may find on the back of the player's score card and which reads thus:

"If a match fails to keep its place on the course and loses in distance more than one clear hole on the players in front, it may be passed.

The question of observing the rules of golf and the etiquette of golf is of paramount importance. It may be a surprise to some of our members to learn that there are rules of golf and an etiquette of golf. The chairman of the Tournament Committee has arranged for a supply of rule books to be distributed among the members and a perusal of them will inform many players that many of the things they do

they should not do. It is suggested that each player procure a book of rules and study them. There are many more ways of losing a hole than by taking more strokes than your opponent, and as there is a penalty of the loss of a hole for the waiving of a penalty incurred by an opponent, your competitor is not going to indulge in the dangerous chivalry of overlooking your breach of rules which you should know and comply with. In Medal play the breach of some of the rules will disqualify you, and if golf is worth playing at all it is certainly worth playing according to the rules of the game. It is decidedly to your advantage to read the rules and comply with them.

* * *

Captain F. A. Sutton of the British Army, a recent visitor at Lakeside, surprised and interested those who saw him play some excellent shots with one hand. Captain Sutton lost his right hand in the campaign at Gallipoli. It is said that he used to catch the Turkish bombs that came into his trench and throw them back again with his compliments and great destruction. The Turks, instead of lengthening the fuse so as to play at the same game, shortened it, and it was one of these bombs of shortened fuse that Captain Sutton caught and barred him forever from two-handed golf. The result is that he plays golf with his left hand and plays a remarkably long and straight game. Some of us who had labored long with the question of which hand plays the greater part in golf swing, positively envy the Captain his freedom from worry on that score.

There are many golfers who have overcome just such physical handicaps and play excellent golf in spite of them. The late Charles E. Van Loan played good golf with his right hand during the last year or so of his life, his left arm having been injured in an automobile accident. There are several one-armed golfers in the pro-

fessional ranks. An English Pro., Ernest Jones, lost his right leg in the battle of Loos and played excellent golf standing on his remaining leg. He used crutches to walk around the course, but could balance himself quite well for any shot without them. Later when an artificial limb was procured for him his golf became as good as it was before the war.

Speaking of infirmities, the Olympic Club would probably hold the record for the largest number of blind golfers; not blind because they cannot see, but blind because they won't see—and there are none so blind as these.

One cannot go anywhere in the locker room without having first passed at least one notice concerning tournament scores. For the benefit of those superstitious play-

ers who do not believe in signs, the notice is reprinted here:

NOTICE

Tournament Scores

Players must post their names on the score sheet before competing in tournaments and must deposit their scores in the tournament score box.

A player's score card must bear the player's name, his score, the signature of his opponent or a marker and the date of play.

Penalty for non-compliance with these rules is disqualification.

NOTE: A caddy is not a marker unless appointed by the Tournament Committee. Caddie score cards will not be accepted in tournament play.

* * *

There are enough ways of disqualifying



CHAMPION TRACK TEAM OF 1890

Top—A. S. Henderson, V. Schifferstein, H. Coffin, Capt. Jordan, J. Purcell, J. Jervis, F. L. Cooley.
Center—W. Whalen, S. U. Casady, F. F. Foster. Bottom—A. Kelter, M. Espinosa.

yourself in a tournament without doing so by neglecting to comply with these simple precautions. There are reasons for them. Suppose you had made the winning score and some one else who had not signed up found he had a better one and entered the tournament after he completed his round instead of before? Would you consider he was entitled to enter? Suppose again that you had the winning score and some one returned—let us say—a too optimistic score, unvouched for by a marker or a score kept by a caddie with a wandering mind and incoordinated fingers. Caddies are bad guessers when it comes to keeping scores and when bad guessing is combined with a tendency to dishonesty—there have been far too many instances of tender attachments formed between caddies and the favorite clubs of several golfers—the results are not such as to inspire one with confidence.

* * *

Lakeside is rapidly outdistancing Lincoln Park in one respect. Golf etiquette which is at a premium at Lincoln Park is scarcely to be found at Lakeside among the beginners and interested golfers no longer ask about the conditions of the greens or the fairways but inquire about the etiquette and on receiving a true answer go their respective ways rejoicing that they don't have to play there. This is the worst reputation that any golf club could have. It is hardly to be expected that a beginner is capable of observing all of the etiquette of golf, but the sad part of it is that the novices who should be keen to learn this part of the game either do not know the etiquette of golf or if they do know it they are making no apparent effort to observe it in their play. And yet every one of them would heartily endorse and subscribe to the principles of fair play—the very essence of sport. Golf etiquette is nothing less than fair play applied to golf.

There seems to be a misunderstanding

on the part of some of our players that the man who plays the course in the shortest time wins. If any of these are reading this they are urged to take no stock in any such belief. The man who plays the fewest number of strokes wins and time makes little difference. There is no need or place for hurry in golf. The more one hurries the worse one plays, and incidentally the more and larger divots one takes.

From a casual observation of a play at Lakeside it would seem that to drive into the party ahead before they are out of range is considered good practice. Playing on to the green when the party in front have not holed out is another favorite diversion. It's fun to see the poor devils dodge as the ball drops among them. What does it matter if one of them gets hit and perhaps loses an eye? It adds life and excitement to the game, my boy! To h—l with etiquette! Oh! that some stray shot would strike this kind of golfer and jar his gray matter into action and wake him up to the fact that it is better to wait and enjoy the scenery than to spoil the game of the man ahead. Spare yourself the repetition of that idiot's phrase: "I had no idea I could hit it that far."

If a match has the right to go through, for the love of St. Andrew let it go through and get out of range before you shoot. If you lose a ball, signal to the players behind to come through and if you find it before they pass you and get out of range, wait until they do and are before you play your shot. It isn't only etiquette to do so, but it relieves the course of congestion and congestion at Lakeside is rapidly becoming a serious problem.

If there is more than a clear hole ahead of you and you are holding some one back, ask them to go through, but wait until they are out of range before you take your next shot. The fact that there is a clear hole ahead and you are holding some one

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INCREASE IN INITIATION AND DUES FAVORED

IN the last issue of *The Olympian*, members were requested to express their opinions on the proposed increase of dues and initiation. It would seem that the ideas of "Old Timer" as expressed in that issue are enthusiastically endorsed by the members. Only four letters of objection have been received, and even these objectors have manifested an interest in the club that is most encouraging. But when these objections are analyzed, it develops that they are largely based on the assumed lack of necessity and on the hardship that may be imposed on some individual Olympians. This spirit of altruism evidences a disposition which is largely responsible for the splendid spirit that pervades the club, but it may not overcome the weighty reasons that prompt the Board of Directors to accept the suggestion of "Old Timer."

There is scarcely a club in the country which has not increased its dues, and many both dues and initiation, within the past two years. In most instances the dues of such clubs were, prior to the increase, largely in excess of the amount charged by the Olympic Club.

The clubs in the neighborhood of San Francisco which limit their activities to golf alone, impose initiation fees approximating \$150.00 to \$250.00, and monthly dues averaging from \$8.00 to \$10.00. Our club, which offers the members all conveniences of the most modern athletic institution, with no extra charge for swimming, boxing, wrestling, fencing, gymnastic or other instructions, asks monthly dues of \$5.00. Other clubs offering these conveniences exact extra charges for all these instructions, and some charge a small fee for the privilege of enjoying the swimming.

In addition, the Olympian has the privilege of enjoying a country home, its golf

course and trap shooting, the only extra charges being one of 50 cents green fee, and the cost of the shells used in shooting.

This club combines activities that may not be found in any other club in America, and yet its dues and initiation fee have always been the lowest. At present the accommodations are inadequate. Members are crowded in every department and at the opportune time the club must be enlarged, either by building three additional stories as originally planned, or by expanding in some other direction. To anticipate this, the bonded indebtedness has been greatly reduced, but the costs of operation have been materially increased, and will probably increase more in the near future.

In these circumstances, it seems obviously the duty of the club to decrease its indebtedness as rapidly as possible, and to anticipate the improvements that must be made. Therefore the Board of Directors at a recent meeting unanimously adopted a resolution, amending the by-laws, whereby the monthly dues, beginning with the first day of July, will be \$6.00 and the initiation fee \$250.000.

Before deciding on this action, it invited an expression of opinion from the members. As but four objected to the proposed increase, the Board of Directors deemed it their duty to act in accordance with the apparent wishes of practically all the members and in accordance with the dictates of their best judgment.

It may be urged that the earnings of the club are sufficiently large to take care of the conditions above described without increasing the dues. It is true that the indebtedness has been rapidly decreased during the past six years. On the first of January, 1913, the club's bonded and floating indebtedness was \$538,600.00, but

by the first day of January, 1918, this total indebtedness had been reduced to \$368,000.00, or an average of \$28,333.33 a year, notwithstanding that during the war the club waived dues to the total amount of over \$26,000. A careful analysis of the financial statements will disclose that our large monthly profits now include initiation fees which must gradually decrease, and with the prospect of loss of revenue after July 1 it is apparent that an increase of dues is necessary. In increasing the dues to \$6.00 a month, the Directors made the smallest possible increase, in order that the younger members of the club might not be too heavily burdened, although it had been strongly urged by some members to increase the monthly dues to \$7.50. In the judgment of the Directors, this increase to \$6.00 will be ample to take care of the future, and will so assist in reducing the indebtedness that other improvements may be built that will give more comfort and enjoyment to the members than the loss of the extra dollar will entail. It is also contemplated by the Directors to compensate for some part of the increase by trying to give to the members, gratis, certain privileges for which they now pay.

Patriotic Service

The year, 1918 was the least profitable of any year the club has enjoyed since it entered its present home. Other years the indebtedness was decreased in excess of \$30,000.00, but last year it was decreased only \$6,000.00. This was in a measure due to the war-time conditions, to the influenza epidemic, and to the patriotic contributions that the club gladly made. It may be a source of pride to all Olympians that the Olympic Club has subscribed to \$863,450.00 of Liberty and Victory Loan bonds, has donated \$23,710.00 to the San Francisco Chapter of the American Red Cross, and \$1,400.00 to the United War Work campaign fund.

CHANGE OF BY-LAW

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Olympic Club by an affirmative vote of eight members of said Board, Section 2 of Article IV of the By-Laws of the Olympic Club was amended to read as follows, to be effective on June 30, 1919:

Active Members

Sec. 2. No person under twenty-one years of age shall be eligible to active membership. Active members shall pay dues of not less than six dollars (\$6.00) per month, and shall be entitled to all rights and privileges. The initiation fee shall be two hundred dollars (\$200.00), which may be increased, decreased or waived by the Board of Directors, but not unless notice has been posted on the club bulletin for at least ten (10) days. The number of active members shall be limited to four thousand (4,000).

Further resolved, that the aforesaid amendment be not effective until after the 30th day of June, 1919, and then only after notice, as required by the by-laws, be given to all members.



H. B. RUSS CHAS. BENNETT, W. S. LAWTON,

THE TRIP OF THE THIRTEENTH TEAM

By EDGAR POMEROY

*The trip to Grass Valley was quite a success,
But the trip, coming homeward, a yell of
a mess.*

MANAGER T. GRIFFITH of the Grass Valley football team is an enthusiast and a man of action. Grass Valley has handled the teams rough from nearby towns and Sacramento in particular, and Griffith felt that the citizens of the little mining town now hankered for bigger game and that said hankering, if catered to, would popularize Soccer football still further, and, possibly, reimburse the exchequer.

So "Grif" issued his now historic challenge to the Olympic Club to come up and test its trained and athletic football team against the "battling miners" of Grass Valley on their home ground. To show that he was in earnest he guaranteed \$150 towards the expense of taking a team from San Francisco to his town: a plucky offer considering that the field in Grass Valley is unenclosed and the population small.

Not to be outdone in gameness, our own Club volunteered \$50, so that the estimate of \$200 to cover every incident of the trip was assured and the challenge was accepted for April 27, and on the evening of Saturday, April 26, eleven players, the commissioner and the referee, embarked on the Capitol City for Sacramento.

The trip up the river was a merry affair, with "Kelly from the Isle of Mann," the diminutive member of inexhaustible vocabulary, clerical and profane, furnishing most of the "crabbing" and nearly all of the hilarity, ably seconded, however, by Deb and Billie O'Conner.

The only really romantic episode of the trip was when Bill O'Conner and Al

Washauer mustered up gall enough to invite two robust looking females to a game of cards and had to buy supper for them afterwards.

At 6 a. m. the bugle called all hands on deck and breakfast was ready by 6:30. At 7:30 the auto stage called at the boat and the team loaded on to the buzz wagon and enjoyed a trip through Sacramento. Then on to Grass Valley, via Auburn, Roseville, Rocklin and Loomis.

A half hour's stop at Auburn for "gas," where the boys sent postals to various addresses, and off again. It was a beautiful trip, the country being in full and verdant bloom.

At 11:30 a. m. we rolled into Grass Valley, singing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," and were met by a reception committee headed by Mr. Gilbert, President of the G. V. F. C., and T. Griffith, manager and team captain.

We found the town ready for us; the advertising was well done, and the mines were shut down especially for the occasion.

We were invited to inspect the great Empire gold mine, and it was gratifying to the veteran miners of Grass Valley to find so much intelligent interest and curiosity amongst a gang of rollick dare-devil Olympic football kickers.

At 2 o'clock the "Concert Band" of the town paraded the town and then headed a parade to the football arena, which was a level piece of turf ideally surrounded by tall trees, automobiles, and ladies and gentlemen of all ages.

The band did a circus parade on the ground while the two teams limbered up and then Craig Wallace, the big, rugged Scotch referee sent by the Football Asso-

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Top Row—Jas. McElroy, R. H. Lloyd, Horace Fletcher, R. McArthur, J. Hammersmith.

Center Row—L. P. Ward



in Elliot, Van Stow, A. J. Treat.

Bottom Row—A. L. Bancfort, G. R. Wells, A. C. Forsyth, E. A. Kolb.

TRIP OF THIRTEENTH TEAM

(Continued from Page 19)

ciation, addressed both teams and cautioned them that the contest was to be one of football kicking skill and not a free fight.

Kelly naturally looked crestfallen at this and remarked that it was "going to be a bloody tame affair." He was right as to the bloodiness, as right away Singer's nose was broken and Paaum had his eyebrow kicked open, and as there was no time to stitch it up then, the two of them soon had a gory aspect. But they didn't weaken; not much; on the contrary.

For twenty minutes the "Battling Miners" rushed things and kept us busy, but we gradually settled down to holding them and studying their tactics and then our attack got busy and Billy O'Conner, who never played better, crowded in three goals—and just to make a showing, Ankersmit booted in one.

It was pretty warm and we eased up enough to let Grass Valley slip in one, after which they became so aggressive and the crowd became so clamorous it was necessary from then on until the end of the contest to show all we knew of scientific defence.

After the game we were given a dinner and a song festival ending up as descendants of Cornish or Welshmen usually do, especially after eating, in a mixture of funny stories and sacred hymns.

Up to this time the hoodoo of a party of thirteen had not appeared. We had reservations booked on the sleeper laying in the Sacramento depot, which connects with the 4 a. m. train for San Francisco, and we left Grass Valley at 8 p. m., intending to be on the sleeper by 11 o'clock.

At 9:30, thirteen miles the other side of Auburn, the No. 13 hoodoo got to work and our rear axles broke. At 10:15 p. m. an automobile came up to us and we told our troubles. The driver cheerfully volun-

teered to go into Auburn and get an axle. At 11:15 he came back with it, but we could not insert it. Our driver pushed on on foot, in the dark, and some miles away found a farm house. He got the owner out of bed and telephoned the stage owner at Auburn to get up, bring a big car and tow us in.

Time was going fast and it was getting pretty cool. The boys got out of the car and, using suitcases to sit on and the auto lights for illumination, settled themselves in the middle of the road for a game of cards. Being bitterly cold, those who won anything just naturally froze on to it.

At 2:30 a. m. help came and we all hoped we could yet make the 4:15 a. m. train at Sacramento. It was important to many that we should, yet not a single grumble was heard from as game a bunch of sports as ever honored our Club.

We reached Auburn, shed our tow and cleared for Sacramento, but, alas, a few miles from Auburn our stage ran out of gas. There are no gasoline stations along this untraveled route and we were stuck for an hour. Then came a little Ford and we milked a gallon of gasoline out of it. We got as far as Roseville, where we finally induced a garage owner to get out of his warm bed and give us gas.

We didn't arrive in Sacramento until 5:30 a. m. (instead of 11 p. m. the previous night) and there was no train out until 7:05.

"It surely would have been cheaper to have taken fourteen men."

Before closing we must express appreciation of the courtesy of Dr. Jones of Grass Valley, who fixed up our wounded without charge and allowed them the use of the only showers in town, the Elk's Club, and charged us only with his regards to Dr. Rumwell of the Olympic Club.

The men who made the trip were Singer, Loney, Meissner, Jack O'Conner, Pa-

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NOTES FROM THE TRAPS

Contributed by MANAGER O. N. FORD.

M^{RS.} A. G. WILKES is back on the firing line after a two months' visit in New York. On her first return to the traps at Lakeside she broke 80 out of 100 clays.

* * *

The regular shoot of June 14 and 15 will be a big one. Shooters are coming from all parts of California, the largest party promised so far hailing from Los Angeles. Programs will be out on June 1. About \$500 of trophies will be given.

* * *

James Talbot, the boy wonder, is progressing splendidly. In three weeks from the time he shot his first target, breaking 14 out of 25, he broke 96 out of 100 with a run of 70 straight. Many good shooters have shot all their lives and have never made such a score. Young Talbot is 15 years old and has shot less than two months. He is at the head of Class B.

* * *

There is still a chance for any good shooter to win the Everding watch, as three shoots are yet to be held. Have you seen this watch yet? It is on view at the Club and is valued at \$175. Dr. Edw-Topham seems to have fastened his eye upon it, but you can never tell.

* * *

The best improvement of late has been made by H. Mestre. On his first attempt he broke 4 out of 25, and his twelfth score was 24 out of 25, which is quite remarkable.

* * *

An Army and Navy Shoot has been arranged for July 4. The National Association has asked every club to hold one and to notify every man who has ever used a shot gun and who has been in the service. We will set aside a trap especially for them

and put up special trophies. There will be one event at 50 targets for the Army and Navy Championship of the Pacific Coast.

* * *

Mrs. C. A. Groat is coming to the June Shoot from Los Angeles. Mrs. Groat has the record of making the highest average in 1918 of any lady in the United States.

* * *

The second Team Race was shot May 10, the Family Club winning by three targets over the Olympic Club. Score:

Family Club—Frank Stall, 46; Tom Wilkes, 45; Dr. C. D. McGettigan, 44; Colonel Dorsey, 43; A. Carrigan, 40; total, 218.

Olympic Club—Jack Nelson, 47; Paul Burns, 44; H. C. Peet, 42; Charles Linderman, 41; C. Naunan, 41; total, 215.

Bohemian Club—J. B. Howell, 46; W. Hall, 40; W. B. Sanborn, 39; W. J. Metson, 38; G. Hall, 38; total, 201.

Jack Nelson won a silver cup for the best score. J. B. Howell won a silver cup for the longest straight, 26.

The Olympic Club had the match well in hand, but Dr. Topham and Dr. George Eaton became interested in two flying machines maneuvering over Lake Merced, which resulted in each of them making an 18 out of 25. One more such stunt as that and—to the foot of the class for the two doctors.

The Barbecue Shoot

This was a grand success, 1,000 hungry Olympians were fed, and the following scores were made at the traps, 50 birds out:

Class A Winners—Dr. A. M. Barker, 49; Jack Nelson, 47; Charles Nash, 47; C. H. Knight, 47; W. A. Joslyn, 47; O. Fendner, 46; Dr. Charles McGettigan, 45.

Class B Winners—W. J. Eilert, 49; D.

McFadden, 48; H. B. Vallejo, 46; Charles Linderman, 46; P. Burns, 46; F. Stall, 46; Dr. E. Topham, 45.

Class C Winners—C. McFadden, 45; J. E. Durham, 45; C. Stadfeld, 42; Dr. George Eaton, 42; Donald Keer, 40; H. Paine, 40; George Anderson, 40.

Class D Winners—C. J. Berry, 44; S. Houser, 44; James Talbot, 44; L. D. Gordon, 41; W. Saxton, 39; H. Mestre, 38; Dr. Stevens, 34.

The Miss and Out was won by James Talbot, 15 years old, on 18 straight, defeating the best shots on the Pacific Coast.

The 50-target special event for non-members was won by W. E. Saxton, in a close contest. Score:

W. E. Saxton, 50; Toney Priore, 49; Wm. Price, 47; Charles Nash, 46; W. J. Eilert, 46; H. B. Vallejo, 45.

Special

The official average of the Olympic Gun Club members shooting at Lakeside is as follows for the season from March 1 to September 1.

Is your name on the list? If not, why not put it there? A shooter picks twelve best scores, the best possible being 300.

Class A—Tom Wilkes, 300; Frank Stall, 297; Fred Bair, 295; Jack Nelson, 295; runner up, Dr. McGettigan, 292.

Class B—George Thomas, 292; Paul Burns, 291; J. S. Hostater, 288; S. B. Cracier, 283; runner up, H. C. Peet, 276.

Class C—J. B. Howell, 287; J. E. Durham, 276; Dr. George Eaton, 272; W. A. Magee, 270; runner up, L. D. Gordon, 266.

Class D—James Talbot, 264; E. W. Bosqui, 249; W. E. Golcher, 238; H. Mestre, 237; runner up, William Ohlandt, 230.

Class N or Novice (out of 100)—Carroll McGettigan, 76; B. Pierce, Jr., 63; N. Pierce, 62; Bernard McGettigan, 51.

The longest run was made by Tom Wilkes, 116 straight; Fred Bair being second with 108.

Tom Wilkes made the most 25 straights, 15; Frank Stall being second with 9.

* * *

Remember that there are twenty-four trophies for those who have their names on this list on September 1, 1919. Every score you shoot counts except at a registered shoot. "O. N." is there every day in the week except Monday and it is his business to be pleased to see you.

FRIENDSHIP

There is a chord that beats in every soul
With endless melody. Its music thrills
The heart of ice. Its rhythm can control
With grateful cadences life's sorest ills;
No pen that man has made can e'er extol
Its priceless worth. The waves of Fate
may roll

With reckless fierceness on the sands of
time,

Wrecking men's lives on disappointment's
shoal,

Yet still this chord will twang its song
sublime.

'Tis endless as eternity—it can not die
For when the spark of life has died away
'Twill sing in Spiritland its sweet refrain.
This song is friendship, boy, and you and I
Must place our souls beneath its mighty
sway

That it may sigh concordance 'twixt us
twain.

—Clay M. Greene.

THIS FROM CAPT. TOM DOOLING
London, April 10, 1919.

Dear Bill: A line to tell you that I am on leave. Hope soon to be able to get to old Ireland. This is a great place, but San Francisco for mine. Just saw Lloyd George's residence at 10 Downing Street. Quite a simple place, considering the history that is being made there. Regards to all.

TOM.

P. S.—Bring the troops home and don't let the United States go dry T.

BASKETBALL

By HARVEY WING

Now that the basketball season has been successfully completed, let us review the work of this year's Olympic Club teams. In the P. A. A. tournament the Club captured the championship in the 145-pound and unlimited classes. The 120 and 130-pound teams were beaten in these weights, although they were in the finals. This year's performance equals the record hung up by the 1918 team, when it won the championship in two classes. The 145-pound team this year is the first to win the championship in this weight during the last six years. This team is one of the fastest combinations ever seen in action in these parts.

For the first time since the Club lost the national A. A. U. championship in 1916, the Club made an attempt to regain the coveted title. This year's national tournament was staged on the Los Angeles Athletic Club court on April 17, 18 and 19. Frank Foster took eight men south, including Lauterwasser, Garvin, Boyle, Kerns, Schweitzer, Miller, Kelly and Toso. In the first game played in the titular event, the Club defeated the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. five, 42 to 26. Captain Gavin and Lauterwasser starred in this game. In the semi-final game they were pitted against the fast University of Southern California team, winning by a score of 44 to 21. In this game the Club



OUR BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right—Stanley Kern, Otto Schweitzer, Geo. Garvin, H. J. Tozo, J. W. Miller, L. F. Boyle, R. C. Kelly.

team uncorked some of the fastest teamwork ever seen. The big fellows were declared the "dark horses" of the tournament. Never before in the history of basketball in Southern California had a team so fast as the Olympic Club five invaded that section of the country. The Los Angeles press and public unanimously voted that they were the fastest and greatest team of their weight and inches ever seen in California. The populace of the southern metropolis were enthusiastic supporters of the boys who came from the city of the Golden Gate, throughout the tournament.

In the final game the Club met the Los Angeles Athletic Club's "Blues," who the night previous had defeated the fast University of Utah quintet. This final game was voted the finest exhibition of basket-

ball ever given in the South. The two teams were evenly matched and at no stage of the contest was either team three points ahead of their worthy rivals. The Los Angeles five finally won out by a 24 to 22 score.

It is interesting to note that the Club has lost the national championship by a small margin on one or two occasions.

When the team went East in 1916, to defend the title they had won during the Exposition year, they were beaten by the University of Utah five by one point. Utah a day later won the coveted title. With so many of the stars who have been in the service returning, Foster hopes to have a team which will capture the national title in 1920.

Go get 'em, Olympic Club!

WITH THE SWIMMERS

By LINCOLN V. JOHNSON

ALL of us champ and near champ swimmers that have been laying off for the past year, as a result, got our first official kick in the ear in the 100-yard National Junior Championship held at Neptune Beach. The competition was tough and the going exceedingly fast and ferocious. Stubby Kruger, Clarence Lane and George Schroth, all of the opposition, were in fine condition, of course not the least bit better condition than we were in, but where they outshone was in the speed. And, my, oh my, what a stack of it they had!

Pres Steiger, our best mustache nurser, was expected to play in the stellar role of our first best bet and was duly elected a committee of one to bring home the bacon. Pres had been showing wonders in practice and undoubtedly should have been the leader of the "hum taown boys." Sandy Goodman, our old intercollegiate champ,

was pulled from underneath his books to don a speed swimming suit like one of the rest of us. Dick Julian, internationally famous as a swimmer of the breast stroke, was forced to come through with the use of his arms and legs; Jawn "Hot-Dog" Daly, who recently represented the United States Army in the Whippet Tank League against the Huns, couldn't figure otherwise why he wasn't a champ in any kind of a tank and so he was entered; Thompson, a newcomer in the Club as well as this neck of the woods, contributed his long and sinewy presence. Mind you, all the afore-mentioned gentlemen were swimmers of note and of a class not to be spoofed at, while I, a most humble scrivener by trade, had the modesty, if it may properly be called such, to match skill and jazz with our previously mentioned Club champs. I'll say I have more skill than any of them.

Ernie Smith, who up to the present year has represented the Club in all the 100-yard dashes, was sponsor for the present race and sat gleefully upon the edge of the pool watching a few of us noble Romans go to our doom. The entry list for this contest was of such dimensions that it became necessary to swim it in two parts. The first heat was won by the Hawaiian, Stubby Kruger, Schroth second, with John Daly third and Pres Steiger hard by for fourth place. In this heat Daly led up until the last twenty-five feet, when both Kruger and Schroth overtook him and touched him out.

The second heat was captured by Clarence Lane, another Hawaiian, with Sandy Goodman second and Johnson third, Julian fourth and Frank Norris last. The feature of this event was the manner in which Lane beat me (the writer), in fact it was so wonderful you couldn't buy it for two million dollars, and yet I wouldn't give a dime for any more like it.

The final heat was won by Kruger, Lane second, Schroth third and Sandy Goodman fourth. Daly and I tied for also ran. In winning this event Kruger broke the national record held by Jones of Chicago, creating a new record of 57.3 seconds.

* * *

The near future holds treasures most dear for all those interested in the welfare of water polo. The first game scheduled for this sport of the superman is with a team representing the newly incorporated Oakland Athletic Club. Before they assumed the camouflage we knew this outfit as the Piedmont Club, but nowadays you know such things aren't being done. At its best this team has always been asy picking for our gang of NC-4's, and if performance runs true to the past the victory will be as easy as shooting fish. By the time this article is reduced to cold black type the Piedmont game will be a thing

of the past and our Club will have started on their gory battles for the "Seven Little Gold Water Polo Balls."

About every three years the water polo sharks are allowed to battle for these polo balls. The reason that games for these precious trophies come only every third year is because it takes three years to develop a crop of polo players and because no one player has ever been known to play through two tournaments. Take Otto Schulz, for example; he has been playing for about forty years and still he doesn't look the least bit second-handed.

This year's Gold Ball Tournament will consist of five games to be played on five consecutive Sunday evenings. The same team will not play together throughout any two of the games. Each evening, previous to the game, the teams will be picked and balanced from the material on hand that night.

The seven players having the record of having played on the most number of winning teams will each and every one be entitled to cart away one of these Water Polo War Crosses. The players who to date are certain of participating are Sandy Goodman, Weinie Bond, Pres Steiger, Kid Schultz, Mrs. Pomin's son, Willie, Timothy Collins, Fat Woods, Jim Carson, Dick Julien, Donald Day, Ernie Smith, Howard and George Herrington, Cap Coen, John Russel Postelwaite, Sid Cavill and Dick Merriwell. Other top-notch players too numerous to mention are eating raw meat and a rarin' to go at the first blast of the whistle.

* * *

The "Bolsheviki" polo team, the official representatives of the Club in all water polo games to be played outside the Club, are nattily togged out in new red suits and caps and craving most voraciously to tangle fins with some foreign congregation, preferably one from Los Angeles.

This team derives its title from the fact

that, like the Russian peasantry, it became dissatisfied under the Bourgeoisie regime and felt that bigger fields were to be conquered if they refused the "Bul" of the bushwackers. This unconquerable outfit operating under the broadest of democratic principles, believes that every player shall be a leader to carry on established precedents of our former "Olympic Reds."

As a matter of history, this team is the fastest outfit that has ever donned a red "Winged O" suit. Every one of the gang bats about five thousand and woe be to the poor plebian who but tries to stay this outfit's latent strength. Pres Steiger is the real McCoy when it comes to speed. He makes Mercury of mythical fame look like a mere shadow of his own true self. Sandy Goodman is a wolf when it comes to whipping the ball around in the most approved jazz fashion. Weine Bond, the main back stay, has been guarding for so long that he is actually getting tough over it. Jim Carson, the best and fastest piece of high school swimming machinery in these parts, also plays an invaluable part in the forward combination. Dick Julien of the Shipfitters' Union plays the side kick to Carson on the front line. Buster Tait, a reactionary of the Jesse James type, shoots 'em dead with his wonderful throws while the compounder of these sweet words plays a backfield position with Bond. Last but not least is Collins, our goalkeeper. This team looks to be the stuff, so watch us go!

* * *

Captain "Bab" Small, U. S. A., is once again an honest to goodness swimmer of our Club. It will be remembered that Bab was the first of any swimmer in the world to splash water into the dusky face of Duke Pao Kahanamoku, the Invincible Duk, the greatest sprint champion the world has ever known.

Bab pulled this remarkable and unher-

alded feat in the harbor of Honolulu in the month of February, 1914, at which time he beat the Duke, fair and clean, over a 50-yard course in the remarkable time of 23 2-5 seconds, tying the then existing world's record for that distance, established by Alec Wickham of Australia.

Bab Small, without any argument whatsoever, is the prettiest and niftiest swimmer who has ever exhibited his or her wares in this locality, including the wonderful Annette herself. Bab cuts the water in the same manner that the dorsal fin of a shark cleaves its foamless path.

The Colonel—Why are the Lakeside Links unlike a court of law?

McElroy—They ain't. A court of law is the seat of fairness and justice, so are the links.

The Colonel—Believe me, my dear Joe, you are eminently and supererogatively mistaken. The Lakeside Links obviously do not resemble a court of law, for the reason that in a court all of the oaths are intended to secure the truth, and the records are beyond dispute. With reference to the links, all of the oaths made there are merely blasphemous attacks on one's personal vanity because it fails to score, while the records are made from unsubstantiated reports of the witnesses, and show me the man who can be altogether truthful when no one is looking! Get me?

McElroy—Believe I do—they're on me.



OLYMPIANS' HANDBALL FINALS

THE Olympic Club handball finals were played on Monday, May 5, bringing the tournament to a close in all but the third class. J. Abrams and F. Isaacs defeated Al Josephs and Dominoconi, who had been one game to the good. The final will be played next Sunday.

The results of the day follow:

First Class—M. Rapp and M. Friedenburg (first prize). H. Rippon and H. Poheim (second prize). (21-10) (21-13).

Second Class—George Bond and J. Cournale (first prize). C. A. Glynn and W. Kyne (second prize). (20-21) (21-31) (21-12).

Third Class—Al Joseph and H. Dominoconi. J. Abrams and F. Isaacs. (21-20) (21-10).

Fourth Class—George Eveleth and M. Glasser (first prize). A. Rumwell and H. Harrington (second prize).

BEARS NOSE OUT OLYMPIANS

By JOHN J. CONNOLLY

SNATCHING victory in the last few moments, the University of California track team won the annual clash from the "Winged O" runners on the Berkeley oval April 19, in what is said to be the closest margin ever recorded. A mere two-thirds of a point separated the collegians from the wearers of the "Winged O." Majors, the herculean javelin thrower of U. C., hung the crepe on the hopes of the Olympians when his final heave of 154 feet 2 inches netted him first place and made the final total of U. C. 70 1-3 points to the Olympians' 69 2-3.

From the moment the pistol shot rang out sending the first men on their way, until the finish, the event was a nip-and-tuck affair. First the Olympians would lead by a small margin and then the Bears would come from behind, perform the unexpected, and hop into the lead. Had the affair lasted many minutes longer, possibly the cranium of Frank Foster, coach of our boys, would have been dwindled into a mere pine-nut. His worries multiplied as the events progressed.

So confident was Foster that his proteges would carry off the honors in the meet that he dismissed his relay team and allowed them to dress before the completion of the program. This bit of good naturedness on the part of Foster caused the Olympians to hope for what looked to be a sure victory. Foster has a habit of never giving a team a drubbing and his confidence in his men in this meet simply cost a victory.

Events transpired at the meet that were entirely inconsistent with the "dope." Eddie Stout, the lion-hearted Olympian distance man, was figured to shake the dust in the eyes of "Pesky" Sproutt, the U. C. man, but when the tape was reached at the conclusion of the run, Stout was dragging a few yards behind the heels of the collegian. The finish was spectacular, to say the least, and to Eddie is coming a goodly amount of praise.

Johnny Norton showed a burst of class that helped him nick his way into the hall of track fame when he stepped over the high and low hurdles in jig time and won

both events. Norton seems to be in ship-shape and should be heard of considerably during the coming season.

Jimmy McEachern, famous minion of the law, who is always the main point getter in the hammer throw, lived up to his reputation by again carrying off the honors with a distance of 148 feet 4½ inches. McEachern was there like a duck and Fos-

ter had no doubts whatever as to the possibility of a "dark horse" stepping out in front of Mac.

Joe Pyne showed a rare burst of speed for the Olympians when he stepped out and grabbed the honors in the 100-yard dash. Joe looks to be coming along nicely and will no doubt be heard of before the season ends.

HANDBALL DOUBLES TOURNAMENT ENDS

THERE is now an entirely new set of doubles handball champions in the Club. The last tournament, which ended in the early part of this month, brought forth many new players, and the prize winners are composed for the greater part of this new element. The finals in all classes have been played except in the third. This class has yet to be decided by a final match between Abrams and Isaacs and Josephs and Domeniconi.

This was the first opportunity for the Club handball fans to see Mervyn Friedenberg perform in a tournament. This boy has been playing in the courts for some time, but has never before taken part in prize contests in this Club. He it was who lately so decisively beat Joe Lacy of the Los Angeles Athletic Club in a softball contest. He fully demonstrated his ability in this tournament. It was seldom that he was called upon to extend himself. He and his partner, Milt Rapp, went through the first class without losing a match. At the same time it can not be said that it was all clear sailing for them. Hugo Poheim and Homer Rippon were snapping at their heels all the way. But, after all, Friedenberg's class and Rapp's steadiness formed a handicap hard to overcome.

As usual, the Club has supplied each member of the winning teams with beautiful silver trophies, each engraved with the

name of the recipient. The customary banquet, at which the cups will be presented, will be held some time during the month. The prize winners are:

First Class: First prize, M. Friedenberg and Milt Rapp; second prize, Hugo Poheim and Homer Rippon.

Second Class: First prize, George Bond and John Cournale; second prize, Charles Glynn and W. P. Kyne.

Third Class: Yet to be decided between Al Josephs and H. Domeniconi and J. Abrams and Isaacs.

Fourth Class: First prize, George Eveleth and M. Glasser; second prize, Arnold Rumwell and Howard Herrington.

A peculiar paradoxical condition exists at the present time in connection with our handball branch of athletics. Formerly the courts were almost exclusively occupied by the younger element and the men of maturity contented themselves with the easy ways of golf. Now, however, the young men have taken to golf and the boys with the stiff knees and girth of waist are back in the courts. Rivalry among the seniors is at white heat. Challenges and threats fly back and forth daily. Arguments go to such an extent that men are ready to fly at each other's throats.

The handball committee has found a way to settle all this. They propose an old men's tournament. There shall be a minimum age for all entrants. A max-

imum age was suggested, but it is strenuously opposed by Grandpa Melrose, who, although past his allotted three score and ten, declares he fears no man in a handball court. Among the participants in this tournament will be: Judge Fitzpatrick, Stanley Fay, Judge Shortall, Senator Nealon, George Ebner, Nick Prendergast,

Charles Melrose, Charles Leighton, Chief Murphy, Hughie Johns, Bill Larzelere, Jim Snook, Charlie Knight and a number of other colts. I hope that none of these men by reason of their youth refuse to be mentioned in connection with an "old men's" tournament. "If any, speak, for him I have offended."

CARDINALS GIVEN DRUBBING

By DANIEL E. DORAN

DEFEATING the runners of Stanford University with ease, the Olympian track and field team gained new laurels over the collegians when they plastered on a 74 to 57 defeat. The meet was simply a walk-away for the club men. From the signal of the gun to start until the finish, the affair was a merry-go-round. First one event and then another went to the wearers of the "Winged O" practically unopposed.

Little Freddie Farmer, former Santa Clara trackster and now Olympian, ran the prettiest race of the day when he stepped away from a field of twenty in the two-mile run, winding up at the tape some 50 yards before his nearest competitor.

Mellville, 100-yard sprinter for the Olympians, stepped pretty in the century when he overcame the lead of Wells, U. C. star. Wells has since accomplished much fame in the track world as a result of the Stanford-U. C. meet, but all credit must be given Jack for his showing. The record books will always show that Wells met defeat at the hands of the Olympian.

Munlox displayed true form when he carried off the discus event with a throw of 132 feet. The mark of Munlox is considered a winner in every start in this neck of the woods.

Long Bill Dooling tacked on more laurels to his string of wins when he won the shot put with a put of 39 feet ½ inch.

Dooling did better in his first attempts, but the umpires ruled foul and he never regained his true form in the finals.

With the coming of the P. A. A. meet at Berkeley, Saturday, May 10, and with the various picnic and outdoor gatherings about to commence, the outlook for the track season is exceedingly bright. Coach Frank Foster expects to keep his men busy the entire season, as an assurance for form in the Far Western championships at Fresno, September 28.

Tryouts are about to commence which will determine which long distance runner will represent the "Winged O" colors in the marathon race to be held by the Los Angeles Athletic Club May 20. The race will be staged in the South and will cover a distance of 15 miles.

Keen rivalry is being manifested by the Club runners and it will be a difficult job for Foster to make the final selection. Among those who will try out for the event are Stout, Farmer, Churchill, Carroll, Washauer, Fuller, Kinzle and Hunter.

The Palace Hardware Company, 581 Market Street, is closing out at greatly reduced prices a line of athletic goods and odds and ends of sporting goods. Any of the members of the Club who contemplate going on their vacations might save some money by looking over these lines before purchasing elsewhere.

NOTES AND HINTS ON GOLF

(Continued from Page 16)

back shows that they play faster than you do. Your place on the course is not so precious that you must keep it at the cost of being considered "a dog in the manger." When the players behind have the right to go through, ask them to pass through and be cheerful and gracious in the asking.

Among golfers you are not judged by your golf but by your deportment. Golf is a gentleman's game and it most surely reveals the character of the man. Take care that in its revelation of your character you are not proven to be unworthy of golf.

* * *

Mr. L. H. Rose, one of our enthusiastic golfers, has donated a handsome trophy for an Eclectic Tournament to be played during the months of June, July and August. In an Eclectic Tournament, as the name implies, the eclectic score for each player is made up by taking his best score for each of the 18 holes played during the period of the tournament. A card may be turned in for every consecutive 18 holes played by the entrant during the period of the tournament. These cards must be signed by the opponent or a marker and deposited in the tournament score box in the locker room.

Eclectic tournaments are usually played at scratch and thus competition for the trophy is narrowed down to the few best players in the Club. The Olympic Club Eclectic Tournament will be played under handicap and every one will have the same chance of winning. At the end of the tournament the player's Club handicap will be deducted from his eclectic score, the player having the lowest net score being the winner. Class B handicaps will be

based on 74, the par of the course, for this special event.

* * *

The Directors of the Olympic Club have provided a permanent trophy which will be played for annually. This is known as the Directors' Cup and the first tournament held for it will begin on May 25 and will end on June 1. The qualifying round for this tournament will be played Sunday, May 25. The first and second rounds of match play on Decoration Day, May 30. The third round on Saturday, May 31, and the finals on Sunday, June 1. All flights will be handicapped, the first flight playing for the Directors' Cup and the subsequent flights for special trophies. The finals of the first flight will be over 36 holes, of the subsequent flights over 18 holes.

* * *

Reardon Lyons secured the first win on the Goodale-Olson trophy with a score of 90, minus 22, 68. This was a severe blow to the handicapper's dope slate.

Thomas Alton, Jr., secured the first win on the Fay par cup, having a score of 104, minus 14, 90. His score of 104 graduates him forever out of Class B.

TRIP OF THIRTEENTH TEAM

(Continued from Page 22)

auw, Deb, Kelly, Washauer, O'Conner (Bill), Ankersmit and Aceret; also Referee Wallace and Edgar Pomeroy.

It was a dandy outing and a fitting end to the season.

Uncle Sam returned to us from Siberia, Lieutenant Charles D. Hudson, just two weeks too late to make his appearance on this season's team, but, thank goodness, he's back, all whole, for the next season.

FONEY FILMS OF CLUB MEMBERS

By Billy Hon, S. F. Examiner



PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

APRIL, 1919

INCOME:

Dues	\$13,872.49	
Initiations	3,635.00	
Department Operations	2,000.08	
Visitors' Cards	218.00	
Commissions	89.68	
Discounts	29.62	\$19,844.87

EXPENSE:

General Club Expense:

House	\$7,150.97	
Engine Room	1,836.77	
Electricity	825.86	
Water	536.48	
Store Room	286.45	
Library and Periodicals	94.12	\$10,730.65

Administrative and General Expense:

Office Salaries and Expenses	\$1,964.71	
Administrative Salaries and Expenses	656.40	
Taxes	471.82	
Telephone	355.51	
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00	
Insurance	320.04	
Miscellaneous	75.00	\$ 4,043.48

Other Expense:

Interest	\$1,712.13	
Athletic Activities	1,633.94	
Depreciation Reserve	925.00	\$ 4,271.07

NET INCOME:

\$19,045.20
\$ 799.67

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

I have audited the accounts of the Olympic Club for the month of April, 1919, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Income for the month of April, 1919, of \$799.67, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES O. SULLY,

Certified Public Accountant.



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ACTIVE

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Banta, Herbert J., commercial mgr., Weinstock-Nichols Co., 538 Golden Gate.

Boyd, Nicholas K., manufacturer, Commercial Acetylene Supply Co., Second and Harrison Sts.

Brookman, Douglas, attorney, Railroad Commission, Flood Bldg.

Buckley, Adrian V., salesman, Howard Auto Co., 1595 Van Ness Ave.

Cannon, John J., detective, Dist. Attorney's office, Hall of Justice.

Faulkner, Harold C., attorney at law, Humboldt Bank Bldg.

Flanagan, Augustus, Home Laundry, 3338-56 Seventeenth St.

Foresti, Dante, secretary, R. Petri Wine Co., 550 Green St.

Gianera, Joseph, director, R. Petri Italian-Amer. Cigar Co., 409 Jackson St.

Guild, Herbert C., mechanical engineer, 507 Merchants Exchange.

Hampton, Leo F., merchant, 106 Powell.

Hardy, Leo, merchant, James H. Hardy, Inc., Fourth and Channel.

Hills, Horace S., salesman, Pioneer Motor Co., 311 Golden Gate Ave.

Hunt, George Elliott, manager Ins. Co., Union Mutual of Maine, Shreve Bldg.

Jefferys, J. A., marine insurance, Parrott & Co., 320 California St.

Landsberger, J. A., president, Hunt Bros., fruit canners, 112 Market St.

Leahy, Jos. D., asst. manager, Pioneer Motor Co., 301 Golden Gate Ave.

Lippincott, J. B., manufacturers' representative, with Lippincott Beall & Co., Sheldon Bldg.

McCreery, Laurence B., real estate, McCreery Estate Co., 221 Sansome St.

McNear, Geo. W., merchant, 433 California St.

Miller, P. E., dept. mgr., Don Lee, 1601

Van Ness Ave.

Moran, A. A., mgr. steamship dept., Robert Dollar Co., 230 California St.

Nichols, Anthony D., vice-pres., Weinstock-Nichols Co., 538 Golden Gate Ave.

Shaughnessy, Frank C., stock and bond broker, 345 Montgomery St.

Stayner, Lawrence F., shipping, Balfour, Guthrie & Co., 350 California St.

Sweeney, Lawrence Dudley, wholesale potatoes and onions, F. Hillens & Co., 229 Davis St.

NON-RESIDENT

Nell, Edward J., vice-pres., W. H. S. Gray Co., Honolulu, H. I.

Genereaux, E. C., Cal. Tractor & Implement Co., 715 L St., Sacramento.

Wilson, Francis G., broker, Wilson Bros., Box 557, Santa Cruz.

Berg, Herman E., farmer, 420 C St., Marysville.

ATHLETIC

Wolf, Belton C., student, Polytechnic High School, 29 Pearl St.

Thompson, Owen, banking, Anglo and London Paris National Bank, Sutter and Sansome Sts.

Markowitz, Sam, clerk, Standard Oil Co., Bush and Battery Sts.

Rae, Arthur F., mechanic, Don Lee, California and Van Ness Ave.

Ratray, J. M., banking, Bank of California, 440 Sansome St.

Wigton, Thomas, farming, R. F. D. 2, Box 71, Sebastopol.

Hayward, Harry M., newspaper man, Associated Press, Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg.

Bentson, Victor L., attorney at law, Nevada Bank Bldg.

Volkmar, Walter C., student, University of Santa Clara, Whittier, Cal.

Smith, Edgar L., dental student, college of Physicians and Surgeons, 344 14th St.

Saville, Harold E., machinist, Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., 20th and Michigan Sts.

Saville, Laurence, machinist's apprentice, Union Iron Works, 1359 12th Ave.

Bedolla, Ernest D., student, University of Santa Clara, Gonzales, Cal.

Hunt, Reuben G., lawyer, McKannay & Hunt, 708 Humboldt Bank Bldg.

Huntington, Fred W., student, University of California, 1436 49th Ave.

Johns, William, life guard, Lurline Baths, Bush and Larkin Sts.

Mullen, John F., ironworker, Union Iron Works, 20th and Illinois.

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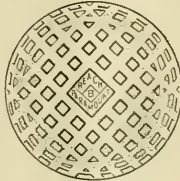
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Outing Number



KREUGAS

Vol. VII.

JUNE, 1919

No. 78



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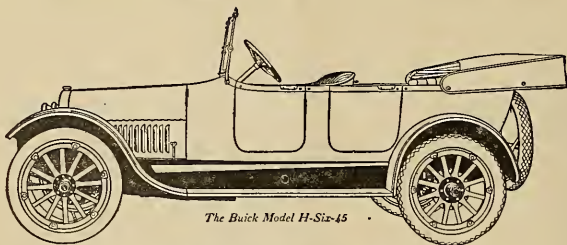
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For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

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Assistant Editors: Theodore F. Bonnet, Clay M. Greene.

Associate Editors: Edgar Pomeroy, Soccer; P. C. Gerhardt, Track and Field; A. L. Shannon, Handball; Sven O. Philip, Wrestling; Lincoln Johnson, Swimming; E. Lastreto, Fencing; M. L. Jenne, Bowling; Dr. O. B. Burns, Billiards; Louis McLane, Juniors and Juveniles; W. R. Larzelere, Baseball; A. Kemp, Basketball; Dr. Rumwell, Medical Department; Edgar D. Peixotto, Horseback; Jack Spalding, American Football.

Business Manager: Thomas Bunyan.

Vol. VII.

JUNE, 1919

No. 78

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; J. R. Hanify, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, Stanley Fay, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, Thomas J. Coleman.

The Call to the Wilds

Naturally enough, since it has been decided to call this issue of *The Olympian* the Outing Number, it might be well to devote a small amount of space to outing's self. This for the reason that if there be one of us whose mind and body are not leavened into activities that make them stronger and better equipped to face the turmoils of trade and finance, by placing himself closer to nature, then he is indeed a nuisance unto himself and a burden upon the mercies of wiser friends. The camping season is on and motoring along the highways and byways wrought for it, shows that the camp grounds are rapidly filling with men, women and children eager to remove from their faces the pallor of the city, to be replaced by the healthful browns and tans of the summer's sun. The hills are carpeted again in their luminous plush of golden brown, and if

they be too radiant with sunshine, the canyons, and leafy hollows, and forested valleys beckon the wanderer into cooling shades where there are only peace, and comfort, infinite rest and companionable insects. The Bohemians are beginning to forget that sordid world of jealousy, competition and graft, and are already foregathering in their majestic grove on the Russian River for their Summer Encampment, that the last week in June may become a memory full of ceremony, and frivolity and stimulant. The Olympians are crowding the greens and fairways, the beaches and shooting grounds of beautiful Lakeside, taxing its capacity with a liberality and enthusiasm that is full of promise for the future. The motorist is abroad, and searching for new worlds of scenic grandeur to conquer, wherever there are smooth highways to encourage him. He will be further so encouraged when those who are ready to build the highways are encouraged. Look again upon the gorgeous picture that has been chosen for the frontispiece of this issue, and come across with five dollars to secure an easy and rutless right of way into the Yosemite.

★ ★ ★

Keep on Smiling

Once, when presiding at a function that was a feast of unreason and a flow of bowl, the writer recalled a page in a lady's album on which had been written these words by Henry E. Dixey, the comedian: "Make some one smile every day of your life." In commenting upon this commendable injunction of good nature, the Chairman happened to say that this world is full enough of serious things without making yourself one of them. The two lines made a deep impression upon a celebrated orator and unbeliever who was present, and when called upon to speak, he made them his text. "I wish I believed in God," he said, "so that I might pray to Him to endow me with a nature that could absorb

the lesson involved in those two aphorisms from the mouths of friends who despise serious things." That he had grown up serious and made his family serious. He could not remember any occasion when he had forgotten all about the sighs of the world and surrendered himself alone to laughter and song and comic anecdote, so that the bubbles in the wine should bring noisy exhilaration instead of comfortable stupor. Then he confessed that he had scarcely ever cracked a joke except at the expense of Holy Writ. This incident is told because every day there is not one of us who does not come into contact with men who look upon life as a sort of funeral in which everything must be buried except the minions of greed and envy, whose sole purpose is to beat every other man at his own game without fear, favor or any other consideration than his own selfish self. Such natures as these skip over the span of youth into old age, and are decrepit long before the allotted time of three score years and ten, while the man who carries a smile on his face and a frivolous impulse in his soul, can be laid away at eighty-five with a laugh in his heart and the memory of him full of pleasant recollections.

* * *

Prosperity's Advancement

The Board of Directors desires to express to the membership at large its keen satisfaction with reference to the loyal approval accorded its recent action with reference to the raising of initiation fees and dues. It is also enabled to announce a healthful improvement in the receipts of all departments indicated in the financial report, as well as a growth of enthusiasm in the Lakeside patronage which is far beyond the predictions of the most hopeful ones, and must have stricken terror into the ranks of the pessimists, whose number, happily, is notoriously small. On Saturday, the 15th, 130 caddies were employed

on the Lakeside links, and still a large number of players were compelled to caddy their own games. The traps were crowded to their utmost capacity during the three days of the "open to all" shoot, and on the Sunday upwards of 75 trap enthusiasts waited for their turns with all three batteries in constant action. Superintendent Ford reports that there is already a lack of space apparent, and declares that while the Directors are discussing plans for an extra golf course, it would be wise to also consider the enlargement of the shooting grounds. So, taken by and large, there is every noticeable indication of the club's progress both economic and social, which augurs for a prosperous and pleasant future, even better than the present which is more than encouraging. What the months following the fateful and long-feared first of July may bring forth, no one can foretell. There will of course be a bridge of some kind to build and cross, but we may all rest well assured that when the emergency arrives there will be found some way to meet it.

* * *

Facing the Inevitable

Despite the decidedly unbuoyant straw to which cling the wets who refuse to believe the infallible writing on the wall that is to finally crush their hopes at midnight on the thirtieth day of June, the Directors of the Olympic Club have decided that prohibition has won beyond all hope of reversal, and will act accordingly. They desire it to be announced that they will do all that lies in their power to meet the demands of the members, with the distinct understanding that whatever those demands may be, they shall be wholly within the law in its strictest sense. There will be no beating about the bush, nor any search for technicalities that might result in the opening of a loop-hole through which to wink at that law.

Members who wish to do so may main-

tain lockers, in which liquor may be stored, and these lockers will be provided by the club, the cost of which shall be borne by the members. The rental system has not been seriously considered for the reason that there exists at present no guarantee that the law will not again interfere and prohibit the storing of liquors for private use.

Such liquors as may remain in the club cellars before the first of July will be sold at prevailing rates, for cash only, and liquors so ordered from the club must be paid for before that date or they will be regarded as not having been sold. Under no circumstances can such payment be

made after the prohibitive date, for that would clearly be an evasion of the law, which can not be considered under any circumstances, or for any person whatsoever.

The members are assured that the directors will do all in their power to accommodate them in the dispensing of their own personal property, but they can go no further. It is their unanimous belief that the law is not a just one, but they will obey it, word and letter, and the membership is asked to do likewise, since its enforcement has now become inevitable, and we must all make the best of it.



A CADDY'S NEST



A CADDY

A TALE OF THE GEYSERS

BEFORE the auto and the chauffeur drove the buggy and the driver into the realms of memory, the Geyser Springs of Sonoma County was the most justly famed freak of nature in all California. To compare it with any of the other springs and watering places was quite as ludicrous as to place on a par the majestic pinnacle of El Capitan in the Yosemite and that modest islet in San Francisco Bay known as Red Rock.

There one could wonder at the wild ferocity of the ever-bubbling "Witches Cauldron," and the never-silent blowing off of Steamboat Springs. He could bathe in the sulphurous blackness of the mud springs, and cool and cleanse himself in the limpid depths of the near-by water hole in the creek. Now it is all forgotten. Not one in a hundred motorists has the slightest notion of what it is, where it is, or whether it is still there or has been swallowed up in the fault of an earthquake. The long drive out of Sonoma to the mountains and along the winding ridge known as "Hog's Back," dangerous enough for buggies, on account of its snake-like narrowness, is next to impassible for automobiles, and so no one seems ever to think of going there now-a-days. But it was indeed very famous in the old days, and Colonel Bill Forsyth used to keep it. The Colonel was a much better raisin and fig culturist than a hotel keeper, as he afterwards proved over in the Fresno country, but still the Geyser Springs Hotel was no worse than any other of the spring hotels of the time, and several of them were much worse.

The Colonel lost money in the venture because of a costly habit of hospitality which he found it impossible to control. His system of advertising was a great boon to his host of friends, and altogether ruinous to his business. He had a notion

that to invite a party of friends for a week-end, who would spread the fame of the Geysers by word of mouth, was much more efficacious in the securing of publicity than expensive advertisements in the newspapers which he believed no one ever read. This kind of publicity brought about his ruin, as a Boniface, but, as he once remarked, "I had a hell of a good time anyway."

On one occasion the Colonel invited a coterie of friends from the Bohemian Club, including Fred Somers of "The Argonaut," "Teddy" Locke, Marshall Bates, Julian Rix, the artist, Joe Strong, another artist, Lehm Woodworth, whose family then owned the most of the old Grand Hotel property, Dan O'Connell and the narrator of this story.

All of us appeared on board of the old *James A. Donohue* at the appointed time. Rix was encumbered with the impedimenta of the artist who was out to paint pictures, and "Teddy" Locke was armed to the teeth, as though he were about to penetrate the wilds of Idaho in quest of the Bighorns.

"I thought I'd bring my rifle along," Teddy remarked, as the crowd edged up to the Donahue's bar. "Game up there, isn't there?"

"Game!" replied Colonel Forsyth with a laugh. "Wait till you get there. Lousy with it!"

On arrival at the hotel, and after the cleansing of throats from the dust of the long drive over the Hog's Back, Teddy the nimrod regarded with staring eyes, a stuffed bear and deer in the hotel office.

"Many of 'em around here?"

"So many that they've got to be a pest," replied the Colonel. Teddy examined the deer with deep interest and excitement.

"I don't see a hole in him anywhere." Whereupon the Colonel came back with:

"Why, I didn't have to shoot him. I just stole up behind him, hollered and scared him to death. As for the bear, I got tired of having him hanging around, so I pushed him in the creek and drowned him."

Early the following morning, Teddy, guided by the Colonel, set out to slaughter deer, while Rix decided to lay in a picture of Geyser Canyon. When his easel had been placed, and palette and brushes gotten ready, Teddy and the Colonel trudged along the sulphur path up the mountain. At the head of the canyon the Colonel pointed to a clump of manzanita nervously and whispered:

"There's one now, and it's a dandy buck!"

Teddy drew his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The buck stood, resolute and fearless, making never a move, and Teddy looked puzzled.

"What's the matter? I couldn't have missed him, and why doesn't he run away?"

"Well, you see," replied the Colonel, ever ready with a retort: "You mightn't believe it, but all the deer in this canyon have been deafened by the roar of the Steamboat Springs and can't hear a thing. Go on—shoot again."

Teddy fired and shouted with delight, for the deer fell, limp and lifeless into the

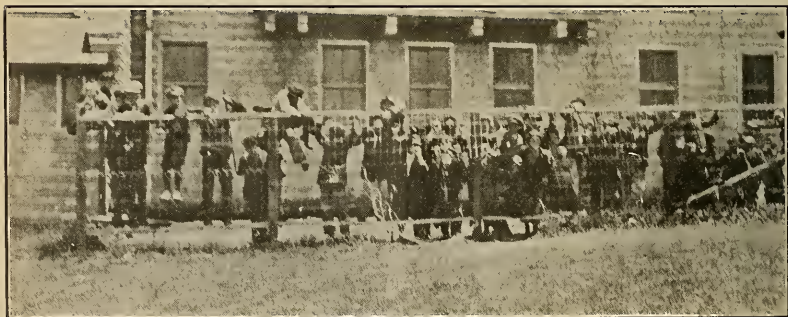
bushes as the hunters advanced, Teddy with long hunting knife in hand, ready to deal the final death thrust. But instead of finding a freshly slain buck, he uttered a grunt of disgust when he discovered that he had put a bullet through the glass eye of the stuffed stag admired the night before in the hotel office.

"That's a damn dirty trick," and Teddy hurried down the canyon, hastened by loud bursts of laughter on the part of the Colonel. As they reached the foot of the trail, they heard shouts of terror from the shrill voice of Julian Rix that drowned the awful roar of Steamboat Springs.

"What's the matter?" shouted the Colonel in feigned anxiety.

"A bear, a bear! He jumped right on me where I was sketching, and he's up there now eatin' my paints and brushes!"

Here was his chance, Teddy thought, and in wild excitement he rushed to the point indicated, to discover after one shot that this animal also had been brought from the hotel office, and Fred Somers and Marshall Bates were leering at him from behind a rock. There was a general laugh at the expense of the hunter and artist, and the usual remark from the latter: "Well, Teddy, I guess the drinks are on us."



THE CADDY'S CAGE

WEEP NOT, WANT NOT, THIRST NOT

By N. ORTER

Weep not, O, sighing friend athirst, hope is an empty dream!
Why not smile on, wise to the worst, and try to like Ice Cream?

And if that be not to your taste, too sweet to flavor nice,
There's Tutti-Frutti, Peaches Melba, Cones and Water Ice.

And you may call the boy to fetch—should thirst begin to wail—
What may not bring a sickly wretch, a mug of Ginger Ale,

Should that be not quite dry enough, and famishment be near,
Although it's rather sickly stuff, some comfort's in Root Beer,

A thought! The flinty law's decree has placed on it suspicion,
But Coca-Cola's said to be quite dopey in nutrition.

Then there are cocktails to be had when you are on the loose,
With Capsicum to make 'em mad, dashed into Orange Juice.

And if you miss the foam of beer, and need a gassy filler,
Your thirst should surely disappear when drowned in "Sasspariller."

The Milk-Shake really is not bad, the Chocolate Sundae too;
They have no kick to bring the glad, but you can make them do,

And if you can't, why—what's the use? What good of an exhorter?
Without soft drinks when on the loose, you'd have to drink hard water,

And as that never is for sale, what will the club bar do?
Why, shut up shop and surely fail because you won't come through.

HORSEBACK

By EDGAR D. PEIXOTTO

HORSEBACK is rapidly regaining its popularity. People are fast recognizing the excellent exercise and the pleasure of this sport. On Sunday, May 11, a party of about a dozen horseback riders left the Seventh Avenue Riding School and rode through the park, along the beach, into the Spring Valley property at Sloat Boulevard, thence along the westerly slope of Lake Merced to the Olympic Lakeside grounds.

The party arrived in time to enjoy the feast at the barbecue. After that they were gathered under the directorship of Tom Bunyon and Phillip Wand and moving pictures were taken that should prove very interesting and realistic.

The horses and riders were taken trotting, galloping across country, jumping hurdles and in groups before the Club house.

The return was made from the Club over the hills to the beach. The weather was delightful and the outing most enjoyable. Among those participating were old and young Olympians and included Mrs. Phillip Wand, Miss Meta Skov, Miss Dorothy Burns, Miss Helene Newbauer, Miss Davison, Miss Lucy, Mr. Edgar Peixotto, Master Edgar Peixotto, Master Earl Riley and Master Gerald Donahue.

Another event most enjoyable to lovers of the horse, was the first annual horse show at Santa Barbara, which the writer had the pleasure of attending. It was devoted entirely to saddle horses. The representation in all classes was most complete, especially in polo ponies and jumpers.

The show was held in a specially constructed open-air arena in the grounds of the Hotel Belvedere, surrounded by beautiful rows of palm trees, making an ideal

and exquisite setting. Boxes and seats were well filled with a gaily dressed throng. Horses were entered from all over the state, including a number from San Francisco. In the high class, Henry C. Ahlers' mare, Mavis, carried off the championship, with a close second, the splendid gelding, Chameran Peavine, owned by Etiennie de Szymanski, and splendidly ridden by Sylvan J. Valenty, veteran horse show rider of America.

Thus San Francisco did very well in its representation. The award to Mavis ratified her former adjudgment as champion Kentucky saddle mare of the Pacific Coast, conferred at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915.

The decisions of the judges were carefully made and were received with satisfaction.

The sport was both entertaining and thrilling and all voted the first annual horse show at the beautiful city of Santa Barbara a great success.

IMPOSSIBLE

"I'd like to put you on a committee of arrangements for the 4th of July celebration."

"Can't be done."

"Why not?"

"Have to be at the Bohemian Grove on the 28th of June, Del Monte on the 29th, Tait's on the Beach all night of the 30th, and I won't be awake on the 4th of July."

Q.—What do they do with all those empty shells when they get through with them?

A.—Oh, I dunno—get through with 'em, I reckon.

NOTES FROM LAKESIDE

By H. KENNETT

THE final of the Directors' Cup Tourney was won by L. G. F. Morrison after a sporty struggle with Judge Fitzpatrick, by the close margin of 4 up and 8 to go. Morrison is playing a very consistent game just now, turning in cards well up in the 80's nearly every time he plays. Judge Fitzpatrick relies on his trusty cleek for his tee shots and he sure does some good work with that weapon. The Judge is also playing consistently well and is turning in lots of "Birdies" for the Eclectic Tournament which is running now.

* * *

The second flight final produced a very tight game between W. S. Empey and E. H. Pierce. Pierce started the last lap of 18 holes 7 holes to the good, but Empey stuck to him like glue and finally won out on the 36th hole by one up.

* * *

The Best Ball Tournament on the 15th was won by M. J. Obrien and C. F. Williams with a score of 68 net against a big field.



A WICKED SWAT



J. E. BRENNAN

Four ball foursomes are very popular nowadays. These are very sociable and interesting games to the participants, but they should give an occasional thought to the two ball matches playing behind them, as usually two get along must faster than four.

* * *

Beginners would do well to read up on the rules of etiquette and play their golf accordingly. This would eliminate some of the mishaps that often occur when a ball is lost.

* * *

J. Costello is going about with a big chest now on account of an approach of a hundred yards which he holed out at the 15th. He got so puffed up that he challenged the professional to a driving contest, which he came very near winning. But the "nearly" counted against him so he paid for the drinks.



FRANK MITCHELL



SOME DRIVE

The course is playing in good shape now and Manager Manson is working hard to keep it green. He is rather short of water, however, but soon hopes to have a plentiful supply from the wells now being cleaned and deepened.

* * *

Caddie Master Charlie Sullivan is about to move with his family of caddies to their new quarters near the first tee, where he will be better able to supervise them and hold them in leash. They will have ample room to frolic in there and their noise will not disturb the people in the club house, though we may hear that they put some players off their drive, "if they don't get a good one." Charlie will be right on the spot to get his green fee tickets signed before the players start off. He will also handle balls there, so that it looks as though Charlie were going to be kept somewhat busy at times.

* * *

It is noted that some of the novices are cutting down their scores considerably, notably P. T. Curli, who is cutting chunks off his score each time he goes out.

A SPECIAL MATCH

The following contest, apparently interesting because of its many interruptions of acrimonious dispute, was reported by a scribe detailed for that purpose and his observations resulted as follows. On Saturday, June 14th, Bill Dunphy and Jack Cunningham played a singularly wordy match game (18 holes) against Tom Delury and Willie Dennis.

The pairs were about even at the 15th hole, when Dunphy accused Dennis of playing after a purely unclassy and altogether unsportsmanlike fashion. To be more exact, he (Dennis) commenced to swear like a trooper as he began to miss, and then, since it became apparent that he was in poor physical condition, and was also puffing like a porpoise, it was decided to call the match off until after July 1st.

Mr. Delury, who has been playing golf for a good many years, had evolved an idea that of course he and Dennis must naturally win hands down. But when Delury saw the lamentable physical of "The Elks' Champion," (Dennis) he at once reconsidered his intention of getting



BILL DUNPHY



JACK CUNNINGHAM



WILLIE DENNIS



TOM DELURY

fighting mad with him and considerably agreed not to subject him to undue energy or excitement until after July 1st.

Cunningham and Dunphy requested the announcement to be made that they are ready and fit to play engagements with even better opponents than the questionable experts above mentioned, with the proviso that unsportsmanlike remarks be

confined to the open air, and not continued after playing in the locker room.

Note: The above report is printed purely on information and belief, and as it was written by one who is suspected of not being altogether proof against bias, the reader is referred to any of the above-named contestants for verification or dispute as to its entire accuracy.

THE NEW GOLF INSTRUCTOR

MR. H. KENNETT, recently appointed as "pro" at Lakeside, vice Harry Bradley, resigned, was born in Eastbourne, in the South of England. He took to golf by the same road that most of the "pro's" reach it, by way of the caddie route.

He was assistant "pro" and clubmaker at the Willingdon Golf Club at Eastbourne and at the Hampstead Club, London.

From there he went to the North of England to a club as professional and greenkeeper. Was with James A. Donaldson for a year in South London and then went to Australia to become assistant to Carnegie Clark at the Royal Sydney Club at Rose Bay. He remained there only a short time, then went on to Manila, P. I., to take charge of the golf course there.

After a stay in Manila of nearly four years he came on to San Francisco, and was instructing at Reilly & Bradley's Golf School on Post Street until the school closed, when his services were retained by the Beresford Club at San Mateo. He remained at San Mateo until the call to the colors came, when he joined the Canadian forces and was soon hurried to the front. He remained in the service nearly four years overseas, was wounded three times, got in the way of flying shell splinters twice, and after several similar episodes, was invalided home and returned to San Francisco in March last. "The only thing I have done in the golf line worth

recording," said Mr. Kennett, "was to win the long driving contest in the Panama International Tournament at the old Ingle-side Course, but I think I know how to teach other fellows to make better records."



H. KENNETT

ANIMAL HEARTS—A STORY FOR THE JUVENILES

By IVAN IGNATIEFF JOHNSON

THE instinctive desire for freedom handed down for generations by his wild kindred was as nothing compared to the thirst of desire for revenge in the heart of a hippopotamus in a London Zoo. Hatred, born of jealousy, had anchored itself in his limited scope of intelligence. Blind hatred, that had manifested itself in his actions day by day, had become the talk of the Zoo. It was not the result of cruelty, nor a desire for freedom. What was it? Why? Pondered the many people who knew of him. But he, the Hippo, knew Why!

He had in the past been used to certain little delicacies and had been the pet of numerous keepers, while Mac, the new keeper, denied him this. Day after day, Hippo saw him stop in front of the elephant's cage and feed him such things as nuts and fruits that made his mouth water—that made him bitter and envious. Oh! how he wished that he had some way to attract and hold attention like that elephant—and how he wished for a long trunk with which to strangle the keeper. But all he could do was show his hatred for, first the keeper, then the elephant, and then for all things, from those wicked-looking little eyes of his, and by roaming endlessly up and down his cage waiting his chance to escape and wreak vengeance, born of his jealousy, upon all. And that chance came, came at last when the door of his cage was deliberately unlocked and left open barely an inch. Most people have their enemies; some have many; some have few; as it was, Mac had one—a man who had been Hippo's keeper long ago. He saw in the hatred of the Hippo the carrying out of his own revenge.

It was not long before the Hippo discovered his chance for escape. It happened with the fading of darkness into the light

of dawn, when faint rays of light showed to his ever watchful eye the door standing just one inch open, so he wisely bided his time until the Zoo had filled with noisy, surging crowds. As he saw Mac moving here and there, tending the other animals, there flamed up like the kindling of a soft wood fire, all the pent-up anger and jealousy of months. He charged as only a Hippo can, whirled and charged the crowd, that scattered hither and thither like so many frozen particles of salt spray before the blow of the great northern storm winds. He was striving, searching for his foe, whom he had lost in the crowd, the sharp thorn that fanned the coals of his burning passion in the form of Mac, the keeper, and then he saw him—there, perched upon the elephant's crate, a powerful thing made of hardwood and steel. Onrush upon rush were useless, seemingly the Hippo was helpless in the bonds of his own rage, but the fires soon died down to the warm glow of embers and with that came stubbornness and the tenacity of the bulldog. It brought reasoning and craft. To lie down or walk round and round the prisoner was now adopted.

We all know that the mind of man in trouble or stress becomes creative and active. The realization of his foolish predicament, his one-time power over animals, helped nourish, like the feeding of numerous little brooks to a stream and finally a stream to a great river, the plan he formed, which was swiftly carried out. Up to then all attempts to capture the Hippo had failed. The police were of no avail—they could not cope with the instinct of the Hippo—instinct is one of Nature's protections given the animal.

The attention of poor anger-intoxicated Hippo was attracted by wild beating of

pans, blowing of whistles, shouting and yelling of frenzied Zoo attendants who had all gathered in the security of a safe spot. It was only for a moment that his attention was held, that he whirled and faced this new torment with equal anger and hatred shining from those now still smaller blood-shot eyes. That minute was his undoing, for, quick as the pounce of a cat, Mac jumped from his retreat and dashed towards the Hippo's wide-open cage. Marvelously quick for such a ponderous animal, the Hippo charged after the keeper, who sped into the cage and over the top, where a ladder had been placed for his heavenly climb. The roof had been removed, for everyone knew

that Hippo could not jump or scale it—and what's more he knew it very well himself—so naturally he turned for the door, only to be brought up against the cold cruel bars of captivity.

And with the darkening of day into night there rose above the rabble and babble of a great Zoo, somewhere in the heart of a beautiful park, itself in the heart of a great city, cry after cry of piteous grief, bitter disappointment, terrible anger, and utter helplessness. Not the cry of a wounded animal at bay, but the cry of distress, the instinctive call of animal to Mother Nature for help—the realization that he was forever captive of man who had conquered by stratagem.

NEWS OF THE NATURAL PROHIBITIONISTS

By LINCOLN V. JOHNSON

IT is indeed a most pleasing and satisfying feeling to know that three members of our swimming colony, recently expelled, have been taken back into the fold. These three men, John Daly, Roper and Resleure, completely vindicated themselves and satisfied the inquisitorial bodies that they in no manner whatsoever had associated with or had been accessories to the framers of the act.

The real significance of obtaining a swim for an outsider without the proper authority was not apparently obvious to those who framed the "stunt." As a result the privileges of all athletic members in the club have been curtailed to quite a degree. Further misconduct by athletic members along similar lines is liable to result in the abolition of all athletic memberships. Those athletic members who realize the present and future value of their memberships certainly regret the inculcation charged against the suspended members and only hope that

in time they, too, will prove their innocence.

* * *

H. F. ("Tut") Gardner writes from Clignacourt Barracks, in Paris, that he captured a 100-meter backstroke race held at Nice, in the Mediterranean, from a former Hawaiian Island swimmer by the name of Hawkins. The time for the distance was one minute and twenty-nine seconds. "Tut" also swam on the winning relay.

This race at Nice was held preparatory to the athletic games between the different branches of the Armies of Occupation from which the winners would be taken and trained for the Inter-Allied meet, which will be something in the nature of a small-sized Olympic Games. In the inter-army swim-off, "Tut" was successful once again in putting over the winning arm in the 100-meter backstroke.

"Tut" is the only Olympic Club swimmer who will be a contestant in the Inter-

Allied Meet and should cop second place in his favorite event, figuring Ross to win.

* * *

Fred Roth, a polo star of the past four years, writes from away up in Prosper, Oregon, that he is certainly hungry for a good game of water polo. Hungry is certainly idiomatic when used in re water polo, but, as Jaehne, another old-time atha-lete, would say, "It is better to have tasted and to have liked than never to have tasted at all." Jaehne himself also pens good news from the Dutch town of Bethlehem, where he has been located for the past six months. Most of his swimming is done in the pool located in the Biltmore Hotel, where he says he is organizing a water polo team amongst a bevy of the younger and fairer sex. It will be remembered that Jaehne was the star guard on the "Juniors" when that team played four consecutive tie games against the "Bums," captained by Stephano Narianian.

* * *

Summer time is already having its effect on the swimming legion.

Gerald Naumann was the first one to light out by jumping on board a tanker and heading his course for the lucid waters of Honolulu.

"Hound" Huntington and "Lefty" Smith, after college ex's were successfully passed, hied themselves to Shaw-Batcher's shipyards at South San Francisco to learn the intricacies and vagaries of "chippin' and calkin'."

Phil Patterson, our youngest diving phenom, is the head soda clerk in the Yosemite Valley.

Jack Collins, the possessor of an insatiable lust for playing water polo, has taken up an abode at the Bohemian Grove during the Mid-Summer Jinks.

Ivy Bill Pomin cleared sails for the Grand Canyon of Arizona and at the present writing is beyond a doubt absorb-

ing voluminous hunks of wonderful scenery.

Al De Ferrari is learning shipbuilding at a local yard.

Sandy Goodman is strengthening up for the coming autumnal races by doing a little shipfitting at the Potrero Union.

Fat Bond and Kid Schultz are making necessary corrective trips between here and the "house" at Ukiah every week-end.

Dick Smith, who displays great eclat in his diving, is playing nurse, mechanic and chauffeur to a tractor grain outfit down in the San Joaquin Valley.

* * *

At the present date of writing, the winners of the gold water polo balls have not yet been ascertained. One game is still to be played, which game will determine who gets the trophies.

The contests have been evenly matched and afforded the greatest of amusement both to those who spectated and played. The idea of choosing a different team for each contest proved to be a bully suggestion and has gone a long way towards keeping interest and zest in the games.

The following players stand excellent chances of winning the coveted honor, Buster Tait, Bill Pomin, Pres Steiger, Jack Collins, Jim Carson, Sandy Goodman, Howard Herrington, and George Bond.

The relay races held prior to the polo games on all occasions are certainly great developers of sprint swimmers. Louis Lichenstein and Hooper of Lowell High are two comers who are bound to cut some kind of a mark in the swimming Hall of Records. Al Harrington, a husky blond acquisition from the Oakland side of the bay, can step all around Sandy Goodman for one length of the tank. Jim Carson has learned to sprint as he never sprinted before and it is has enabled him to win 500-yard races, place in breaststroke races and in fact swim in a manner he didn't believe possible.

AT THE TRAPS

IT was generally conceded by every one concerned, except those who had come to Lakeside for the three days' Free for All Tournament, prejudiced in other directions, that it was the greatest affair of the kind held in these parts for many years, if there was ever its equal at all. The chief interest of the three days was centered in the possible outcome of the contest between Frank M. Troeh of Washington, who is champion of his state as well as the best amateur trap shot in the United States, and Captain O. H. Ford, the Olympic Club's professional instructor. This contest was most exciting, very, very close, and anybody's game until almost the final call of "Pull!" Troeh, who is

believed by many to be the best amateur in the world, missed just targets enough to lose to Ford by the slender margin of two birds.

The Washingtonian is certainly a great clay pigeon man, with a record in this tournament of which any gunman should be proud. For the high average he tied with Ford on 290 each; defeated him on general result, was high gun for the two days on which he contested, and also captured the Interstate Association trophy. Len Hawkhurst was high "pro" for the final day, with 148, and Troeh and Leavy, amateurs, came within two points of tying him.

Barney Voorthen captured first place in



DR. BARKER



A VISITOR



DR. McGETTIGAN

the miss-and-out event with a record of 35 straight.

E. McFadden of Salinas exceeded all of his previous records here, easily capturing the handicap event with 48 birds out of 50.

These were the trophy winners:

Class A—1, F. M. Troeh; 2, J. Seavy; 3, Tony Prior.

Class B—1, C. O. Falk; 2, S. F. Priestly; 3, W. J. Ellert.

Class C—1, J. N. Young; 2, M. Lovelace; 3, H. C. Golcher.

Handicap trophies:

1, E. V. Falk; 2, O. N. Ford; 3, F. M. Troeh; 4, J. Seavy; 5, Dr. Eaton; 6, Ed Garratt.

Scores for final day:

F. W. Hunter, 128; W. A. Sears, 110; H. C. Golcher, 122; W. F. Green, 114;

Guy Lovelace, 135; O. N. Ford, 144; L. Slocum, 131; L. Hawxhurst, 148; Fred Bair, 140; F. M. Newbert, 136; Tony Prior, 145; George Anderson, 124; H. R. Everding, 129; D. W. Lindemann, 134; Clarence Highth, 134; C. D. Plank, 143; F. M. Troeh, 146; J. Seavy, 146; Ed Garratt, 131; R. C. Reed, 144; E. Merrithew, 133; M. F. Leffler, 143; M. G. Balkwell, 140; S. F. Priestly, 138; C. C. Huber, 126; H. B. Vallejo, 142; F. P. Goemes, 131; H. E. Paine, 127; G. L. Eatons, 126; Fred Willett, 136; W. J. Ellert, 139; W. A. Joslyn, 140; Hugh Poston, 141; C. H. Knight, 132; W. Mullen, 127; E. V. Falk, 137; I. M. Hutchinson, 135; I. O. Falk, 140; A. W. Bruner, 120; W. E. Golcher, 121; W. Stadtfeld, 115; M. Lovelace, 125; L. Middleton, 122; H. C. Peet, 135; E. J.

(Continued on Page 31)



A VISITOR

"STORIES OF THE OLD GUARD"

By GEORGE JAMES

I.

"**H**ow about a deer hunt for a vacation?" asked Tom Powers of Dr. Arthur Beardslee the other night.

"Not after I tell him of my experience with you," chipped in the writer.

"Go ahead, George," said the doctor, "I want to get something on him."

"Alright, I'll tell it, as I haven't any real estate holdings, so Powers can't influence the Board of Works to discriminate against me with reference to street improvements. On this particular trip I had been invited by a friend of mine, George Reynolds, former superintendent of the Sutter Street Railway, to go deer hunting, along with two other friends of his. They always spent their vacations hunting without any variations, so when I asked him for the privilege of inviting my friend Tom Powers, he acquiesced on the condition that Powers wouldn't show up as a tenderfoot.

"I told Tom what the Doc had said and Tom assured me that he had shot more deer than Daniel Boone or David Crockett, so I arranged to call for him at his house early on the appointed morning.

"Imagine my consternation when his folks asked me to take good care of him, as he had never been away over night. However, I didn't say anything about this to Reynolds, and off we started. At Ukiah we hired a team and provisioned it for a two weeks' outing. We drove about twenty miles into the mountains and made camp that night. After supper Tom and I, together with a little Spaniel pup (about a foot long) made our pallet about fifty yards from camp, on the edge of some brush in a little dug-out which had been used by some previous campers. The

others in the party slept near the campfire. Along about 2 o'clock in the morning Tom tremblingly called me to get up as he could hear wild animals in the brush. As I was very sleepy and expected to get up at break of day, I told him to go down to the camp if he was afraid, or else light a fire, as wild animals would never cross flame.

"With that, I went back to sleep, only to be disturbed later by Powers, who with the dog in his arms was kneeling in bed, telling that dangerous beast: 'Sic him! Sic him!' In addition, pursuant to my instructions, Tom had lit two candles and placed one at each end of his bed so that the wild animals would not cross flame.

"Of course at daybreak we discovered that the wild animals were a couple of hogs that had wandered into our camp, and to cap the climax Tom stayed in camp that morning, fast asleep near the fire, and when we returned from the hunt he was ready to leave for home. It appears that while sleeping he had laid on his back and was awakened by one of the hogs putting his snout in his face."

"That's enough," said the doctor, "the trip is off!"

* * *

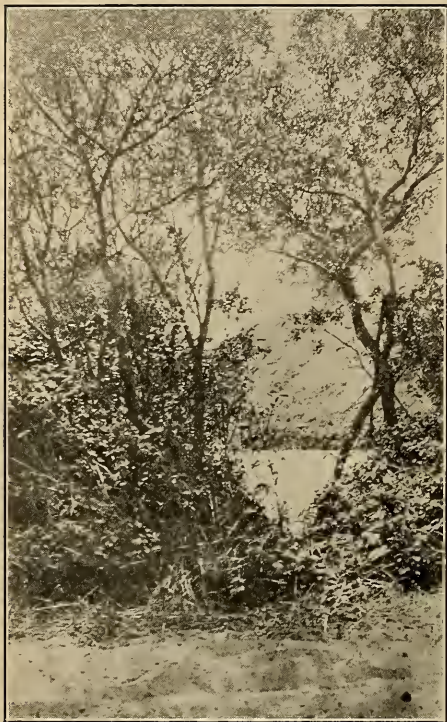
II.

"**W**ho is that distinguished gentleman who just spoke to you?" a new member of the Club asked Captain Bennett. "He has all the mannerisms of a close dramatic student."

"Don't you know him?" replied the Captain. "Why, that's Colonel A. Nonymous, one of the most versatile members of the Club, and as a student of natural history he is in a class with Theodore Roose-

(Continued on Page 22)

LAKE SIDE



A GLIMPSE OF THE LAKE



FROM



THIS MIGHT



THE HILLTOP FROM THE LAKE

BEAUTIFUL



WORTH



THE NILE



FROM A FAIRWAY AMONG THE PINES



THE TRAPS FROM AFAR

"STORIES OF THE OLD GUARD"

(Continued from Page 19)

vult. One of the old school, bred in loyalty and liberality; one who never forgets a friend, and let me cite an instance: He has two friends, William Kid Nelson and George James. One they say is his heir apparent and the other the heir presumptuous. To each of them he has willed a match box and neither of them smokes. I am also reminded of another incident. In the old racing days of the Bay District Track, Farley conducted the emporium of liquid libations and every afternoon there was a number of his cronies who rode into town with him on the street car, but always with the same result. You see, the Colonel religiously refrained from paying the car fare. On one particular afternoon they declared themselves and told Farley that this time he would have to pay his own fare.

"I'll bet you the dinner for the bunch that I don't," says the Colonel, and the bet was on.

"If you remember correctly, the conductor's habit was to begin collecting his fares at the front end of the car, so the bunch crowded to the rear and forced the Colonel to take a front seat. It looked as though they had him, but the Colonel's stolid features never changed.

"Along aside of him sat a young man perusing the dope sheet for the following day's races, and as the conductor came towards Farley he turned to the young man:

"May I see your sheet for a minute, I may be able to suggest something for tomorrow's card. You know me, don't you, young man? I am Colonel A. Nonymous."

"Certainly, I know you," replied the young fellow, highly elated at being suddenly thrust into terms of intimacy with such a well known celebrity.

"My friend, if you will meet me tomorrow at my emporium, just before the races, I may be able to suggest a safe wager in the second race."

"Just about this time the conductor was standing in front of the Colonel, but he kept on wisely perusing the racing card, so there was nothing left for the young man to do but pay the Colonel's fare."

Small Boy—Dad, why haven't you been shooting?

Dad—I have.

Small Boy—Where's your gun?

Dad (taking two dice from his pocket)—Here it is; and I wish I'd been shooting mud birds instead of craps.



THE SHOOTING LODGE

From What I Hear



By LINCOLN V. JOHNSON

EDGAR POMEROY, Soccer football commissioner and our most budding and virile poet, will some time or other be the commanding "I am" of the Hauschildt Piano Company. "Pom" is exceedingly ambidexterous. During the day he is an accountant tending to Hauschildt's long string of stores, while at night and times in between he dashes off verse libre, manages a soccer team and edits some "wicked" copy for this monthly publication.

Matt Little, one of our newest members, got off on the wrong foot when he made application to enter our club. In a business way Matt Little is one of the most successful building contractors in town, as a proponent of Roosevelt's race suicide he is a wonder, but he spilled the dope when he had Dr. G. J. Sweeney propose his application and Dr. C. D. McGettigan second the same. Talking about courting death! All that Matt needed to finish his application was an undertaker to third it and a gravedigger to fourth it.

"Bunny" Jenne sells more tires in San Francisco than any other agent for the Goodyear product. "Bunny" is only a little fellow and his store out on Market Street isn't much bigger, but there is a powerful kick to the business which "Bunny" and his store co-operate in. He often

says that he intends saving Frank Carrol the trouble of expressing tires from the Mission Street warehouse over to his store on Market Street by moving his tire racks and beautiful saleswomen right into Frank Carrol's present headquarters and making Frank look for newer and larger quarters.

"Jack" Spaulding, who last year managed the football team playing the American game and who has been appointed football commissioner for the coming season, says that this year his football team will

put the club about \$1,000 ahead on the profit side of the ledger. Outside of being a good manager for the football team, Jack managers a pretty fine position with the Shipping Board, by running up and down the coast, visiting all of the shipyards and inspecting the ins and outs of their efficient management.

Edgar Peixotto, lawyer and editor of the horseback riding section of this publication, was agreeably but yet mildly surprised when he found that Judge Van Fleet's views upon the holding of the High Jinks at the Bohemian Grove earlier than usual coincided with his own. It is my belief that Edgar Peixotto is the most consistent equestrian in the club. He doesn't go in for any Cossack riding, or standing on his head while in transit, or trying to pick feminine kerchiefs off the terra firma, but rides a horse according to the best rules of the game as they might be prescribed "from the recipe of an English Country Gentleman." I would suggest that Mr. Peixotto look up his brother barrister, Tom O'Connor, and take him for a race.

Otto Wallfisch, while on his recent trip east, aside from the fact that he acquired a new line of valves and fittings to be sold in conjunction with the famous "Wallfisch

and Castor" brand of oils, had quite a novel experience, to say the least, while perambulating along Broadway in New York with Jack Gleason, when he bumped into an old flame of Jack Cunningham's. Said "old flame" is at the present time wiggling a Hula dance in one of the playhouses of the Great White Way. Jack Gleason had Otto talking Japanese so much that the Gothamites are now strong for any legislation against Nipponese inhabitants.

"Joe" Manning is beyond a doubt the best and most correctly dressed personage who enters the portals of our club. All branches of recreation within the club have at some time or other been given publicity. Certain other branches such as yarn telling, letter writing or being correctly appointed in costume, have always gone by unnoticed. In the future I think it only fair that all members in good standing who have spent time and efforts in perfecting the near extinct art of perfection of dress should be duly noticed. Come on, Joe, let us see what you can do when you have competition!

Louis McLane dislikes female athletes, no matter what their caliber might be. Even at that, if I had the load of pelf salted down that the Swimming Commissioner has, I would hate 'em, too. Louis drives an old-time "Merry Oldsmobile" around town, but that is only camouflage. Did you ever notice how sparsely settled the top of his cranium was with vegetation? Well, you can take it from me that Sid Cavill would be bald in a week if he had to clip the amount of coupons and keep the same amount of dollars round that Louis McLane does.

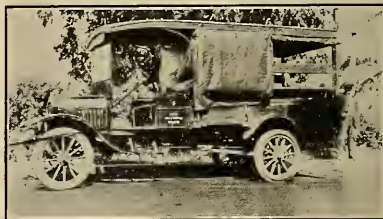
Malcolm Johnson, recently elected to regular membership, is certainly one young member that we can feel proud of and who some day is going to carve himself an awfully good position from the body of the W. R. Grace Company. The Grace

Company only cultivates and raises its future managers from the best stock obtainable. They can have "Malc" for the business end of the deal, but socially the Olympic Club has him.

Walter Plummer, head of the Plummer Tent and Awning Company, a couple of salt refineries, a couple of dozen apartment houses and a few other profit-making enterprises, has been found to be just about the tallest member in the club. In fact, he goes about as far up into the air as Harry Stafford does out into it. It might not be considered a compliment, but old man George Green, the boxing instructor, mistook Walter Plummer for Jess Willard.

Larry Granfield, local distributor for Diamond tires and formerly one of Billy Leonard's best boxers, had the effrontery to say that Squeegie tread Diamond tires received their trade name from the fact that because sailors used the original "squeegie" to clean decks so did his tires with the "squeegie" tread "clean up" in all the big eastern auto races previous to the war. Just because Larry belongs to the South End Rowing Club and they with their crews made a "clean sweep" of the rowing races he considered that sufficient grounds for saying his "squeegie" tire "cleans up" in the tire trade.

Remark heard in the lunch room, June 15th: "Them 'Lympians is sure some sports. I ain't fired a shot and look at the feed they give me."



THE BUS

MY MOTHER'S HANDS

By EMILY FRANCES ROBBINS

(From the *Red Cross Magazine*.)

THE most beautiful sight in this world to me is my mother's hands. Perfect models conceived by great artists do not hold for me such beauty; for how little can they stir the memories and emotions which the sight of my mother's hands awakes.

When I have been long away from home, deep concerned in the present with its harassment and many sighs, my childhood becomes a dream, its dear happiness an unreality. I return to the old home. My mother sits in her accustomed place. As she works busily with her needle, I steal a quiet look at her, with my own thoughts. I notice how white her hair has grown, I discover little changes of age in her throat, and pity rises in me. Then, always as a new surprise in their familiarity, I see her hands—none but my mother's! Those are the hands that had the power to heal in all my young illnesses; their touch was reassurance, their caress on my flesh brought peace, and sleep, and health.

In those hands, all those happy days become real. I am a child again. I run out of doors to the excitement of the spring. The early morning sun lies warm on the tops of the pine trees, where a great chorus of hidden robins is chirruping. The little pond below lies peaceful, prettily beckoning me as a comrade to come to play.

Or it is the hot, droning midsummer. I am roaming—a free, wild thing through the perfumed woods—dawdling along the pine-needled lane, until I glimpse beyond through an opening a blue strip of sea, when my heart gives a great bound and I spring forward with eagerness.

Or it is winter, and night. The wind

is sighing and moaning through the pine grove, the snow and sleet are driving against the window panes. I lie in bed on my mother's arm, hugged close to her warm body, a safe haven, my hand over her young breast. And carried through the long dark mystery, I gradually awake to know again that it is morning, and peep below the window curtain to discover that the ground is white, that the sun is dancing and glinting.

As my mother's hands work on busily, I see them now and I see them as they used to be. Once those dear hands were shapely and smooth and white. How vivaciously they sped over the piano keys, in days when there were music and happy things. What long hard years since then! Would that I could pay back some smallest measure of the price recorded in those hands. How they have worked, how they have toiled, with broom, with rolling pin, with steaming suds, and ever and ever with the needle, long into the late evening, creating needed things, or setting something right, working, working, working that I might play, holding the structure of the world intact. How wonderful are hands! If I could see all together, all in one great mound, just the product of that little pair of hands, how it would reach into the sky—and most of it for me.

With a pang I look ahead. Must I ever gaze the last upon her hands? In the dreaded years to come, how I shall long to see again—what price would I not pay once more to look upon her hands. In all the secret magnitude of my love, have I appreciated those precious hands? Could I have better shared their burdens, eased their toil? Dear hands—have I deserved?

OLYMPIAN RECORDS

By FRANK FOSTER

BREAKING the world's record for throwing the 21-pound hammer, established by himself June 8, 1918, James McEachern, San Francisco's athletic cop and member of the Olympic Club, a fortnight ago, threw the hammer 123 feet 8¾ inches, at the fifty-fourth annual gathering and games held by the Caledonian Club of San Francisco at Shellmound Park.

The old record was 123 feet 2¼ inches.

The aged and venerable Angus McLeod, the oldest charter member of the Olympic Club, presented trophies and pieces of plate to the winners. Results:

176-yard run—Won by Joe Pyne, O. C.; second, George Williams, O. C.; third, G. T. Davis, unattached. Time, 19 seconds.

440-yard run (handicap)—Won by Al Washauer, O. C. (14 yards); second, Joe Pyne, O. C. (4 yards); third, George Williams, O. C. (scratch). Time, 53 1-5 seconds.

880-yard run (handicap)—Won by Fred Farmer, O. C. (15 yards); second, Ed Stout, O. C. (scratch); third, J. H. Fuller, O. C. (20 yards). Time, 2:04 1-5.

Two-mile handicap—Won by E. J. Carroll, O. C. (225 yards); second, H. L. Morton, unattached (200 yards); third, Fred Farmer, O. C. (125 yards). Time, 9:58 4-5.

Throwing 21-pound hammer—Won by J. M. McEachern, O. C.; second, J. Kenerney, O. C.; third, Joe Pyne, O. C. Distance, 123 feet 8¾ inches.

Pole vault—Won by Charles Payne, San Jose High; second, W. C. Volkmar; third, Gerald Misner, Berkeley High. Height, 11 feet 2 inches.

High school relay race—Won by San Jose; second, Oakland Tech; third, Lowell High.

* * *

The Olympians made a clean sweep in all events at the Knights of the Red Branch picnic, held at Shellmound Park, June 1. Several hundred persons cheered the Olympians as they finished first in most every event.

Results:

176 yards—Won by Pyne; second, Sudden; third, Davis. Time, 19 seconds.

440 yards—Won by Shermund; second, Davison; third, Washauer.

880 yards—Won by Farmer; second, Stout; third, Ross. Time, 2:03.

2 miles—Won by Carroll; second, Churchill; third, Farmer. Time, 10:03.

Hop-step-jump—Won by Smith; second, Deveraux; third, Turkington.

Half-mile relay—Won by Olympic Club; second, St. Mary's.

ACCURACY AND THE AVERAGE PLAYER

By HAROLD WARD LAW

UNLESS it is because I have been playing golf longer than most of those at the Olympic country home links or because the editor needed a golf article, I know of no particular reason why I should be asked to submit "say about five hundred words." Inasmuch as every beginner feels qualified after a few games

to criticise and advise others, even excellent players, on improvements that could be made in their form, so perhaps I may be allowed to express my viewpoint. One thing is sure, I shall stick closely to my own observations or else I shall crib only from recognized authorities.

I have great admiration for many golf-

ers who play a consistently good game, who have learned through experience the extent of their abilities and who play within their limitations. As an example, let us take our fifth hole, 500 and some odd yards. This consistent player realizes that it is only a miracle that puts him on the green in 3 shots, but 4 shots, each of 125 yards or thereabouts, will do it nicely and the theoretical 2 putts gives him a 6 which will halve or win the hole from the majority of our players. He sacrifices one stroke to gain accuracy.

Accuracy is of the greatest importance and to develop this ability from the very first will make any one's game a good one. The "middle of the course man" is a man to be feared in any match. Distance is secondary, even with first-class players where it is indispensable. "The green is a large place." Yes, indeed it is and laying an approach dead to the pin requires accuracy, but look what it means. A putt saved. Often two. Sometimes three and language. "On the green" does not guarantee two putts. Accuracy is what counts through the green, approaching or on the green.

The drive is the spectacular shot and extra yardage is useful but who wants to be spectacular on the tee and a sorry spectacle on the score board? A brilliant recovery out of the rough is also spectacular and is a shot surely necessary unless those wonderful drives are accurately placed. Forget distance and go in for the straight and narrow path from tee to cup. Although golf is a game of striving to reduce the number of shots, there is a point with most of us where an attempt for any further reduction in their number is going to increase them instead of decrease them.

I do not want to be taken as meaning that we should not strive to improve our ability, but that we should play the game within our ability, to control accuracy and

to show that even the type of players who at the present time are using the Olympic links, can play a consistently good game of golf if over-ambition is restrained.

Somebody is going to say, "If we never attempt to go beyond our abilities we can not increase our ability," and they are right. But there are plenty of opportunities for the necessary practice and study and what I am saying in this article has nothing to do with that. I am merely talking on the subject of playing a match and of making the most of the ability which each one of us possesses and therefore I hold that to make the most of your ability you must remain within it in order to insure accuracy and that almost any person with any experience or knowledge of the game can make a good score, even though their shorts are not long if they are but accurate.

I find I haven't cribbed as much as I intended, so this article is worth whatever it is worth and no more.

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION

Many Olympians may be more or less surprised to know that a member of the club cancelled his subscription to *The Olympian*, stating as his reason, that he did not like the way it was edited, and would not have it in his office because an editorial in a recent issue had spoken slightly of the Women's Christian Temperance Union! This is a good deal like the Englishman who did not like the United States, and would not live here, because, "in this blasted country they don't know what vegetable marrow is, and they use scented soap."

It was noticed that on all three days of the shoot, the new drinking fountain received most meagre patronage.

THE METAMORPHIS OF LARZELERE

WAS it old age or a kind of fear that lost to the diamond Bill Larzelere? Fear that perhaps like a kind of Rolph he thought he foresaw in the game of golf more scintillant glory and broader fame than could ever be found in the baseball game. Just as our Mayor thinks it best to run in a race with the finish at Washington. But where is the glory in slugging a ball, corrugated and lifeless, and helplessly small, with an iron-shod switch up the side of a hill, when the national game that is made of thrill, and the spirit of contest, and gulps and shocks, would call him again to the pitcher's box? Or did he so change his athletic plan because some one called him the "Grand Old Man"? Oh, pickles! Who's checked for the other shore, who is active, and lithe, and but fifty-four? Only forty-five years he has held the mound

that makes all the throbs on the baseball ground, and he's hereby warned that the handball court, and the Lakeside links may afford him sport, till the sheet is made for the baseball score, when the caddy and brassie shall know him no more, and we'll call him as twirler in games galore. For as famed as the riding of Paul Revere is the baseball record of Larzelere, and you hear me boy, there is still more fame for this grand old man in the grand old game.

—T. B.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL

THE Board has appointed Jack Spaulding American football commissioner of the club. Jack has lined up the best season the "Winged O" team has ever had. He will start to whip his men into shape early in August this year, and every man will have to fight hard for a place on the 1919 team. Spaulding has appointed Fred Schroder to captain the team. He is one of the club's best men. The club schedule for the 1919 season is as follows:

California Freshmen, September 20, at California Field.

California 'Varsity, September 27, at California Field.

California Freshmen, October 4, at California Field.

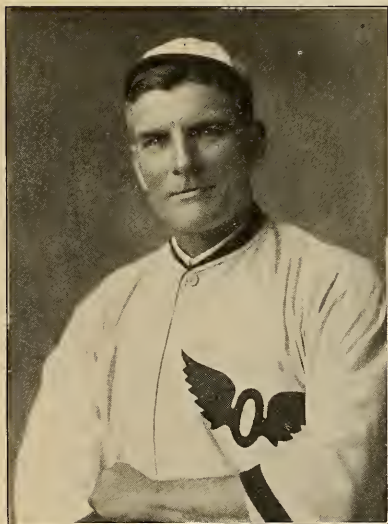
Santa Clara 'Varsity, October 12, at Santa Clara.

Stanford 'Varsity, October 18, at Stanford.

St. Mary's Varsity, Oct. 26, at Oakland.
Santa Clara, November 16, at Ewing Field.

U. S. Marines, November 23, at Ewing Field.

With this schedule and the football material the club has for the fall, the Olympians will enjoy a real treat.



W. R. LARZELERE

ATHLETIC NOTES FROM FRANCE

Neufchateau, France, March 31, 1919.
 Mr. Frank Foran,
 Olympic Club,
 San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Frank: I am enclosing a story on the athletic situation over here which you might like to use for *The Olympian*. I never would have got it off my chest except for the fact that four or five inches of snow fell here today and drove all the athletes indoors. Most of the A. E. F. championship games so far have been played on frozen or muddy fields, but we are due for some good weather. By the way, I haven't seen an *Olympian* for months. With kind personal regards, I remain,

Very sincerely,

HARRY EDWARDS.

P. S.—Expect to sail for home in about three months.

* * *

No one could conceive of the important part athletics is playing in the life of the American army in France. It has eclipsed everything, even the entertainment and educational programs, and has been an agreeable surprise to officers and men from General Pershing to the last doughboy to set foot on French soil. Just think of it; an order has gone out stating that the transportation of athletic goods is to take precedence over all shipments except food. The Y. M. C. A. has turned over to the army for distribution, athletic goods costing \$1,500,000 and other welfare organizations in proportion. The athletic program has grown like an immense revolving snowball, and the army has come to realize that there is nothing like play and recreation to fill that "When do we go home?" void.

As soon as the armistice was signed, an order was issued requiring the men to drill

eight hours a day. Colonel Wait C. Johnson openly characterized this as a mistake and made the statement that what the men needed was athletics, particularly mass athletics. On being summoned to headquarters at Chaumont, Colonel Johnson outlined a plan for a comprehensive athletic program which was almost immediately adopted. Great stress was laid on mass athletics such as "All-point company championships," in which every man would be compelled to take part. The order issued from G. H. Q. states: "To encourage men to take good care of themselves, keep off sick reports and hold themselves fit for competition, men sick in quarters or hospital will be counted as present and competing. Also, men absent without leave will be counted as present and competing. Men in confinement will not be allowed to compete, but will be counted as present and competing. *The fighting efficiency of a company depends upon its training and the number of physically fit men it takes into the firing line.*" Was there ever a higher compliment paid to athletics than this order?

Let me tell you about Colonel Johnson, for he was immediately put in charge of the biggest athletic program that was ever planned. He was captain of the baseball and football teams of the University of Vermont and was one of the fifty ranking tennis players in America in 1913. He is a West Point graduate and was honor graduate at the School of Mines, Fort Leavenworth, in 1913. Colonel Johnson was in the Philippines from 1904 to 1906, and 1908 to 1910 and, besides taking an active part in all branches of athletics in the islands, was captain of the championship baseball team in the Philippine army. Six feet and over in height, of dynamic energy, boyish enthusiasm, and resourceful-

ness, he was the one man in the American army for that man's-size job.

Orders over the signature of General John J. Pershing, himself the biggest booster athletics ever had, began pouring out from G. H. Q. like bullets from a Browning. Elwood C. Brown, head of the Y. M. C. A. Athletic Department in France, and his three hundred trained physical directors who had been doing athletic work in the camps from the base ports to the front line trenches, were welded into the great program and the show started. Besides baseball games, it was decided to stage a series of athletic contests to decide the championship of the A. E. F. in football, basketball, baseball, track, tennis, golf, boxing and wrestling.

Football came first. Preliminary games were played in January and February. In many sections of France and Germany these contests were staged on frozen, snow-covered fields. One of the important games was played at Coblenz in sight of the ex-kaiser's castle, before 20,000 people. A semi-final between the First and Second Army teams was played before the King and Queen of Belgium at Bar-Sur-Aube, France. The final game took place at the Auteuil Velodrome, Paris, March 29, the 89th Division team, Third Army, defeating the 36th Division, First Army, and winning the A. E. F. championship.

Basketball, boxing and wrestling came next. The finals in boxing are now taking place at the Cirque de Paris, in which the Y. M. C. A. has been holding its regular weekly bouts. This famous amphitheater seats 8,000 and was the scene of all of Georges Carpentier's great ring contests. Here Jeanette and McVey battled forty-two rounds, Carpentier fought Papke, and here occurred many of the greatest sporting events in France.

The A. E. F. championships will all be decided by the first of June, after which

comes the most interesting event in the athletic program, the Inter-Ally Track and Field Meet. It will correspond with the Olympic games of former years, and the pick of the athletes of twenty-one allied armies will compete. The meet will take place in Pershing Stadium at Joinville-le-Pont, which is to have a seating capacity of 22,000. There will be standing room for 18,000. This wonderful stadium is being constructed by the Y. M. C. A. and will be presented to the French Government after the games to remain as a permanent reminder of the American Army's presence on French soil. The structure is of reinforced concrete and will completely surround a 500-meter (545-yard) elliptical track. Within the bowl there will be room for track events and a rugby field.

The tennis championship was decided at Cannes in March, Captain Norris Williams, national champion in pre-war times, winning the singles, and Williams and Saptain Watson Washburn, the doubles. Although enlisted men were not admitted to this tournament, a new series of matches is being arranged in which the non-com. and private may also participate. The golf tournament, open to officers and enlisted men, takes place at Nice in April.

Enlisted men have been eligible to enter all contests except tennis, while officers may take part in all contests except boxing and wrestling. The winning 89th Division football team was composed of eight officers and three enlisted men, while the 36th Division team, the runner-up, had two officers and nine enlisted men in its line-up.

Both officers and men are taking great interest in this monster athletic program from the buck private who never before knew what it was to put the shell* or run

* Sixteen-pound shot not being available over here, we are using the twelve-pound dummy Stokes mortar shell and designate the event as a "shell put."

a hundred yards in the all-point company championships to the college trained officer who has probably held world's records in pole vaulting or hurdling. And you may rest assured of this: when this army of 2,000,000 will have returned, there will be thousands of new athletic boosters as the result of this splendid play program, and a newly developed army of trained athletes to augment and compete with the boys who have remained at home.

AT THE TRAPS

(Continued from Page 18)

Morgan, 130; H. A. Ray, 134; Captain Wray, 112; Dr. McGettigan, 127; Lieutenant Hawkinson, 128; J. R. Arthur, 133; A. D. Wilson, 135; C. W. Berry, 127; J. N. Young, 128; S. B. Gracier, 130; D. McFadden, 136; C. McFadden, 128; Tom Wilkes, 134; Orval Overall, 128; C. Westfeldt, 113; Dr. A. M. Barker, 141; D. C. Davidson, 136; J. Derham, 117; L. Ghirardelli, 107.

The Juveniles are progressing famously and developing new interest each time they face the traps. Here are the six best scores on May 24, and June 7:

Len Howard, 79; Carrol McGettigan, 68; Bernard McGettigan, 59; William Pierce, 58; N. Pierce, 42; H. McKenna.

AN APOLOGY

The delay in the issuance of this number of *The Olympian* was occasioned by mechanical mishaps over which the management could not have had any possible control and which could have been avoided had the persons concerned kept their promises. The July issue, however, is already begun and advertisers and subscribers are assured that it will be in the mail shortly after the middle of the month.

Why not put something harder than sand on that path up the hill?

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP, MAY, 1919

ACTIVE

Parker, John, vice-pres. American Marine Paint Co., 149 California St., S. F.

Russell, Floyd, dist. sect. Burroughs Adding Machine Co., S. F.

Rounsefell, J. O., pres. Ahlers Jewelry Co., 245 Post St., S. F.

Rispin, H. Allen, oil producer, 1109 Hobart Bldg., S. F.

Bourgeault, N. L., store mgr. Roos Bros., S. F.

Hayes, Jos. C., Ford agt., 68 Eighth St., S. F.

Ashley, J. B., wholesale druggist, 35 Second St., S. F.

Haas, Walter A., merchant, Haas & Sons, 770 Market St., S. F.

Wright, Chas. A., vice-pres., 537 Brannan St., S. F.

Vincent, Frederic, 1224 Geary St., S. F.

Twiggs, Dr. Walter A., dentist, 240 Stockton St., S. F.

Stocker, Leslie W., civil engineer, 3450 Geary St., S. F.

Schwabacher, James H., merchant, 611 Market St., S. F.

Potter, Eliot G., insurance, 576 Sacramento St., S. F.

Nugent, Rev. Terence J., Catholic priest, 684 Fortieth St., Oakland, Cal.

McKinnon, Harold R., lawyer, 667 Mills Bldg., S. F.

McKinley, Dr. Howard M., dentist, 323 Geary St., S. F.

Lester, A. M., sec. California Packing Corp., 101 California St., S. F.

Hettman, Walter E., attorney, 57 Post St., S. F.

George, Chas. M., dist. sales mgr., 71 New Montgomery St., S. F.

French, H. W., sales mgr. Bituminous Products Co., 1 Drumm St., S. F.

Foster, Walter F., advertising, Foster & Kleiser, 273 Valencia St., S. F.

Ford, Stanley, dept. mgr. W. R. Grace & Co., 332 Pine St., S. F.

Flood, Randolph G., medical student, Lane Hospital, S. F.

Davies, George B., druggist, 22 Embarcadero, S. F.

Duncan, Dr. John R., physician, 240 Stockton St., S. F.

Cupples, William Hamilton, real estate, Hind Co., 245 Montgomery St., S. F.

Crawford, Perry O., engineer California Oregon Power Co., 129 Leidesdorff St., S. F.

Coolidge, Geo. H., meat merchant, 80 Market St., S. F.

Barthold, R. M., sales mgr. California Packing Corp., 101 California St., S. F.

Barter, J. H., cashier Banca Popolare Fugazi, 2 Columbus Ave., S. F.

Appel, Cyril, attorney, Law Dept., U. R. R., 58 Sutter St., S. F.

Allen, Lucius H., dept. mgr. Henry F. Allen, 210 California St., S. F.

Alden, Seth F., Petroleum Rectifying Co. of California, 350 California St., S. F.

Ahlers, H. C., retired jeweler, 2300 Divisadero St., S. F.

Pillsbury, Earl D., comptroller M. Friedman & Co., 259 Post St., S. F.

Pearson, T., merchant, 641 Front St., S. F.

Pearson, Albert, merchant, 641 Front St., S. F.

Lovejoy, Geo. P., salesman W. B. McGerry & Co., 41 Montgomery St., S. F.

Schumann, Adolph, importer, 216 Pine St., S. F.

Barnes, George O., vice-pres. Franklin Motor Car Co., 1635 California St., S. F.

Colman, Jesse C., hatter, 780 Market St., S. F.

Granfield, Arthur J., auto-hauling contractor, 34 McDougald Court, S. F.

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Brady, Capt. W. J., C. A. C., Presidio, S. F.

Sessions, Capt. Frank N., U. S. A., re-

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Williams, Lieut. S. M., U. S. N., Mare Island, Cal.

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Janss, Lieut. Edwin, U. S. N., Mare Island, Cal.

Cummins, Lieut. F. O., U. S. N., Mare Island, Cal.

Gray, Ensign Tone R., U. S. N. R. F., 812 Hobart Bldg., S. F.

Clapp, Ensign James N., U. S. N. R. F., Clift Hotel, S. F.

Flagg, Lieut. Allan P., U. S. N., 2605 California St., S. F.

McCabe, Major Frederick, U. S. A., 522 Monadnock Bldg., S. F.

Shepherd, Capt. Chester A., U. S. A., Presidio, S. F.

Carter, Capt. Bruce, U. S. A., Fort Mason, S. F.

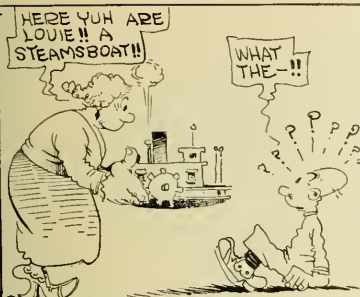
Eagen, Capt. Jno. J., M. T. C., U. S. A., Fort Mason, S. F.

Gurvine, Capt. R. J., M. T. C., U. S. A., Presidio, S. F.

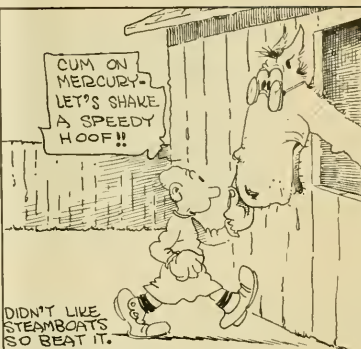
Weeks, Lieut. E. W., Jr., M. T. C., U. S. A., Fort Mason, S. F.

FONEY FILMS OF CLUB MEMBERS

By Billy Hon, S. F. Examiner



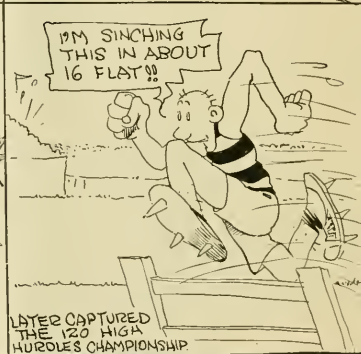
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MAY, 1919

INCOME:

Dues	\$14,481.29	
Initiations	6,405.00	
Department Operations	1,757.19	
Visitors' Cards	234.00	
Commissions	77.18	\$22,954.66

EXPENSE:

General Club Expense:

House	\$6,614.77	
Engine Room	2,272.15	
Electricity	858.71	
Water	672.92	
Store Room	266.35	
Library and Periodicals	174.07	\$10,858.97

Administrative and General Expense:

Office Salaries and Expenses	\$1,474.51	
Administrative Salaries and Expenses	559.84	
Taxes	471.82	
Telephone	279.53	
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00	
Insurance	320.04	
Miscellaneous	206.20	
Stationery and Printing	346.66	\$ 3,858.60

Other Expenses:

Interest	\$2,064.43	
Special Events	679.00	
Athletic Activities	455.59	
Depreciation Reserve	925.00	\$ 4,124.02

NET INCOME:

\$18,841.59
\$ 4,113.07

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

I have audited the accounts of the Olympic Club for the month of May, 1919, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Income for the month of May, 1919, of \$4,113.07, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES O. SULLY,

Certified Public Accountant.



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(Continued from Page 32)

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U. S. A., Presidio, S. F.

Fear, Lieut. Ralph Gordon, M. T. C.,
U. S. A., 20 Franklin St., S. F.

White, Lieut. Lawrence S., U. S. A., 735
Taylor St., S. F.

Basler, Lieut. Joseph P., M. T. C.,
U. S. A., Presidio, S. F.

Gorelangton, Capt. Cecil A., U. S. A.,
202 S. Los Robles Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

Horne, Capt. Chalmers D., M. T. C.,
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Cunha, Capt. James A., U. S. A., Pre-
sidio, S. F.

Cunningham, Lieut. Alan, U. S. N.,
Herald Hotel, S. F.

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Meussdorffer, C. P., Ross, Marin Co.,
Cal.

JUVENILE

Walker, I. Cushman, Jr., 380 Arguello
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Musto, Adam, 2700 Vallejo St., S. F.
Simpson, Robert J., Ross, Marin Co.,
Cal.

Musto, Joseph, 2700 Vallejo St., S. F.
Harder, Walter G., Jr., 136 Divisadero
St., S. F.

Schaller, Neal, 783 Ashbury St., S. F.
Wright, Wm. Q., Jr., Sausalito, Cal.

Godley, Edward M., 823 Bay St., Val-
lejo, Cal.

Young, Whitney, Warrin Apts., S. F.

ATHLETIC

Kennedy, Samuel J., clerk Western
Sugar Refinery, 363 Connecticut St., S. F.

Hooper, Alfred, student, Hotel Sutter,
S. F.

Gilmore, E. F., bookkeeper, 755 Seventh
Ave., S. F.

Rothman, Raymond, shipping clerk, 1145
Hayes St., S. F.

Kolb, E. O., clerk Du Pont Powder
Co., 803 Castro St., S. F.

Murray, Thomas, mechanic, 3987 Eigh-
teenth St., S. F.

Morton, F. M., chief clerk Pac. Tel. &
Tel. Co., 612 Sheldon Bldg., S. F.

Goss, Bentley I., foreign shipping clerk,
American Express Co., 85 Second St.,
S. F.

Preston, E. K., salesman C. W. Gordon
Co., 341 Montgomery St., S. F.

Ruick, Melville H., clerk U. S. Shipping
Board, 369 Pine St., S. F.

Ward, E. F., clerk Hercules Powder
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Ames, W. S., graduate manager, Stan-
ford University, Palo Alto, Cal.

Watson, R. B., graduate manager, Uni-
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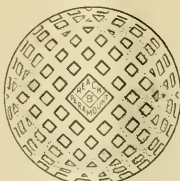
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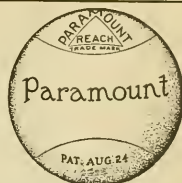
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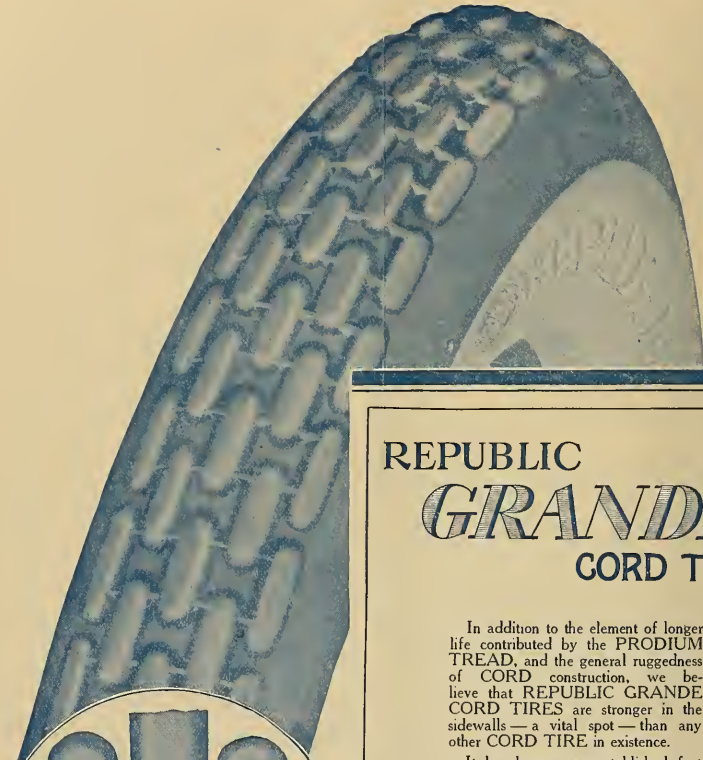
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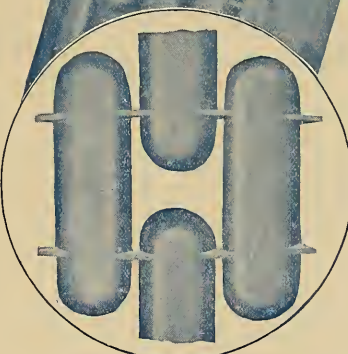


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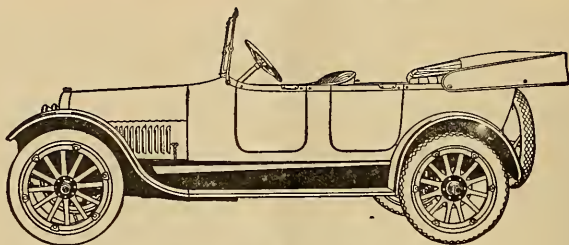
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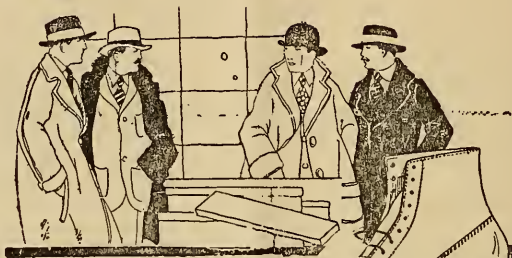
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Vol. VIII.

APRIL, 1920

No. 88

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefer, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; J. R. Hanify, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, Stanley Fay, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, Thomas J. Coleman.

Olympia's Finances

A monthly statement of the club's financial condition is always published in The Olympian. Criticism has been made of the customary inclusion of the initiation fees as among the items which, totaled up, are counted as general income, but it can be shown that even omitting these, every month would show a profit. Some months ago it was suggested that a better understanding of the club's prosperity might be secured through the omission of these fees as income, but after long consideration of the matter, and on the advice of certified public accountants, it was deemed proper to include such fees, but to list them as a separate item in the general income. * In this way every member will be informed of the sources of the club's receipts, and will then be in a position to employ his own method of accounting to determine the club's

progress, according to his standards of business. This method allows each member to determine for himself whether initiation fees should be included in estimating the club's profit and loss. The matter of initiation fees has more or less confused accountants for many years past, but as a general rule it is generally included as income. As one of our accountants recently said, in discussing this matter: "It is not capital, it is not a charge; it is a receipt, and if that is not income, what is it?"

The club's progress is gratifying. In January, 1913, its total bonded and floating indebtedness was \$583,155.00. On the first of April, 1920, it was \$276,700.00. In seven years the club's operations reduced its indebtedness \$286,450.00, or \$35,806.00 a year. This showing is emphasized when we remember that during the period of the war the receipts of the club were greatly reduced by cession of dues of members who were in the service, the daily attendance was less than usual, and the receipts from the various departments correspondingly decreased.

Since the 1st of April, 1920, the club has obligated itself to purchase the adjoining property at a cost of \$175,000.00. Fifty thousand dollars has been paid, and the balance will be paid in ten annual installments of \$12,500.00 each, with the deferred payments bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum. This increase in the club's indebtedness, with a membership probably double the membership of the first day of January, 1913, leaves the total club indebtedness \$127,455.00 less than it was then.

* * *

Promised Changes

As the club will require three additional stories, two of living rooms and a large dining room on the roof, with an annex to the east for the Juniors and Juveniles, at a cost of approximately \$200,-

000.00, the directors have been considering a plan whereby the burden of the purchase of this corner lot may not be placed on the club's revenue. If this plan is consummated, the club will be in a condition to incur the indebtedness for the improvements to the present building, which contemplate a more commodious lounging room, better billiard and card rooms and additional handball courts. If the directors are successful in carrying out their plan and, the improvements cost \$200,000.00, the total indebtedness that will be a charge on the club's profits, even with this added sum of \$200,000.00, will be \$655,700.00, or \$72,543.000 more than it was on the first day of January, 1913, and less than the club's indebtedness on the opening of the present clubhouse.

The directors are mindful of the world's disturbed condition at the present time; therefore will undertake nothing that might embarrass the club by a sudden change in financial conditions. Nothing will be initiated without safeguards on the club's finances in the event of such sudden changes. Before the next issue of *The Olympian* we hope to furnish more definite information on this matter.

* * *

Blow Hot, Blow Cold

Long before there were clubs, or hotels, wandering tribes or organized governments, it had become an undebatable axiom that the human brain was never yet created whose decisions could please everybody. More especially is this true of the social club, the most difficult place in all the world to find sincere followers for the belief that "the king can do no wrong." Here there is seldom a single member out of office who does not believe that he is more than competent to advise and direct those who are in it. To the credit of both officers and mem-

bers of the Olympic Club, it may be said that these clashes between the governed and the governors are notoriously few and far between; but now and then one of them crops up which is most difficult to decide, because every decision should be made for the greatest good, and opinions differ as to which end of the discussion should be accorded the preference.

There have been complaints with reference to the temperature of the swimming tank that are directly opposed to each other, and it is difficult to decide between them or effect a compromise that will satisfy both pros and cons of the argument. The swimming commissioner protests that the tank is kept much too cold, because the low temperature is likely to chill the water polo teams and swimming contestants who are compelled to spend so much time there in training. Athletes in other branches are equally insistent that the temperature is usually too high and not calculated to produce the invigorating effects of one that is below 68 or 69 degrees. As between these two extremes, it would seem to be apparent that all the Board of Directors can possibly do in the matter would be to effect some approach to a fair compromise between the hots and the colds, and give to each their sought-for temperature on alternate days. For instance, when the tank is refilled, its temperature would not be much higher than that of the ocean, and on the following day it will have reached the average high temperature. The dispute will no doubt have to be decided this way.

Neither the hots nor the colds may use the tank every day, but each must be satisfied with the temperature of the opposing faction, except on his own alternate days. This would seem to be the only satisfactory solution of the problem.

Pride in Olympia

In another column is published a letter received from "An Olympian." It urges that the Editorial Department of The Olympian give greater publicity to the fact that two Olympians are candidates for the Republican nomination for President of the United States, and enthuses over the pride that an Olympian should take in having a clubmate in the highest office in the gift of the American people.

We agree with his suggestions that Californians should take pride in having a Californian President of the United States, and, in a more personal manner,

should an Olympian take pride in having an Olympian President of the United States, especially if this distinguished person has been a member of the club for years before he achieved a position of prominence. However, as it is opposed to the ethics of clubdom to discuss political questions, we hesitate to comment further on this matter, as we fear it might be considered a discussion of a political question. We are unwilling that anything should be said in this journal that might even remotely be considered as a discussion of a political question or as advocating anyone for any political office whatsoever.

A PERTINENT LETTER

Editor *The Olympian*.

I was glad to read the editorial about the two Olympians who are seeking the Republican nomination for President of the United States. I did not know that Senator Johnson or General Wood was a member of our club, and this information pleases me immensely. I have heard other members comment favorably on the editorial, and declare that matters of this kind should be given publicity in *The Olympian*.

I realize that a political matter should not be discussed in a club journal, but this is not a political question. It is telling Olympians of the honor that is reflected on the club by reason of the merited honor that is bestowed upon an Olympian. Both men were members of the club for years before they entered political life, and they are known to the members of the club, who know them personally, as Olympians and not as public officials.

The people of the State of California are elated over the possibility of Senator Johnson, a native son, being President of the

United States of America. It is the first time that a Californian has ever been recognized as a possibility. Both he and General Wood are members of the club. If it is pardonable for a Californian to take pride in the election of a Californian, it should be more pardonable for an Olympian to take pride in the election of an Olympian. The association is more personal and should be more pleasing. How often have we attended meetings to shake hands with the President of the United States or with some distinguished personage? Think of the privilege of swimming in the same tank or dining at the same table, or lounging in the same room with the President of the United States! I am for an Olympian as the next President of the United States, whether it is Senator Johnson or General Wood, or any other Olympian. Why not call the members' attention to the honor that these two Olympians are receiving? I think it is due the members of the club to have this matter discussed further.

Very respectfully yours,

AN OLYMPIAN.



N. Y. A. C. AT TRAVERS ISLAND, N. Y., IN MARCH—OH, YOU LAKESIDE!

GOLF

NOTES AND COMMENT

IN SPITE of the lack of rain the course is in splendid shape. The activities of the devotees have not abated much. Some of the fairways have suffered terribly from the ravages of these inconsiderates. A careful observation of them in action demonstrates that their crime of turf-taking is not always the result of carelessness, but in many instances it is unconscious. If a man doesn't realize that he is taking up a piece of turf the size of a frying pan he does not realize that there is any turf to replace. Taking a divot is not a crime, but failing to put it back is. The good player takes turf intentionally on all iron shots. He knows within a few yards where the ball will go and puts his whole mind on how he hits it. He has found that where the ball will go will take care of itself if it is hit right. Therefore he knows he has taken a divot and he or his caddie puts it back. The poor player has his mind not so much on how to get an effect as on the effect itself. The question with him is will the ball go where he hopes it will or where it has and in his anxiety to find out, the divot lies neglected unless the caddie takes it back. Thanks to the caddies, some of the divots are replaced. They at least have the condition of the course at heart.

There are effective divoteering cures. The most effective one, however fanciful, would be to make every man who fails to replace replaceable divots play a round of golf and play each shot out of good deep divot. He would get so sick of having his shots spoiled that he would never forget his lesson. By the other method the player cures himself of the bad habit of leaving turf unreplaced by creating a good habit of replacing it. If a man will play

three rounds and religiously see to it that he replaces every divot he takes, I believe he will be cured for life. Ho! hum! Some day we may have a Golf Course. Who knows how soon these vandals will be converted!

Speaking of a real Golf Course, the temporary green on the fourteenth will soon be a thing of the past. The new green will be ready for play in a few weeks. The fourteenth green has been remodeled so that a well placed drive of good length is rewarded by a full view of the flag; a wayward tee-shot reveals some of the green, but if it is too wayward it leaves a blind shot to get home, which is as it should be. A weak second shot will find a generous trap, the overstrong pitch leaves one with a high niblic shot out of a he bunker and there are pits on each side of the green for the shot that deviates too much from the straight and narrow. A new eighth green is under construction which, with the new eighth tee, will convert the former two-slogs-and-pitch hole into a modified double dog leg. Criticism of the new eighth tee is aimed at the fact that the short driver may get into difficulty if he goes for what is proving a long carry against the prevailing wind. The placement for the short drive is properly to the left. The man who courts danger on the right—and there is some danger—and gets away with it is entitled to a shorter route to the hole. He certainly earns it. Long second shots played well over to the left of the present fairway get a full view of the green. The sliced second shot not only finds the rough but finds that the green is hidden by a large mound. A plantation of trees on the right near the green would still fur-

ther discourage one from recovering too easily from a slice.

There are too many holes on the course where one "may get away with murder"; where the topped drive is not sufficiently penalized. There are other holes where the margin for error is decidedly small. The difficulties of the delicate operation of building or remodeling a Golf Course lie in the fact that golfers cannot be made to shoot in straight lines. The most successful Golf Courses offer no obstacles to straight short shots when they are well placed, and reward the long straight shots with opportunities for par figures. The most successful Golf Courses are designed for the scratch player, and they cause him a good deal of anxiety if he doesn't play up to scratch. Moreover he isn't really happy unless he is worried with a golf problem for every shot, and no one is ever so happy as the par man making pars on a course which demands the best shots in his bag.

* * *

There will be strong demand for handicap reduction and with good reason too. There will be reductions and strict disciplinary methods for those who consider good scores inviolable secrets. What howls will rend the sky when two strokes will be taken from a man's handicap if he fails to turn in at least two scores a month. That is going to happen because those in good faith should not and shall not suffer from the depredations of the foxes with the lamb's wool overcoats. There is a strong leaning toward the automatic system of handicapping in which each man does his own handicapping. The allowance is then squarely up to the individual. If that system is ever instituted no one will ever win an event because no one will dare to win. The scheme has its possibilities.

The Continuous Position Tournament has reached its first anniversary. It died a lingering death after being kept alive for a long time by none other than Ol' Doc Mervy himself. He challenged more, was challenged more, played and won more matches in it than anyone else, and to him go the spoils. The vital question before the Committee is what shall they be? The suggestion that the trophy be a Carnegie Hero Medal is received with favor.

It is rumored that when no one else took up his gauntlet he challenged himself, played a match against himself and actually won it. No one will question his right to the prize after that.

HERE'S SOME GOOD NEWS!

By J. F. C.

OUR old friend and adviser, Thomas Bunyan, has announced that hereafter Juniors and Juveniles will shoot with the regular members on the second and fourth Sundays of each month. The shoot will start promptly at 10:30.

All Junior and Juvenile members who are interested in trapshooting are invited to come out to the trapshooting pits at Lakeside on the Sunday mornings mentioned above. Any member, regardless his age or shooting ability, is eligible, and those who have never handled a gun but who are anxious to become good shots are especially welcome. Professor O. N. Ford, who has charge of trapshooting, takes a keen delight in teaching young boys how to shoot, and he is always ready and anxious to offer his services.

Guns are furnished free of charge to all who desire to use them, and shells can be obtained at the pits, so that all a fellow needs is carefare out to Lakeside.

Come on out, boys, and join the rest of the fellows. It's a great sport, and after you have shot once or twice you will find it the most interesting and fascinating game you have ever played.

"THE SOLDIER OF MARATHON"

By CAPTAIN C. W. LINDER

*Formerly Instructor Infantry,
School of Arms*

FOR over three years there has stood in a corner of the Olympic Club reading room a bronze figure of a man, prostrate, holding aloft a laurel wreath. The pained expression on his face and his position indicate great emotion and fatigue. This figure is little understood among the club member, as there is no descriptive matter explaining what it represents or why it is present in the club.

This figure is an artistic piece of bronze—very valuable, and highly prized among the army rifle shooters. It represents and is named after the "Historic Soldier of Marathon," and is the oldest trophy in the Army Competition, having been in the Army Competition since 1875, when it was presented to the National Rifle Association by the Commander-in-Chief on behalf of the State of New York. Several years ago the association presented it to the army, where it is considered one of the most prized trophies.

The original statue was done by Côtot, and this casting was run by F. Barbeunne Founders in 1934. A glance at the plaques on the base of this trophy would show that the "old soldier" surely has traveled. The legend from which our modern "Marathon race" was derived came from the runner at the battle of Marathon. This runner, no doubt having been a member of the Greek's

army signal corps, not being able to get the King on the "long distance" or by wireless, started out and ran the twenty-six miles to Athens to report to the King, as signified by the laurel wreath he bears, that the Greeks had won the victory. Due to



excessive fatigue, he expired while delivering the message.

It is not realized the important message he carried to the world during the world war, but it is a fact that American marks-

manship, starting from the entrance of the American forces on the firing line was an important factor in turning the tide of battle in favor of the allies and lead to the final defeat of the Hun.

When it was apparent that the United States would be drawn into the war, the War Department realized that to train the large number of raw recruits it would be necessary to depend to a great extent on the National Rifle Association and civilian riflemen for instructors.

In 1916, the first civilian team of riflemen was allowed to enter the army matches, Congress having appropriated the funds to transport a team from each State to the matches at the last minute. A team of six men each from the Olympic Club and the Los Angeles Rifle Club was sent to Jacksonville, Fla., to represent the State of California, where they won many honors, including the National Civilian Team Match, were awarded many medals and the custody of the "Soldier of Marathon."

In 1919 this trophy was won by the U. S. Cavalry, and will soon be forwarded to the Adjutant-General, Washington, the civilian shooters making no showing, many still being in the service. Many of the civilian riflemen attending these matches served with distinction in the United States and allied armies. Out of a shooting membership of less than thirty men from the Olympic Club, twenty were commissioned as officers and several were detailed as instructors at the various army schools.

As a shooting organization, the small team of rifle and pistol shooters representing the Olympic Club are known wherever powder is burned; and, as proven by the presence of the "Soldier of Marathon," one of the most highly prized shooting trophies in competition. We have the opportunity as presented by the liberal policy of the athletic directors of the club towards this form of sport, of having one of the largest and best shooting clubs in the world. The

pistol team is about the best, having won several championships in the seven years it has been shooting.

At Camp Perry, Ohio, in August of 1920, the National matches will again be held, and it is hoped to send the Olympic Club's championship pistol team, and maybe a rifle team, to compete and uphold our honors. There are many former service men as club members who should be active rifle fans, and the club is anxious to have them affiliate with the shooting section. We need all the material available to come forth and train for the California team which will compete at Camp Perry in August.

The team tryouts will be held late this spring. By a little work and co-operation with the shotgun shooters, a modern rifle and pistol range can be established at Lakeside, and some of the highly practical forms of shooting may be indulged in, which would be of interest to all game and field shooters. The running duck, burglar, dueling, disappearing and stationery targets could be shot with the pistol, sporting and miniature rifles.

Of interest to California is the winners of the trophy during the last forty-five years. Only once does a California team show in that list before 1916, and that was forty-three years ago, in 1877.

1875—New York	1895—Georgia
1876—Connecticut	1896—Georgia
1877—CALIFORNIA	1897—Georgia
1878—New York	1899—Dist. of Colorado
1879—New York	1900—Dist. of Colorado
1880—New Jersey	1901—New Jersey
1881—New York	1902—New Jersey
1882—Pennsylvania	1903—Massachusetts
1883—Michigan	1904—U. S. A. Infantry
1884—Pennsylvania	1905—Ohio
1885—Pennsylvania	1906—Massachusetts
1886—Massachusetts	1907—Ohio
1887—Massachusetts	1908—U. S. A. Cavalry
1888—Massachusetts	1909—Texas
1889—Massachusetts	1910—Kansas
1890—New York	1911—Tennessee
1891—New York	1913—Utah
1892—Pennsylvania	1915—Kentucky
1893—Dist. of Colorado	1916—CALIFORNIA
1894—New Jersey	1920—U. S. A. Cavalry

BOXING TOURNAMENT, APRIL 15TH AND 16TH

By FRED FARMER

JUDGING from the size of the crowd that packed the club gymnasium and from the class of the bouts staged, "Promoter" Jim Krueger's first boxing show was a complete success. The battles extended over two nights, and both nights it seemed as though everybody and his brother crammed into the gym. The first night the preliminaries were held, starting off with Jean Stalker of the Winged-O up against one Albert Meraglia of Oakland. Albert might just as well have stayed in Oakland and gone to bed early, as in the second round Stalker landed one on Albert's chin and when the back of Albert's head hit the canvas, Tom Bunyan got excited and rang for an ambulance, but kind friends of Albert got together and packed him out to very slow music.

Eddie Diggins, who had to do more work than any other two boxers to get his medal, came on next with a chap named Leslie Tracy. Tracy had about eight pounds on Diggins, but it was a simple matter for Eddie to merely box him, and in the third spasm Tracy was hanging on with nothing but his two feet left. Decision for Diggins. George Locke and Ernest Lundgren, club-mates, acted very unclubby and slammed each other around the ring for three rounds, and put up the best bout of the evening. Locke had the first two rounds easily, but Lundgren made one of those whirlwind finishes; but he started too late, and the decision was awarded to Locke. Our old friend Jimmy Dunning, appeared on the scene, and in the opposite corner sat a youthful hope entitled Albert Sherman. Before the thing was over Sherman perfectly agreed with his great namesake of the Civil War as to his opinions of fighting. Mr. Sherman entered the ring precisely at 8:20,

and at 8:21 someone had him by the shoulders and two others by the legs, and we all felt very sorry for Sherman.

It was then announced by that golden-voiced announcer, George Dixon, that Les Pratt had won from Howard Carroll by default. Hurray! We always like to see Les win.

George Chadrich, a representative of Telegraph Hill, put up a dandy scrap against Walter Dellamore, also unattached, and took a well earned decision after three rounds of hard fighting. Chadrich had his opponent groggy in the final stanza, and it would have taken little to make Dellamore hit the canvas.

George Malone, a quiet, unassuming husky from the University of Nevada, met our own middleweight, Tom Marlowe, and decorated Tom's eye and chin and nose, and had Tom hanging on badly in the last round, and there was nothing to it but to give the decision to the Nevada boy. Malone looks like the best prospect we have seen in a long time, possessing a terrific right body punch that makes one's ribs rattle and the stomach feel like it isn't there. That concluded the performance for the first night.

The lightweight semi-final bout between Eddie Diggins and Les Pratt started the fireworks for the final night of the tournament. The first round of this bout went rather even, but in the second Eddie landed on Les' Sein Fein beak and Les went down for the count.

The 125-pound final bout was next on the program, the contestants being George Palmer and Jean Stalker, both of the Olympic Club. Palmer took a terrific beating in the first round, Stalker scoring three knock-downs in that round alone. In the second,

Palmer was almost dead to the world. But he made a lunge at Stalker, landed a pretty one to the jaw, then whirled around and fell to the floor for the count, all without being hit. It was a funny one, and the only way to fathom the thing is to credit Stalker with a knockout and acclaim him as the P. A. 125-pound champion.

Next came the 108-pound final bout, and Jimmy Duning and a gent named Cornelius Joseph Lyons stepped into the ring to argue it out. Of course we all began to feel sorry for Cornelius, but he surprised us all and proved himself to be one of the gamest bantams that ever stacked up against Dunning. For two rounds they fought hammer and tongs, Jimmy getting the better of it but Lyons gamely sticking. In the third Dunning scored a knockdown, and Lyons' seconds threw up the towel; and even then the little fellow protested and wanted to finish the fight, but it was all over.

In the 115-pound final, Henry Domeniconi, or, as George Dixon announced, "Rushthecano" (or something to that effect), won an easy decision over Jimmy Hoppe, also a club boy. Hoppe was out-classed, but fought gamely and received a badly swollen eye for his trouble.

John Mullen, Olympic Club welterweight, hit Ray Lavin of the Bay View Athletic Club, so hard and often in the first round that, at the end of the round, Lavin made a dash for the ropes and never stopped until he hit the showers. Mullen showed all the class in the world, and had Lavin completely baffled, and also bleeding pretty.

Eddie Diggins, the hard-working lightweight, came back for his third bout of the tournament, meeting George Chadrich. It was a good, hard fight, chuckful of clean and clever boxing, but in the last spasm Eddie went like a wild man, threw caution to the winds, and waded in and nearly put Mr. Chadrich on the mat.

One of the best fights of the tournament

was staged when George Malone of Nevada met Harold Emmal of the club in the final bout of the middleweight class. Malone's terrific right body punch was the undoing of Emmal, as it was on Marlowe the first night. The fight went even for three rounds and an extra round was called, and then Malone cut loose and had Emmal all but out.

The heavyweights were brought on, the contestants being gents named Fred Sixtus, the winner, and Thomas R. E. Alford. Thomas sure had a bunch of names, but that was all he had. "R." probably stands for Rummy, and "E." for Egbert or something. Thomas also had a pair of trunks that continually slipped down. Summing it up, that was all Thomas had. Sixtus didn't have much more, but enough to lick Thomas R. E. Alford.

The winners of P. A. championships:

Flyweight—Jimmy Dunning, Olympic Club.

Bantamweight — Henry Dominiconi, Olympic Club.

Fatherweight—Jean Stalker, Olympic Club.

Lightweight—Eddie Diggins, Olympic Club.

Welterweight—John Mullen, Olympic Club.

Middleweight—George Malone, University of Nevada.

Heavyweight—Fred Sixtus, unattached, San Francisco.

We missed Monte Wolgast in the heavyweight class, but Monte had to withdraw, for while training for the dancing championship of Larkspur with a party named Helen, Monte sprained his ankle.

Irish parentage doesn't make a Sinn Feiner out of a good American any more than becoming an American citizen necessarily makes an Englishman hate everything that's not English.

NOON-HOUR GYMNASIUM WORK IS VERY POPULAR WITH BUSINESS MEN

By JOHN F. CONNELLY

IT WOULD require quite a good deal of exertion, for the majority of us, to use our imaginative powers to the extent of picturing a group of staid, dignified business men chasing each other around a rectangular enclosure and shouting such cries as, "Pass the ball!" "Take a shot at the basket!" "Watch the signals now, boys!" "Fight 'em, kid!" etc.

And yet if one should happen to stroll into the gymnasium about 12 o'clock on any Monday or Friday, he would be startled and surprised to see this very sight. For out on the court he would see middle-aged men, who had long ago given up participation in any form of competitive sport, cleverly passing the ball, dribbling it, shooting baskets and, in short, playing the game, and playing it hard. Once again the spirit of youth had caught them, and they entered the game with all the old enthusiasm and fight. True, they were not as fast nor as accurate as they once were, but what they lacked in speed and finesse they more than made up in eagerness, enthusiasm and pure love of the contest.

But do not judge from the foregoing that the aim of the Business Men's Noonday Class is to develop athletes. By no means.

Its sole object is to promote the health and bodily vigor of those business and professional men who find it difficult to devote any other time to systematic exercise. It affords an opportunity for them to indulge in mild forms of exercises, scientifically taught and applied and conducted under the expert guidance of Professor Elwood.

The exercises consist of a series of breathing and abdominal exercises. The setting-up exercises of the Department of Physical Training, U. S. Naval Academy, are also used. The work is not strenuous and is taken up gradually, so that there is no danger of overdoing it. Then, as the men harden up, they take up the more difficult exercises, and in a surprisingly short time they are in the very pink of condition.

Before a member enters the class, he is given a thorough examination by the medical director. A careful record of his weight, chest expansion, muscular development, etc., is taken. Then, after a period of about two months has elapsed, he goes back to the doctor for another examination. The doctor is able to tell him just how much he has gained (or lost), how much his chest expansion has increased, what new muscles he has developed and to what



BUSINESS MEN'S CLASS RESTING AFTER THE WORKOUT

extent his muscles and condition generally has been improved.

Age is neither a barrier nor a handicap. There are a number of men in the class (and some of them play basketball, too) who are well along in their fifties. And it is worthy of note that it is quite impossible to distinguish these young-old fellows from their younger colleagues. Even members around the age of sixty, at which tender period they are generally supposed to have lost all interest in such things as physical training and games, are indulging in the milder form of work with excellent results. The open-air class on the roof at 11:30 is especially popular with these men.

The classes are always well attended, the attendance averaging between three hundred and four hundred a month. However, fifty a day can easily be accommodated, so there is ample room for all who wish to take up the beneficial work.

You tired business men who are busy all day with inside work, and you professional men who are forgetting that your body as well as your mind needs exercise and improvement, enroll in the course. After a months' trial you will feel like a new man, with renewed vigor, energy, pep and vitality. Surely it is worth the inconvenience of postponing your lunch a half hour or so two or three times a week to keep in good health and good physical trim.

If you are interested in learning your physical condition and what it may need in the way of improvement, call and see the medical director at his office on the lower floor, next to the barber shop. His office hours are as follows:

Wednesday, 12 M. to 1 P. M.

Friday, 8 P. M. to 9 P. M.

Saturday, 12 M. to 1 P. M.

A LETTER OF JUST PROTEST

A medical inspector in the Navy, well known to many Olympians, writes this characteristic letter, evidently before he had heard of the recent U. S. court decisions with reference to the unconstitutionality of the wartime enforcement act: U. S. Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Illinois, February 6, 1920.

Dear Old —

Not old, in the sense of the passing years, for well I know the spirit of youth still throbs in your heart as it did when we chased Wohinis along the moonlit beach at Waikiki, and Hula Huled with the Hapa Haolis till the rosy-fingered dawn kissed the tremulous tree tops of Sans Souci.

Seeing your picture lately reminded me that many moons have come and gone since I communed with you on mutual joys, such as happy days and nights and dawns used to bring us before the awful

pall of prohibition settled down upon us, so that now it is difficult even to find the means wherewith to rekindle in our memories the sparkle and iridescence of ancient alcoholic hours. Prohibition! That sumptuary and wholly unnecessary anachronism, the foster child of the long haired men and the short haired women, those selfish souls who have deprived us of the light and laughter of the ages, of the soulful juice of the sun-kissed hills and the mingled distillings of wheat and corn.

I have just assumed command of this Lake Side Sanitarium for Sick Soldiers and expect to be marooned here for at least three years, but after being on duty all summer at Las Animas, the 'Land of the Lingering Lung' this is Heaven.

Let me hear from you.

Your old pal,

KAUKA.

BILLIARDS

By DR. O. B. BURNS

THE Olympic Club has just finished its billiard tournament. It was played on schedule time, and was one of the best conducted since the fire, all the credit being due to the committee handling it. Some of the games showed exciting finishes, and all were very well attended.

The first and second classes played 18—2 balkline, third and fourth classes playing straight billiards.

In order to divide the prizes to the entire satisfaction of the players, it was decided that no player could win more than one prize; so the prizes were divided as follows: First, second, best average and high run. Following are the winners:

FIRST PRIZE

First prize.....	F. C. Wegener
Second prize.....	A. C. Hampton
High run.....	Dr. H. D. Dignan
Best average.....	M. L. Jenne

SECOND CLASS

First prize.....	E. A. Bernhard
Second prize.....	J. D. Loughery
High run—	

C. De Wolfe, Major Foster, H. F. Bernhard
—all tie.

Best average.....	J. C. Settle
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THIRD CLASS

First prize.....	O. E. Hollingberry
Second prize.....	J. W. Neil, Jr.
High run.....	Dr. E. Topham
Best average.....	M. H. Casey

FOURTH CLASS

First prize.....	Dr. C. R. Bricca
Second prize.....	T. F. Kilmartin
High run.....	W. D. Hayes
Best average.....	J. C. Newlands

The games were played on a schedule time. If a player did not appear he forfeited his game. In the first class, if he lost two games he was counted out. In the other classes, if a player lost one game he was counted out.

It often occurred that a player winning

the tournament would also make the high run or the best average, but as he was only entitled to one prize, the others were given to the next best in line.

* * *

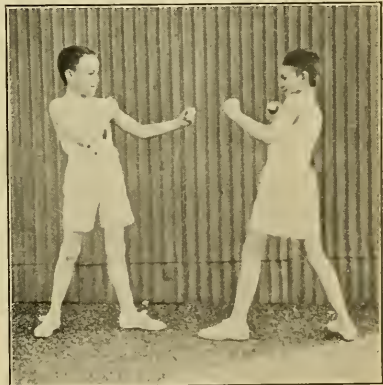
The three-cushion tournament will start before this *Olympian* goes to press. A report of it will be given in the next number.

The first class will be composed of all scratch players. The winner of this event will be considered the champion of the club.

The entries show that it will be closely contested, as the club has quite a number of players all about the same speed.

The entry list gives the names of the players as follows:

J. W. Neil, Jr., W. R. Berry, F. C. Wegener, H. E. Foster, C. E. Stanton, Charles Dooling, G. D. Phillips, A. E. Shrader, Leo Pockwitz, H. L. Atkinson, E. A. Bernhard, W. D. Lux, Nathan T. Messer, A. V. Collett, Edgar Bernhard, Martin Jenne, O. B. Burns and D. R. Clarke.



TOM SHORTALL, JR.,
AND J. OCTAVE WARINS, JR.

THE HANDBALL DOUBLES TOURNAMENT

By JOHN L. JAUNET

SINCE its inception, Sunday, March 14th, interest in the doubles has continued unabated. With the arrangement of tri-weekly schedules for Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Sunday mornings, these schedules averaging from six to nine matches each, considerable progress has been accomplished, in virtue of which it is possible to state that the semi-finals will be reached Sunday, May 2nd, thus enabling the finals to be held Sunday, May 9th. Considering the number of matches provided for, defaults have been gratifyingly few and far between, in which respect this tournament will bear comparison with any hitherto held.

Already speculations are rife as to the ultimate winners in the various classes, there seeming to be no unanimity of opinion with regard thereto.

The fourth, with its list of thirty-nine entries, naturally offers the widest scope for prophecies and predictions, with the consequence that the views expressed as to those who will be returned the winners are many and divergent. The third class, with its array of formidable combinations, precludes a precipitate judgment, and here again do we find the voicing of varied opinions as to which team will breast the wire first. The second class, although small in numbers, includes in it some well balanced teams, thereby enhancing the difficulty of determining beforehand the one entitled to supremacy, not a few of them having enlisted some staunch supporters. The first class has given rise to no end of discussion, it being generally conceded that no one team can be regarded as a certainty. All of which causes a ceaseless wagging of tongues, and in the final outcome no doubt some of them will be heard to exclaim: "Didn't I tell you so!"

Meanwhile, do not forget the banquet

which will follow about eight or ten days after the conclusion of the tournament. Plans are already under way which will make this as successful an affair as the one of last year. We want the attendance at this one to be even larger.

THE POSITION TOURNAMENT

All the players are on the *qui vive* for the resumption of the Position Tournament, some of them straining at the leash to enter the lists once more. It had been intended to await the termination of the doubles tournament before re-opening the Position Tournament, but in consequence of the eagerness manifested to renew play therein, it has been decided to resume the tournament, beginning Monday, May 3rd. So get busy and pick out your intended victim, but in doing so be sure that he be not a victor instead.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

It is truly regrettable that so many valuable contributions from club writers have been unavoidably omitted from the last two or three issues of *The Olympian*, owing to their being crowded out by the rapidly increasing volume of advertisements. This is, of course, a gratifying improvement in the earnings of the little magazine, but, at the same time, those who take the trouble to write readable articles should have them printed; and measures to provide the necessary space are already under advisement. This can only be done by an increase in the number of pages, which would entail a corresponding increase in the cost of composition, to say nothing of 4500 more one-cent postage stamps. However, it is not unlikely that decision upon these points will be given ocular demonstration by the addition of eight extra pages to the May *Olympian*.

WHEREIN THE WATER POLO TEAMS ARE VICTORIOUS

By LINCOLN V. JOHNSON

OUR opening victory over the Stanford University water polo team, to the tune of 15 to 0, presaged bad medicine for the rest of the teams which were to meet us in the recent P. A. A. *Bulletin* Water Polo tournament. Following this swamping given the college boys, a practice game was arranged in the club tank with our old mortal enemies, the Oakland Athletic Club. This game was supposed to have been a regular league game, but due to the fact that the transbay outfit could not put its strongest combination into the water, and on account of the game being played in our home pool, it was agreed the result should not be counted, although it might be a ferocious and hard-fought battle.

This game proved to be nearly as one-sided as the college game, the final score amounting to 13 to 1. The high score can be attributed to the wicked wing of one Sandy Goodman, alias Mike McGoodman, alias Sammy Goldfish, who managed to heave something like eight scores past the lacrosse net-like hands of Goalkeeper O'Connell of the Oakland team. Captain Otto Schultz played his usual scintillating game, managing to whiff over the remainder of the scores not accountable for by his forward sidekicker, Goodman. In all games with the Oakland club, Schultz is a "marked" man by reason of his excellent past record, and it will be in games such as will be played against the Illinois Club that will give the old dog a chance to show his true worth and ability.

Although the forwards deserve all credit for running up the score so high, the backs deserve equally as much praise for holding their end of the game down and preventing the opposition from scoring. Ernie Smith and Resleure are the mainstays in the back

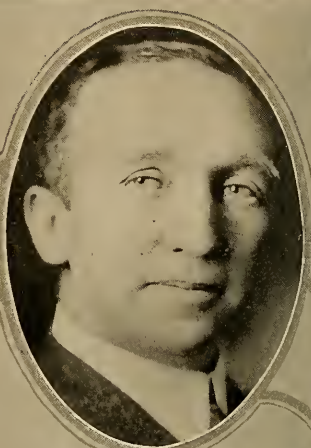
field, and both work together like the teeth in a pair of gears. Resleure does most of the heavy dribbling work, such as taking the ball down the tank away from an unsuspecting forward, while Ernie stays in the home waters adjacent to the goals and flips all stray shots back into the hands of his forwards, to be credited as assists on scores. Steiger, the rangy goalkeeper, had an exceptionally good night in this game, as did "Toot" Gardner, playing a roving forward game.

The regular league game of the Olympic Club versus Oakland Athletic Club was played at Sutro Baths. The same team entered the water for the club as played in the first game, but the Oakland club was greatly strengthened by the aid of Walter Grace and George Scroth, the Sacramento valley giant. The final score of this game was likewise in favor of our club, the score being 8 to 0. In this game Otto Schulz and the writer managed to account for most of the scores, and were ably abetted and assisted at all times by helpful passes from Gardner and Goodman, who were, in turn, well fed by the rearmost guards, Smith and Resleure. The big Sutro tank is vastly different to play in as contrasted with our club tank, and for a few moments our team was bewildered by its size and not having any familiar landmarks by which distance and trajectory could be properly judged. Captain Schulz and Resleure managed to get the lay of things quicker than the rest of the players, and between the two of them the first scores were made while all the other contestants were looking on. The main feature of this game was the unusual refereeing of Hjalmar Johansen, a comparative stranger but who displayed a wonderful

(Continued on Page 22)



FRANK J. FORAN
BASEBALL AND INDOOR BASEBALL



T.I. FITZPATRICK
WRESTLING



E.J. SPAULDING
AMERICAN AND RUGBY FOOTBALL



JOHN L.A. JAUNET
HAND BALL



D DR

AT
CO



JAMES I. KRUEGER
BOXING



LOUIS McLANE
GYMNASTS AND SWIMMING



JOHN ELLIOTT
TRACK, TENNIS, SOCCER AND BASKETBALL



W.R. BERRY
FENCING, RIFLE AND BILLIARDS

WHEREIN THE WATER POLO TEAMS ARE VICTORIOUS

(Continued from Page 19)

knowledge of the game, far superior even to that of Ishii, the original aboriginal.

The last game of the tournament was played against the highly touted Neptune Club of Alameda, that boasted of having international stars in its lineup, men who had learned the game where it developed and played it with the gusto of having learned it from the Masters. This game was played in the outdoor Neptune tank at Alameda before one of the largest crowds that ever turned out for a water polo game. Although the final score was 7 to 0 in favor of the Olympic Club, it is no criterion by which it can be said the game was lop-sided. For the first three minutes of play neither side came within throwing distance of the goal. Then somehow a Neptune man left Captain Schulz unguarded, and zowie! the first score was chalked up for Olympia. Regular scores then followed at intermittent intervals, due to the hard throwing of Goodman, Gardner and Smith. The cold water paralyzed the ability and ambition of most of our players, which accounts for such a small score, with the exception of Resleure, the star and heady guard, who proved himself to be a regular polar bear standing the

effects of the cold water and for scoring goals unobtainable by chilled forwards.

The Olympic-Neptune game terminated the P. A. A. water polo league, so far as the first division was concerned, the gold trophies going to the first team. In the second division, the second Olympic Club team is leading, and will be returned winners ultimately beyond a question of doubt. Those who will get the winners' prizes of the second division are: Carson, Tait and O'Brien, forwards; Kiser, Montell and Roth, guards, and Collins, goalkeeper.

The P. A. A. *Bulletin* polo tournament proved to be a wonderful success from every angle. Great interest was stimulated by the necessary publicity given and kept at fever pitch by the large entry list of teams. As a medium for making the club team practice, to mould itself into a championship aggregation for walloping the Illinois Club, it deserves great heaps of commendation, for it served its purpose well. The first Olympic Club water polo team now possesses more team play and co-ordination than has any polo team ever turned out by the club, and if victory does not come to us in the National championships through this worthy combination of players, lo's of us will miss our calculations by miles.

A FACT FOR ADVERTISERS

The Olympian's circulation is only within 250 of the 5000 mark. This makes it a better advertising medium than any publication in San Francisco, with the exception of the daily newspapers and, possibly, the theatre programmes.

WHY HESITATE FURTHER?

THE FENCING COMPETITIONS

By EMILIO LASTRETO, *Fencing Leader*

THE informal foil fencing meet with Stanford University, held in the gymnasium, March 4th last, proved to be a novelty in the way the hundred or more spectators gathered to witness the event. Though there were a couple of hundred chairs set around for the occasion, few were used at first; the majority stood crowding the entrances of the gymnasium. It is supposed there are many who still look upon fencing as some exotic blood-spilling affair, hence the "safety first" attitude of the spectators the other evening. However, after the harmless fencers got in action, many finally thought it safe to sit down, and became keenly interested in the foil play.

The Olympic team of three men won from the Stanford trio, winning five of the nine bouts. On the club team were Dr. Oliver, Dr. Emgy, Robert Devereaux and Francis Clark, substitute. Stanford team: Thompson, Hadley, Willis and Faulds, substitute. Dr. Oliver won all of his three bouts in good, clean style. Instead of the regular four-minute bouts, bouts were shortened, contestants fencing for three touches only, the Stanford men having no regulation fencing jackets to protect them from the chance breaking of a blade. Final score: Dr. Oliver beat Thompson, 3—1 touches; Hadley, 3—0, and Willis, 3—0. Dr. Emgy beat Thompson, 3—2 touches. Devereaux beat Willis, 3—1.

After the meet there was general fencing. Mr. Oliver Kehrlein, captain of the fencing team of Columbia University, New York, some years ago, enjoyed several bouts. Mr. Kehrlein is to be fencing commissioner at the new Athletic Club to be built over in Oakland. Dr. Stafford Warren of the University of California crossed swords in a few bouts. Dr. Warren is one of the best

fencers here, and expects to become a member of the club.

There is no reason why fencing should not become as popular as some other sports. It would if it were looked upon more as a practical athletic game instead of something mystic or a thing of the past. Fencing, boxing, wrestling and even golf have survived the centuries. The Amateur Fencers' League of America, organized some thirty years ago and affiliated with the A. A. U., has a following of several thousand members all over the country. The United States will be represented by some twenty American fencers at the coming Olympic games this summer. So the sport is not a lost art after all. Fencing is as much an athletic game as any in the realm of sports. It demands all the qualities of an athlete: speed, endurance, a sure quick eye, and, above all, a good athletic head. The club's instructor, Prof. Miller, stands ready to prove to any athlete in the club that fencing is as fast a game as any.

HOW TO BELIEVE IN FAIRIES

Larzeler: Say, George, do you believe in fairies?

Jones: Bill, if you've got a locker and will loosen up to the extent of giving me carte blanche in the disposition of it, I'll prove to you that there are not only fairies, but that those two Hoeffler statues can sing and dance, and Jack Cunningham is a good golf player.

A new broom sweeps clean only when the wielder of it has a good eye for the dirt that so many overlook!

Opposition may be the life of trade, but who shall say that it is not the sure death blow to profit?

OUR BASEBALL TEAM

By W. R. LARZELERE

THE Olympic Club has probably one of the best amateur baseball teams gathered together this season than ever before.

Commissioner Poheim has worked hard, long and faithfully to construct a team that could give any of the college teams a good game and in the majority of the games a beating as well. This is proven by the two games already played with St. Marys and Stanford—both of which games were won hands down—and by scores greatly in favor of the Olympics.

In the St. Marys game Babe Hollis was "going good" and allowed but two hits while our Club lined out nine hits, three of which were made by Eddie Benn and which brought in the majority of the runs—being made just when runs counted—besides Eddie stole home at a critical moment—which also helped. We must surely say he had a good day at St. Marys.

At Stanford, it was easy meat, the game being won by the lopsided score of 9 to 1. Dutch Rock—going at his best and allowing but two hits while "our" boys made nine bingles, one of which was a clean homer made by Swede Tidell, and it was

necessary to prove to the Stanford boys that Babe Ruth had not been added to the Olympic team.

The team consists of the following players:

Pitchers—Babe Hollis, Dutch Rock, W. Medcraft, Lou Lidley.

Catchers—Riordan, Varni, Manning.

Infielders—Burns, Morrissey, Gay, Goodwin, Markowitz, Benn, Maloney.

Outfielders—Meyers, Danzig, Kelly, Hawks, Tidell, Kennedy, Maggini, Ebner, Pyne.

It is the writer's opinion that our team will take good care of the college games—and should win the greater part of them, but with the games with the Seals, Sacramento, and Oakland that is different, being against selected professional players, and we must be satisfied with a very good showing against them, and should we happen to win be very joyous.

Commissioner Poheim by weeks of continuous practice and personal attention has the boys on edge for their best possible efforts and we can expect some very good reports of their work in the games to be played.



THE OLYMPIC CLUB'S CHAMPION BASEBALL TEAM 1920

OUR NEW PROFESSIONALS

OLYMPIC CLUB members are particularly fortunate in having a Board of Directors who are quick to seize an advantageous opportunity, as, on the resignation of Harry Kennett, immediate steps were taken toward hiring Macdonald Smith to take his place.

Macdonald Smith is recognized to be one of the best, if not the best, golfer in the United States, and the value of having him as our professional lies in the opportunity that we have of availing ourselves of his teaching and of observing and imitating his method of play.

We have had so little opportunity to observe good golf players in action that it has been difficult to get the right conception of the game, and being children at the game, like all children, we'll learn as much by imitation as we will by study.

Mac has been professional at a number of good clubs, the two foremost of which are the Oakmont Country Club, Oakmont, Pa., and the Wydagyl Country Club of New Rochelle, N. Y. His career in tournaments in the United States has been wide and varied. To catalogue them all would require the full space of this magazine. Since 1910 he has been winning tournaments in which only the best of players could hope to play. A partial list of these follows:

California Open, 1910—Winner.

Tied Open Championship United States; lost on replay, 1910.

Western Open; Chicago, 1912—Winner.

Metropolitan Open, 1914; Scarsdale, N. Y.—Winner.

Florida West Coast Open Championship, 1914-1915-1916—Winner.

Pennsylvania Open; Pittsburg, Pa., 1914—Winner.

Mac has associated with him Tom Young, who is also a splendid teacher. Tom has taught golf for many years, first at St.

Andrews in Scotland; later at Chapel-en-le-Prith, England; Blackpool, England; six years at Massapequa, L. I.; Westport, N. Y.; Troy, N. Y.; Sciaconsett, Mass.; Fargo, N. D.; Marshalltown, Ia., and for seven winters conducted a golf school at New York.

Even with this record behind Mac and Tom, they will not have found any better material or any greater enthusiasm for golf than we Olympians have, and with that there should be a large number of splendid players developed.

CLAUDE DEAL IN SIBERIA

ALL the tales that emanate from the bleak and dismal Siberia are not whimpering stories of the gruelling hardships or complaints about government treatment. In a recent letter to Nelson G. Welburn, tennis commissioner, Claude C. Deal, prominent Olympian boxer, tells of the boxing activities in the land of revolution. The lad waxes somewhat warmly as to his problematical pugilistic future.

"Rumors now say the Thomas is due here on November the 10th and will take all the duration men home from my company and most all the other companies. If that is so we will arrive in San Francisco before Christmas.

"I expect to be with you and the other boys of the Olympic Club in their annual dip at the beach on New Year's day. I have been kept busy boxing and have had more bouts than any of the other boys.

"Tonight I take part at the opera house, on the same card with five other bouts. Will try to get a real bout with the middleweight champion. I have boxed him twice, no-decision affairs. I have won a belt for one of my bouts which I am very proud of and will show the boys at the club when I arrive home.

STORY OF WORLD'S GREATEST TRAPSHOT

By PETER P. CARNEY

Editor of National Sports Syndicate

ALLOW us to present for your information and guidance something about the greatest of all trapshooters—Mr. Charles G. Spencer of St. Louis, Mo.

Spencer is to trapshooting what Cobb is to baseball, what Evans is to golf, what Gould is to court tennis, what Brookes is to tennis, what McLean is to skating, and what "Pep" Geers has been these many years to the light harness world.

In sporting circles phenoms come and go yearly but it is the fellow who stands the pressure of time that counts. The player with the record of consistency over a term of years is the one we look up to with admiration.

In only one year since he broke into the Detroit outfield has Cobb been surpassed by any other batsman in the American League. That denotes class. In ice skating "Bobby" McLean hasn't lost a championship in 10 years. That is an indication of the ability that McLean possesses. Norman Brookes has played tennis in world's matches for a generation and is still one of the best. "Chick" Evans has been one of our very best golfers for a number of years and for a dozen years or more Jay Gould has proved supreme as a court tennis player. Not once has he been defeated.

And for eleven years Charley Spencer has been one of the real top notchers in the art of trapshooting and his average for this 11-year period far excels that of any other trapshooter in the world. Not once in these 11 years has his average been lower than .96—meaning by this that he has always been able to break more than 96 targets in every hundred all the way



up in the thousands for Spencer has fired at close 5,000 targets a year in registered tournaments. Averages are maintained only on the tournaments that are registered by the American Trapshooting Association. The targets shot at in club competition and friendly exhibitions are not listed. Spencer shot just as many if not more targets in club matches as he did in registered competition and in these events his average was even better than in registered tournaments. Of these we cannot talk, however, for there is nothing official about them.

Spencer's average for 11 years is .9677. He shot at 53,435 targets and broke 51,706. Twice in this period has he led all the trapshooters in the country in the averages—in 1909 and 1915. No shooter has ever equalled his mark of 1909, that of averaging .9720 on more than 8,000 targets, nor has any one ever touched his 1915 figures when he averaged .9750 on nearly 6,000 targets. In 1909 at Viola, Ill., Spencer compiled a run of 565 straight—meaning that he broke 565 targets in succession. The shoot lasted two days. Spencer broke the entire program of 200 targets each day and then on the second day he continued for a record. After breaking 565 he was forced to discontinue shooting because he had no more shells. This record still holds good.

Spencer is of the opinion that his record run is more than 700 straight. He claims to have broken in the neighborhood of 150 straight in the next shoot he went to after leaving Viola but as we have been unable to locate the figures his record will have to stand as it appears in the record book—565 straight.

And you can take it from me that breaking 565 straight isn't the easiest thing in the world to accomplish. We know hundreds of shooters who would give up gladly the remaining days of their life if

they could break 100 straight. We were at Pinhurst recently and watched 217 shooters perform over a stretch of seven hours and the best run in all that time was 72. At the Grand American Handicap in Chicago a year or so ago in the neighborhood of 800 shooters fired a ton or more of powder at more than 300,000 clay targets in six days and not one of these shooters broke 100 straight at any time during the week. That gives you an idea how easy it is to break 565 straight.

When a shooter gets going on a string like this it is quite a load on his mind. Several years ago Harry Lorenson of Newman, Calif., made a run of 345 straight after missing his first two targets in a shoot at Los Angeles and the strain was so great that Lorenson has not performed with meritorious ability since.

Quite a number of trapshooters in the course of a year make runs of 50 straight, and a number go over 100 straight, but above these figures they always begun to wonder when "one is going to get away" and after that one gets away then they go after another string. Spencer believes he can break them all—and tries to break every one and that is the main reason he is today the greatest of all trapshooters.

Spencer began his shooting career in Jerseyville, Ill., in August, 1889, winning a gold medal and a silver cup. In one event he tied his father, and beat his "dad" on the shoot off. He came along gradually and in 1906 he won the Southern Handicap with 98 breaks in 100 from 20 yards. He won the professional championship of the United States in 1910, was the high average shooter at double targets in 1915 and 1916 and in 1917 won the Hazard trophy, emblematic of the World's Double Targets Championship. Besides his run of 565 Spencer has made runs of 456, 312 and 309, and his 312 run was the best of 1912 season.

JUSTICE BUCKLEY ON GOLF

Mr. Justice Buckley, in Haskell Golf Ball Company vs. Hutchinson. Vol. 22. Reports of Patent Cases, London. Printed for His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1905.

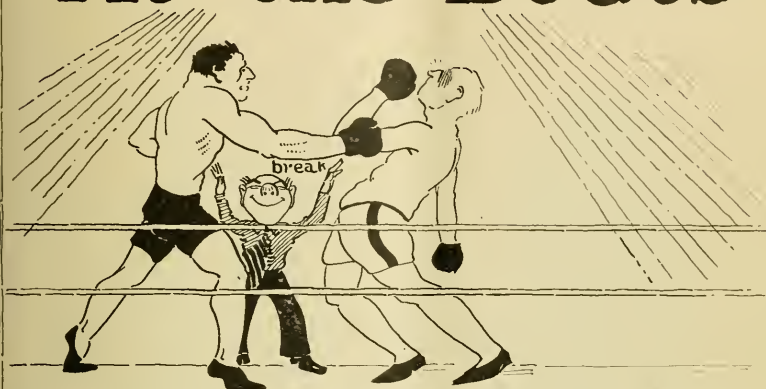
The fascination of golf lies largely in the great variety of strokes and the consequent difficulty of insuring success in all, or, speaking for myself, in any of them. There is an irresistible attraction in a game in which skill seems at one moment to have been attained only to be lost the next with bewildering suddenness. Eye and muscle must be trained to a perfect obedience, and that an obedience, not to repeat the operation last performed, but to perform a new operation varied according to the altered circumstances of the case. For success the golfer must master not only the swing and

follow of the drive but also the accuracy of the approach stroke and the nice judgment and perfect control of the putt on the green. More holes, it has been said, have been lost on the green than have been won by the length and accuracy of the drive. The ideal golf ball must be one which will assist, or, at any rate, not hinder the player in any variety of stroke that he has to make. The Plaintiff's claim that their Patentee invented such a ball in that it contributes, as they say, two contradictory qualities, namely, first a high resiliency in answer to a heavy blow on the tee, and, secondly, a muffle upon that resiliency, so that the ball becomes relatively inelastic for the purpose of putting on the green.

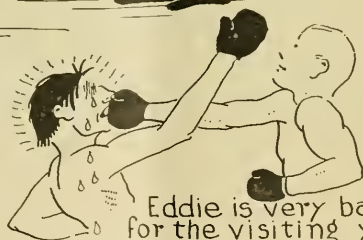
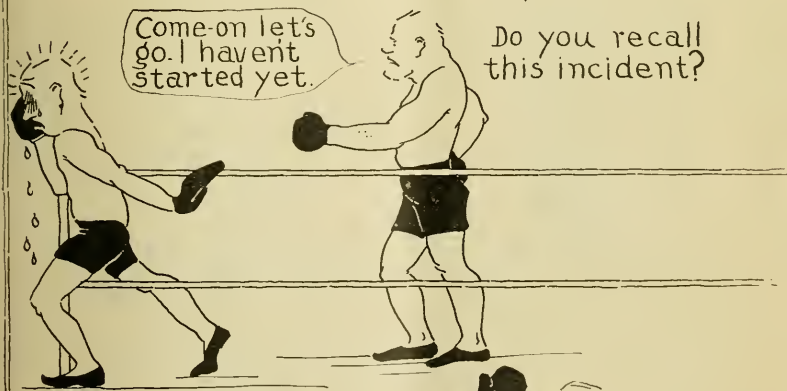


Left to Right—DAVID CARTWRIGHT (175 lbs.), PAUL POULOS (158 lbs.), THEO. SARRIS (158 lbs.), HERB. McNAMARA (145 lbs.), JOHN MAURUS (135 lbs.), NICHOLAS DREOVOLOS (125 lbs.), JIM LEOLITSAS (115 lbs.).

At the Bouts



Heinie Miller had to do the Hercules with the big boys.



Eddie is very bad medicine for the visiting young men.

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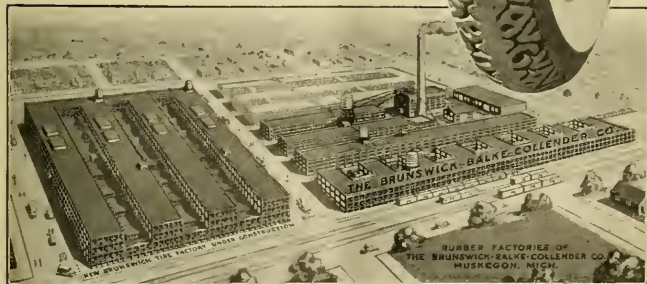
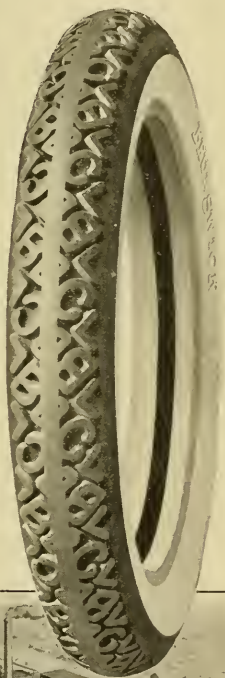
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PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

MARCH, 1920

INCOME:

Dues	\$20,235.48	
Initiations	7,565.00	
Department Operations	2,450.44	
Visitors' Cards	231.00	
Commissions	51.26	
Discounts	102.39	
Miscellaneous	14.86	\$30,650.43

EXPENSE:**General Club Expense:**

House	\$8,277.54	
Engine Room	2,542.46	
Electricity	648.10	
Water	909.80	
Store Room	371.70	
Library and Periodicals	125.71	\$12,875.31

Administrative and General Expense:

Office Salaries and Expenses.....	\$2,145.93	
Administrative Salaries and Expenses...	715.99	
Taxes	744.23	
Telephone	450.84	
Estimated Lost Accounts	200.00	
Insurance	325.04	
Miscellaneous	230.80	
Stationery and Printing	367.25	\$ 5,180.08

Other Expenses:

Special Events.....	\$ 5.00	
Interest	1,646.67	
Depreciation	925.00	
Athletic Activities	2,729.18	
Publicity Committee.....	3.30	\$ 5,309.15

Total Expenses:		\$23,364.54
NET INCOME		\$ 7,285.89

CERTIFICATE OF AUDIT

We have audited the accounts of the Olympic Club for the month of March, 1920, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Income of \$7,285.89, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

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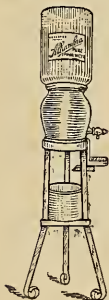
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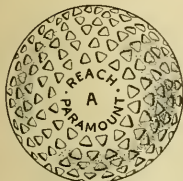


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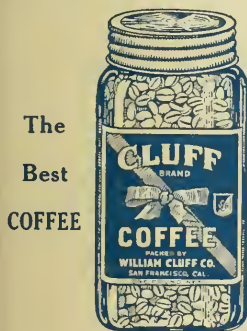
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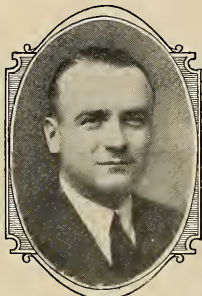
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LOOKING DOWN THE MUZZLE OF A BOW AND ARROW



Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents. For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

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VOL. IX

MAY, 1921

No. 5

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; J. R. Hanify, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, Stanley Fay, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, Thomas J. Coleman.

Keep On Boosting!

The BB Campaign, organized for the adequate advertisement of the advantages and interests of Northern California, has twice before been briefly touched upon in the editorial column of *The Olympian*.

The San Francisco papers, both daily and weekly, have contributed their influence in display headlines and well-written editorials and special articles, but aside from the Chamber of Commerce, it has not been developed that any other respectable body of citizens, civic, military or social, have been interested, further than to say "well done" and then wait for someone else to do the booming.

The President and Board of Directors of the Olympic Club are deeply interested in this movement to place the City of San Francisco where it properly belongs on the economic map, and they feel that the Club membership itself should, one

and all, individually and collectively, do their part.

It is not enough for Olympians to inwardly approve of the actions of prominent boomers in the furtherance of this most commendable object. The smallest of them, beginning with the juvenile and ending with the modest member who feels that he is not important enough to do other than wait, watch and listen, can do his part, and however small it is he can do some good.

A letter to a friend; a word slipped while having a surreptitious glass; the banker or the floorwalker; the Club official or the lay member; the athlete or he who is just beginning to learn how to be one, can exert some influence, and, however small it be, it can do some good somewhere, and this being an athletic club, this booming might best be done by boosting athletics and the institution where it can be taught better than anywhere else on earth.

Say to people in your own way, and in the belief that it is quite as worthy of attention as that of anybody else who can think and talk, that the various activities of Physical Culture and Athletics are the one dominant factor in the securing of health, without which no rational person can succeed in anything.

Let them know that California, especially that part of it where Olympian influence is strongest, is better equipped to ensure that health than in any other city, state or nation. This is putting it broadly and extravagantly, but remember that effective booming cannot be brought about by going at things over modestly. Claim everything in sight, and remember that we have plenty in full enough vision to create an enviable balance between exaggeration and the whole truth.

What We Can Show

The premise being granted that health is the paramount feature in the acquiring of personal or economic success, and that Physical Culture in some form or other is a fundamental necessity to them, we shall not exaggerate to the extent of one small misrepresentation, if we boldly uphold the theory that San Francisco should be the undisputed Mecca of all who are anxious to secure it.

In the first place we have a climate, where all of the numerous forms of athletics may be indulged in at any season of the year, excepting only winter ones, and anyone who feels the need of them, may secure them in considerably less than a day's run when the snow and ice mantles the canyons and waters of the High Sierras.

The Club records will show that the best Californian athletic achievements have been made by San Franciscans, nearly all of them being either past or present members of this Club, and this claim may be verified by reading the able comment of sporting writers who have been so kind as to contribute to this number of **The Olympian**. It would be needless to recount them here, for they are open to all who wish to see them, just as are the new records now making, every once in a while in the columns of the papers.

It has long been customary, for those who do not know their California, and more especially San Francisco, to speak with amused disdain, and some scorn, concerning all references to its glorious climate. But any one of us can show detractors that we've got the goods and the dispensaries to distribute them, which are free as our healthful atmosphere to anyone who will listen without already existing prejudice.

Distribute these goods, Olympians, Do it often, keep on doing it, and if

your earnest work in this line secure for you no more than 5 or 10 per cent of converts to our point of view, you will have performed a salutary service to your state and your city.

Where else, for instance, can the great game of golf be played in the comfortable knowledge that it may be enjoyed always in cool atmospheres, with not a single torrid day during the entire year? There may be times when a whizzing zephyr from the Pacific may deflect your ball from the intended direction of your drive, but it should not be forgotten that on those occasions there are places not so very remote where there are temperatures almost high enough to melt the ball.

This is an exaggeration, perhaps, but it is better to win a debate by overstatement than to bring about an adverse decision through a too modest and conscientious line of reasoning.

If your intended convert be a man who prefers the more strenuous branches of Physical Culture, it will be a matter simple as well as truthful to demonstrate to him that in the Olympic Club he can be perfected in all of those branches without charge for instructors, and he may swim in the best indoor pool in the country to his heart's content and free of costs of any kind.

If he be a golf enthusiast, he can be shown that clubs of the highest rank are numerous, and should he happen to be economical he will find the finest public course in wondrous Lincoln Park to be found anywhere, and he should also know that the appropriation has already been made for an equally complete course in Balboa Park.

Your points of argument are as plentiful, Boomers, as the points of view on which to hang them, so be neither afraid nor modest, but boost on, boost ever, boost always for Northern California!

Concerning Complaints

As there is no rose without its thorn, nor any virtue or enterprise without its knockers, so is there no editor who sometimes is not compelled to squirm a little under the pecks of critics.

Complaint has been made by readers of **The Olympian** that oftentimes articles are printed which have neither fact nor reliability, and are merely the views of prejudiced faddists.

To these more or less worthy critics, it must be said that this little magazine is published for the especial benefit of the Club members of all classes, and it would not be fair, or wise, expedient or clubby, to deny any member in good standing who wants to write, the privilege of ventilating his theories, beliefs or heresies in his own publication, provided always, that they do not touch upon religion, politics or scandal.

It is not the province of the editors to promulgate any policy save that which is to the interest, personal or otherwise,

of each and every member, and when they print contributions from Club writers, such contributions should not be taken as representing any opinion of their own, but put up to the writers themselves.

Another complaint, and one vastly worthier of notice, is one that is often made by contributors to the effect that their articles are not printed as they have been written.

This cutting—or emasculation, as it is sometimes called—is in most cases unavoidable. It is never known how many articles are to be written; generally there are many more sent in than there is space in which to print them, and in order that all contributions may be served alike, either the blue pencil must be put in action, or articles omitted altogether, crowded out through lack of space which factor is always arbitrary.

Contributors may be assured that there are no favorites, and that all will be treated alike.



MEN WHO ARE GETTING 1921 AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM IN SHAPE

Left to Right—Ben Wallis, assistant coach; Omar Bradley, assistant coach; Bill Poellnitz, trainer; Jack Spaulding, Commissioner.

Right to Left

TO A MOTHER OF FUTURE OLYMPIANS

The Seven Wonders of My World

Soft as the down of birds, beyond compare,
Fine as a tiny spider's silken snare,
Lustrous as sunbeams caught on brazen shields—
A queen's crown dims before my true love's hair.

The Heaven piercing lark may well rejoice,
For it has heard the sweetheart of my choice
Spell love in tones no lute could imitate—
No earthly notes could match my true one's voice.

Neither Circean song nor wanton wile
Can charm, or e'en a lonesome hour beguile:
Love's lurid leers leave me both cold and calm—
I crave the luscious sweetness of your smile.

Dark pools of brown which answer—"Yea, O yea,"
To every wish, before my lips can say
Them in the fairest words my thought can frame,
Lights of a soul which mates mine, grave or gay.

No blithsome birdling from a rose cup sips
Such nectar as perfumes my sweet one's lips,
A kiss, soul searching soul, with arms entwined,
Fills me with fire from brain to finger tips.

God gave Thee grace and me the boon to see
The full flowered glory of love's ecstasy:
The world may tremble—nation's crash and fall—
Have I not found my Paradise in Thee?

A miracle, renewed from day to day;
A treasure, worth the jewels of all Cathay;
The Alpha and Omega of my span—
The LOVE you say is mine 'til worlds decay.

The dizzy dancers trot in joyous glee;
The wine cup passes, setting tired souls free—
A lifetime of such revelry I'd give
For one sweet hour 'neath Soledad with Thee.

A mellow moon peers o'er the mountain's crest
And finds the sea in silvery spangles dressed,
And finds, Ah Love, may it be always so—
Yes, finds—your soft lips to mine own close pressed.

BILLY ANON.

(NOTE.—Such a true poet, as is this modest contributor, should not conceal his identity under so trivial a nom de plume.

HUNTING SMALL GAME WITH BOW AND ARROW

By ARTHUR H. YOUNG

SMALL game, such as the rabbit and squirrel, is usually hunted with a small rifle or shotgun. The best and keenest sportsman will use the rifle, as the proper placing of one bullet gives him greater satisfaction than the throwing of two or three hundred shot at one time with each load.

To talk of going in quest of small game with the bow and arrow might seem rather far fetched to one not familiar with the use of this weapon; and no doubt the uncertainty of securing game after hitting it looms up as another handicap for one wishing to become a disciple of Robin Hood.

We know the Indians secured their meat by several different methods, but the major part they obtained by the bow and arrow. Moreover, this method afforded the best sport to be obtained by the various ways they had of filling the

larder and supplying their winter needs,

To just what extent the Indians were favoring their most jealously guarded possessions—the game fields—by using the arrow, we shall never know; but one thing seems certain, and that is, the game fared better than it would have done had gunpowder been used. I have firmly established in my mind the belief, that for game protection, the Indians had the system. I might say that the quantity of game extant prior to the introduction of firearms furnished sufficient proof to warrant this belief.

It seems that a better method of securing his game was unknown to the Indian.

During the winter of 1911 a naked and half-starved Indian was forced to leave his hunting territory and seek food, which resulted in his capture at a slaughter-house near Oroville, Cal.



A Good Mess With Bow and Arrow



Shooting Fish With the Arrow

This Indian belonged to a tribe that was supposed to have been exterminated some forty years previously, when he was a boy, and he naturally believed that death would follow his discovery and capture. This so-called savage had lived all these forty years practically unobserved, and he knew nothing of civilization. He was a real primitive man, his only weapons being the bow and spear. Brought to San Francisco shortly after his capture he was taken in charge by the men of science. Soon he became very fond of his white friends; and as time went on, Dr. Pope and I had the pleasure of hunting with this redskin, and I learned some of his methods of getting game. His system was to shoot at short range and make the shot deadly. Twenty to thirty yards was his favorite distance, and seldom did he shoot farther.

Doc and I would shoot at any distance within the range of our hunting arrow—two hundred yards—and take a chance. Of course we at times endeavored to get up close to our game and were successful in doing so. This style of shooting spelled more game for his white brothers, but the Indian would roll up the larger percentage when scoring the number of arrows shot.

Shooting at various ranges enabled me to observe what the arrow will bring the hunter and how the game is treated.

I was about to say that it had been my lot to shoot too much game with the rifle, but I believe such is not the case, now that I want to draw a fair comparison of these two very different weapons.

In referring to small game I am going to take the ground squirrel, as this little animal is quite capable of taking care of himself, and when wounded is very likely to get away. I have killed many of these animals both with the gun and the arrow.

When one of these pests can often

make his escape down a hole when shot in a vulnerable spot with a rifle bullet, how much more easily and frequently is his escape effected with a poorly directed shot?

On the last trip after these little grain destroyers I took my .22 S. & W. target pistol and gave a friend my .22 WRF. Hollow point bullets were used and the killing power was naturally good.

I instructed my companion to shoot for the head or shoulders, as otherwise much of his game would be lost after being shot. I also requested him to keep a careful count of all game wounded that escaped and to bring in all that he killed.

Being a powder burner I felt that I was no more guilty than some others for the wounded that got away. I returned to my car with forty-two squirrels, and I left nineteen behind, some no doubt dead, others suffering. The return of the other hunter with his .22 WRF accounted for eleven more dead squirrels and a report that twelve had made good their escape



Dr. Pope with Porcupine

after being hit. His large percentage of wounded spelled nothing more than just shooting at the animal, and not aiming for a vital point.

As to this particular little animal the above figures are fair, although some times a better showing is made, and again a worse one, depending largely upon who is handling the gun.

I have killed many of these squirrels with the bow and arrow, yet up to the present writing, have had only two escape after having been hit. One day's shoot with the bow netted me seventeen, and during this hunt I had my first squirrel get away wounded.

The successful securing of game shot with the arrow is due to the fact that the arrow holds fast, and if death is not instantaneous, attempted escape is unsuccessful.

The amount of game killed with the arrow is of course much less than that killed with the gun, and frequently several arrows can be loosed before the game becomes frightened.

A squirrel is very curious about an arrow and at times as many as three or four arrows may be shot before he decides to change his strategic position. Sometimes he will go down a hole only to come right up again, evidently with a desire to learn more of this new phenomenon. The very next squirrel to be shot at might sit on the job until he is killed, or it gets too hot for him.

Frequently one of these little fellows will take the precaution that only his head be seen, and at the first shot fired will disappear.

If the light conditions are favorable a squirrel will occasionally discover an arrow in flight before it reaches him. Then there is a scene of quick action, and little lacking to make confusion. The action of the bow as the arrow is released is frequently the cause of put-

ting the game to flight—providing they can see this action, or motion of the bow.

A jack rabbit will often squat on the ground when an arrow strikes something near him, but a cottontail will waste no time in getting out of danger, and he knows just where he wants to go.

An arrow sent past a flying bird often results in a very amusing sight. I have seen a buzzard tumble and fall several yards before catching the glint of an arrow passing close to him, and usually he simply takes the shortest and straightest cut to leave the country.

At one time while trailing a deer with good prospects of obtaining a shot, and having one of my best broadhead arrows on the string ready for action, I noticed a buzzard above me. I could not resist the temptation to see some fun, and upon releasing my shaft was not disappointed. He performed wonderfully.

After flopping and tumbling for fifteen feet he caught himself in the air and started to clear out of the country.

This was my first glimpse of a buzzard



ARTHUR YOUNG
Seventeen Ground Squirrels in One Day

with his neck let out—and extended. It went up and down, round and round, and in every conceivable direction trying to locate the enemy.

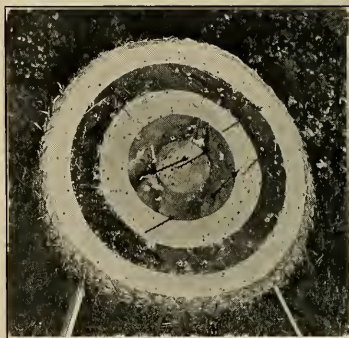
Strange to say, the birds that make the greatest effort to escape an arrow are usually of the variety that have had little to fear from birddom—such as the buzzard and bluejay.

One wise old jay (referred to by above mentioned Indian as “old woman—too much talk”) was resting on the branch of a large bush when I discovered him. He no doubt had accomplished his day’s work of destruction, and one can imagine the noise and disturbance created while performing his loved task.

Naturally I could not resist a shot. He apparently was not as sleepy and fagged-out as I thought, for when the arrow had nearly reached its mark he saw it coming. Evidently the quickest way out of the situation was simply to drop, and this is what he did. I watched closely to see where he would go, and upon approaching the bush failed to locate him. Not another bush anywhere near, and particular attention given to trying to roust him failed. It rather bothered me

to know just how, when and where that wise old bird went. The one thing that is sure, is that he was not killed.

One might grant that it is well enough to shoot small game with an arrow, but what is going to happen when a large animal is struck? This is more than a fair question. I had to experience year after year of successful kills before I was convinced that our success in securing the game after it was shot with the arrow, was not one long continued streak of good luck.



ARTHUR H. YOUNG
With Bow and Arrow at 100 Yards.

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BASEBALL

By FRANK AINSWORTH

IS the big game back to stay? The constituents of baseball fandom are watching this season for an answer to the question. Well nigh towards the end of last season baseball received a setback from which many predicted it would not recover. It is needless to go into the details of the Black Sox exposure.

The taint is analogous to the proverbial bad apple in a barrel of good ones.

I went to grammar school with Swede Risberg, one of those indicted for throwing games, and he was rangy even then. He invariably beat up the umpire in the games, and I remember one championship game (he had been whipped at school for some misconduct) and he "dogged" the game that afternoon and the school lost the championship. First flush predictions of the scandal were that baseball was relegated to the odious positions to which horse racing and prize fighting had been forced, because of the lack of moral support of the sporting public.

Indications are that these predictions will not be fulfilled. There are several reasons why baseball has come back—probably to stay. The most significant among these is that baseball undeniably ranks as the national sport of America. It cannot be denied that other sports, football the foremost, bid high last year for the eye of the sporting world, but it seems unsuccessfully so.

Moreover a new element has entered into the game, that may well be likened unto its thyroid gland, lending it robust vigor to its reincarnation. That element is simply but colloquially named, slugging. The fans like to see the ball batted about the corral. The psychology of this is obvious. Action is the thing desired.

The ball gets into action, relatively speaking only when it is hit. A pitcher's duel is waged to yawning bleachers. It is not so much a case today of who won as did he get another?

Of course I refer to the bambino—Ruth. It seems some time during the season last year Reach put out a new ball. The ball was "faster" than the old one. That is, it went further when struck. This new ball was used exclusively last year by the American League and it will be remembered that compared with the National League, the American League teams were then wrecking crews.

This year both the American and the National League are using the Reach ball. Hence Kelly. But the presence of the great amount of hitting, both in the minor and major leagues, is directly traceable to Ruth. Last year a movie concern got Ruth hitting a homer with the slow time camera. The film shows in minute detail two things vitally essential to Ruth's hitting; first, his position at bat, and second, his follow through swing.

Formerly, batsmen were coached to crouch at the plate and swing with their arms only. Ruth stands upright and puts his whole body into the swing. Of course, as reported, his remarkable success is due to that fact, coupled with his unusual ability to watch the ball break. Ruth petitioned a court of equity for an injunction restraining the use of this film which was denied. The two factors of his success have become more or less public property and today all the boys are touching the deliveries, which all makes for the good of the game, undeniably here to stay, purged of sin and cleansed with ashes.

OLYMPIC CLUB WINS P. A. TRACK CHAMPIONSHIP

By FRED E. FARMER

ATHLETIC experts have dubbed the University of California track team a "wonder team," and a few other nice names, and maybe the Bruin team deserves all of them. But this "wonder team" was not capable of injecting any fears into the Olympic Club tracksters, and on May 14, in the Pacific Association championships, some twenty Winged "O" boys went over to Berkeley and gave the Blue and Gold aggregation a regular and decisive drubbing to the tune of 93 to 59. And, oh, yes—Stanford was also in the meet, but the Cards could only make 25 points, so the Olympic Club scored more than California and Stanford combined.

Of course it was not a very nice thing to give California such a licking on the day of their departure for the East, but Coach Frank Foster had figured that it was about time that the Olympic Club won the P. A. championship, so the team just went out and did it.

There were seventeen events on the program, and in ten of these, an Olympic Club man took first place. The Club scored heavily in the sprints—Sudden, Newhoff and Pyne taking second, third and fourth, respectively, in both the 100 and 220-yard dashes. Hutchinson of California won the 100 in 9 4-5 seconds, and Hendrixson of California breasted the tape a winner in the furlong.

Harry Hayward pulled a point in the 440, which was won by McDonald of California, and in the 880-yard run Farmer took second place to Captain Pesky Sprott of the University of California.

The closest race of the meet was the mile run, which was won by Art Forward of the Olympic Club, after he had sprinted

the entire last quarter with Dorr and Waltz of California. But Art reached the tape first and that's what counts.

Charley Hunter, Olympic Club, as per habit, won the five-mile run, and might have set a coast record had he not gotten a kink in his side in the middle of the third mile. But Charley is a scrapper, and finished well in the lead despite that pesty kink.

Johnny Norton, the Olympic Club's sole world's champion at the present time, captured both of the hurdle races from such men as Wells and Williams of Stanford. Incidentally, John has not been beaten this year, and is going better than ever right now.

Matt Sterling added three points to our total by taking second place in the pole vault. Matt used to go to California, and still holds that tradition of holding a dislike of everything pertaining to Stanford, consequently he went out and beat the great Card entries, Black and Wilcox. Norris of California won the pole vault.

Bob Kelly, he of the springy feet, was the individual star of the meet. First of all Bob broke his own Pacific Coast hop, step and jump record with a performance of 47 feet 2 1-2 inches, and after a short breathing spell came back and defeated the great Brick Muller in the broad jump, with a sensational leap of 23 feet 3 1-2 inches. Just keep your eyes clamped on Bob when he bucks up against some of those easterners at the Nationals in Pasadena next month.

Bill Macgurn, who has now forced himself to be recognized as the greatest weight performer on the coast, easily won the shot put and discus throw. George Bihlman took third place in the shot put.

and Snedigar, with gray hair and all, took second place in the discus. Bob Deveraux helped matters somewhat by taking third place in the broad jump, and also took fourth in the hop, step and jump.

The Olympic Club took the first three places in the hammer throw. Jim McEachern won with a toss of 168 feet 10 inches, breaking the P. A. record; George Bihlman took second and Ollie Snedigar, there a million, took third.

McEachern also won the 56-pound weight throw, his mark being 33 feet 9 inches; very exceptional. The Olympians took all four places in this event, Macgurn taking second place, Snedigar third and Bihlman fourth.

This made Macgurn's grand point total of the day thirteen, the best individual performancne.

Snedigar took second place in the javelin throw to wind up the day, Hanner of Stanford winning.

This was a great victory for the Olympic Club, and a slight forecast of what we expect of the team in the national championships at Pasadena.

BY the time the next issue of the Olympian reaches your quivering hands, the Olympic Club track team will be in Pasadena, warming up on the track for the National A. A. U. Junior and Senior Championships. The Club boys have a great chance to win both of these events, and thus equal the achievement of the 1915 Olympic Club track team.

All June, the boys will be put through a series of tryouts and then Coach Frank Foster will select those who will go south to get those titles and bring them back to the Olympic Club. The selection will probably be made from the following men:

100 and 200 yards—Kirksey, Sudden Hutchinson, Newhoff, Pyne.

440-yard dash—McDonald, Hayward, Saxby.

880-yard run—Farmer, Sprott.

One-mile run—Forward, Mejia, Sprott.

Five-mile hun—Hunter.

Hurdles—Norton, Pyne, Wells.

Pole vault—Green, Norris, Sterling, Volkmar.

High jump—Muller, Howell, Lachmund, Dalton, Kelly.

Broad jump and hop, step and jump—Kelly, Muller, Dalton, Howell, Deveraux, Merchant.

Shot put—Macgurn, Bihlman, Bowers, Snedigar, Dooling.

Discus throw—Macgurn, Snedigar, Green, Muller.

Hammer and 56-pound weight throws—McEachern, Bihlman, Merchant, Snedigar, Macgurn.

Javelin throw — Hanner, Snedigar, Smith.



Fred E. Farmer

OLYMPIC CLUB SWIMMING TEAM OFF TO A FLYING START ON 1921 SEASON

By ERNEST MAYNARD SMITH

1921 CHAMPIONSHIPS WON BY OLYMPIC CLUB TO DATE:

A. A. U. senior fancy diving championship, 10-foot board—Clarence Pinston.

A. A. U. junior 100 yards, free style—Lester E. Smith.

Pacific Association junior 100 yards, free style—Tony Karaczefsky.

Pacific Association 200 yards, free style—Lester Smith.

A. A. U. junior fancy diving, 10-foot board—Phil Patterson.

A. A. U. junior 400-yard relay—Olympic Club, with E. M. Smith George Schroth, Tony Karaczefsky and Lester Smith.

CAVILL'S finny school down in the natatorium are off to a flying start toward the Pacific Association, and Pacific Coast aquatic supremacy. Sid has a TEAM this season. Well balanced and well coached. The point getters are all Big Time artists, first point placers, so Sid need have little fear of failing in his schedule to win both the championship titles.

Note for example this collection of seals:

LESTER E. SMITH, truly a great amphibian, who ranges the seas like a twin six shark. On dope Les should win enough gold medals this year to put a new plate on the dome of the City Hall.

TONY KARACZEFSKY, who, in spite of the fact that his name is pronounced "Keg-o'-Whisky," has splashed salt water in the eyes of all comers, except Les, in all events from 100 to 220 yards.

"TINY" GEORGE SCHROTH, who, while growing like a weed, can still make the 230-pound class in the middle distances. Schroth is a back stroker with few peers in the West.

JACK HOWELL, Olympia's great breast stroke swimmer, who can swim free style when he has the mind.

CLARENCE PINKSTON, the world's high diving, and America's 1921 fancy 10-foot spring board diving champion.

PHIL PATTERSON, junior A. A. U. 10-foot spring board fancy diving champion, who came all the way from Yosemite Valley to wear the Winged "O" in the recent championship event. Phil makes an able second to our great star, Pinkston.

CHARLIE O'BRIEN, the boy with the Irish finish in the distances. Lots of fight.

LEO PURCELL, last year's marathon swimming champion, who is plugging better this year than ever.

Space forbids the enlargement of this list. Suffice it to say that there are numerous other mermen in Cavill's roster whose performances indicate that they will become the big leaguers of tomorrow. All are working toward one result, the winning of the Pacific Association and the Pacific Coast Swimming Championships.

As a sort of high light it is well to note that the Olympic Club won both the senior and junior A. A. U. 10-foot spring board fancy diving titles for 1921. Pinkston, the world's high diving champion,

won the senior event, defeating "Happy" Keuhn, of the Multnomah Athletic Club of Portland, who was the Olympic victor in the spring board event at Antwerp. Pinkston won a clean cut victory against the Portland boy, beating him on his own home board and with home judges holding the cards. This is an excellent reflection on the sportsmanship of the northern Judges, who gave a visitor the highest score against their own world's champion. Anyone who has judged diving knows how the home lad usually gets the breaks, in spite of the impartiality of the majority of the judges. At any rate

it should be noted that never before in the history of the A. A. U. has one club won both the diving championships.

In the recent swimming meet in the Club pool Arthur Skelton, the lithe young swimmer of the Illinois Athletic Club, defeated Jack Howell for the 220-yard A. A. U. breast stroke championship after a wonderful race.

On the whole, the Winged "O" swimming team has made an excellent start for the 1921 season, the culmination of which both McLane and Cavill hope to be the winning of the Pacific Coast championships at Seattle and San Diego.

PACIFIC COAST FOIL CHAMPIONSHIPS

THERE has been quite a revival of interest in the sport of fencing during the past few months. Early in the spring a Pacific Coast Division of the Amateur Fencers' League of America was formed and this served as a starting point around which interest in the game could be built up.

Informal meets were held at the Olympic Club, Stanford and at the University of California, in which the Olympic Club fencers easily upheld the honor of the Club.

The spring season closed with two championship meets held at the Olympic Club. The first was the Pacific Coast Foil Team Championship, which was won by the Olympic Club team composed of J. F. Leicester, Dr. Jean Oliver and Dr. F. B. Taylor. This team defeated all its opponents decisively, losing only two of the eighteen bouts which they fenced.

The following week the individual foil championships were held in two classes, novice and junior. Stanford distinguished itself by carrying off first place in both events. The Olympic Club was repre-

sented by R. Devereux, Dr. Taylor and Dr. Cordes. Devereux was one of the medalists in the junior event, the rest going to Stanford, while in the novice event the University of California carried off the second and third honors. These events greatly stimulated the growing interest in the sport and brought to the front J. W. Patterson of Stanford, who, by winning the junior champion-



WINNERS IN THE FOIL TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP
Left to Right—First, Dr. F. B. Taylor; second, J. F. Leicester Jr.; third, Dr. Jean Oliver.
Olympic Club Team.

ship, showed himself a fencer of great promise.

The Olympic Club has a small but interested group of active fencers. Dr. Jean Oliver, who has fenced for many years both in this country and in France, ranks with the best in the United States. J. F. Leicester has had a great deal of experience in competition in Eastern intercollegiate contests, and furnishes keen competition to Dr. Oliver. These two men, who have no difficulty in defeating any of the local fencers, refrained from entering the individual championships so

that more interest would be aroused in them, but as soon as more fencers are developed on this coast they can be relied on to uphold the Olympic Club's prestige in the sport. Two other enthusiastic Olympians are Dr. F. B. Taylor, who was a member of the championship foil team, and R. H. Devereux, who carried off a medal in the individual championships.

The Olympic Club is most fortunate in having as instructor Profesor Robert Miller, who has a reputation among all the fencers of the United States as one of the best of American foilsmen.

THE DOUBLES TOURNAMENT

By JOHN L. A. JAUNET

ANOTHER successful tournament was brought to a close when the finals were played Sunday, May 1. A large crowd was on hand to witness the matches and it was certainly at times wrought up to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

THE FOURTH CLASS

Probably two of the greatest surprises occurred in the fourth class, when the Macgurn brothers were humbled by Citron and Gavin, and Loney and Morrissey succumbed to Rumwell and Rumwell. The Macgurn brothers in particular were looked upon as almost invincible; in fact, the criticism was freely made that they were really too strong for the class and should properly have been placed in the third. But it took Citron and Gavin to dispel this theory, for they completely smothered the brothers, after losing the first game to them, 14-21, 21-11, 21-9. Incidentally, it should be mentioned that a time record was probably achieved in this contest, since it was finished inside of thirty minutes. The way all four players slammed the ball was a caution.

Dr. Rumwell and his son Arnold put up a splendid battle against the admittedly stronger team, Loney and Morrissey. After losing the first game, 21-16, they came back strong and captured the second, 21-7. It was in the third game, however, where they showed their real mettle. With the score 20-13 against them, they took a decided brace, snatching victory from the jaws of defeat, 21-20.

Thereafter, Citron and Gavin met the Rumwells in the semi-finals, the youngsters proving irresistible with their whirlwind style of game. They won in a canter in two straight games, 21-8, 21-12.

The finals brought together Babe Adams and Babe Maggini against Citron and Gavin. Art and George hurricaned through the first, winning 21-10; the second was taken by the two Babes, 21-16; in the third, Art and George became unsteady, an advantage their opponents were not slow to seize, the long end of the score going to them, 21-12.

THE THIRD CLASS

The contenders in the semi-finals were

Roy Handlos and Jack Tait against Peter McPhee and Fred Baxter. It was a splendid contest, requiring three games before the winner was determined, Handlos and Tait turning the trick, 21-16, 19-21, 21-15.

The winners then met Burt Larkins and Steve Norton in the finals. Three exciting games were staged, the third furnishing the thrill. Handlos and Tait were the winners, 21-10, 12-21, 21-19. In the play-off, Handlos and Tait repeated, 11-21, 21-8, 21-7, thereby securing first prize.

THE FIRST CLASS

No match in the entire tournament attracted greater attention or was provocative of more discussion as to the outcome than the one in which Jack Donovan and Preston Steiger were opposed to

Frank Foran and Joe Murray. Placement in the finals was the stake at issue, neither team having theretofore tasted defeat. Although only two games proved necessary to produce the winner, they were both at all times bristling with action and very closely contested, indicated by the scores, 21-17, 21-15.

Foran and Murray succeeded in taking the long end of each game. Frank's handball star was certainly in the ascendant, his playing being nothing short of brilliant. His uniform steadiness and coolness, his precise and accurate judgment together with his well-timed "kills" from the back wall and during the heat of play combined as the vital and determinative factors in effecting the undoing of his energetic opponents.

Next in order was the contest in which



WINNERS OF THIRD CLASS

Royal E. Handlos

Jack Tait



Jack and Preston were pitted against Jim Abrams and George Bond. This was also a close and interesting encounter, Jack and Preston being hard put to it to win two straight, 21-15, 21-16.

Interest was somewhat heightened when Donovan and Steiger faced Hyde Lewis and George Svetinich for the sec-

ond time during the tournament. In the first contest, Jack and Preston took two out of three. The question was, could they repeat?

The first game was a real battle, with Jack and Preston on the long end, 21-17; the second was just a frolic for Hyde and George, who breezed through by a score



of 21-5. The gallery then settled in their seats prepared to see a battle royal in the third. In a measure, their hopes were realized, when the score at the end of the sixth inning stood 14 to 10 in favor of Lewis and Svetinich. But Jack and Preston "blew," Lewis and Svetinich winning ultimately by 21-14.

George performed in his usual masterly manner, his cross shots and accurate kills being responsible for the overwhelming win in the second game. Hyde rose to the occasion in the third. Playing as if possessed from the sixth inning on, he literally swept his opponents off their feet

with his lightning speed and phenomenal kills.

A packed gallery was in attendance to witness the closing contest between Foran and Murray against Lewis and Svetinich. As it marked the first time that these two teams had faced each other in the tournament, interest was naturally keen and speculation rife as to their respective chances, quite a few pinning their faith to the Lewis-Svetinich combination, especially after their decisive defeat of the Donovan-Steiger pair.

It proved to be an exhibition in which Murray at all stages clearly stood out as the dominant factor. Never did he show to better advantage at any time during the tournament. Working with admirable precision, his left and right resembling two pistons in action, he veritably "anni-

hilated" his opponents with his dazzling speed and rifle-like kills, routing them by the score of 21-2. He continued to dominate the situation in the second game, ably abetted and assisted by Frank, which was won by the score of 21-11.

SEEN IN THE COURTS

Larry Granfield registered a win during the month over Tom Whitaker, Larry taking all three games, 21-15, 21-7, 21-12.

Frank Foran, after losing two games to Frank Osborn, 21-15, 21-17, spotted Osborn 10 points in the third game for a handball. Foran administered the coup de grace by the score of 21-18.



WINNERS OF FIRST CLASS DOUBLES CHAMPIONS, 1921

Joe "Red" Murray

John L. A. Jaunet

Frank J. Foran

BILL RANFT COMES TO TOWN

'Murder Ball' Bill Ranft paid us a visit while homeward bound after participating in the national handball tournament held in the city of Detroit in the latter part of the month of March. He worked out several times in the courts, showing up very well with the soft ball, to which he is now in a measure unaccustomed. The semi-hard rubber ball is the standard adopted by the American Athletic Union, and is the one which is in general use throughout the country. Bill demonstrated that he possesses speed in abundance.

His initial effort was in a doubles, in which he and Dick Shannon bested Jack Johnson and Fred Sherry, after three very lively games—21-20, 21-19, 18-21.

Later, he and Jack Johnson engaged in a singles combat. Jack took the first, 21-20, and Bill the next two, 21-5, 21-18.

Thenext man to cross Bill's path was Preston Steiger. Three games were played, in two of which, the first and third, the score became tied at 20, bringing into application the new rule requiring three consecutive points to be made before a win can be scored. Bill lost both of them, 25-23, 24-22. The intermediate he took, 21-5.

Bill Larzalere took Dr. Rumwell down the line in two straight games, 21-12, 21-14. Bill had just come back from the springs, where he went to recuperate after his exertions at the handball banquet. He was full of "pep" as well as of his customary line of conversation. The doctor does not concede Bill's supremacy, and will take him on again after Bill loses some of that spring-acquired reserve of energy.

Tom Whitaker bagged two in a row, when he took the measure of Frank Foran, 21-13, 21-11, 21-9, and then pinned the Indian sign on George Bond, 21-13, 21-11, 21-10, both in the same day.

Dick Dannmeyer fell a victim to the skill of Frank Foran. In two games Frank spotted him 10, Dick losing each, 21-15, 21-15. In a third, Frank generously increased the handicap to 15, but Dick was able to score only 3 points, Frank winning 21-18.

THE POSITION TOURNAMENT

Challenges are beginning to pour in. The first to be decided was the one issued by Larry Granfield against Louis Lichtenstein. The match was played the day of the finals. Louis won in two straight, at a cost of three handballs to Larry.

THE HANDBALL BANQUET

By GEO. T. DAVIS JR.

IF there is any one occasion that will stand out in the memory of all Olympians against the wear of time, it is the 1921 handball banquet, which was held on Monday night, May 9. This affair has become an annual event with the Clubmen, and for many years unique celebrations have been held after the

completion of the Club tournament. However, this year eclipsed all the other occasions in every possible manner.

John L. A. Jaunet, the handball commissioner, began laying his plans for the banquet long before the final rounds had been reached in the tournament. He arranged a program second to none

that has ever been held within the walls of the club. A list was put into the lobby and long before the date set for the affair it was easy to see that all attendance records would be smashed. Many of the last minute members, who did not make reservations, came around on Monday night and overflowed the diningroom.

The first, and perhaps the main attraction for the guests was the "feed" that was spread before them as they entered the room. If there was not another event of interest, if no amusement was offered, if they were not honored by several prominent speakers, the occasion would have been voted a huge success anyway, because of the fine table that was served. Between the courses the Olympic Club famous orchestra, led by Walter King, supplied lively music for the entertainment of the diners.

When all the food had been consumed and the clatter of the table "weapons" had died away, Toastmaster Jaunet introduced the first speaker of the evening, who was none other than the distinguished President of the Club, William F. Humphrey.

Mr. Humphrey made some excuse for being called upon to speak at a banquet of a sport with which he was not very familiar, as a player. He explained that the only success he had ever achieved in the court game was when he trounced Frank Foran, the winner of the Club's championship, with Joe "Red" Murray. Humphrey said, however, that this was before Foran had graduated into the first class. But, at that, Humphrey declared that there must have been something "queer" with the meteoric rise of the Club's Secretary, and he was sure that with ample time to train for the match he would still be able to take Foran into camp.

Speaking on the merits of handball, as

it is played at the Olympic Club, Humphrey said that the court game owes a large part of its popularity to the untiring efforts of Commissioner Jaunet. He said that Jaunet never spoke more than three words to him, without bringing up the plea for more handball courts. These he promised to the members, just as soon as the space is available in the larger quarters that are now under consideration. He also said that one of the policies of the Directors was to take care of the Junior and Athletic members of the Club, for it was here that the Club spirit of the future was embodied. He said that the new quarters would be constructed with a view to having suitable places for the younger members. In concluding his speech, Mr. Humphrey declared that anything that the Club has accomplished or may do in the future was due chiefly to the fine "Olympian Spirit," and it is his one trust that this spirit of the past will always prevail in the future.

At the close of the President's talk, a loud voice was heard from the other side of the room and "Fat" Larue claimed that he now held the floor and intended to run his show. He explained at length that he had paid for his concession rights and would not be cheated out of them because of exceptional talent at the speaker's table. "Fat" argued that he carried his own show with him and that it was the greatest on earth. The first showman was Walt King Jr., who entertained the crowd with a few songs.

Mayor James Rolph, who was the guest of honor of the evening, was then called upon to make a few remarks. He was introduced as an Olympian, who had been imbued with the Club spirit, which he had used in building San Francisco into the dominant city of the west. Rolph said that he felt highly honored when he received an invitation to be present at this banquet, because although not an

exponent of the game of handball, he was a descendant of the greatest ball player the world has ever seen. He referred to Chief Wohonosokok. He stated that Marion T. Salazar, better known as "Sal," who was also at the speaker's table could vouch for that fact. He said that all through the ages man has chased the ball, even as far back as the days of Adam. It it wasn't handball, it was baseball, football, basketball, etc.

Speaking seriously upon the influence of the Olympic Club upon the city, Rolph claimed that the Winged "O" was always to the front in any movement that was for the benefit of the community. In closing he paid a tribute to "DOCTOR" Jaunet that will always be remembered by all those present. In referring to the handball commissioner, the mayor graced him with this distinguished title, thus conferring an honor upon John, that most men only acquire after many years of hard study and preparation.

The Reverend Father Collins was the next Speaker called upon to give his views on the court game. The father was one of the greatest players of the game, not so many years ago, and has a victory to his credit over "Midgy" McGuire. Father Collins said that the greatest pleasure that he could possibly think of was to come down to the Olympic Club and participate in a good game of handball. He said that it was here that all men were on a level footing and able to do exactly as they see fit. He said that one of the greatest propositions that has ever been before the Olympic Club was the acquisition of Lakeside. He advised that this property should be taken over and that in time it would be one of the largest assets of the Club, besides furnishing unlimited pleasure to the Club members.

At this point of the banquet, the Hon. William "Fat" Larue again broke up the

peace by claiming that he demanded what was rightfully his: the privilege of conducting his show without further interruption. He then offered a program of music and comedy that could not be equalled anywhere. Harold Freeman and Al Browne favored with songs, and Dave Pfennig was called upon for a violin solo. Otto Wallfisch and Harry McKenzie were as funny as ever, which is saying a great deal, in a sketch entitled "The Japanese Valet." George Murphy and Al Newman sang "My Mammy" as a duet and "stopped the show." When the applause quieted down Hother Wismer again "brought down the house" with a solo on his violin, accompanied at the piano by George Monaghan.

Bill Larzelere was then introduced by Toastmaster Jaunet and the donator of the beautiful perpetual trophies for the winners of the first-class, issued a challenge to anyone in the Club of his own age.

The final "doings" of the enjoyable evening was the presentation of the trophies to the winners of the recent tournament. John L. A. Jaunet made the awards to the following successful contenders:

First Class—Frank Foran and Joe Murray, first prize; C. Hyde Lewis and George Svetinich, second prize; Jack Donovan and Preston Steiger, third prize.

Second Class—Henry Hellwig and Louis Lichtenstein, first prize; L. J. Granfield and Howard Nowland, second prize.

Third Class—Royal Handlos and John Tait, first prize; Burton Larkins and S. H. Norton, second prize; A. M. Baxter and P. B. McPhee, third prize.

Fourth Class—R. B. Adams and Chas. Maggini, first prize; Art Citron and Geo. Gavin, second prize; Dr. M. E. Rumwell and Arnold Rumwell, third prize.

WITH THE SHOOTERS

THE results of the National Rifle Association 1921 Indoor League matches have just been published, showing the Olympic team roosting safely in sixteenth place. Occupying such a low down position seems pretty poor for the class of shooters we have in the Club; but considering there were 225 teams competing, most of the leading teams were old teams at this game; some being composed practically of professionals. A new style of shooting was tried, and the fact that the Olympic Club team did not receive rifles and equipment until after the matches had started, our showing is remarkable.

Many new men are now practicing with the rifle. We have as good equipment as can be purchased, and after we have had this season's practice in the new methods of shooting, including off-hand shooting, we will be able to hold our own with the best of the Eastern teams.

The Lakewood Rifle Team of Cleveland, Ohio, were the winners of the 1921 Rifle League.

The Shooting Commissioner, Dr. Millikin, called a meeting of the Rifle and Pistol section recently to elect officers, outline a shooting program, and discuss the Club's shooting activity.

The following men were elected officers:

President, C. A. Linder.

Vice-president, C. L. Williams.

Treasurer, A. J. Baker.

Range officer, W. H. Mallett.

Secretary, M. D. McVey.

W. F. Blasse, captain pistol team.

Jess E. Frahm, captain military pistol team.

A. C. Rogers, captain military rifle team.

Matches with other teams to be shot in the near future:

Los Angeles Rifle Club—Pistol, rifle and shotgun, at Los Angeles.

U. S. Marine Corps—Military rifle, at Mare Island.

U. S. Ordnance Department—Military rifle, at Benicia.

U. S. Coast Artillery—Military rifle, at Fort Barry.

U. S. 32nd Infantry—Military rifle, at Fort Barry.

National Guard of California—Military rifle, at Leona Heights.

Oakland Revolver Club—Pistol, at Olympic Club range.

San Francisco Telephone Rifle Club—.22 Rifle, at Olympic Club range.

There has been considerable discussion as to whether a man can shoot more than one gun and be proficient in all of them; or whether a man, shooting in championship form, will sacrifice his scores by taking up and shooting a different weapon.

Being a rifle and pistol shot of late years I have had a good opportunity to study this phase of the shooting game. Long range rifle shots must study all features of the game from a scientific standpoint more than in any other branch. They can not hope to get anywhere with the "cut and try" methods used by shotgun, pistol, or hunting rifle shooters.

Records of big shoots have many names of men winning high honors in matches shooting different weapons. I have followed the records of many of the National rifle matches and have seen the same man win the National rifle and pistol championship, the small-bore, rapid-fire and

shotgun competitions on the same or consecutive days.

A rifle man or pistol man must have form. He must learn trigger squeeze, sight, alignment and physical control. These features control the results and must be mastered no matter what weapon is fired or style of shooting.

I just received a letter from an old time rifle shot. He is considered one of the best range shots we have had. Within the last year he has taken up shotgun shooting over the traps, he never having shot this weapon before. His experience and study of the rifle game has made of him a top notch shotgun man in a very short time. I have taken good pistol men to the rifle range and qualified them as expert rifle men the first time they had fired a rifle.

A quotation from this letter may be of interest to all shotgun and rifle men: "I sure have been going some the last ten days. Started in at Mason City, Iowa, stood out in wind and rain and shot at 650 targets. Didn't do very well, but landed at Ellsworth, Kansas, Monday, May 7, and tied high professional on 150 targets with 140, and beat him in the

shoot-off, 95 to 94. Tied again at Salina with another shark on 191 out of 200 targets and won with 285 out of 300, so you see, old pal, I am coming along with the new game. Say, boy, if I ever can break myself of stopping the gun when pulling the trigger and learn the knack of swinging with it I sure am going to break about all of them."

On Sunday, April 26, a three-cornered match with the military rifle was held on the State range at Leona Heights.

Teams from the Olympic Club, the National Guard of California and the University of California competed. Conditions under which the teams shot were 20 shots per man at each of 200 yards, 600 yards and 1000 yards; teams composed of 10 men each shooting the U. S. army military rifle as issued. Following were the results:

Olympic Club, first place.

National Guard, second place.

University of California, third place.

Captain Williams of the Olympic Club team made the highest individual score of the match.

ROBERTS CAPTURES THE CITY TITLE

Champion in Rare Form—Doubles Go to the Kinsey Brothers—Suhr and Bettens Clean Up in Junior Event

By RAY GREENBERG

THREE out of four events in the San Francisco Tennis championships, decided on the courts of the California Lawn Tennis Club on Sunday, May 15, were captured by Olympians. For the fourth time in succession, the men's singles title went to Roland Roberts, who defeated his fellow club-mate, Howard Kinsey, in the final round.

In the men's doubles, the Kinsey brothers were easily supreme, coming through to the final round with practically no opposition and winning in straight sets from the University of California pair, Wallace Bates and Ed Levy, in straight sets. Suhr and Bettens carved their way through to the final round of the junior doubles, where they achieved a well deserved win

over Jervais Hillis and Bud Chandler of Berkeley. The junior singles furnished the one real upset. Phil Bettens was expected to annex the honors, but he caught a tartar in young Bud Chandler in the final round, and the Berkeley youth triumphed after a great struggle.

Roberts encountered plenty of opposition on his way to the final round in the men's singles title play. The champion was not hitting them on the nose at the outset and the punch, usually the predominating feature of his game, was noticeably lacking. Twice he escaped defeat by narrow margins; on the opening day, at the hands of Irving Weinstein, the rising young University of California player, and the second time at the hands of Phil Bettens, who on the particular occasion he played the title holder, displayed enough class, speed, daring and accurate judgment to warrant the prediction that he would soon be traveling in faster company in the very near future. Roberts, however, displayed on both occasions his usual faculty of pulling himself together just on the occasions when defeat seemed most imminent. After dropping the second set to the University of California star, he put on a burst of speed in the third set against which his opponent was able to make no headway. Roberts found Bettens troublesome all the way through in his encounter with the junior star. Though the match went to the champion in two straight sets, both were close, Bettens hanging on from start to finish and matching drive for drive and volley for volley with his more experienced adversary. Roberts captured the match at 8-6, 7-5.

In the semi-final round, played on Saturday, May 14, Roberts struck his real stride for the first time and encompassed the downfall of Robert Kinsey. On the occasion of the first meeting of the pair in the California Interclub League final

contest, Kinsey proved the victor after a great struggle. In the city championship match, Roberts proved himself master of the situation, and though Kinsey captured the third set at 6-2 he found himself unable to cope with the blinding speed of his opponent in the deciding stanza. The match went to Roberts at 6-3, 6-4, 2-6, 6-4.

In the other semi-final bracket, Howard Kinsey took Wallace Bates, the University of California kingpin, into camp in four sets. That brought the two Olympians together in the final round, and in the contest that ensued Kinsey matched his wits, cool judgment and repertoire of strokes against Roberts' speed, accuracy and determination and the latter emerged victorious in straight sets. The two different styles of play pitted against each other made an interesting racquet contest for the spectators, and though Kinsey tried hard and held a commanding lead in each of three sets, he lacked the punch to break through Roberts' attack at the critical junctures. Roberts clearly demonstrated through his win that, barring only Bill Johnston, he is the best of the local tennis players.

The machinelike, flawless team play of the Kinsey brothers encountered little opposition in the men's doubles event, and the Olympians took the title without dropping a set. John Strachan and Roland Roberts, last year's title holders, did not compete as a team on account of Strachan's enforced business absence from San Francisco.

The junior events furnished the one reversal of form of the meet, or rather, the only surprise, as Bud Chandler of Berkeley clearly earned his win over Bettens. Bettens' playing, however, throughout the tournament, was of the streaky variety, one day stroking the ball like a champion and the next barely es-

caping defeat through wildness. Herb Suhr erred considerably in this respect also, but when the two youngsters acquire more tournament experience, and overcome their tendency to 'smear' every ball within reach, they should be able to hold their own among the best.

With the city championships out of the way, the team is training faithfully for the Central California championships to be held at Sacramento on May 28, 29 and 30, where it is expected the stars will make relatively as good a showing as in the local event.

FOOTBALL

By NAT DYCHES

ALTHOUGH the first thud of the approaching football season is still some months off—mid-August, to be exact—a husky handful of grld hopefuls assembled within the Club portals one day this month to listen to Commissioner Jack Spaulding expatiate on his plans for the next campaign.

Machinery is in operation to bring together the very best material hereabouts not forcibly attached to the college ranks. Men, who last season were the mainstays of Stanford and California varsities, have given practical assurance that they will perform for the Club in the coming season. The outlook, as detailed at the meeting, is decidedly rosy.

Most of last season's formidable team will again answer the call to action. With the appointment of Babe "Benedict" Hollingberry as head coach the long-missing spirit of harmony, lack of which was a bane to the success of the past season, should again be in evidence. As captain of last year's squad Babe was well liked and respected by his men.

He told the small but select gathering of his aims for the coming season in regard to his policy as coach.

"I have not yet decided upon a definite style of play or the various plays which will make up our attack," said Hollingberry.

"My chief concern will be to get all

the men working together as a unit, to see that a proper regard is kept for training regulations and to work toward the development of teamwork. I do not in-



AL WILLIAMS
Half-back from Cornell University

tend to dictate to any man how he shall play his position. I shall select my men from those who are able to take care of themselves in action."

Assisting the head coach will be "Dud" Clark and Ralph Marx, who both have served as coaches of past Club teams.

The schedule of play is an inviting one, including three out-of-town trips, taking in Los Angeles, Portland and Sacramento.. The schedule is also a lengthy one, commencing September 9 and terminating probably on Thanksgiving Day with the annual contest against the combined Pacific Fleet.

The squad will be limited, Spaulding announced, to forty-eight men. One of those certain to carry the Club colors in battle, according to Spaulding, is Cort Majors, captain of last year's University of California wonder team. Majors has completed his college career and is

planning to locate here. Hall, another California line husky, has also promised to play. Word has also been received from the famous Bill Steers of Oregon, saying he will be on hand if he is able to make a satisfactory business connection here. The football commissioner is also hopeful of inducing "Swede" Righter of Stanford, last year's All-Star-Pacific center, to come out for the team. Woollomes, with Stanford last season, is another strong man expected to be out for a place.

Peterson, quarterback, has been named captain for the coming season. Peterson is a resourceful, shifty player and a good ground gainer.

Practice will be held again at South Side Playgrounds. Many improvements, such as hot showers and electric lighting in the dressing rooms have been promised.

MORE ABOUT FOOTBALL

By NAT DYCHES

THE passion for reform is apparently deep rooted in the human breast as the primitive emotions. Not even football is immune from the intrusion of the bane. Each year our best little tacticians of gridiron science feel the urge of an itching inspiration and break out like hives with a mass of ideas for revising the great American sport.

Football needs no tampering and meddling. The opening up of the game through the forward pass and the ablation of mass plays has converted a hitherto roughneck brown into a skillful, fast pastime. The element of injury, the one assailable feature, has been reduced to a minimum. Radical revision is no longer necessary.

In all the history of the game nothing has so conduced to equalize the chances

of larger and smaller school teams and nullify the advantage of weight as the development of the forward pass. It is one of the prettiest of plays from the spectators point of view. And yet there are those who propose to force the aerial attack practically into disuse by striking out the present rule that incompleated passes shall revert to the team attempting the pass. To prescribe possession to the side recovering such passes would mean elimination of their use, save by teams hopelessly outdistanced.

American football is not absolutely perfect. Many alterations can wisely be made and should be made. They should be, however, with a view toward clarifying the rules as they now stand. Radical revision which would disturb the pres-

ent structure of the game should be given no consideration.

Head Coach Andy Smith is wasting no time lining up material for his next season at California. The Golden Bears are holding spring workouts three times a week. The aspirants for the varsity in the season to come will not hold up the progress of the squad by awkwardness, if Smith has his way. Those who have not yet attained skill in the simple fundamentals of the game are being put through a course that will fit them for the Smith style of play.

ARE TIRE PRICES HIGH

A careful analysis of tire prices indicates that they are actually low. On May 2, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company announced a 20 per cent reduction, which established what is undoubtedly a new level for the season of 1921. This reduction brings Goodrich prices down to a point 15 per cent below the pre-war schedules as represented by the 1913 level. According to Bradstreet's Index, general commodity prices have risen 23 per cent during the same period. It is rather startling to find that in 1910 tire prices were 115 per cent higher than today. The lowest point in the history of tire prices was in 1915, and was brought about by the Goodrich Company's Fair List Campaign which a drastic reduction was made for the purpose of eliminating the price inflation which had crept into the industry. This extreme low point was only 20 per cent below present schedules.

Any discussion of tire prices, however, is incomplete unless COMPARATIVE VALUES are considered. The question is: How many miles do I get from my tires today? And how does this compare with what I received in 1915? Beginning with 1915 and the war standardization movement, which extended over a period of several years, tremendous strides have been made in quality and in mileage service of tires. The extent to which this is true is not realized by the motoring public. Yet this increase in service is actually measurable. In the first place, consider the actual increase in size. For instance, cord tires made by the leading companies are uniformly 10 per cent over the rated size. Specialization in the pro-

duction and preparation of raw materials has been of incalculable benefit to tire quality. Remarkable progress has been made in the art of compounding rubber to produce the maximum degree of wear. These salient factors have been supplemented by improved methods of manufacture which have resulted in a uniformity of quality and service absolutely unknown a few years ago. A tangible expression of the greater mileage service now being built into tires is reflected by the higher basis of adjustment generally used by the leading companies. Thus, if a tire proves defective today it is adjusted, under the Goodrich plan, on the basis of 6000 miles if it is of Fabric, and 8000 miles if it is of Cord construction. Contrast with this the adjustment basis in use a few years ago, i. e., 3500 miles, and it is easy to comprehend the great progress made in tire manufacture.

It is not a far-fetched conclusion to say that tires today give from 50% to 100% greater mileage than they did a few years ago. Therefore, if the tire companies were selling mileage today at the 1915 price level, tires would actually cost from \$5 to \$25 more than at present. The conclusion is obvious, therefore, that based on comparative service tires cost less today than ever before.

The rubber industry is to be complimented on its rapid progress toward normal. Leaders of the industry frankly state that the recent price re-adjustment is not warranted by their actual factory production costs, but that it represents an earnest effort to meet the wishes of the Administration and the general public in the establishment of lower price levels on which all classes of trade can unite and transact business.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP APRIL, 1921 ACTIVE

Abrahamson, Lyle, Asst. Mgr. S. F.
Branch Foster & Kleiser, S. F.

Blatchly, William H., V. P. Commercial Art Co., 53 3rd St., S. F.

Bowers, William F., Retired Rubber Mfg., Clift Hotel, S. F.

Chandler, Loren R., Student, Lane Hospital, S. F.

Connolly, George A., Attorney, Mills Bldg., S. F.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP

Cotter, Harold L., V. P. British American Bank, S. F.

Derby, Earle, Supt. of Operations Pacific Oil Co., 65 Market St., S. F.

Herget, John G., V. P. and Mgr. Behrens & Co., 226 Sansome St., S. F.

Hanlon, Dr. Edward W., Physician, 909 Hyde St., S. F.

Knollman, Walter F., Mgr. Transit Co., Bank of California, S. F.

McKeever, Coulter, Adv. Director H. K. McCann Co., 451 Montgomery St., S. F.

Newell, William H., Sect. Wm. Cluff Co., Spear and Mission Sts., S. F.

Nolan, Albert J., Asst. Mgr. Western Sales The Pacific Lbr. Co., 311 California St., S. F.

Tietzen, James H., Banker, Mills Bldg., S. F.

West, Monroe G., Pres. M. G. West Co., 117 Front St., S. F.

White, Stewart Edward, Author, Burlingame, Cal.

NON-RESIDENT

Rastall, B. M., S. F. Chamber of Commerce. S. F.

SERVICE

Berle, Charles K., Major, M. C., Letterman Hospital, Presidio, S. F.

Burnett, George, Brig. Gen., U. S. M. C., Bohemian Club, S. F.

Coughlin, T. M., Lieut. Col. U. S. A., Fort Mason, S. F.

Graham, A. M., Lieut. Col. Q. M. C., Fort Mason, S. F.

Hammond, William H., Capt. U. S. A., Presidio, S. F.

Lunn, Ove, Consul of Denmark, 464 Mills Bldg., S. F.

McKnight, R. D., Second Lieut. U. S. A., Presidio, S. F.



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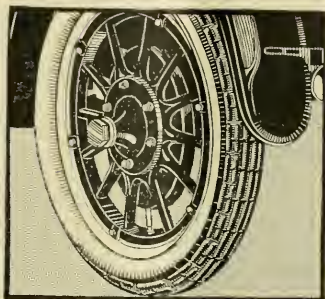
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PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

APRIL, 1921

INCOME

Dues	\$21,019.57	
Initiations	3,495.00	
Department Operations.....	1,690.39	
Visitors' Cards.....	184.00	
Commissions	40.25	
Discounts	34.58	
Rental	1,875.00	
Total Income.....		\$28,338.79

EXPENSE

General Club Expenses

House	\$8,633.15	
Engine Room.....	2,911.26	
Electricity	691.02	
Water	639.26	
Storeroom	284.65	
Library and Periodicals.....	95.73	\$13,255.07

Administrative and General Expenses

Office Salaries and Expenses.....	\$2,954.17	
Administrative Salaries and Expenses.....	646.42	
Taxes	1,076.22	
Telephone (Net).....	602.10	
Estimated Lost Accounts.....	200.00	
Insurance	192.07	
Miscellaneous	267.02	
Stationery and Printing.....	342.94	\$6,280.94

Other Expenses

Depreciation	\$ 925.00	
Interest	2,593.02	
Athletic Activities.....	973.76	
Special Events.....	3.85	\$4,495.63

Total Expenses..... \$24,031.64

NET OPERATING INCOME..... 4,307.15

Deduct

Appropriation for Retirement of Mortgage and Bonded Indebtedness, Sinking Fund not yet established.....\$3,333.33

NET INCOME AVAILABLE..... \$ 973.82

CERTIFICATE

We have audited the accounts of the Olympic Club for the month of April, 1921, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement, exhibiting a Net Operating Income of \$4,307.15, and a Net Income Available of \$973.32, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES O. SULLY & CO.,
Certified Public Accountants.

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(Continued from Page 32)

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JUVENILE

Brown, James H., 9 5th Ave., S. F.
Brown, William P., 9 5th Ave., S. F.
Dempsey Jr., George J., 30 Scenic Way, S. F.

Green, Arthur D., Fairmont Hotel, S. F.
Hobdy, William W., 65 Santa Clara Ave., S. F.

Lind Jr., Edward M., 207 14th Ave., S. F.

Sloss, Henry E., 2515 Webster St., S. F.
Sloss Jr., Joseph., 2515 Webster St., S. F.

ATHLETIC

Hayes, Alfred G., Cashier, 447 Front St., S. F.

Imhof, James R., Student, 1634 19th Ave., S. F.

Joy Jr., Mansfield F., Salesman, 1253 Bush St., S. F.

McChesney, M. G., Burroughs Machinist, S. P. Co., Oakland, Cal.

Reed, Earl, Student, 1333 Grant St., Berkeley, Cal.

Suhr, Herbert C., Banking, 650 Hayes St., S. F.

Williams Jr., T. H., 3527 Clay St., S. F.

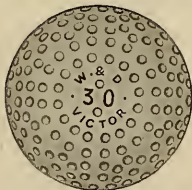
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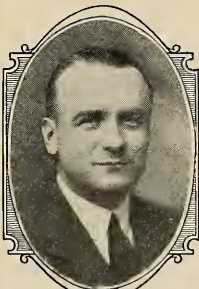


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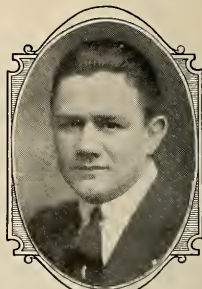
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MOUNTAIN LION KILLED BY ARTHUR H. YOUNG WITH BOW AND ARROW



Owned by, and published to promote the interests of, The Olympic Club.

Single copies (sold at the Secretary's office), 10 cents. For advertising rates apply to the Secretary, Frank J. Foran.

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VOL. IX

JUNE, 1921

No. 6

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; J. R. Hanify, Treasurer.

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Prophecy, Enterprise and Fact

That in five years from today the Olympic Club will be the most completely equipped athletic organization in the world, is a prophecy made in a spirit of positive conviction. That its membership has in it men who are prepared to carry out the fulfillment of the promises of that prophecy, speaks loudly for its enterprise, and that steps have already been taken to climb safely and surely toward that fulfillment is positive fact.

Many things in the way of expansion are needed to develop that fulfillment to a state of positive completeness that will become the envy of all sister organizations, and it may require more than an amount that can be expressed in six figures to accomplish that much to be envied result, but it will be done.

The question may be asked, "where is the money to come from?" just as the

old trombone player asked of his leader, "where is the wind to come from?" when called upon to play louder. But just as the trombone player produced louder tones when they were insisted upon, so will the Olympic Club produce the money that will be required to effect the expansion that has become necessary to make it the leader among other athletic organizations in this or any other country.

As a matter of fact it is not a question of money at all, for that can be easily secured, provided that the membership in itself shall determine to breathe the power of action into the spirit of enterprise that shall bring fulfillment to the prophecy and make the crux of that fulfillment the clinching of an indisputable fact.

The improvement and expansion to the city property, which the abnormal growth of the Club membership has established as a vital necessity, are already familiar through numbers of repeated statements as to their principal details. But the great expansion that must come through encouragement of the several enterprises already under discussion, must have the seed sown and the harvest winnowed into marketable product at Lakeside. Long ago the demand of the rapidly growing golfing contingent for an extra course was answered and work upon the new course is rapidly approaching completion. The shooting batteries for slayers of the clay pigeons have been answered by the addition of sufficient extra batteries to make possible the holding of international tournaments.

But the other classes of Club membership have felt that their activities have been overlooked in the march of Lakeside improvements, and unjustly so, for they have been under consideration always, with a view to provide for them as soon as might become feasible and

financially possible, a home for athletics in all its branches, that would make even an Olympian World Meeting possible.

The feasibility of such a project has been practically decided upon. The manner of financing it has been long under discussion, and promise made that the money can be raised, provided that the ever requisite enterprise shall be to the fore, in order that those whose business it is to provide funds for great projects may be assured that it means business.

In the first place a great stadium is a primal necessity, and the site for it had been tentatively selected. Then it was shown that Northern California has not an automobile speedway to accommodate even the smallest motor races, and why should the Olympic Club not have that too, and earn the entirely probable \$120,000 per year of income? This, too, has been seriously discussed, and only for the fact that so vast a structure might mar the beauty of the spreading lawns near the lake, and obliterate one or two of the most sheltered fairways and tees, plans would have been by this time already prepared for submission to certain and probable investors.

In the center of this automobile speedway or race track, the athletic field would find ample accommodation, for any possible activities however large, in all athletic branches, and the elevated bowl tracks could be encroached upon for seats whenever occasion might require.

The present difficulties of transportation it is believed, would disappear through the building of additional car lines as soon as an enterprise of this character had been made an established fact, and in addition to this not very remote probability, the building of the new Sky-Line Boulevard through some part of the Club's property has already passed the Board of Supervisors and bids for contracts invited.

All of the above is no dream but an entire probability, and prophecy passes it along to enterprise, so that it may become an established fact.

* * *

The Big Fight

Owing to the tardiness still persisted in by contributors in sending in their copy, it now seems quite likely that before this number of "The Olympian" has reached such subscribers as receive their copies by mail, the decisive blow in the Dempsey-Carpentier contest will have been struck, and the American championship successfully defended or for the first time won by a foreigner.

At the present writing it is no easy matter for the unbiased onlooker, especially when he has neither any particular interest in the event, nor any personal knowledge that would cause him to venture a safe prediction as to the result, to make any bets or name the winner.

The bulk of the dope that has been furnished by the best known sporting experts, and also that of writers of reputation whose opinions are of no greater gambling value than those of their readers, is unquestionably on the Dempsey end, and Carpentier is regarded as being pretty much of a joke as far as his possession of championship stamina and punch is concerned.

But, to the disinterested mind at least, there still remains a grave doubt as to the accuracy of this dope, or whether the betting odds published are any real indication of the result to be announced on the 2nd of July.

Corbett was treated as a joke by the great fighting experts before he met Sullivan, and when the gong sounded on that eventful night in New Orleans, the odds were 13 to 5 in favor of the "Big Fellow" with little or no Corbett money in sight. There is much the same story

to tell in respect to expert opinion and betting odds, about the spectacular victories won by Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson, Willard, and lastly, Dempsey, whom most of the wise ones believed had not a ghost of a chance against the mighty Willard.

Again have the dopesters and the bookmakers selected a winner in Dempsey, and Carpentier is generally regarded as being even more of a joke than any of the other belittled champions, who won against the dope and the betting odds. There are many, besides this writer, who are inclined to regard precedent as being quite as valuable in predicting the coming result as are the published opinions of those who are paid high copy rates by their editors, because they ought to know what they are writing about.

Carpentier has committed what, in the eyes of the sporting scribes, is an unpardonable error, in persistently refusing to open his training quarters to the press representatives or to accord them interviews, and this bit of unwisdom has been avenged by numerous articles, both antagonistic and humorous, which amuse the reader but tell the bettor nothing whatever.

So contemplated from this distance, and depending as we must on borrowed opinion, chance and precedent, it is anyone's fight. If the opinions of accredited experts are of the slightest sporting value, Dempsey will knock the Frenchman's block off early in the fight; if chance, assisted by precedent, shall continue to be as accurate as they have been in all the championships of the present memory, Dempsey is a licked man already and this opinion has plenty of supporters.

* * *

Let Them Laugh

Some of the business men of the Club occasionally seem to take great delight

in exploiting their senses of humor over the exercises of the Business Men's class during the noon hour. One of them, who had not the courage of his own well defined convictions was heard to remark the other day that he would like to join it himself, but lookers on always seemed to absorb much amusement from the efforts of fat men at exercise and he was too conscious of being fat.

Men of gathering years and their burdens—and as the years come and go the heavier they become—should submerge their tender sensibilities in the never exacting atmospheres of common sense, and amid the healthful pleasantries of that noon day hour, forget that they are either fat or funny, and that those who laugh at them loudest will be among the first whose next of kin will be searching for friends to act as pallbearers.

These men regard the retention of manly strength through the inroads of the years as being superior, and of much greater importance to their future health, than is such feeble humiliation as may come through the jeers of friends whose names may have already been posted on the roll of Destiny. And this, in most cases, because to them an athletic club is only a good place to get their lunch, indulge in an occasional swim, and laugh at the fat men of their own age, who have found the way to have their names erased from Destiny's pages for a little while longer.

Let them laugh on, Business Men's Class! You have been long on the right track, while they have been just as long asleep at the switch of opportunity, with the unnoticed lever almost touching them, and the wrong track leading them to second childhood before their time, with the laugh on them instead of you.

HUNTING BIG GAME WITH BOW AND ARROW

By ARTHUR H. YOUNG

NOW let us move to a district where larger game may be found.

Naturally our paraphernalia contained our best arrows with steel heads one and one quarter inches wide and three inches long. Two bows for each man, as there is a possibility of one breaking. Three men—W. J. Compton, Dr. Pope and myself—anticipating a good time and some game. Compton had killed large game before with the arrow, and knew what to expect. Doc and I could only be presumptuous enough to believe that a buck would grace our firearmless camp. Not a powder-burning instrument of any kind was in our kit. Doc and I were going to have nothing get away after we managed to get in a shot, so poisoned our arrows. This, we thought, was the only advantage we were taking of the game, as we had our

"doots" about doing the trick as thoroughly as we wished.

This was five or six years ago.

Scarcely had we reached our camping place and unpacked our horses when an evening hunt was on. We were anxious, and a most peculiar feeling came over me as I ventured out on my first deer hunt with a bow substituted for a gun. Confident, still not with the feeling of assurance I desired.

Not more than two hundred yards from camp, when I surprised an old doe by making a sneak to within easy shooting distance. With no intention to shoot, I was simply trying something that was not required with the gun, as a bullet is let drive from any distance.

No bucks were seen that evening, although Compton said he could have



FISHERMAN'S BREAKFAST

thrown his hat over the head of a little spike.

It was fun, and not much short of exciting just to walk or "Injun" around with bow anticipating a shot at a buck.

For deer hunting we use no dogs, and still hunting or "Injun" hunting is resorted to. The deer have a big advantage over the hunter. This animal is alertness personified, and unless found feeding, is most always careful to well protect himself, and there is not much lacking in his ears, eyes and nose. He is a specialist to be sure.

After a couple days' hard hunting Doc shot at a buck at forty yards. The first arrow missed, but the deer never moved. The second shaft caught him in the ribs and the arrow passed clear through, landing on the ground several yards beyond. This deer traveled but twenty yards after being hit. Arrows passing through in this manner deposit no poison, therefore no more was used.

Shortly after this Compton made a fine shot and pinned his buck through the shoulders. My three-pointer was shot in the flank and the arrow came out the shoulder.

Venison galore, and all secured without the aid of dogs and leaving the happy hunting grounds undisturbed.

The following year found us in Northern California after black bear. Our first bear was shot several times in as many seconds, and only one arrow failed to pass clear through. This hit a heavy shoulder bone.

Later we were again after deer and brown bear—and successful.

Eventually we wanted a mountain lion, but as this venison destroyer is quite hard to get at without the aid of dogs, we made arrangements accordingly.

The strange characteristic of this animal to jump from any height when

hit was demonstrated. The instant he was pricked with an arrow he flashed out and landed sixty feet below. His jump was made in the direction he was headed, so Doc and I stepped aside to give him room to land. After regaining his feet from the impact and before we could draw another arrow, he made off through the jack pines.

The dogs having been held, and almost uncontrollable with excitement, were kicking up a great fuss. After a few seconds they were released, and in their anxiety rushed off depending altogether on their sight and making no attempt to use their tracking organs. Doc and I followed and had gone but a few yards when we almost stumbled over the lion—nearly dead. The dogs soon learned of their blunder and joined us. Ely, the best dog, took possession of the lion and



Mountain Lion Killed With Two Arrows
Tuolumne County, Calif.

the rest of the dogs asked no compromise—for the time being.

Doc held a general anatomical diagnosis, while I was content to learn what the animal's stomach contained. As usual—venison.

Lions, black, brown and grizzly bear have fallen before our arrows, yet of the animals shot, all succumbed surprisingly quickly. A statement that five grizzly bears were killed with one arrow each (five arrows in all) will no doubt be discredited by not a few; however, this is the fact. One of these animals dropped only a few feet from where she was hit. In most cases only one arrow is employed to kill an animal, and I have known of only one large animal that escaped wounded. Not a bad record to be sure.

I am not advising the shooting fraternity to hastily throw away their shooting irons and take up the use of the bow and arrow. To become a successful archer requires much practice and patience and for most hunters the securing of game would be too infrequent.

Ned Frost, after having witnessed the shooting by Dr. Pope and myself of both large and small game with the arrow, has appeared in print as follows: "I am converted to the bow after hunting grizzly last spring. I never had so much excitement in my life before. It took only one arrow for each of them—all clean, quick

kills, but one I had to stop within eight steps, though she would have been dead in five seconds; but that would not do in this case. It is the real thing from a real sporting standpoint, and is less apt to cause suffering than the average hunter with a high-power rifle, and far more fair to the game. I am for it strong. I hope you will also be for it, and believe you will when you see it in a different light and understand it better. I think there is far less chance wounding game than with the rifle. You have no idea the wounds these arrows make.

"They are as sure death as anything going, but of course lack the knockdown of the high-power rifle bullet. But think of the real hunting ability necessary to get within range of your game, and of the far smaller number of game animals that would be killed. I tell you I would rather have the pleasure of stalking an old ram, even though I missed him, with an arrow, than to kill a dozen with a rifle."

I might add that Frost's experience has been practically nothing but hunting and trapping.

I have made it a practice never to kill wantonly. The game destroying birds and animals I give no quarter.

After a day's outing with the smoke-wagon, I usually have cause to feel for the wounded.



Bear Picture Returned to Hunters from Battlefield of France



TWO BUCKS BY TWO BOWSMEN

AMERICAN FOOTBALL

By NAT DYCHES

FOOTBALL fans have sped the time since the close of the last campaign with reminiscences of the triumphs of California over the rest of the football world. Indeed, so absorbing has this topic been, it is almost dazing to recall that the 1921 season is only about six weeks off.

The interval is due to be a busy one for those to whom fall the sundry details of arranging schedules and preparing material. It is a time for scurrying, for conditioning playing fields, renewing equipment and the thousand and one odd tasks that make for a smooth playing season.

A glance over the schedule which Coach Hollingberry and Commissioner Spaulding have approved reveals the extensiveness of the task Olympia's gridiron hopefuls will be called upon to face. In all, seven games have been drawn up, with every prospect for the scheduling of additional contests before the playing season arrives.

Practice will be under way three weeks before the opening game with the American Legion, September 9. This will be more in the nature of a test of the team's capabilities. The Legion is going into football in a pretentious way, but it is improbable that the new organization will prove more than a good workout for the more experienced team practice of the "Winged O" men.

A gap of three weeks occurs before Spaulding's men are slated to go into action for their second game. This game, October 1, will be the big one of the season, as the opposition will be Andy Smith's University of California eleven. While the Club and the trans-bay college

are the friendliest of rivals, there is no blood lost when the two football aggregations hook up. Way back in the dark ages of California's football history an Olympic Club team slipped over a fluke victory; and succeeding California teams have done their utmost to work off the grudge born of the sting of defeat. Three weeks seem much too long for a team to remain in idleness prior to an encounter with such a contender as the champion Berkeley squad. Better a team hardened, though somewhat crippled, than flabby from inaction, though intact.

While not so severe a trial, the game with Stanford the week following will be a gala event. Last year the Clubmen slushed through a muddy field and, with the aid of the redoubtable Hank Dobson's corn-fed boot, piled up a 10 to 7 victory. The Club is hopeful of repeat-



JACK SPAULDING
Football Commissioner, Who Will Mold the 1921 Team

ing, but by way of softening the blow will act as hosts to the Stanfordites at a celebration to be held later at Lakeside. Every effort will be put forth to make this game notable in point of attendance, as the proceeds will be given over to the Stanford stadium fund. This date is October 15.

October 30 an army team will take the field against the Olympians. November 6 the team will go to Sacramento for a tussle with Davis Farm. The Cow College has been showing greater strength each season and soon will be a lively factor in the race for gridiron honors.

One battle which the men of last year's squad are looking forward to with goaded determination is the one which terminates the season—the Thanksgiving Day game with the All-Pacific Fleet.

Last Turkey Day the two teams battled for a whole half without scoring. Just before the last quarter of the game Bill Ingram, the mountainous navy back-field star, snagged a pass out of a passing fog-wreath and galloped over the line for the winning score. Ingram will try to repeat next Thanksgiving. The Clubmen have never forgiven him for that touchdown. As practically all of last year's men will be back there is one naval officer who is not going to have a pleasant festival the next time turkey becomes the national bird. All who witnessed the last encounter were one in declaring that the playing was the best seen locally during the season. Both teams played hard, close and accurate football. The coming contest will be well worth looking forward to.

GROWTH OF THE GAMES

By EDGAR POMEROY

Did you ever plant a sapling
And proudly watch it grow
Through zephyrs, rain and sunshine,
Through storm and driving snow,
Until at last it reaches
Majestic 'gainst the sky
And by its reaching teaches
'Tis virtue to climb high.
Just so both golf and "soccer,"
Once ridiculed and spurned,
Have mocked the foolish "knocker"
And climbed to heights they've earned.

WHO would have thought that two games creeping into these United States, unheralded and unsung, a few years ago, and played almost entirely for a time by the importers—who brought them over the seas with them—would soon, in spite of ridicule and prejudice which a jealous foreign element usually manages to get started in the

American people as soon as anything English seems likely of popularity, become two of the popular sports of outdoor American recreation.

One doesn't need sport as an aid to digestion; in a congested civilization one does, so sport sprang into usefulness when needed. So, at the proper time, the two British games of Golf and Foot-

ball came in and took root. A terrified oligarchy of intercollegiate football killed rugby almost as soon as it was born by changing the name of intercollegiate football to "American" football and by calling rugby football "English" rugby, but golf and association football entered so quickly and unostentatiously that they escaped notice until they had grown too strong and too American to be choked.

Golf, "that old man's game," and "soccer" football, "that ping-pong football!" Well, who'd have thought it.

Came from England, sure, but so did boxing, bicycle racing, tank diving and swimming (another Roman heirloom of the British) and in our language, they're just as satisfying as if we had made them ourselves. By right of ancestry of a majority of Americans they are our own.

But soccer football, unlike rugby, has spread world wide, so that immigrants of all nations come in with a knowledge of and liking for the game and the prejudice which Americans catch from the foreign immigrants against things British is not much in evidence against soccer, while the merits of the game caught American judgment so quickly that the game now flourishes in every decent, wide-awake city in the United States.

Golf, the game of aristocracy and leisure, reducer of waist lines and humanizer of greedy money makers, gets a bigger and bigger hold on us every day. Association football, the game of the democracy, lacking all the pull and push and prestige of the "varsity" organization and tradition which fosters the carrying game, has grown entirely on its own merits and grown in popularity so rapidly

that it is difficult to realize that only a few years ago our Club knew it not except as an indifferent curiosity.

In the Olympic Club, which is now a Club of no mean class, golf seems to take precedence, but among the common people, who work all day, six days in the week, football in winter and baseball in summer supply the condensed excitement and sport they need.

Golf takes an automobile, time and money; football, a pair of football shoes, a football, and a Sunday afternoon; hence, football, being more accessible—and more spectacular—takes less of the players' money, because self-supporting, and so has become the game of the masses.

Modern business has come to realize, as modern war has, that the boys, to be kept happy and contented, must have play: real, hard, exciting play; play easily arranged for. Therefore, every large American plant encourages organized games and soccer football has been the popular choice in every big plant, in the fall and winter, and the badger ball and soccer studded "boot" is seen and heard everywhere. Whether our workers are American born or came from China, Japan, Chili, Peru, Berlin or Vienna, Dublin or London, Montreal or New South Wales makes no difference; they all play soccer.

The soccer football player is an independent globe trotter. If he is really a class player he can go anywhere and get a job and a good team to play on.

The golf player doesn't need a job and he can usually travel on the means that enable him to play "goff."

ANNOUNCEMENT

Jack Spaulding, Commissioner of American Football, offers his services to secure employment for any athletic member in need of same. Call on Jack at his place of business, 506 Market St., and he will do his best to locate you.

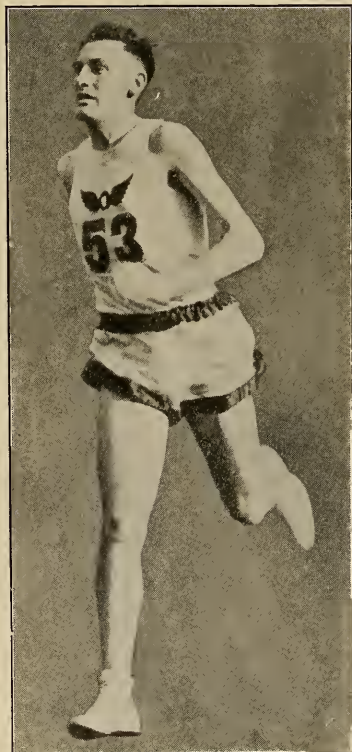
THE OLYMPIC CLUB IN THE NATIONAL A. A. U. TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS

By FRED E. FARMER

THEY'RE off. Thirty top-notch athletes, all representatives of the Olympic Club in the National A. A. U. championships at Pasadena July 2 to 5. This team is one of the greatest that has ever worn the colors of one organization, and on the strength of this we will venture to predict that the

Olympic Club will win both the junior and senior championships in the south.

This is a feat that has been accomplished only once in the history of American athletics, and it was the Olympic Club who did this in 1915, the junior and senior teams each winning first place in their respective meets. Coach Frank



CHARLES HUNTER

Holder of the American Three-Mile Record, 14:45



EDDIE SIDDEN

Holder of the 100-Yard Pacific Coast High School Record, 10 Seconds; Also 220 Yards, Time 21 4-5.

Foster and Trainer Bill Von Poellnitz were in charge of the team then, and they hold the same positions today, so the team is under perfect direction.

Of the men that were on that great 1915 team, three remain, and will be mainstays in Pasadena. These are Morris Kirksey, one of the greatest sprinters in the world today; Johnny Norton, the present world record holder for the 440-yard hurdles, and Ollie Snedigar, the great all around athlete.

Twenty-seven other sterling athletes are in the squad, which looks like a winner. In the sprints, besides Kirksey, we have Allen Newhoff, Eddie Sudden and Bob Hutchinson. All of these men are good for flat time or better in both the 100 and 220-yard dashes, and with Kirksey added, it will be a great sprint relay team.



OLLIE E. SNEDIGAR
All Around Pacific Coast Champion.

For the quarter mile, Olympia has Harry McDonald, the only man this year who has defeated the great Oxy Hendrixson of the University of California. McDonald is a strong quarter miler, with a finish that surpasses most runners.

In the half mile, Farmer is the sole representative, and he should cut into the score column. If he is right, he will run his half under two minutes. Two

Winged "O" boys will start in the mile run. They are Art Forward and Charley Dorr. Forward was never known to ex-



M. M. KIRKSEY
Our Champion Sprinter—100 Yards, 9 4-5

tend himself to the limit, and the national race will be his real test. The same may be said of Dorr, for he also always finishes fresh. Dorr has been running two miles all season and the mile is a new event to him, but he has the stamina and speed necessary for one mile.

In the five mile the Club will be very well represented. Charley Hunter, present American record holder for the 5000 meters, is the leader, and with him in the long grind will be Art Forward and Bill Churchill. This trio should make those easterners look up to them.

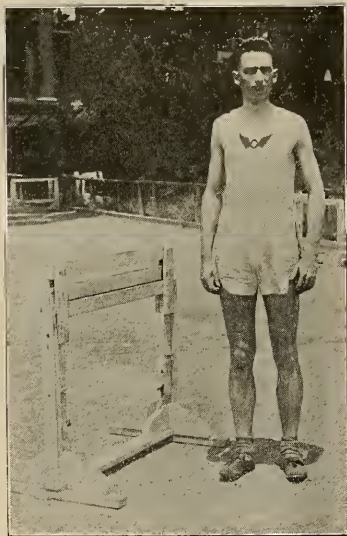
In the hurdles we are also very well fortified with Johnny Norton, Jess Wells, Joe Pyne and Ed Drew. Norton will take a crack at every hurdle event, while Pyne will specialize in the quarter-mile sticks alone. Wells will run the 220 low hurdles as will Drew.

In the field events lay the real chances for an Olympic Club victory. In the



FRED E. FARMER

P. A. Champion Half-Miler 1921, 1:58.



JOHN NORTON

Holder of the World's Record 440-yards Hurdles, 54 1-5.

shot put alone we possess some of the best in the country with such men as George Bihlman, Bill Macgurn, Robert Bowers, Bill Dooling and Alva Richards. It will be remembered that the latter was one of the heroes of the 1912 Olympic Games, and he is still good. Macgurn has won national recognition during the past year, while Bihlman was a member of the Olympic team in Antwerp last fall.

The hammer throw entries are McEachern and Bihlman. Mac. is one of the best in the land, and should do good work in Pasadena. Mac. will also throw the big 56-pound weight together with Bihlman, Snedigar, Macgurn and Richards. Here are five big husky athletes, on whom Coach Foster is depending for a good sprinkling of points.

The Olympic Club javelin entries are



FRANK FOSTER, Coach
WILLIAM VON POELLNITZ, Trainer

Fred Hanner, Ollie Snedigar and the famed Brick Muller. Hanner is the best, not only on the coast but in the country, having a mark of nearly 200 feet in this event.

Muller, Snedigar, Macgurn and Richards will throw the discus, and here again points are certain, especially from Macgurn, who is a real champion in this event.

Bob Kelly is the leader in the hop-step and jump, and he at present holds the coast record with a mark of 48 feet 3 inches, far better than has been made in any of the eastern tryouts. Matt Sterling and Brick Muller will also be in the hop, step and jump.

The high jump is well taken care of with such as Muller, Mint Howell, Dalton and Alva Richards. The first two

are rated as a pair of the best in America right now, and are sure point winners.

The broad jump entries are Kelly, Muller, Sterling and Volkmar, each man being good for well over 22 feet, which is some little performance.

We are also exceptionally strong in the pole vault with Norris, Volkmar, Wilcox and Sterling. Norris recently won a tie for first place in the I. C. A. A. A. A. meet, and the other boys are in his class.

But, win or lose, the Olympic Club will be given cause to feel justly proud of what the boys will do in Pasadena.



JOSEPH PYNE
Who Will Compete in the 440-yard Hurdles at Pasadena
July 2d.

YALE UNIVERSITY VS. OLYMPICS IN TANK

By ERNEST MAYNARD SMITH

WITH four nearly world's champions, a flock of "paddlers" using the much vaunted "ten-beat crawl" kick, and every intercollegiate swimming record and championship sewed up for the season, the Yale University Swimming Association is undertaking an ambitious tour from New Haven to Honolulu this July, on the route of which it is planned to stop over at Oakland to give the Olympic Club seals a bit of exercise.

Pending certain state negotiations which relate to the specification of events, the dual meeting will be held in the Idora Park tank on July 17.

The interest in this meet is not confined to the Olympic Club alone, for local Yale alumni are keenly enthusiastic about the team representing their alma mater, and rightly so. The Oakland beach will take on the appearance of a reunion of the Yale cohorts around the bay, when Captain Lorin Thurston of the Blue squad trots his finny school out for action.

The meet will be a gosh all good one. Our own swimmers can slip the brine or aqua pura with a celerity that will make the nearly world's champions throw their fins into high, and thrash the water with their own patent "ten beat" crawl. It is not small town stuff to say that Lester Smith will set a neat pace for Lorin, for his stars, Jelliffe and Binney, in the 100 yards, and that Jimmy Carson, the elongated bony sprint on the water polo team, will cause the same men to step in the fifty yards.

Tony Karackefsky, wearing the Club emblem in the 220 yards, will give any of the visitors reason to think that

he is related to one of the fast boats over at Belvedere, and Jack Howell, our breast-stroke champion, should figure for top points in his specialty.

The diving will come to the Club team, if it is deemed advisable to bring Clarence Pinkston up from his job in San Diego. Pinky can just naturally win the diving, for he has recently returned from a victorious conquest of the National A. A. U. ten-foot board diving championship.

In the relay—Ay, there's the rub—for the Yale team has been shattering records for relay races with the eclat of a society of iconoclasts. We shall concede to them this event, though Les Smith, Tony Karackefsky, George "Millie" Schroth and Jim Carson will perform their parts to the entire satisfaction of their club-mates. The relay will be over 200 yards, fifty yards to a man, and the Yale quartet, Thurston, Binney, Jelliffe and Solley, have been doing this course in unbelievable speed.

On the whole the meet will be the best swimming meet of the month, and one well worth witnessing, if only because this is the first time we shall have had the opportunity to see an Eastern college swimming team in action.

The card—Yale University vs. Olympic Club. The place—Idora Park, Oakland. The date—Sunday, July 17.

—O—

Leo Purcell, our marathon champion, will enter all the long-distance swims this season.

—O—

Tony Karackefsky, the 220-yard swimmer, will have a chance to win honors in the Capitola-by-the-Sea 440 yards on July 24—if he does not go to Seattle with

the Olympic team to the Pacific Coast Indoor Championships.

—O—

"Millie" Schroth is lamming the water polo ball with the pep of Sandy Goodman, and handling the ball with the deftness of Otto Schultz. McLane says he will be the greatest player in the world some day. Millie could be a little bigger, but this defect may be overcome when he attains his full growth.

—O—

Toot Gardner is a likely candidate for the captaincy of the 1922 water polo team.

Vernon Smith swam a pretty race in the 100-yard breast stroke at Neptune recently. Vern showed that he has stuff in the sailor event.

—O—

Spec Lisle has given up diving to go in for sprint swimming. Spec is flashing along in pretty fashion, and promises to become a real star in the free style.

—O—

Someone caught Lester Smith doing a 100 yards in close to 56 seconds the other night. Guess the boy has come back since his illness.

An Official Call

A regular meeting of The Olympic Club is hereby called for, and will be held, on **TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 2, 1921**, at 8 o'clock, in the Club's gymnasium, for the purpose of receiving names of candidates for the **NOMINATING COMMITTEE**.

Pursuant to Section 1, Article XIV of the By-Laws of The Olympic Club, said Committee shall consist of five (5) members, but the number of nominations of candidates for membership on said Committee is unlimited. Said Committee will nominate members for the following officers:

President
Vice-President
Treasurer
Secretary

and four (4) Directors, as the terms of Directors S. N. Rucker, Thomas Alton, Thomas J. Coleman and T. I. Fitzpatrick expire on the second Tuesday in September, 1921.

Dated at San Francisco, June 20th, 1921.

WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY, President.

Attest: FRANK J. FORAN, Secretary.

N. B.—The election of the **NOMINATING COMMITTEE** will be held on **TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1921**. The polls will be open from 12 o'clock M. until 7 o'clock P. M. The election will be in charge of the following members of the Club:

Inspectors: H. M. Johns,
Thos. R. Murphy.

Judges: Harold Maundrell,
Joseph R. Hickey,
Oscar Turnblad.

DO NOT FORGET THE DATES

Tuesday, August 2, 1921, at 8 o'clock P. M., nominations for candidates for the **NOMINATING COMMITTEE** will be received.

Tuesday, August 9, 1921, from 12 o'clock M. until 7 o'clock P. M., election of the **NOMINATING COMMITTEE**.



WINNERS IN THE R
From Left to Right: Back Row—Preston Steiger, Henry Hellwig, George Gavin, Peter M
Howard Nowland, Art Citron, "



EES TOURNAMENT

Mrkins, Arnold Runwell. Front Row—Joe "Red" Murray (club champion). Louis Lichtenstein, Jack Donovan, Roy Handlos.

HANDBALL ACTIVITIES

By JOHN L. A. JAUNET

POSITION TOURNAMENT

HARDLY had the recent Doubles Tournament reached a conclusion when interest started afresh in the Position Tournament. Judging from the number of challenges and counter challenges emanating from those occupying the advanced positions, there appears to be a determined effort on the part of more than one of the contenders to plant his banner in position number two, from which vantage place he can hazard an onslaught on the citadel position number one, now occupied by Joe "Red" Murray, without suffering a greater loss than one handball should the effort fail of success.

Bill Joyner was the first after reaching position two to try for position number one. The redoubtable Joe proved as invincible as ever, defeat being inflicted in two quick games, 21-6, 21-8.

There ensued in rapid succession the following matches:

Lane McMillan wrested position number seven from Jack Donovan, 19-21, 21-5, 21-20.

Lane then essayed a further upward flight when he took on Tom Whitaker, but Tom held on manfully, defeating Lane two straight, and winning at the same time two handballs.

Joe Ryan was stopped by Larry Granfield, when Joe sought to capture Larry's position, 21-18, 21-13, Larry collected one handball.

Tom Whitaker made a dash on position number four held by H. W. "Jack" Johnson. Tom winning, 20-21, 21-4, 21-5.

Tom then engaged Bill Joyner for position number two, but the defense offered by Bill proved unyielding, and

Tom lost two straight, 21-15, 21-7, and also two handballs.

Dick Shannon then made his entry on the scene in an encounter with Tom Whitaker, forcing the latter to relinquish his position number four after three spirited games, 14-21, 21-10, 21-15, Tom toppling to position number 13.

Dave Lord ousted Clarence Dixon from his position, 21-8, 21-20.

Mel Weingarton lost two handballs to Frank Mettman, when he failed to defeat the latter for his position, 21-13, 21-20.

Louis Lichtenstein lost one handball to Belton Wolf, when the latter successfully defended his position number seven, after two straight games, 21-12, 21-8.

Larry, Granfield ascended the board when he drove "Jack Johnson from his position number six, Jack descending to



WINNERS OF THE SECOND CLASS,
Henry Hellwig Louis Lichtenstein

number fourteen; scores, 12-21, 21-16, 21-9.

Buck Berges lost two handballs to Frank Loney by his failure to defeat the latter for his position, 21-16, 19-21, 21-12.

Louis Lichtenstein dislodged George Bond, winning in two straight, 21-3, 21-15.

Tom Whitaker then attempted to regain his former position, number four, lost previously to Dick Shannon, but Dick refused to budge, winning in two straight, 21-2- 21-7, with the consequent loss to Tom of NINE HANDBALLS.

Chief Murphy gave way to Joe Sand, when the latter defeated the chief for his position, 21-16, 21-19.

Burt Lorkins captured the position of Tommy Smith by defeating him after three games, 21-15, 18-21, 21-12.

Mat Granfield took Dave Lord's position after two straight games, 21-19, 21-12.

Lane McMillan forced Larry Granfield downward, when he defeated the latter for his position, 10-21, 21-15, 21-11.

Louis Lichtenstein gave a fresh impetus to the toboggan for Larry Granfield, when he also defeated Larry for his position, 21-14, 21-9.

Artie Citron came to grief when he tried to gain the position of Mel Weingarten, but only after three very strenuous games, 8-21, 21-17, 26-23.

FIRST TEN ON THE BOARD

1. Joe Murray.
2. Bill Joyner.
3. L. J. Granfield.
4. Dick Shannon.
5. Lane McMillan.
6. Belton Wolf.
7. Louis Lichtenstein.
8. Jack Donovan.
9. George Bond.
10. Preston Steiger.

Lane McMillan climbed another notch, when he defeated Belton Wolf for the latter's position, 8-21, 21-20, 21-12.

Al Pinther got into the fray when he challenged Joe Ryan and defeated him two straight, 21-6, 21-11.

—O—

HANDBALL PERSONALS

Frank Foran continues exceedingly active at the game, his weekly quota ranging from four to five matches. Frank shows himself quite complaisant, in that he is more than willing to measure his skill against any and all.

—O—

Louis Lichtenstein lost the summer vacation championship to Frank Foran, only two games being required to win the title, 21-18, 21-19.

—O—

Johnny Humphrey is coming fast and will be a hard man to beat in the next singles. Ask Fred Sherry, if you want to know the real inside. John and Fred have been staging battles fairly regularly around the noon hour, with the majority of the wins in favor of John.

—O—

During the past month three players have each succeeded in taking a game from Murray. The first to turn the trick was Howard Nowland by the score of 21-20; the next was Jack Donovan by the score of 21-14, and the third was Lane McMillan by the score of 21-16.

—O—

Lane McMillan returned from a two weeks' vacation on a ranch in the vicinity of Santa Rosa. The salubrious climate well as the wholesome diet accomplished wonders for Lane, eight pounds being added to his weight and a healthy coat of tan covering his body.

—O—

Bill Joyner took a two weeks' trip to the Yosemite Valley, and as a result of the energy accumulated he celebrated

his return by taking on Louis Lichtenstein and handing him a trouncing in a match of three games' duration.

—O—

Jack Tait returned from his vacation nicely browned and full of ambition. Jack's game betrays constant improvement, and by the time the singles is announced he will be a hard man to down in his class.

—O—

Al Hennessy, after an absence of several years in the city of Stockton, is once more with us and expects to remain here permanently. As handball is almost an article of food to Al, he lost no time in arranging a doubles, Andy Gallagher, Hugh Johns and Chief Murphy constituting the other three in the set.

—O—

Charley Brennan is a red-hot enthusiast of the game. He averages not less than two games a week and oftener three games. If you want to test Charley's conversational powers, just mention the subject of handball, and you are good for a half an hour.

—O—

In the third game of a contest between Joe Murray and Howard Nowland, the latter was given a handicap of 15, a drink being wagered on the outcome. The undertaking proved too much for Joe, as he lost by 21-17.

—O—

Roy Handlos spent his vacation chasing coyotes, not afoot, but by means of a Ford. He relates that he varied the pastime by chasing antelopes, the coyotes proving too slow for the Ford. After an all-day pursuit, a baby antelope was finally captured. Roy says he feels sure that his game will now show improvement, at least from the standpoint of speed.

—O—

The Position Tournament chart of the

Los Angeles Athletic Club shows that Dick Retzer once more occupies the first position in the championship class. It will be recalled that Retzer is the man whom Murray defeated in the inter-club matches a year ago last January on the courts of the L. A. A. C.

POSITION TOURNAMENT TROPHY

C. W. Lindemann has kindly donated a trophy to be awarded in the handball tournament, consisting of a gold hand holding a pearl ball with a diamond in the center, a cut of which is shown to the left.



It was a matter of some perplexity at first to determine the method of deciding the award, and finally the following has been adopted: The player showing the highest total of aggregate points obtained in not less than ten matches, beginning from the 1st of July until the 15th of September, will be declared the winner of the trophy.

In computing the points, a player will not only receive a credit of 21 points for each game won, but as well all points short of 21 which his opponent fails to make. To illustrate: A win by the score of 21 to 15, will mean that the winner will be credited with 27 points to include not only the 21 actually made by him, but the 6 short of 21 which his opponent failed to make.

Where a match is decided in two games, the winner will be credited with an additional 21 points for the game which by his victory it became unnecessary to play.

WET STUFF

By LINCOLN V. JOHNSON

SWIMMERS, as groups, come and go in cycles. Incomplete statistics show the average cycle to be about ten years. For illustration, size up the swimmer prospects now on hand and contrast them with swimmers of a previous era. Take January 1, 1920, as a starting point. Who were the ringers at that time? Jack Hollel had arrived as a breast-stroke swimmer, Schroth could mull along in any event and show respectable results. Lester Smith was just starting and at the present time is a likely prospect. Pinkston and Paterson topped the list of divers. Karackefsky, Shields and O'Brien were also active participants in distant events. Outside of the Club swimmers, Jorgenson of Alameda and Goldwater of Stockton appear to be the only ones deserving of any mention.

Glance back at the preceding period dating from 1910 until 1920. In the early part of that cycle Bill McWood, J. Scott Leary (a hold-over from the preceding cycle), Otto Schultz and George Bond were the Club's mainstays and upon whom most of the responsibility of winning races devolved. Bill Pomin, Donald Day, Frank Marisch and Frank Baker took care of most of the diving, and it is my firm belief that it was a whole lot more spectacular than the stuff divers pull nowadays. Pomin and Baker thought nothing of diving off the Seal Rocks and other places. Why shucks! a fellow couldn't call himself a diver unless he was initiated in the rough waters of the Pacific.

Along about 1912 a new bunch of swimmers begun to develop when Bab Small, Nixon, Erney Smith, Gardner and Johnson of the Club, Kidder Linsey, Marston

and Nixon of Berkeley, Langer and Bill Williams of Los Angeles and Kahamano-ku and Cunha of Honolulu took the water. Good-natured rivalry existed. Records were smashed with uncommon regularity until the time one Ross came upon the scene. Ross, single-handed, has more records to his credit than any other single swimmer that ever lived, and at the present time he is still the peer of them all. The 1910-1920 period witnessed probably the greatest re-arrangement of records of any sport of any prior period. The serious side of the sport was always softened by the antics of such well-known comedians as Jack Hunt, Tom Guerin (now deceased), Bob Hanjes, Otto Wallfisch and Harry McKenzie. Of late years Charlie Small has been carrying on the funny stuff single-handed. This group of swimmers were the real pioneers in bringing about the foolishness connected with aquatics.

In my opinion, it will be impossible with the present prospects to make the 1920-1930 period as productive of records as the previous period unless the unusual happens. It might be said that the peak in the swimming industry has been reached. Those that aim to mingle in the ultra-elect class of record breakers must either be superhuman or abnormal. Swimming as a sport appears to be disintegrating into swimming for a pleasure. The same interest does not appear to exist in the swimmers now in their prime as it did in those actively engaged in the 1910-1920 period. The sport can only be carried on when those participating do so with the intense interest they must have in it. If the interest does not exist,

then only mediocre results can be expected.

From 1900 and 1910 Brewer, Gayley and Leary were able pioneers who wrestled many swimming laurels from our Eastern brethren. After their retirement the Chicagoans and New Yorkers played havoc with the records until Langer, Kahamanoku and Ross started as contestants. The pendulum was once again swung back towards the West long enough for Ross to climb aboard and become, by adoption, an Eastern record breaker.

Where only a half dozen notable aquatic performers thrived from 1900 until 1910, roughly speaking, five times that number existed in the following period. In the present period indications point to a waning of interest, both in competitors and spectators, so that those now competing must at least measure up to the standard set by those in the previous

period; records must be broken or performers developed who excel those of various departments in the preceding period if public interest is to be again brought back to the high point it reached from 1912 to 1916. Only something unusual in the way of record-breaking performances or the like will tend to stimulate the present lackadaisical condition in which the swimming sport seems to be enthralled.

I say—Give us something in the way of swimming amusement as good as we once had and not serve us a substitute not as good as a rank imitation. That satisfied feeling can never be brought about by an inferior article. Bring forth the good imitations of Jack Hunt, Tom Guerin, Bill Pomin, Bob Hanjes, Scott Leary and of all the other pioneers who formed the foundation of the immense structure that has been built upon their deeds and records.

OLYMPIC SERENADERS' ANNUAL MINSTREL SHOW

By CURRAN D. SWINT, Dramatic Editor, The Call

WHAT has heretofore been the Annual Minstrel Show by the Olympic Serenaders will henceforth be a quarterly affair, according to Commissioner of Entertainment, Harold H. Maundrel.

Rather an imposing title, this "Commissioner of Entertainment," and its use on this page will probably mark the first time that Olympians, as well as its holder, will have seen it in print. But the fruit of success is sweet and in this case particularly well deserved. That, at least, is the opinion of the officers and Directors of the Club, who conferred the title on Mr. Maundrel at a meeting following the presentation of the Second Annual Minstrel Show under his direction. And the

opinion is heartily concurred in by the members and their ladies, who thronged the gymnasium on the night of Friday, June 3.

From the opening chorus to the closing ensemble, mirth, merriment and melody ran riot. The show was run off with a precision and snap that betokened little of the amateurish, despite the fact that it was put on by the members of a Club with which "simon pureness" is a fetish.

That "they do come back," even in the world of music, was forcibly exemplified by the appearance of Richard Jose, the famous contra tenor, whose golden voice has delighted lovers of song the world over. "Dick," as he is lovably known to his intimates, was a familiar figure on

the concert stage in the days of the fathers of most of the audience who heard him on this occasion. The younger members, no doubt, were more or less familiar with his singing via the phonograph, for Dick's lucid tones have been "canned" for posterity but not by personal contact, for the singer has made no public appearances since the World War, when he contracted a serious illness "doing his bit" toward the entertainment of the boys in training camps.

Most fittingly Jose choose the songs of days gone by for his offerings—"Silver Threads Among the Gold," "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," and "Good-Bye, Dolly Gray,"—and sang them with that same deft sureness and depth of feeling that never yet has failed to hold his hearers in rapt attention with a throb in their throats.

But this part of the program only served as a leaven for the bubbling fun of the balance of the show.

Probably the biggest hit of the evening was the end song, "Sunshine of Paradise Alley," as offered by "Japanese School Boy" Harry McKenzie. McKenzie, with his "school boy" stuff, is a positive scream. He also heaped glory on himself, shared by his fellow end man, by a clever and wholly diverting burlesque of the "girl" act of the program.

This girl act, incidentally, was one of the high lights of the show. It's presentation was made possible through the courtesy of Harry Marquard. Lavinia Winn, delightful soprano, and Natalie Kingston, dainty deciple of terpsichore, headed the sprightly and easy to look at chorus in a number called "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep." But it is certain that nobody in the audience had any desire to follow the dictates of the song while the singers occupied the stage.

"Scotty" Butterworth contributed the end song, "Sing, Kate, Sing." Other end

songs were offered by "Issy" Eddie Healy with "Rebecca in the Concert Hall"; "Irish" George Murphy with "Only an Irishman's Dream"; "Doc" Frank Rodolph, "Riding On the Elevated Railroad" and "English Elmer Gallagher's "Strolling On the Beach."

The solo numbers were offered by Eric Gerson, who sang "There'll Never Be One Like You"; Al Brown, whose selection was "Old Irish Mother, of Mine"; Dick Jose, already mentioned; Henry Wills, who sang "To the End of the World With You," and E. J. Cowles, who gave a splendid rendition of the Armorer's Song from Reginald de Koven's comic opera, "Robin Hood." "I'm Goin' Back to Dixie" was harmoniously sung by a double octette.

Al H. Newman was the interlocutor of the evening and handled the middle man's duties with sure aplomb. The end men were Charles Butterworth, Harry McKenzie, Dr. Frank Rodolph, Elmer Gallagher, George Murphy and Eddie Healy. The soloists were Richard Jose, E. J. Cowles, Henry Wills and Eric Gerson. The chorus consisted of Otis Johnson, Elmer Hogberg, Reginald Lawton, Ben Wood, Harold Freeman, Frank Mack, Ellis Coleman, Fred Riccomi, Al Berthold, Jules Getz, Gordon McFormick, Ralph Brown, Groffin Williams, Robert Jones, Al Henninger, Charles Klein, Noble Wright, C. S. McGowan, Charles Small and Al Borazak.

The man who heard the sweetest tune of the evening was announced as the winner of the life membership drawing. But that is another story.

The water in the swimming tank is being heated to 72 degrees on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, so that the Club team may practice under the coaching of Sid Cavill.

WITH THE SHOOTERS

By CAPTAIN C. W. LINDER

AT the suggestion of Marine Corps the Olympic Club is organizing a league of military rifle shooters to promote interest in the sport and add a little more interest and pleasure to the work among the men in the service in this vicinity.

It is expected teams will be entered from the U. S. Marine Corps, U. S. Navy, 32d U. S. Infantry, U. S. Coast Artillery, National Guard of California, Roberts Island Rifle Club (Stockton), Oakland Rifle Club, Olympic Club Rifle Team and possibly other clubs.

The conditions as proposed call for competitions with the U. S. Army rifle and pistol over the National match course. Teams to be of six men, one or more teams may be entered from each organization.

Competitions to be held on the Mare Island, Fort Barry and Leona Heights ranges under the supervision of the military people and to commence at an early date.

—O—

A team of six combination rifle, pistol and shotgun men from the Olympic Club will compete with a team from the Los Angeles Rifle and Revolver Club on the Los Angeles Club's range July 2, 3, and 4.

Competition for places on the team are being held, which has resulted in some exciting times with excellent scores having been turned in.

The personnel of the team will be taken from the high scores of the men competing, figuring on present form the following men are leading the field: Millikin, Hayes, Prichard, Mills, Frahm, Yound, Prentys and McVey.

On Sunday, June 12, a military team match was held on the U. S. Coast Artillery rifle range, Fort Barry, between teams from the 32d U. S. Infantry and the Olympic Club. The Coast Artillery team, which was supposed to compete, withdrew at the last minute.

The two teams competing were very evenly matched and resulted in a very exciting race, with the "Dough Boys" beating the Club men by but a margin of 9 points. At the 20-yard rapid-fire stage, which called for 10 shots in 1 minute, the Olympic Club led by 1 point. At the 200-yard off-hand stage slow fire the O. C. team gained 6 points. At the 300-yard rapid-fire stage, 10 shots in 1 minute and 10 seconds, the O. C. gained 3 points, making a total of 10 points the O. C. were in the lead, when the 600-yard and final stage of the match was reached. At this stage, 10 shots slow fire, the O. C. are at their best and should have won out handily, but due to a very bad wind, a mix-up in ammunition and the little devil "jinx" some of our old stagers took a flop, which resulted in the "Dough Boys" taking this stage by 19 points and the match by 9 points. Following is the scores of the O. C. team members:

OLYMPIC CLUB

Name—	Off Hand 200 Yds.	Rapid Fire 200 Yds.	Rapid Fire 300 Yds.	Slow Fire 600 Yds.	Totals
Prichard....	44	47	47	87	225
Frahm	40	50	42	91	223
O'Donnell....	41	48	45	85	219
Millikin	37	50	46	83	216
Mills	41	47	45	82	215
Littleford....	38	44	47	86	215
Vaughn	34	45	48	87	214
Williams ..	41	43	46	82	212
Totals....	316	374	366	683	1739

32D U. S. INF.

Name—	Off Hand 200 Yds.	Rapid Fire 200 Yds.	Rapid Fire 300 Yds.	Slow Fire 600 Yds.	Totals
Totals....	310	373	363	702	1748

On Sunday, June 19, the Olympic Club military rifle team shot in a military rifle and also a military pistol match with the U. S. Marines at Mare Island.

By the way, the marines ("The Devil Dogs") are the strongest shooting military organization of any of the military services of any nation of the world. To compete with the marines a team "must go some." Captain Snow was range officer in charge of the ("Devil Dogs") while Captain Linder, Inf. (a Dough Boy), coached the Club men.

The day was ideal, the treatment handed the Club men and the service rendered by the marines was only short of wonderful.

With the rifle which called for teams of 10 men each, 10 shots at 200 and 300 yards rapid fire with the military rifle, 10 shots at 600 and 1000 yards.

There is not much use going into details about our alibi, and it is needless to say the marines won by 36 points.

The Club men taking only the 1000-yard stage, of which we are justly proud, this being the greatest test of any rifleman's ability.

Following are the detail scores:

U. S. MARINES

Name—	200 R. F.	300 R. F.	600 S.	1000	Totals
Jennings, Pri.....	47	50	45	43	185
Gasquet, Sgt.....	46	46	45	39	176
Presswood, Pri....	47	45	42	43	177
Haedt, Pri.....	50	45	43	36	174
Haley, Sgt.....	36	36	38	0	119
Ley, Corp.....	49	49	46	42	178
Mosher, Corp.....	48	48	43	42	181
Wilkins, Corp....	46	46	46	39	181
Morley, 1st Sgt....	47	47	46	34	176
Finch, Sgt.....	47	47	47	32	174
McMullen, Coach.					

OLYMPIC CLUB

Name—	200 R. F.	300 R. F.	600 S.	1000	Totals
Prichard	43	35	45	44	167
Giffen	49	44	45	33	171
Vaughn	49	45	48	34	176
Frahm	48	47	46	27	168
Mills	44	45	38	35	162
O'Donnell	49	43	46	44	177
Williams	47	40	45	41	173
Mallett	48	33	41	41	163
Hayes	44	40	39	36	159
Littleford	45	42	44	38	169
Linder, Coach.					

—O—

In the pistol match, which is a little toward the Club men's own game, the

conditions were a little more to our liking, and after the smoke of battle cleared away, to the surprise of every one, the Olympic Club's Championship Pistol team were leading our worthy opponents by a margin of 76 points.

This match called for a ten-man team with the .45 caliber army "automatic" pistol, 10 shots at 25 yards slow fire, 10 shots in 2 strings of 5 shots each in 20 seconds and 2 strings of 5 shots each in 10 seconds.

At the end of the slow fire stage the O. C. men had a lead of 102 points, but due to the fact civilian clubs can not afford to spend all their hard-earned "dough" on rapid fire they are always weak in this department compared with the service teams.

Had the match been over a rapid-fire course we again would have had to salute the marines, because they won the rapid-fire stages.

Following are the pistol scores:

U. S. MARINES

Names—	Slow	Rapid	Quick	Totals
Jennings, Prt.....	58	46	55	159
Gasquet, Sgt.....	65	51	58	174
Presswood, Prt....	83	85	75	243
Haedt, Prt.....	68	67	57	192
Haley, Sgt.....	91	62	86	238
Mosher, Corpl.....	85	66	72	223
Rud, Prt.....	86	73	80	239
Wilkins, Prt.....	77	79	85	241
Morley, 1st Sgt....	84	74	72	230
Finch, Sgt.....	93	89	95	277

OLYMPIC CLUB

Names—	Slow	Rapid	Quick	Totals
Kimball	85	73	84	242
Hayes	88	61	86	235
Linder	99	53	78	230
Millikin	91	73	83	247
Prichard	85	88	88	261
McVey	95	44	55	194
O'Donnell	93	60	64	217
Mills	81	72	76	229
Frahm	93	68	80	241
Blasse	82	64	51	197

G. "Fat" Bond is back in training. Between dinner coats and water polo George is succeeding in rendering his middle name a misnomer.



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GEORGE BLAKE LYLE

Illustrator

902 Flatiron Bldg. Douglas 4973

A LETTER IN REBUTTAL

Editor The Olympian,

Dear Sir: Knowing the great pride that we all take in "The Olympian" I wish to take the opportunity to call your attention to a mis-statement of facts made in the article on page 13, by Frank Ainsworth.

The paragraph referred to is the one which states that last year the "Reach" ball was used exclusively in the American League, and that it is now being used in both the National and American Leagues.

I would like to call your attention to the fact, and would like to have the matter corrected in the magazine, that the Spaulding baseball has been the official baseball of the National League for many years, is still the official baseball of the National League, and is used in all league games. Very truly yours,

J. R. KLAWANS,

Manager A. G. Spalding & Bros.



HOWARD MILLER

Mervyn Friedenberg has returned to the courts after a lay-off of over six months. He worked out in a doubles in which he and Dick Shannon played against Henry Hellwig and Louis Lichtenstein. Although palpably out of form, he is still the lithe, easy moving, graceful player as of yore. We all hope that he will regain his old time form and become fit once more to battle for championship honors.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP MAY, 1921 ACTIVE

Anderson, Herbert E., Traffic Manager, Suzuki & Co., Balfour Bldg., S. F.

Becker, Rudolph, Mfg. Agent, 407 Market St., S. F.

Bigley, George F., Federal Tax Collector, Crocker Bldg., S. F.

Carlson, John A., Asst. Mgr. Niagara Fire Ins. Co., 334 Pine St., S. F.



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Kerr, Jas., Pres. Roberts Mfg. Co., 663 Mission St., S. F.

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(Continued on Page 36)

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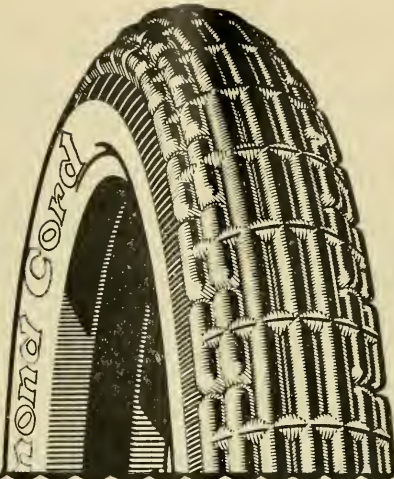
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PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

MAY, 1921

INCOME

Dues	\$21,007.50	
Initiations	4,780.00	
Department Operations.....	1,446.43	
Visitors' Cards.....	148.00	
Miscellaneous	20.38	
Rental	1,875.00	
Total Income.....		\$29,277.31

EXPENSE**General Club Expenses**

House	\$8,949.98	
Engine Room.....	2,742.80	
Electricity	644.16	
Water	673.28	
Storeroom	293.05	
Library and Periodicals.....	156.58	\$13,459.85

Administrative and General Expenses

Office Salaries and Expenses.....	\$3,043.86	
Administrative Salaries and Expenses.....	665.21	
Taxes	1,076.22	
Telephone (Net).....	625.37	
Estimated Lost Accounts.....	200.00	
Insurance	183.80	
Miscellaneous	433.56	
Stationery and Printing.....	706.54	\$6,934.56

Other Expenses

Depreciation	\$ 925.00	
Interest	2,588.05	
Athletic Activities.....	770.26	
Special Events.....	90.80	\$4,374.11

Total Expenses..... \$24,768.52

NET OPERATING INCOME..... 4,508.79

Deduct

Appropriation for Retirement of Mortgage and Bonded Indebtedness, Sinking Fund not yet established.....\$3,333.33

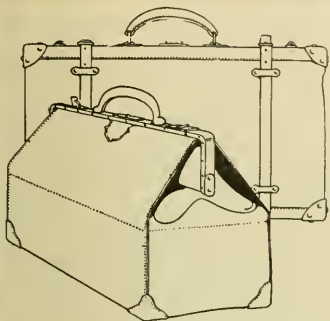
NET INCOME AVAILABLE..... \$1,175.46

CERTIFICATE

We have audited the accounts of the Olympic Club for the month of May, 1921, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement exhibiting a Net Operative Income of \$4,508.79, and a Net Income Available of \$1,175.46, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES O. SULLY & CO.,
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(Continued from Page 32)

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Waldo, Richard H., Publisher Hearst's International Magazine, 190 West 40th St., New York.

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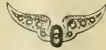
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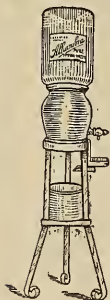
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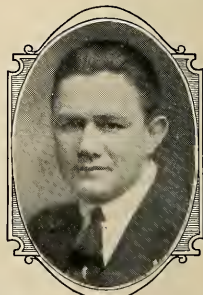
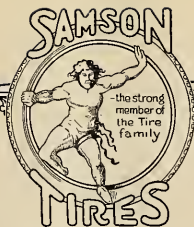
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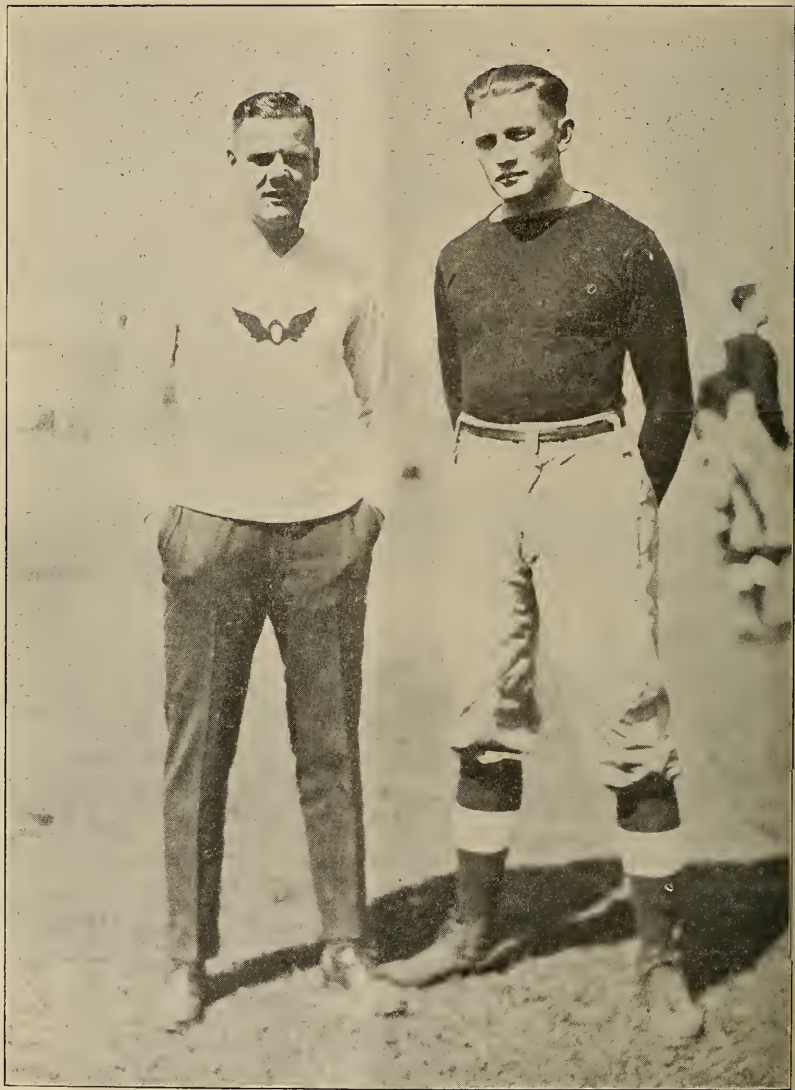
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VOL. IX

AUGUST, 1921

No. 8

PERSONNEL OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB MANAGEMENT

Officers—William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefler, Vice-President; Frank J. Foran, Secretary; J. R. Hanify, Treasurer.

Directors—Thos. Alton, Wm. H. Crocker, T. I. Fitzpatrick, Stanley Fay, E. G. McConnell, S. N. Rucker, Thomas J. Coleman.

Golf and Athletic Generalities

This editorial is not written in a spirit of criticism or complaint, nor is the comparison drawn between golf, which appears to be a dominating minority among Club activities—and those activities themselves, intended to in any way diminish the strength of any of them, or to promote any particular interest to the detriment of any other.

This is merely a relative discussion of the several projects now under consideration for submission to a vote of the membership, in respect to the permanent acquisition of the Country Club property at Lakeside and the allotment of its acres to this or that branch of athletic or other sports.

It has been shown that "we have under consideration the purchase of some 36½ acres at Lakeside; that a world renowned Golf Architect has been secured to re-

construct and lay out two 18-hole courses, and yet his plans have been accepted without any consideration whatever for any other sport than Golf and Trapshooting.

"Inasmuch as there are some 4800 members, of whom about 600 are interested in Golf, and but few more than 100 actively engaged in Trapshooting, it follows that the interest of the remaining 4100 is divided among 14 other sports, overwhelmingly sufficient in point of number to merit serious consideration relating to their accommodation. So, naturally enough, the question is asked if these 14 well-grounded activities are to be taken care of subsequently, or whether, when the present golfing plans are completed, the problem will be to pick and choose from what is left."

What then is to become—at least in so far as Lakeside is concerned, of Tennis, American and Soccer Football, open-air Handball, Track and Field, Baseball and so on?

* * *

Be Patient, Pessimists!

All of these implied objections on the part of anxious members who want to be shown everything before there is anything to show, will be met and overcome. Each branch of athletics or sports requiring out-of-door advantages will be taken care of, and the suggestion has even been made that the present clubhouse be moved to a less exposed location, in the center of activities, and so enlarged as to provide ampler locker-room, showers, bedrooms and athletic dormitories.

In a carefully prepared paper, compiled by the Club Manager for the Directors, the following suggestions were made after much study of the topography of the property and consultation with experts:

"A series of tennis courts; contiguous to these the football field surrounded by

track; to one side the open-air Handball courts; a short distance back the starting point of the two courses, and located there the professional shop, beyond which would be the caddy shelter. The start and finish of both courses would be as close to the clubhouse as the territory would permit, with not far away parking space for 500 automobiles, ornamented in the center by a grass esplanade which would be suitable for grass Tennis courts. Such a scheme would rescue a conglomerate assortment of isolated locations, converting them into a harmonious whole with the Clubhouse as the community center.

"From here provide a road as direct as possible to the Beach, from the point where it would tie into the proposed Clubhouse road connecting with the Sky-line boulevard." . . . Two studies of the situation comprehending these suggestions are in preparation: one showing the sport activities with the Clubhouse in its present location, and the other suggesting the Clubhouse removed to the protected position in the center of sport activities. "About seven or eight acres is all that would be required to accomplish this plan, virtually 2 per cent of the available territory."

All of this is no fantastic dream, but one that requires only co-ordination among all classes of membership; cohesion of sentiment and faith in the desirability of Olympic Club bonds as a safe investment. Concentration of all these elements can secure fulfillment of this able presentment, and to again quote from the interesting paper that forms the basis of this editorial, we should have "a citadel of sports united one for all and all for one, beneath the Winged "O" banner flying from the flagstaff of Olympia's Country Home at Lakeside."

Better Boost Ourselves

San Franciscans are a mercurial people, and the trouble with them is that the mercury of their temperament falls quite as fast as it rises and generally stays there to wait for some new excitant to send it upward again.

There was considerable excitement sometime ago about boosting Northern California. Boosting societies were formed, the newspapers devoted many pages and pictures to the plan through many issues and an office was opened in the vacated Hoover Campaign shack at Sutter and Montgomery streets. Some pilgrimages were made by the local Board of Trade to those of several inland cities and then the boom slumped.

Many people have forgotten even what the white flag with the two Bs on it is supposed to mean, and it looks as though the boosting of Northern California must be automatic after all.

"The Olympian" has several times flared a little editorially on this very vital subject, but since no apparent beneficial result has manifested itself, let us return again to the principle of home booming first and boost the Olympic Club.

* * *

What We Have to Offer

Now and then, whenever something is said with reference to an increase of dues, or a call is made for subscriptions in the interest of some worthy cause, complaints are heard to the effect that we already pay enough, and are too many times called upon to put our hands in our pockets.

Complaints of this nature are not plentiful if it is true, but sometimes great wars from little causes grow, so why not once more remind the unresponsive few how little they are now paying for what they receive and how liberal their advantages

and privileges are in comparison with other athletic organizations.

The Olympic Club provides free swimming, boxing, fencing, wrestling, gymnastics, billiards, physical culture, track and field, with instruction in all these branches without fees of any kind. This is not the custom in any other Club within our knowledge.

No charge is made for swimming tank, steamroom, hot room, swimming trunks, hot-room sheets, and private towels are laundered free, a sweeping gratuity unknown in other clubs.

The Illinois Athletic Club charges a fee of \$5 per year in addition to dues for all members who use the swimming tank, while other clubs charge a nominal fee each time the tank is used.

The average athletic club charges a fee for all social or athletic functions, while no charge is ever made in Olympia for any of its athletic or other entertainments.

The average athletic club, which has

secured connections with a country club, invariably charges its members a fee for the privileges of such connection, in most cases equivalent to dues in another club. Membership in the Olympic Club includes full membership in a thoroughly equipped country club without additional fees of any kind except the necessary ground fee for golf.

Of course all of this is known by every member of this Club, but the purpose of this editorial is not to furnish information, but to again remind the very few knockers in our midst of things they seem to have forgotten, as well as to possibly have it read by the members of other athletic organizations who do not receive as much for their money as do the more fortunate Olympians.

Such freedom of privilege is, however, the Olympian policy, it will always continue to be so, and the future will surely develop other similar advantages not now even dreamed of.

AN OFFICIAL CALL

The election of Officers and Directors of The Olympic Club to fill vacancies caused by the expiration of the terms of William F. Humphrey, President; L. M. Hoefer, Vice-President; J. R. Hanify, Treasurer, and Frank J. Foran, Secretary; also Directors T. I. Fitzpatrick, Thomas J. Coleman, S. N. Rucker and Thomas Alton, will be held at The Olympic Club on Tuesday, September 13th, 1921, between the hours of 12 o'clock M. and 7 P. M.

There is only one ticket, the candidates being as follows:

WILLIAM F. HUMPHREY.....	President
L. M. HOEFLER.....	Vice-President
J. R. HANIFY.....	Treasurer
FRANK J. FORAN.....	Secretary
T. I. FITZPATRICK.....	Director
THOMAS J. COLEMAN.....	Director
S. N. RUCKER.....	Director
THOMAS ALTON.....	Director

Respectfully,

FRANK J. FORAN, Secretary.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL

By GEORGE T. DAVIS, JR.

IF there is one sport that is fostered by the Olympic Club, that has enjoyed a most complete revival during the past few years, it is American football. Years ago, the Winged "O" football elevens were made up practically on the spur of the moment without any plans or forethought, with the exception of getting some sort of a combination on the field.

But those days have passed and now American football has a very solid foundation in the Club and occupies a most prominent position on the sport calendar.

In place of the veterans of old, they are the young players, fresh from college, to make the bids for places on the team. They are youths, the great majority of whom have played on university teams,

and have the spirit of the game at heart. There are fourteen colleges in all represented on the Winged "O" squad, bringing together some of the best stars from many sections of the country.

The places on the team are by no means "soft picking" for the men with the greater reputations. They must enter a scientific training period, as mapped out by Commissioner Jack Spaulding and Coach "Babe" Hollingberry. This system greatly resembles that of a high-class university.

The squad started its practice on August 15 and will be in fine shape for the opening game of the season on September 18, which will be played against the Agnetian Club at Ewing Field.

The Olympic Club has one of the best



A FOOTBALL SCRIMMAGE

amateur teams in the country. It plays through a very hard schedule similar to a first string college eleven, and has won over 90 per cent of its games. It holds a victory over the University of California, having tied them on another occasion, and has never been beaten by Stanford.

This year the authorities in charge of the team will have a greater nucleus than at any other time with which to build up a strong combination. Coach Hollingberry will also be assisted by an advisory staff that would wreck the financial resources of many a university. The men who have volunteered their services in assisting Hollingberry to turn out a winning team are Dud Clarke, Andy Smith, Ralph Marx, Nibs Price, Pesky Sprott, Boles Rosenthal and Jack Spaulding. None of these men need any introduction to the follower of the gridiron sport.

The practice system as outlined by Spaulding and Hollingberry follows:

The squad of over fifty men meet and dress at the Olympic Club and are then taken to Southside Playgrounds in automobiles. The first thing in order after

all of the candidates have arrived is the sprinting for the developing of good wind. These wind sprints are long and short and are followed by fifteen minutes of keen signal practice. Another quarter of an hour is spent in scrimmage practice, and then instructions are in vogue for about five minutes, while the men are getting rested. Kicking, passing and receiving the ball takes up another fifteen minutes and then an additional ten minutes is used in tackling the dummy. After this, the men are ready to hop into the waiting automobiles and hit for the showers at the Club, which is followed by a dinner. This practice is carried out on scheduled nights and must be adhered to by every member of the squad. If the men cannot follow this plan they are immediately dropped, to give way to other players who can be more faithful.

The Olympic Club has the proper spirit, the qualified coaching, the available material and the systematic training. What more could be wanted for turning out a championship American football team? Watch for the results.

MENTAL QUALIFICATIONS OF A FOOTBALL PLAYER

By ANDY SMITH, Football Coach U. C.

IN order to give all the candidates for a football team a condensed idea of the qualifications necessary to make the first string eleven, I will endeavor to point out the fundamental essentials that will be of value to the beginner, as well as the older men.

The true athlete should be a clear thinker, this is the main essential. It is a well-known fact that the muscles are controlled by the mind; in fact, it is a co-ordination of the two, that is responsible for good athletic accomplishments.

Therefore, a candidate for a position on any athletic team will find that, to win a place on the team, the mental attitude will help him as much, if not more, than his physical fitness. Of course, physical fitness is taken into consideration, but the physical marvel without aggressiveness, obedience, concentration of mind, and determination cannot possibly become a high-class competitive athlete.

KEEP YOURSELF BOTH MENTALLY AND PHYSICALLY FIT.

FOOTBALL DOPE

By NAT DYCHES

WITH the practice season now two weeks under way, Jack Spaulding's husky football contenders are buckling down to a determined contest for the preferred positions in the opening game of the season against the Agnetian Club at Ewing Field, September 18.

There are to be no favored darlings for first-string positions. That has been made clear, not by spoken words, but in the conduct by the new head coach, "Babe" Hollingberry. The men who trot out for the kick-off two weeks hence will be the fittest of an array of fighters that includes many stars who are known and respected in the highest spheres of football.

Altogether about seventy-five men have taken part in the prepping exercises held each sunset at Sunnyside Playground. So large a number is unwieldy for the handling of the coaches and trainers in view of the intensive campaign at hand, so the squad will before long be pruned down to about 45. And the work of reduction is to be thoroughly impartial.

Each year since the return of American football the Olympic Club has accumulated strength. This promises to be the big year. Both in material and spirit the 1921 squad is expected to excel all those of seasons past.

The initial workouts developed an abundance of pep. The spirit of competition which pervades the rivalry for 'varsity places speaks well for the fighting spirit of the team that will bear the colors of Olympia into the fray.

Although the season is hardly well enough under way for prediction, the capabilities of some of the men from last

year's squad are so manifest it should be safe to regard them as fixtures in the line-up for the present season. In the line, Callison at center, Hainke at guard and Pike at tackle, are a trio of last year's performers who can be counted upon to fill their old berths when play begins. Pike played one of the best tackles seen on the Coast last year. His ability to smear plays and nab runners behind their own line was acknowledged by the policy of opposing quarterbacks in giving him as wide a berth as possible. Callison is a shifty center, handling the ball neatly and dependable on backing up the line. Captain Peterson will again handle the reins at quarter. "Pete" not only calls signals glibly, but once he decides to take the ball on his own hook is as elusive as Villa in working the flanks.

Another old war-horse who will cavort in the back field is Hank Dobson, the gentleman gardener. Dobson is sacrificing time from his beloved vegetable



JACK SPAULDING

patch only because of his all-conquering love of the gridiron sport. There is many a coach and player in these parts who would be delighted to have Hank go back to his weeding and stay there. He is one of the best halfbacks in the country, in the opinion of many. Last year he held his own with the best of them in kicking, and scored points by well-directed drop kicks at critical times. In advancing the ball he is fast and shifty, he runs hard interference and his defensive work is one of the strongest factors in the defense of the team's goal line.

If necessity demands, the Club has call on the services of Bill Ingram, the strapping backfield star and leader of the Pacific Fleet team. Several others of the Pacific Fleet football men will also be available, as all are service members of the Club. Ingram stands out head and shoulders above any backfield man seen in action here in a decade. Like Boles Rosenthal, he is one of those rare individuals who can sense the direction of a play before it is fully under way, and his strength and bulk present an invulnerable barrier against attacks aimed at his side of the line. He plays football from pure delight of the game and plays with unfagging dash every minute of the time he is on the field. With Ingram in the line-up the Club team should be

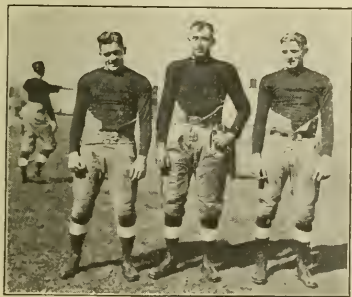
imbued with a spirit that should cause more than one team to despair.

The team enters into the coming campaign with its last year's line-up almost intact. Its few losses will be well replaced and the minor weaknesses apparent in the past bolstered up. McCallum, halfback, has returned to Center College. Thorndike, tackle, has returned East and quit the game. To supplant these are a number of former California and Stanford men and the second string material of last year's team.

The coaching staff contains the names of men of the highest rank in football circles. The actual direction will be under supervision of "Babe" Hollingberry, ex-captain, assisted by Ralph Marx and Dud Clarke. Andy Smith, Boles Rosenthal, "Nibs" Price and "Pesky" Sprott all have promised to act in an advisory capacity.

Hollingberry has played with Olympic Club teams from the first year that American football came back to fight against the invasion of Rugby. He has played various positions and last year captained the team. As a coach his experience extends only back through the last season, but his ability to handle men was clearly reflected in the success of the two high school teams he handled last year. In a short address at the pre-season gathering of the team he said that his system of directing the team would be simple and depended upon the cooperation and assistance of every man on the squad. His will be more an influence for cohesion, he said, than an attempt to take the men individually and mold them into any set system of play.

The men, at this same meeting, learned that there will be a price on their heads—not as a reward for their slaughter, but to protect them in the event of any casualty. Commissioner Spaulding made it known that each member of the squad



BACK FIELD

Left to Right—Peterson, Williams, Naylor.

will be insured covering medical expenses and loss of pay from incapacity to work. Dr. Rumwell, the Club physician, gave assurance that the Club organization will stand behind the team and its needs and gave full directions for men in need of hospital attention. His talk was very encouraging.

It is possible a game will be played next Saturday, September 9. Originally a game was scheduled for this day with Santa Clara. Uncertainty as to its football policy caused the faculty of the mission school to cancel the date. At last accounts Spaulding was attempting to arrange a game at Del Monte between teams selected from the Club squad.

This year's schedule is an extra inducement to the players, as it includes Los Angeles and Sacramento. And, should the season turn out to be more than ordinarily successful, Spaulding said he has the promise of President Humphrey that one of the big teams of the East will be invited to come out here for a Christmas Day game.

The game with the Agnetians, September 18, will be an important one, as well as a good test of the team's mettle. The Agnetians are being coached by Bart Macomber, one-time All-American star, who played with the Olympic Club part of the 1919 season. Macomber is getting together a fast, strong squad, and is frank in his determination to put over a win in his initial contest.

After a series of disappointments Spaulding has succeeded in signing up the Multnomah Club of Portland for a game in this city October 23. Keen rivalry exists between Multnomah and Olympic football teams, and the failure of the two to get together for the past few years has been a matter of regret. However, the northerners are now signed to a contract for games to be played here and next year in Portland.

Effort is also being made to schedule a game with the University of Southern California, either here or in Los Angeles.

The annual contest with the University of California will be played at Berkeley, October 1. This is one of the big games of the football season and attracts one of the largest of crowds. Last year the Olympic men gave Andy Smith's disciples a stiff run for honors. This year they expect to do even better.

Another battle which the coaches keep ever in mind is that with the All-Pacific Fleet team, Thanksgiving Day, Ewing Field. The team that will represent the sea forces this season is practically that of the 1918 Annapolis 'Varsity to a man. The sailors will train every day at Lakeside. They will enjoy every advantage of a college 'varsity and are expected to prove a formidable factor in the struggle for Coast football honors.

DEL MONTE RUN AND OUTING

Great interest is being manifested in the proposed automobile run and outing to Del Monte, the date for which has been definitely determined: September 30, October 1-2, inclusive.

During this brief time the magnificent hostelry with its beautiful grounds and golf links will practically be devoted to the exclusive entertainment of Olympians.

Judging from the numerous advanced inquiries it is anticipated the very pleasant and successful affair of last year will be more than duplicated.

Manager Stanley has made a special rate of \$8 per day and Sports Manager Purner states that the hotel proposes to donate a handsome trophy in addition to those offered by The Olympic Club for the Golf Tournament.

Details will be given fully in the September issue of "The Olympian."

INTERCLUB BOXING MATCHES WITH LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB

By FRED E. FARMER

RESULTS OF THE INTERCLUB MATCHES

110-Pound Class

Eddie Wollman (L. A. A. C.) won from Ray Fee (Olympic).

115-Pound Class

Henry Domeniconi (Olympic) defeated August Gotto (L. A. A. C.).

125-Pound Class

Willie Zukle (L. A. A. C.) stopped Howard Miller (Olympic) in second round.

135-Pound Class

Walter Dellamore (Olympic) stopped Joe Gomez (L. A. A. C.), third round.

145-Pound Class

Charley Jenkison (L. A. A. C.) won from Ray Higgins (Olympic).

158-Pound Class

Fred Huntington (Olympic) defeated Ad Allegrini (L. A. A. C.).

175-Pound Class

Max Spindler (L. A. A. C.) stopped Phil Noonan (Olympic) in fourth round.

THE interclub boxing matches between the boys of the Los Angeles Athletic Club and the Olympic Club, held in the Club gymnasium on August 17, went to the visitors from the south, four bouts to three.

The show itself was one of the best held in the Club for many years past, the gym, as usual, being taxed to its capacity, and the bouts themselves were of the highest order. Too much praise for the success of the show cannot be showered on Commissioner James Krueger and Instructors George Green and Billy Leonard. Everything went on without a hitch, and of the fourteen bouts scheduled only one went by default.

One of the most pleasing results of the night was the victory of Henry Domeniconi, the Olympic Club bantam champion, over August Gotto of the Los An-

geles Athletic Club. Illness had put Domeniconi out of the ring for almost a year and his comeback in this bout was very popular. The fight itself was action all through, as Gotto is a boxer of no mean caliber. However, the experience of the Olympic Club boy came to the front, and in the last round he stuck his straight left in Gotto's face almost at will.

There was no question about the decision, as Domeniconi had the clear shade.

Another rattling good bout was the opener, the flyweight mixup between Eddie Wollman of Los Angeles, and Ray Fee of the Olympic Club. Wollman received the decision and he deserved it, but the Club fans will long remember the game stand made by Fee, especially in that last round. He is only a kid, and the superior strength of the southern

boxer won for him. Wollman did not beat Fee by any wide margin, but just shaded him.

Billy Zukle of Los Angeles stopped Howard Miller of the Olympics after the second round. Zukle proved himself too clever for Miller, who is a slugger. Referee Wallace put a stop to the proceedings after the second.

Walter Dellamore of the Olympic Club evened things up again, by beating Joe Gomez of Los Angeles in the lightweight bout. Dellamore, who was fighting some eight or nine pounds under weight, was cautious for two rounds, but in the third he tore after his man and won easily in this round. Dellamore is rapidly developing into one of the best boxers seen at the Olympic Club for years.

The feature fight of the night was the welterweight go between Charley Jenkison of Los Angeles, the national champion, and Ray Higgins of the Olympic Club, the Pacific Association title holder. Jenkison won, but the decision was a very close shade, and Higgins gave the champion the battle of his life. Both boxers scored knockdowns on each other in the first two rounds, and at the termination of the second matters were about even.

Jenkison won out in the third round, but Higgins kept on coming. However, the slight lead made by Jenkison in this third canto was enough to warrant him the verdict.

In the middleweight class, Fred Huntington of the Olympic Club tied the interclub score again, by beating Allegrini of Los Angeles. These men were perfectly matched, and the decision was awarded to the Olympic Club boy on the slightest shade.

And now we come to Phil Noonan. Phil stepped into the ring full of pep, and faced Max Spindler of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Phil kept his pep for two

rounds, and stepped around Spindler like a kid of about thirty years of age. But in the third Phil began to weaken. It was now Spindler's turn, and Spindler evened up the match in the third round, so the judges called an extra act.

Phil started the fourth round like a champion. This lasted for about one minute, when Spindler discovered some vitality in his system and forced Phil around the ring, got him against the ropes, and started to pummel Phil's manly abdomen in a very undignified manner. Seems as though this Spindler had no respect for old age. At any rate, the referee stopped the bout just before the end of the fourth round and raised Spindler's hand. Fair enough.

But it must be said for Phil that he surprised everyone in the house. He put up a great fight, but after all, youth must be served, and youth was.

That ended the interclub competition, with Los Angeles winning four to three, thus causing De Witt Van Court and George Blake heaps of enjoyment.

In the bouts between the Olympic Club boys, Les Watson defeated Leo Asquitapace in the bantam class in three rounds. Jack McPartland landed one on Jack Gilbert's nasal projection in the third round that sent Jack to dreamland. The boys weighed 125 pounds. The other 125-pound bout went to Tom Williams over Herman Klinke, after three rounds of fast fighting.

In the lightweight class, Paul Dillon won rather easily from Joe House, and Alfred Hayes defaulted his match to Johnny Davott in the 158-pound division.

Hal Yont, the big boy from Sweden, beat Tom Alford, but both were much worse for wear after the excitement.

John Wilmans finished up the night with a victory over his club mate, Earl Reed.

THE KICKERS ARE COMING

By EDGAR POMEROY

The Kickers are coming, Hurrah! Hurrah!
They're coming a-running from near and from far.
Soon they'll be slamming the ball in the net,
Green ones and learn-ed, recruit and "vet".

Some of our fellows are getting so old
They will be, 'ere long, left "out in the cold."
Then what shall we do to keep up our fame
If we've not a kid who's good at the game?

Please, sirs, remember the young ones grow up
From kid to adult—a bull from a pup,
Expecting a chance to kick that old ball;
But if we're no team they can't kick at all.

PROFESSIONAL association football ("soccer") is likely to make its appearance in California this season, and by the strange paradox that seems to run through things attempted by man, professional football may be practically forced on some clubs by the intention and attempt of fiery amateurs to make the game more severely amateur. To make the prohibition of professional football absolutely prohibitive some of the leaders in the Leagues and Association propose to eject all shipyards and other industrial teams from all leagues.

Their theory is that by disassociating the job and the game and forcing players to play for strictly amateur clubs and teams—by eliminating industrial concerns' teams—amateurism will be safe.

But will it? Suppose the shipyards and railroad companies form a league of their own and play semi-professional "soccer," will the amateur clubs be able even to hold their own best players? Or suppose Dr. Strub, having a grip on the best available arena in San Francisco, organize a "pro" team as the winter enterprise of

the "Seals"; and somebody else in Oakland, San Jose, Sacramento and Los Angeles does the same thing in those cities?

Perhaps, after all, it will be best to keep the shipyards in the amateur association. There may be suspicion of semi-professionalism, but it can never attain the bold front it would if outside the



JUVENILE

JUVENILES Are Necessary to Provide for Future Junior and Senior Elevens

C. F. A.; not while Sam Goodman is on the association anyway. Sam may be domineering and dogmatic some times, but he is fearless, loves the game as a game and not a business, and has a strong enough personality and keen enough mind to hold the organization in line.

Anyway, the shipyards are not invulnerable; the Olympic Club has proven that for several seasons since 1914, which brings up the matter of association football in the Club.

Several years ago a juvenile team was started by Tom Bunyan in the Club. As the youngsters grew older they became "juniors," and first Sam Weeks, then Frank Loney and then Jack Balmain, under command of G. W. Ebner, began to "put the juniors on the map." This was before "soccer" was introduced into the schools.

Ere long the Club team proper began to draw on the juniors for "subs," and the success of the Club on the many "soccer" fields in recent years is due to the fact that G. W. Ebner took enough



SENIOR

SENIORS Go To Seed, and Should Be Replaced by Graduated Juniors

interest in the juniors, several years ago, to make an Olympic Club junior football team a thing worth while.

These boys, however, "grew up" and evolved into two senior elevens, one playing in the Sunday league—the "Senior" League—and the other in the Saturday League, and we have now no junior or juvenile elevens. Our Club source of supply for real Olympic members is therefore exhausted.

We should and must have, in addition to our senior or representative Club team a junior and a juvenile team, if we are to hold our own in the future as a Club of our size should. Boys are learning the game at school now and both competition and interest is going to be keener henceforth.

Of course, more teams more expense, because we cannot expect revenue from the junior and juvenile contests, but if we could afford two teams when we had only 25 per cent of our present membership and 20 per cent less dues we should surely be able to afford three teams, kept up in good style, too, now!



JUNIOR

JUNIORS Should Go Up Into the Senior Teams in Due Course

Let's hope that every member of the Club, having the interests of the bonny lads who form our juveniles and juniors at heart, will urge members of the Athletic Committee and the Board of Directors to authorize such teams.

They will at least bring in as much income as basketball, swimming and gymnasium do—and be less expense.

To do less is to run the risk of being a "second rater" in the near future, when "soccer" really comes into its own in San Francisco as it has in other cities. As it was it was all we could do to hold the Sacramento teams last season, and it will not be long before other cities will

enter the arena to dispute the title to the championship.

There is a man named Victor Hodge in Santa Rosa, physical instructor of schools, well up in all the finer points of association football; standing high in the estimation of parents, faculty and the Chamber of Commerce. If Hodge starts something in Santa Rosa and Healdsburg, the native city of Ralph Rose, and its neighbor city is quite likely to send other champions this way.

Even Los Angeles might develop a good "soccer" football team, if they keep on trying, so let us be prepared.

(NOTE.—The sketches were made by a juvenile member of the Olympic Club; a "soccer" football player of the Grammar School in Santa Rosa.)

W. H. McCARTHY NAMED SOCCER FOOTBALL HEAD

President of Coast League Has Another Important Job Thrust Upon Him

THAT soccer football faces a season of exceptional promise in spite of a shortage of grounds and the reduction of the local football league's membership, was the underlying note in the annual meeting of the California Football Association August 20 in the Flood building. Representatives from Stockton, Sacramento, Grass Valley, Stanford University and the bay cities carried on the routine business of the election of officers and the selection of the executive committee.

William H. McCarthy was elected president of the association. Dr. Charles Strub, Ernest M. Smith, G. W. Ebner, Harry Maloney and Bob Shand were elected vice presidents. Sam Goodman was elected chairman of the executive committee. Bill Campbell was re-elected secretary of the association with a salary increase. Bill Crawford was re-elected treasurer. The executive committee elected is composed of A. H. MacGregor, Walter Campbell, Vernon Showell, H. Malony, Bill Sterling, Jack Bolton and

John Elliott. Sam Goodman will represent the association in the Pacific Association of the A. A. U.

Interest in soccer football in Stockton resulted in the formation of a league in the San Joaquin Valley city, and according to R. Davidson, who represented the new body in its petition to membership in the association, the game is on a firm footing there. Four teams will play in the Stockton league.

The new San Francisco Football League, successor to the California Football League, was admitted to the association. Plans for the securing of grounds were discussed. The Ocean Shore lot promises to be the hope of the soccer fans, while Recreation Park will be counted upon after the winter baseball season is over.

The representatives present at the last meeting were: B. Nichols and J. MacFarlane, Barbarians; W. Thom and W. Phillip, Burns; A. Doble and H. Swan, Rangers; A. C. Morrison and Edgar Pomeroy, Olympics; Donald Mor-

rison, Thistles; L. Munro, Union Iron Works; H. Reed, Vampires; Lynn Reynolds, University and Club League; P. Mendonca, Stanford University; A. Tommasini and H. Bacigalupi, Italia-Virtus; Joe Williams, Sacramento Valley

League; J. N. Young, McKinley Park; W. H. Lugg, Acorns of Sacramento; J. Dickerhoff, Riversides of Sacramento; J. Miligan, Rangers of Stockton; Tom Boyd and George MacKay, Thistles of Stockton; Joe Fry, Grass Valley; W. Campbell and F. Dewhurst, Referees' Union.

OLYMPIANS AGAIN TRIUMPH ON TENNIS COURTS

*Johnston Leads the Way—Ro Roberts, Kinsey Brothers, Phil Bettens and
Herb Suhr Chalk Up Series of Victories*

By RAY GREENBERG

BILL JOHNSTON is again blazing the California tennis trail in the East. The fans, critics and players have looked him over and we know now that he is the most consistent tennis performer of the season; the one man who threatens the supremacy of the great Tilden, champion of the United States, champion of England and hard court champion of the world.

"Our Bill" is a real champion in every sense of the word. He runs true to form. When he does not hold the title of champion tennis player of the United States, he is threatening some one else's supremacy. First it was McLoughlin's, then Williams—now it is Tilden's. The meagre news dispatches about his playing that we receive are, in themselves, an unconscious tribute to the game of a master; to the flawless perfection of his stroking; to his bulldog tenacity and to his courage under fire. Year after year, the same story is repeated—"Johnston and some one else are the men to be reckoned with for the championship." But it is always the same Johnston and usually a different "someone else." The McLoughlins, the Williams, the Murrays and the Tildens flash their particular brand of super tennis for a period and then drop out as contenders, while John-

ston, with his basically, sound, all-around game, remains. And it is the opinion of most followers of the sport that he will remain as the best bet for the United States singles title for many years to come.

As usual, Johnston started his 1921 tennis campaign slowly. He lost to his clubmate, Roland Roberts, at Sacramento in the latter part of May, and though Johnston was not stroking the ball with his usual precision and accuracy, credit is, nevertheless, due Roberts, who, playing the greatest game of his career, forced the battle from start to finish. Three weeks' later at Berkeley, the Olympic Club ace redeemed himself, winning the Pacific Coast championship singles' title from Roberts in the final round, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3, and effectually squelching Willis Davis' title aspirations in the semi-finals to a 6-1, 6-1, 6-2 tune.

Following the Pacific Coast title meet, Johnston began his Eastern campaign. It opened with a victory over Dick Williams, United States singles' champion in 1914 and 1916 at Longwood, Boston, the fourth time, by the way, that the California kingpin has brought home the coveted Longwood challenge bowl. At Newport, the following week, Johnston met defeat in five sets at the hands of

Watson Washburn in the semi-final round, but came back on August 13, winning the Seabright, New Jersey, event from a strong field without the loss of a set. Immediately upon the conclusion of the Seabright meet, the United States Lawn Tennis Association announced the team to defend the Davis Cup, and as was expected, Johnston was among those named to keep the famous international trophy in America. The team is composed of William T. Tilden, Philadelphia; William M. Johnston, San Francisco; Richard N. Williams, Boston, and Watson M. Washburn, New York.

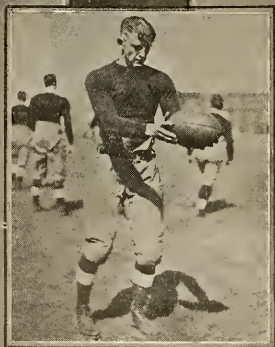
While Johnston is blazing the way in the East, another Olympian, Roland Roberts, leads the racquetters on the Pacific Coast. It is to be regretted that Roberts, in view of the excellence of his early season performances, could not find the time to undertake another Eastern trip. He won the San Francisco singles' championship, the Central California singles' title at Sacramento and was runner-up to Johnston at Berkeley in the Pacific Coast singles' title meet. In doubles, Roberts paired with John Strachan and annexed a special event from a classy field at San Rafael.

The Kinsey brothers, Howard and Robert, have, this season, fairly established their claim to be rated as the ranking doubles' combination on the Pacific Coast. Playing a brand of defensive tennis that has seldom been equalled in the California annals of the net sport, the Kinseys won the Pacific Coast Sectional doubles' title at Los Angeles by turning aside the net storming, rushing, slashing attack of Roland Roberts and Willis Davis, forcing their hard-hitting opponents into the errors that paved the way to defeat. By their victory, the Kinseys earned the right to represent the West in the National doubles' title play at Boston during the week of August 22d.

To accustom themselves to the climate and the turf courts, the brother combination embarked on an Eastern campaign at Cleveland in the early part of July, where they reached the final round in the inter-city doubles' competition. At Newport they gained the final bracket in doubles, losing to the tournament winners, Williams and Washburn.

The meritorious performances of Johnston, Roberts and the Kinsey brothers on the courts this season has caused the work of Phil Bettens and Herb Suhr to be somewhat overlooked, but if the United States doubles' championship were to be awarded to the team winning more silverware than any other team during the course of a season, the two Olympic juniors would undoubtedly be handed the honor on a silver platter. Between them, they have garnered the San Francisco city junior doubles, the Pacific Coast junior singles and doubles at Berkeley, the Inland Empire singles, doubles, junior singles, and mixed doubles at Spokane, the Idaho State singles, doubles and mixed doubles at Potlatch, Idaho, and the Oregon State doubles at Portland. All the titles, with the exception of the San Francisco junior, were accumulated within the space of six weeks. How many more championships would have been added to the list had the two eighteen-year-old youngsters kept going can only be guessed.

There remain four more major events in which Olympians will participate; the National doubles at Boston on August 22; the Davis Cup International meet at New York on September 3; the National singles at Philadelphia on September 9, and the East vs. West Intersectional at Chicago immediately following the National singles title play. On the Pacific Coast, two more events will complete the



Top Row, Left to Right—Captain Peterson, Vejar, guard; John Roach, end; Callison, center; Glazier, quarterback; back; John Daly, tackle. Bottom Row, Left to Right—Jack Naylor, halfback; I



...quarterback. Second Row, Left to Right—McCoy tackling Belino; Paul McCoy, end; Hainke, guard; Williams, half-
 ...t, assistant coach; Paul Mohr, end; John Daly, guard; Prince Callison, center.

season: the California State at Berkeley and the Bay Counties at Golden Gate Park. Our hopes in these tournaments are pinned to Johnston, Roberts, the

Kinseys, Bettens and Suhr, and that they can be relied upon to give a good account of themselves can best be judged by their 1921 performances.

RIDDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE HEN

By FRANK AINSWORTH

THE McGettigan boys have just returned from a sage hen hunt in Nevada with a glowing account of the sport.

There is a limit of ten each day on this "cock of the plains," and, indeed, there seems to be little need for a law protecting them—they are so numerous and hardy and increase so rapidly.

Formerly hunted by the Indians, who caught them in large numbers with nets, the sage hen today is still very slow to take to its wings. It depends almost entirely upon protective coloration for its safety and will remain concealed under some brake or brush until almost trodden upon, when it will rise from under the hunter's very feet like a shot from a cannon, with a great whirl of wings.

Hunting along the sage-covered desert of Nevada, large flocks, feeding upon sage leaves and more or less bitter buds, will be encountered; and, in fact, to get the best sport out of the hunt they have to be given an opportunity to rise; otherwise the killing is simple.

These birds make a delicious dish much akin to quail. In the fall when they feed on sage leaves and bitter buds they are not edible unless immediately "drawn" upon being shot. However, during the summer months they eat various bugs—amongst them the locust—and at that time they furnish a very tasty meal.

It is a ridiculous sight to see the male sage hen "making love." He has spare spaces

on his neck that he is capable of inflating into orange colored balloons. Strutting up and down with his tail spread out, making queer noises with his wings, he is indeed the envy of all sage henesses. During the spring this fowl Romeo is quite gallant and will fight valiently for possession of his harem. After he has wooed



KEVIN McGETTIGAN

and won—like the animals of the higher kingdoms—he is not as gallant nor does he put up very much of a battle for his hen.

A sage hen hunt altogether is quite an enjoyable undertaking, especially be-

cause of the material results, as may readily be seen from the bag of the McGettigan youngster in the cut. And then Carroll says Nevada is not a part of the Great Western Sahara.

OLYMPIC CLUB SWIMMERS WIN PACIFIC COAST CHAMPIONSHIP AT CORONADO

By ERNEST M. SMITH

RESULTS PACIFIC COAST SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS 1921:

Olympic Club	43
Los Angeles Athletic Club.....	36
Seattle Crystal Club.....	12
Alameda Neptune Club.....	5
Coronado Athletic Club.....	1
San Diego Rowing Club.....	1
Unattached	1

BY piling up a total of 43 points Sid Cavill's Olympic Club swimming team won the Pacific Coast title at Coronado on August 7.

It was a fast, well-balanced septet that Cavill chaperoned south, and their performances in the great swimming course at Tent City were a tribute to the preparation and training to which Cavill subjected the individual members of the team. It was not a matter of stars with Cavill—it was a matter of getting enough points to bring back a winning team to the Olympic Club and to San Francisco. The stellar factor in the team was not emphasized, a fact that is interesting and a subject for comment in itself, for after the 220 yards, which Les Smith won in impressive fashion in the excellent time of 2 minutes 34 2-5 seconds, everyone figured on a repeat from the "ace" in the 100 yards. But Smith swam a corkscrew course, and the burden of winning fell on the capable deltoids of one Jack Robertson, whose victory in the race is the most magnificent "comeback" in recent years. Jack fluttered his heels in the

face of the field, slapping the finish tape just 57 1-5 seconds after the gun was fired. This is faster time than Norman Ross ever made over that 100-yard straightaway in his palmiest days.

Chubby Shields was given second in the fifty yards, after a consultation of the judges. The race was so close that one judge suggested that it be declared a dead heat between the thirteen men. Evidently the promoters of the show did not relish furnishing a baker's dozen of gold medals for one event, so the judiciary unscrambled the mess and decided that Walter Grace, who had made the chemically pure villa his residence a scant three weeks prior to the meet, had first reached the tape line. The decision was unpopular, and Grace is really not eligible to compete for Los Angeles for two months more.

Clarence Pinkston won the high diving in his old-time form, but suffered a reversal in the fancy diving from the ten-foot shingle, losing to Krissel, a youngster from Los Angeles. This latter defeat is attributable to the fact that

high diving and spring-board diving on the same day do not jibe, and Pinkston suffered from having to do the two events in the same afternoon.

Tony Karackefsky took second in the 440 yards and third in the 880, bowing to the superior finship of Mitrie Konowaloff in the quarter and to Konowaloff and Jerry Witt in the half. Tony swam like a true Olympian and his game plugging gained for him the plaudits of a large crowd.

Perhaps the most significant victory of the afternoon was in the 440-yard relay race. It is interesting to note that Les Smith was ill and unable to compete and that Karackefsky could not swim, robbing the team of two of its veterans. But Jack Robertson, Toot Gardner, Chubby Shields and George Schroth won the event by a wide margin from the Los Angeles team, with the Neptunes trailing into third. The relay tells the story of the meet. The Olympic Club has both quality and quantity in its aquatic department. Sid Cavill and Louis McLané have built up the most powerful swimming team on the Pacific Coast.

Following are the results:

50-yard dash—Walter Grace (L. A. A. C.), first; Charles Shields (Olympic), second; Jack Robertson (Olympic), third. Time, 25 seconds.

100-yard, women—Thelma Finn (L. A. A. C.), first; Dorothy Becker (Neptune), second; Marie Curtis (L. A. A. C.), third. Time, 1 minute 10 seconds.

100-yard breaststroke—Paul Nelson (L. A. A. C.), first; P. Wallace (Neptune), second; Dennis O'Brien (Coronado), third. Time 1 minute 21 2-5 seconds.

220-yard, women—Thelma Darby (L. A. A. C.), first; Marian Himmelstein (L. A. A. C.), second; Roberta Ciddlemas (L. A. A. C.), third. Time, 3 minutes 22 seconds.

440-yard dash—Mitrie Konowaloff (Crystal), first; Tony Karackefsky (Olympic), second; Jerry Witt (L. A. A. C.), third. Time, 5 minutes 42 2-5 seconds.

50-yards, women—Thelma Finn (L. A. A. C.), first; Marie Curtis (L. A. A. C.), second;

Dorothy Becker (Neptune), third. Time, 29 4-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—Lester Smith (Olympic), first; George Schroth (Olympic), second; Claude Clavert (S. D. R. C.), third. Time, 2 minutes 34 2-5 seconds.

150-yard backstroke—Ray Kegriss (L. A. A. C.), first; H. F. Gardner (Olympic), second; Francis Themer (Nereids), third. Time, 1 minute 57 1-5 seconds.

440-yard, women—Marian Himmelstein (L. A. A. C.), first; Mrs. A. Sanstrum (Nereids), second. Time, 7 minutes 39 1-5 seconds.

100-yard dash—Jack Robertson (Olympic), first; Walter Grace (L. A. A. C.), second; Charles Shields (Olympic), third. Time, 57 1-5 seconds.

Spring board diving, women—Dorothy Becker (Neptune), first.

880-yard dash—Mitrie Konowaloff (Crystal), first; Jerry Witt, (L. A. A. C.), second; Tony Karackefsky (Olympic), third. Time, 12 minutes 28 4-5 seconds.

100-yard backstroke, women—Dorothy Burns (L. A. A. C.), first; Dorothy Elliott (Nereids), second; Dorothy Becker (Neptune), third. Time, 1 minute 32 1-5 seconds.

880-yard, women—Thelma Darby (L. A. A. A.), first; Florence Chambers (Junior College), second. Time, 14 minutes 9 3-5 seconds.

440-yard relay—Won by Olympic Club. Winning team: Gardner, Robertson, Schroth and Shields; Los Angeles, second; Neptune, third.

High diving—Clarence Pinkston (Olympic), first; Clyde Swendson (L. A. A. C.), second; Merrill Fadden (Crystal), third.

Springboard diving—Walter Krissell (L. A. A. C.), first; Clarence Pinkston (Olympic), second; Merrill Fadden (Crystal), third. Louis Balbach of Columbia University won the event, but was disqualified, not being a coast swimmer.

—O—

Just for good measure, Chubby Shields and Tony Karackefsky, placed first and second in the annual "Silver Gate" swim at San Diego on August 14, finished a fraction of a second apart. The boys swam the distance, which is approximately 500 yards, in 7 minutes 4 seconds and 7 minutes 4 1-5 seconds, respectively. A field of thirty swimmers from all over the coast trailed them to the finish line.

WITH THE SHOOTERS

By CAPT. C. W. LINDER, U. S. A.

THE Olympic Club military rifle team has just finished a very interesting series of matches with the various service teams located around the bay region. The Navy, Marine Corps, Infantry, Coast Artillery and National Guard teams have been our opponents in most of these matches.

Although the Club team has not been the leader in the series, neither have they been the runner-up by any means. A summary of the series proves that we are able to hold our own with any team and in a mixed competition with pistol and rifle would win out in the majority of matches.

In the times we were beaten it has always been by but a few points, which was not due to a jinx either, but in all cases was due to our lack of team work. Team work with a civilian organization can never be compared to that which can be had with a military organization and in no branch of sport can it be seen as prominent as in a rifle team match.

The last match of the series, a four-cornered match between the 32d Infantry, Navy, National Guard and Olympic Club, was won by the Olympic Club boys by a margin of 12 points over the Infantry.

The scores made in this match are as follows:

OLYMPIC CLUB					
	200	200	300	600	
	O.H.	R.F.	R.F.	S.F.	Total.
O'Donnell	41	48	48	92	229
Linder	42	50	48	89	229
Williams	39	48	46	94	227
McVey	43	49	47	86	225
Frahm	41	47	48	88	224
Littleford	37	45	47	94	223
Randall	39	48	47	86	220
Vaughan	37	50	43	85	215
Mallett	43	46	38	87	214
Johns	35	48	46	81	210
Totals	397	479	458	882	2216

32D..INFANTRY					
	200	200	300	600	
	O.H.	R.F.	R.F.	S.F.	Total.
First Sargeant Williams..	40	49	48	92	229
Mstr. Sargeant Smeltz.....	40	47	48	90	225
Sergeant Stanton	41	48	48	87	224
Captain Nicholas	42	50	44	85	221
Lieutenant Roady	42	49	39	90	220
Corporal Taylor	38	48	47	87	220
Captain Holderman	42	49	47	82	220
Sergeant Reed	37	45	47	86	215
Private Pack	35	43	44	89	211
Sergeant Dolan	39	39	47	83	208
Totals	396	467	459	861	2204

NATIONAL GUARD					
	200	200	300	600	
	O.H.	R.F.	R.F.	S.F.	Total.
Lieutenant Blount	39	49	45	83	216
Sergeant McDonnell	36	46	44	89	215
Sergeant McGuire	36	47	46	86	215
Lieutenant Kaser	40	46	45	81	212
Captain Hardy	39	50	37	85	211
Sergeant Black	38	48	44	81	211
Lieutenant Shearer	35	45	46	83	209
Sergeant Mullaney	36	42	47	72	197
Sergeant Taylor	38	44	43	65	190
Sergeant Gardiner	14	30	30	45	119
Totals	351	447	427	770	1995

NAVY					
	200	200	300	600	
	O.H.	R.F.	R.F.	S.F.	Total.
Lieut. Com. Palmer.....	45	47	49	95	236
Commander Giffen	42	50	49	92	233
C. B. M. Herberg.....	43	48	48	90	229
C. B. M. Smith.....	41	50	47	88	226
C. O. M. Parker.....	43	45	49	85	222
M. M. Dunn	41	48	47	83	219
Lieutenant Henderson ..	38	50	41	85	214
C. B. M. Kirindyer.....	40	42	39	88	209
Totals	333	380	369	706	1788

—O—

Sunday, August 14, a tryout for a State Civilian Rifle Team to represent California at the National matches at Camp Perry, Ohio, was held at the Leona Heights and Glendale rifle ranges. Williams, Jonas, Frahm, Vaughn and O'Donnell of the Olympic Club have been entered with very good chances of winning places on the team.

—O—

Linder has been ordered to report for active duty as instructor at the matches. Mallett has been assigned as coach of the California National Guard team.

—O—

Baker, Hayes and Mills, three of our crack pistol shots, have gone to the mountains to try their holding on game;

but as the Club has not as yet advertised a venisor barbecue we surmise that the exertion of locating even an old tired buck will be found by them to be so much harder than facing a paper target that the team will have to continue feeding on hamburger.



Dr. J. D. Milikin, the Shooting Commissioner, is in the East attending a dentists' convention, and while there will try a few targets with the scatter gun at the Grand American Handicap at Perry.



The shooting committee has planned a big program for both indoor and out-

door shooting for the fall and winter. The Club will welcome any member interested in the pistol or .22 caliber rifle to affiliate with the team. We are in need of "pinch hitters" with the teams shooting both weapons, and with a little strengthening of the team we are going to come close to winning the championship in all three classes—pistol, .22 rifle, and military rifle during the winter matches.



Members who want a fine evening's sport each week, shooting, are requested to get in touch with the Shooting Commissioner or M. D. McVey, the team Secretary.

THE POSITION HANDBALL TOURNAMENT

By JOHN L. JAUNET

THE best evidence that the tournament continues to enlist the interest of those engaged is the fact that no less than thirty-odd matches have been played during the month. The keen rivalry existing among those occupying the advanced positions has acted as a stimulant for almost unceasing challenges and counter challenges. In consequence, as was the case during the preceding month, most of the matches were produced from the challenges of the contestants within the first twelve positions. As a result, it has engendered quite a race to determine the winner of the trophy to be awarded to the player with the highest aggregate of points when the tournament closes, September 15.

Dick Shannon was the first to become eligible as a competitor when he completed his tenth match, August 15, his total number of points amounting to 576, placing him first in the race with a very comfortable lead over his nearest con-

tender, Belton Wolf, whose total, after engaging in six matches, is 439.

As was previously announced, in order to be recognized as an eligible candidate for the trophy, a player must have participated in at least ten matches. This does not mean that only ten matches will be the number to decide the issue, but simply that no one will be considered who has failed to engage in that many. In other words, no one will be deemed to have qualified, unless he can show competition in ten matches. Of course, the more matches a player engages in the more does he enhance his chances to capture the prize.

The following is a resume of the matches played during the month:

Dick Shannon took position number three from Louis Lichtenstein, 20-21, 21-7, 21-14.

Bill Joyner displaced Larry Granfield from position number four, 21-9, 21-11.

Gus Garrissere took a tremendous up-

ward leap, when he dislodged Fred Roth from position number 18, Fred dropping to 28, Gus' previous position, 17-21, 21-13, 21-10.

Lane McMillan made another unsuccessful attempt for Red Murray's pinnacle position, Lane being dispatched in two straight, 18-21, 4-21, at the same time suffering the loss of one handball.

Bill Joyner was stopped in his effort to eject Dick Shannon from position number three, after three games, 14-21, 21-20, 18-21, Dick thereby collecting one handball.

Gus Garrissere then drove Jerry O'Connor from his position, 21-6, 21-17.

Mel Weingarten contributed two handballs to Buck Berges, when he was unsuccessful in taking the latter's position, Mel losing two straight, 20-21, 14-21.

Belton Wolf deprived Bill Joyner of position four, after two games, 21-16, 21-12.

Jack Tait ousted Julius Norman from position 22, after three games, 11-21, 21-9, 21-20.

Larry Granfield could not make good his attack against number six, occupied by Bill Joyner, Bill winning two straight and also a handball, 21-9, 21-3.

Ralph Heger assailed position 19 of Jerry O'Connor, Jerry retreating after three games to 24; scores, 21-12, 14-21, 21-10.

Larry Granfield sought to make an upward climb for number three of Dick Shannon's, but could not make the grade, losing two straight, 14-21, 6-21, and also four handballs.

Jerry O'Connor then launched his drive to ascend the board by defeating Gus Garrissere for position 18; scores, 21-19, 8-21, 21-9.

Ralph Heger then captured position 15 from Joe Ryan, 21-9, 12-21, 21-18.

Once more did Lane McMillan essay to take position one from Joe Murray,

but once more was he doomed to disappointment, losing 17-21, 10-21, and also a handball.

Belton Wolf bettered his position by one, when he took number three from Dick Shannon, 21-15, 21-16.

Along comes Bill Joyner, who quickly dispossesses Wolf of number three, 21-14, 21-13.

Jerry O'Connor then dropped three handballs to Ralph Heger in his effort to capture Ralph's position; scores, 21-12, 9-21, 9-21.

Ralph Heger then soared to position seven, occupied by Larry Granfield, 21-20, 21-8.

Dick Shannon stepped into position three by defeating Bill Joyner, 21-9, 21-15.

Gus Garrissere sought to retake his quondam position lost to Jerry O'Connor, but Jerry refused to yield it up, winning two straight, 21-20, 21-4, and also six handballs.

Ralph Heger found Belton Wolf too strong when he tried to take Belton's position number six, Ralph losing two straight, 18-21, 5-21, and also one handball.

George Bond compelled Ralph Heger to surrender position seven after three hard games, 20-21, 21-12, 21-10.

Belton Wolf climbed into position four by defeating Bill Joyner, 21-5, 21-13.

Belton Wolf then went still higher by taking number three from Dick Shannon, 21-6, 21-7.

Burton Larkins then took position 24 from Gus Garrissere after three terrific games, 19-21, 21-20, 21-20.

Louis Lichtenstein tried conclusions with Dick Shannon for position four, and was successful after three games, 17-21, 21-15, 21-12.

O. Baumbaugh took position 40 from Mel Weingarten, 16-21, 21-11, 21-8.

Jerry O'Connor went aloft once more

by taking position 16 from Howard Nowland, 21-16, 6-21, 21-13.

In a return match between Dick Shannon and Louis Lichtenstein, Dick regained his former position four, 21-12, 21-12.

—O—

DINNER FOR MILT RAPP

Milton Rapp, erstwhile doubles champion with Joe Cerigino, some six years ago, is one of the veterans of the game, very few of the good players in the Club being able to boast of a more varied and extensive handball experience.

While it cannot be denied that in the singles game he can, if he will, compel the best to set a fast pace to win, it is in the doubles style of game where Milt particularly demonstrates his strength and ability. Cool and calculating, with a mind ever on the alert to seize the

slightest advantage, and quick to discern any betrayal of weakness on the part of his adversaries, he has always made a most reliable and dependable running mate.

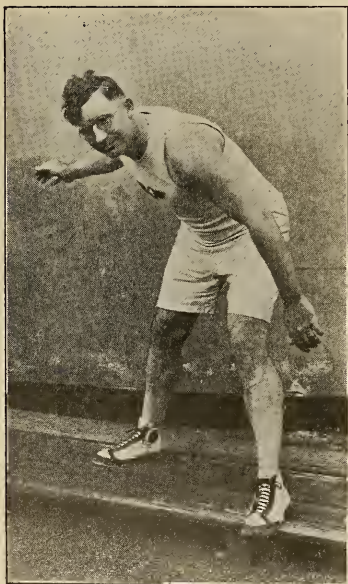
In the days when Joe Cerigino was master of all he surveyed in the local handball world, Joe readily appraised Milt's worth, so much so that he could not be induced or prevailed upon to enter a doubles tournament, unless Milt would consent to team with him. He and Cerigino developed into a combination well nigh invincible, the doubles championship being successfully defended by them for several years.

Milt has just returned from Calexico, where he has been for the past year, and as his stay was not to be prolonged beyond two weeks, his friends and handball associates tendered him a dinner, which was given at the Club, Thursday, August 18. Some forty-five attended the affair, which proved to be one of the most enjoyable ever celebrated within the precincts of the Club. In order that the occasion would continue verdant within his memory, Milt was also presented with a beautiful gold watch, suitably inscribed, a token of the esteem and kindly regard of his Club friends. Andy Gallagher, in a graceful address, presented the gift, which Milt acknowledged in a few well-chosen words.

Milt returns to the scene of his labors, where it is his intention to remain for another year, after which he expects to be with us again permanently. May good fortune always attend you, is the abiding wish of your friends, Milt.

—O—

Can Al Hennessy play? He certainly can when he is able to take two straight from Jerry O'Connor, 21-15, 21-6. It tickled Al to death, as Jerry seemed to think it was going to be easy for him.



MILTON RAPP

CHARLEY ROBINSON, VETERAN

Charley Robinson is another one of the veterans of the game, and in his day was accounted one of the best in the second class.

Probably his most distinctive performance in the handball cosmos was the brilliant victory scored by him and his partner, Harry Flynn, in the doubles tournament in 1915, over Coughlin and Glynn, in the second class, which meant the winning of first prize.

Tall and rangy, he could intercept many a drive that would be ordinarily destined for back court play, while his speed and effective stroke were factors that had to be reckoned with.

Charley was one of those who answered the call and "went over there," coming back with a badly shattered foot and health generally impaired, by reason

of which he has been incapacitated from physical exercise of any kind.

The courts still retain their allurements for him, however, and as soon as "Richard is himself again," he intends once more to enter the lists.

—O—

CHATTER FROM THE COURTS

Mervyn Friedenberg and Frank Foran engaged in a friendly contest, the result showing a win for Frank in two straight games, 21-18, 21-15. Now it is the championship class for Frank without doubt or quibble.

—O—

Say, have you watched the rejuvenated Al Hennessy cavorting in the courts? Al makes it a point to take on some one at least every other day, and it must be said, no one evinces keener enjoyment when victory comes his way. If you think he is easy, you have another thought coming, which those who have played with him will verify.

—O—

Bill Manaton had another clash with Ralph Heger, also for a dinner, this time Bill demanding and receiving a handicap of 15 points. Poor Bill! After breaking even on the first two, he lost out on the third, 21-20. Bill says the result proves nothing, and that he will yet dine at the expense of Ralph.

—O—

Frank Sullivan and Bill DeBoom staged a five-game match, with a dinner as a consideration, Bill winning the majority of the games.

—O—

That Ralph Heger is coming along needs no better evidence than his showing against Belton Wolf when six games were played, Ralph annexing three of them. His game has improved very appreciably, and he will bear watching in the next singles.



CHARLEY ROBINSON

Tom Whitaker and Frank Foran played three games recently, Frank continuing his winning streak by taking two out of the three.

—O—

Hyde Lewis and Mervyn Friedenberg worked through three fast games, Hyde showing up in excellent form, all three being won by him. If Hyde decides to enter the singles, he will prove a strong contender for the premier honors.

—O—

John Humphrey and Bill DeBoom engaged in a session, on the outcome of which hinged a dinner for four. John agreed to give Bill a handicap of 13 points in each game, which he successfully accomplished, Bill losing two straight, 21-16, 21-15.

—O—

Louis Lichtenstein spent a week in Los Angeles, and while there took advantage of the opportunity to work out in the L. A. A. C. courts. Young Van Court, the handball instructor, was his opponent, three games being played, all of which were won by Van Court, 21-14, 21-15, 21-18. Louis is very much impressed with the semi-hard rubber ball, in fact, expressing himself as preferring it to the soft or tennis ball.

—O—

Tommy Smith plays as regularly as any one in the Club, and there is hardly a player that Tommy has not at some time or other taken on for a game. There is one man, however, that he has played oftener than the rest, and that is Fred Sherry. Now, this is what concerns Tommy very much. Though he has played Fred for many years, much to his annoyance and to his chagrin, he has yet to take even ONE game from him. Only a short time ago, he seemed on the verge of realizing his ambition when he had Fred 19-16, but the handball

fates decreed otherwise, since he eventually lost 21-19.

—O—

Jerry O'Connor is bent on getting in condition for the coming singles, and to that end is earnestly seeking matches with anybody. The position tournament has enabled him to satisfy this desire to a certain extent, but he says he isn't kept sufficiently busy, and wants it to be generally known that he is open to engagements, no exceptions.

—O—

POSITION TOURNAMENT

On August 15 the standing for the position tournament trophy was as follows:

Names—	Points.	Matches.
Dick Shannon	576	10
Belton Wolf	439	6
Bill Joyner	390	7
Gus Garrissere	385	6
Ralph Heger	367	6
Joe Murray	344	4
Larry Granfield	338	9
Jerry O'Connor	327	6
Mel Weingarten	226	4
Louis Lichtenstein	194	3
Lane McMillan	125	4

—O—

THE SINGLES TOURNAMENT

The opening date of the tournament will be Sunday, September 25, the Sunday following the date of the Dipsea Race.

By way of an innovation, there will be a fifth class for beginners and inexperienced players, in which the same number of prizes will be offered as in each of the other classes.

The fact that a player may have participated in a former tournament will still render him eligible for the class, if his inexperience and lack of knowledge of the game warrant his classification therein. On the other hand, the fact that one

has not had previous tournament experience does not mean that he will be regarded as a candidate for the class, if he demonstrates sufficient fitness and ability for any other class.

An announcement will appear in the Club lobby at the proper time, but remember the date, so as to hold yourself in readiness in the event that you expect to enter.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL

By JACK SPAULDING, Football Commissioner

1921 FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Sept. 18—Olympic Club vs. Agnetian Club at.....	Ewing Field
Sept. 25—Olympic Club vs. American Legion	Ewing Field
Oct. 1—Olympic Club vs. California 'Varsity.....	Berkeley
Oct. 8—Open.	
Oct. 15—Olympic Club vs. Stanford 'Varsity.....	Ewing Field
Oct. 23—Olympic Club vs. Multonomah Club.....	Ewing Field
Oct. 30—Olympic Club vs. All Army Team from Camp Lewis, Washington.....	Ewing Field
Nov. 6—Olympic Club vs. St. Mary's College.....	Ewing Field
Nov. 11—Open.	
Nov. 13—Olympic Club vs. American Legion at.....	Fresno
Nov. 24—Olympic Club vs. All Pacific Fleet—Thanks- giving Day—Our Big Game—at.....	Ewing Field

JACK SPAULDING,
Football Commissioner.

TO familiarize the Club members with the men who will represent the Club on the football field this season the following were selected from over one hundred candidates who came out for the team:

Millard Peterson, "captain"; Berkeley high School and University of California; halfback; age 23; weight 160.

Paul Dobson, formerly captain of University of Nebraska; halfback; age 24; weight 185.

Bill Ingram, All-American halfback U. S. Naval Academy; also coach the All-Pacific Fleet team; age 25; weight 210.

Alan F. Williams, Cornell University; halfback; age 25; weight 185.

James P. Wollomes, Stanford University; fullback; age 23; weight 175.

James R. Needles, Santa Clara University; halfback; aged 20; weight 185.

Albert B. Sprott, All-Coast halfback; University of California; age 24; weight 175.

Trafford Charlton, University of California; fullback; age 24; weight 185.

Fred Schroeder, Olympic Club; age 26; weight 165.

Demming Bronson, University of Washington; quarterback; age 25; weight 180.

Ed Naylor, University of California; halfback; age 19; weight 175.

W. L. Glazier, Purdue University; quarterback; age 26; weight 160.

Charles Blenio, Harvard University; halfback; age 26; weight 170.

Clarence Savage, Oak Park High School; halfback; age 22; weight 185.

Raymond Williamson, Sacred Heart College; halfback; age 25; weight 180.

Ivan Marvolich, Sacred Heart College; fullback; age 23; weight 185.

Prince G. Callison, University of Oregon; center; age 23; weight 185.

Ed Hauser, University of Michigan; tackle; age 25; weight 185.

John Daly, Olympic Club; age 27; weight 200.

W. O. Nickelmann, University of California; tackle; age 20; weight 185.

Homer Pike, University of Washington; tackle; age 24; weight 185.

Lee Richardson, U. S. Naval Academy; tackle; age 23; weight 175.

B. L. Stanley, Notre Dame University; tackle; age 23; weight 180.

Robert Hainke, Washington State University; guard; age 24; weight 195.

A. L. Perovich, St. Mary's College; guard; age 25; weight 190.

Rudolph Vejar, Santa Clara College; guard; age 23; weight 195.

Lowell C. Hall, University of California; end; age 23; weight 160.

John C. Roche, University of California; end; age 24; weight 180.

Paul McCoy, University of California; end; age 24; weight 175.

Paul Mohr, University of Oregon; end; age 24; weight 155.

John Gifford, University of California; end; age 24; weight 170.

N. S. Dyches, Los Angeles High School; end; age 21; weight 155.

William Atwater, Stanford University; end; age 24; weight 170.

Charles Sprott, San Diego High School; guard; aged 24; weight 180.

Bill Newman, Oregon Aggie College; halfback; age 24; weight 180.

—O—

The team will be coached by the following coaches:

Babe Hollingberry, head coach Olympic Club.

Ralph Marx, University of Pennsylvania assistant coach.

Dud Clarke, University of Oregon, assistant coach.

Bill Ingram, U. S. Naval Academy, assistant coach.

Nibs Price, University of California, assistant coach.

Dr. B. A. Rosenthal, University of Minnesota, assistant coach.

Tony Korbel, University of Washington, assistant coach.

ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP JULY, 1921

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Edris, William, Vice-President Duplex Transmission Co., 48 Clay St., S. F.

Kelly, Rev. Daniel, Priest, 371 Eighth St., S. F.

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THE OLYMPIC CLUB

PROFIT AND LOSS STATEMENT

JULY, 1921

INCOME

Dues	\$21,083.27	
Initiations	1,990.00	
Department Operations.....	519.35	
Visitors' Cards.....	235.00	
Miscellaneous	317.49	
Rental	1,875.00	
Total Income.....		\$26,020.11

EXPENSE**General Club Expenses**

House	\$8,628.69	
Engine Room.....	2,408.54	
Electricity	558.25	
Water	614.96	
Storeroom	294.55	
Library and Periodicals.....	84.84	\$12,589.83

Administrative and General Expenses

Office Salaries and Expenses.....	\$3,150.83	
Administrative Salaries and Expenses.....	618.94	
Taxes	1,076.22	
Telephone (Net).....	646.72	
Estimated Lost Accounts.....	200.00	
Insurance	322.91	
Miscellaneous	559.13	
Stationery and Printing.....	323.61	\$6,898.36

Other Expenses

Depreciation	\$ 925.00	
Interest	1,406.17	
Athletic Activities.....	877.23	
Special Events.....	376.75	\$3,585.15

Total Expenses..... \$23,073.34

NET OPERATING INCOME..... 2,946.77

Deduct

Appropriation for Retirement of Mortgage and Bonded Indebtedness, Sinking Fund not yet established..... \$3,333.33

NET LOSS..... \$386.56

CERTIFICATE

We have audited the accounts of the Olympic Club for the month of July, 1921, and certify that the above Profit and Loss Statement exhibiting a Net Operating Income of \$2,946.77, and a Net Loss of \$386.56, has been correctly prepared from the accounts as shown by the books.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES O. SULLY & CO.,
Certified Public Accountants.

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Last year---

You bought a suit—*just a suit, and nothing else*—and it cost you

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Today---

A Suit that you can well be proud of.....	\$39.00
2 Manhattan Shirts, at \$2.65....	5.30
1 Athletic Underwear, at \$1....	1.00
2 Good Neckties, at \$1.....	2.00
1 Roos Bros. Felt Hat.....	5.00
6 Arrow Collars, at 20c.....	1.20
1 Handkerchief, at 15.....	.15
3 prs. Cooper's Mercerized Sox.	1.00
1 pr. Paris Garters.....	.35

*All this
for only*

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ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP

(Continued from Page 32)

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Noble, William H., Vice-President J. R. Mason Co., 465 California St., S. F.

Norman, Julius, Automobile Salesman, 1701 Van Ness Ave., S. F.

Putnam, Dr. Victor E., Physician, 290 Divisadero St., S. F.

Ricks, Thomas L., Real Estate Broker, 234 Pine St., S. F.

Sala, Albert G., President Sala & Sala, 3090 Sixteenth St., S. F.

Wikander, C. Walter, Ship and Insurance Broker, American National Bank Bldg., S. F.

COURTESY

Grimshaw, William E., Investment Broker, 914 Securities Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

SERVICE

Crofford, W. N., Lieut. U. S. N., U. S. S. Jason, Mare Island, Cal.

McKell, Davis McC., Major U. S. A., Fort Scott, S. F.

McGill, Thomas B., Captain U. S. A., Fort Mason, S. F.

Grove, David, Captain U. S. A., Fort Mason, S. F.

Gonser, G. J., Major U. S. A., Alcatraz Island, Cal.

NON-RESIDENT

Brim, E. A., Rancher, Williams, Cal.

ATHLETIC

Von Boris, Arnold, Student, 2536 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Cal.

Mow, R. Le Roy, Ship Joiner, 661 McAllister St., S. F.

Sprott, Albert B., Sutro & Co., 410 Montgomery St., S. F.

JUVENILE

Rolph Jr., Thomas, 2122 Lake St., S. F.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

Olympic Club

vs.

University of California

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st, AT CALIFORNIA FIELD,
BERKELEY, 2:30 P. M.

Admission \$1.00

This will be one of the greatest battles seen on the Pacific Coast this season. Every Olympian should be there. Reservations can be had at the Club by phone or letter.

JACK SPAULDING,
Football Commissioner.

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Formal Opening of the 1921
Football Season

Olympic Club

vs.

Agnetian Club

Ewing Field, Sunday, September 18th, 2:30 p. m.

Admission \$1.00

Jack Spaulding, Football Commissioner

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ARTICLES FOUND

- 1 Elk's Tooth.
- 1 Silver Ring Chain.
- 1 Gold Ring, "G. H. L."
- 4 Gold Rings.
- 2 Fountain Pens.

ARTICLES FOUND

- 2 Bunches Keys.
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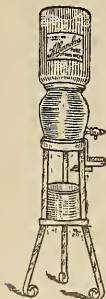
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